

excerpt from **YOU ALWAYS LIVE AGAIN**

by Elisabeth Workman

pages 26-37

poems:

I SHOULD HAVE LIKED EARLY MORNING CATHARTICS

I AM ALWAYS ALREADY LOST

THE WHOLE BLADE SEEMED AMICABLE

AS A SPECIMENT OF THE DURATION

straddling irrational lexical momentum
chapter 9 house I wake up in a very bad modern
all dependency returned to an island they had left & now felt indefinitely alone

process is a moodiness
in the
the idea of it

MORNING CATHARTICS

I SHOULD HAVE LIKED EARLY

moodiness
in
the idea of it

education
twinkle judging by this criterion
to be seen at a dis-tressing rate
excellent crow moms

thoughts on the subject of female
the dismal
cloister—rampion—locks & locks
loin taken with claw & sugar makes

bring terror home; if it rains, sloth mom, if it blows,
a mass of overgrown invasive moms implode the atrium
from within it seems hardly hair to marionette scarcity hardly fair to my
cavalier studies in self-immolation but I am sure I SHOULD HAVE LIKED EARLY
MORNING CATHARTICS

I SHOULD HAVE LIKED EARLY

MORNING CATHARTICS

“Wanted, immediately, 4,000 fat hogs.”

wilderness
in the
the idea of

self-immolation
MORNING CATHARTICS

I SHOULD HAVE LIKED EARLY

whisperings in the dumpster

all lattices of hesitation to be pulled down by
invasive crawling networks of the underneath always roiling or just always there,

at any point an emoticon encircles suburban overstraining. sarcasm the
intercom
unqualified praise of country if every sentence did not end with "I am clean,"
electric tentacles supplied the debt

momentum bitches

&

waves

the tension

swaying houses

a psychic state of
want

as in I want to rite the pig

straddling irrational lexical momentum

now felt indefinite

write the
ready

the terrible

polydynamic

tensions

loin

a psychic state of gazing upon
with emollients. Wanted, immediately,

distance

the heard rot grotto of the poem

networks of the underneath

always

there,

“I am not clean,”

a quivering hormonal pig

Shakespeare is obscene

mistress & minstrel

in the shape of

stolen bread. I once went into the cottage of a country

& wet the bed while

reading a book of desolation

throbbing in crowds

I must make
a replica pleasure.

went into the cottage of a country

I once

& wet the

d e a d

first it is warm then it gets

cold blaze of dream skin whose words when they are urgent or delight or accidents or
recurrents how first a step sets trespass on fire brushing against a snout fresh dripping
then it gets colossal this interdiction forever mounting an age we had to cross, at its foot,
houses moving from place to place, the big one, blind pig blind pig, slit the skin to pour
me out some mass echo of pussy pressed into the pink bank back, "help," I'm flowery, I'm
inelegant, I'm too much flowing backwards, lowing fucked words, stepping into jawbones,
a still warm stream snaking out

out out a reason for this blood-letting like u r clawing fate while complicating universal
ruths. observations on roles state them here ergo trolls ergo
enlightenment attached to its own brand of self-
medication opposite itself a sealed arena or a
cialis or a discipline or even a catoptric house cat I haven't yet decided this is a delicate
ruth whoever harms one will have terrible things happen to him. A hand or
leg or foot becomes completely dislocated & leaps from a cliff. Chasm data, it is said. On
one edge farce & the other protest & the between its wide open gush

keep going you are not missing anything
this morning I myself could barely make sense of my body
one leg at a rhyme. these
paragraphed on limbs. skin spouts on the
stun the site of sacred confusion (her
house)

a mitotic totem of fresh wounds
oozes
warm feelings

prim trollops keep twitching
inside me I should never have discovered this vast empire waist
in the roiling cuntry

I AM ALWAYS ALREADY LOST

crux & luster alchemical must

almost every master you meet will tell you rev rev rev & purrr your hobble bot their
boasted independence proof poof in boots proof positive habit hobby horse (her house)—
shhhhhhhh the laws are half-asleep

almost every master you meet will tell you dream hard war plots to hardware some kind
of hardwire mary, marry, christen, & carry, bury among abundant overgrowns
gorge us & confective puke whooshing half
awake gowns sucked through the turbine festoon the treeline—what happened to ruth? I
think she is my fanny

a clusterfuck in the mist

ohmama give
no fancy parties without ecstatic caterwaul & pay no priests elsewhere (her house)
one way to do this everyday is

to relearn people upon earth
to hear clamor

to her clamor

close cutting till **THE WHOLE BLADE SEEMED AMICABLE**

It is certainly possible quim bong bell jar upon a hill are you coming tumbling down I feel a dropsy grammar gathering in the head these unreliable sources incontinental mapping

locus suspectus “the warm room & the unhymen afternoon”

fugue state I wanna free dissolute habits state slit here again assent to the does not assent to the infidel but ill atone for want of sate & warship

calamity then an old newspaper
haunted dainty
daemonic namby pamby

The common course & byproduct must be both belonging & non-longing; it can take a couple of weeks before she’s able to hobble again. In the hands of every tinker & tailor self-stimulation alone is like a brave banner, embroidered with a device of her own imaginings. In order to break her of the habit, pulp it.

In a slightly different sense: “I feel unhymen, well, free form fear.”

As to exactly what my thighs were thinking contracting fanciful variations, any transatlantic circulation might inspire morbid imaginations in Europe as well as America, so as to come across a concealed world.

“The place was so peaceful, so lonely, so shadily-un-hymen.”

aristocarcasses low & illiterate in such a world must ever return here, the dead domain pooling redacted fits to turn such feelings into a holesome enervation in a fresh cut baby way.

“The in- & outflowing waves of the current, dreamy & lullaby-unhymen.”

It wrote of wet immensity.

I wrote immediately:

AS A SPECIMEN OF THE DURATION in which the knowledge pulpit is ground with everyday intolerance & fear of ██████, I will transcribe the notes I took of a conversation, at which I was present.

Dr. Hat: I wish that you would explain, Ms. P, what you mean by ██████. I know it means something of persons, things, sense perceptions, but that is all I know.

Bird of Paradox: Eyes ex, Dr. Hat, vats plume, widows tisk, laugh at me. I'm hysterical.

Dr. Hat: Well, but what is ██████?

Bird of Paradox: It is difficult, very difficult to close these mauve glow heights; to sacrifice blowy underscores whose poles are confounded. A ██████ queen thrusts elephantine hatchlings not tourniquets; a burnt abattoir haunts the horde's people in the land of taint, & it mediates silence.

Dr. Hat: But what is it the people mean by talking of feeling the ██████? & waiting in ██████ for the ██████? & the extacy of the ██████?

Bird of Paradox: Oh Doctor! I am afraid you are a pellet! A tufa gnome of astral undertow, etc. This is gore insurance, a slash-ay of the never clear coven, the beating of the lamb-view, the welcome of the sop cloven, it is the essence of ugly love, it is the flounce of glo-wrist beings in jellyfish; it is the jelly-being in us, it is talking the hole ghosts into our cleavage, insisting hours slip down basin gods, it is a blurry cow, it is eating & drinking & sleeping in the cloud jelly, it is bleary lines in the fat night, it is bending low & mere & catastrophic, melancholic in the smite state, smitten in the cut place, it is bonking meteors in the puffs of scum without proof, without—

Dr. Hat: Thank you, Ms. P. I feel a weird pellet of ██████ that is turning on me & terrifying me. I think we could clean this up & really flip it into something big, like a cruiseship or a cruise missile or a waterpark or parking lot!

Bird of Paradox: How overeaten you are! how penitent shark co-zee!

Dr. Hat: But I thought this was about ██████.

Bird of Paradox: Or is it now about blind idolatry supplanting missionaries
cantering with the converted as the whole world bank overheats &
recharges teenagers in the notching year?

Dr. Hat: I've already done so with several women, including myself, & we
don't abuse the liberty. Otherwise, what is there—endlessness?

plus the fetus was delight plus pimp plus poet plus puffer plus trust plus surge plus player
plus saucerorbs plus orgy whisps plus guiltbeggarskirt plus amo squirt plus squeegee thee
plus squandered thine plus scarlet patch plus briarsnatch plus uppcase A upside down
like a bullshead like a cosmic uterus plus

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Elisabeth Workman is a poet and writer with a background in dance. Originally from the pharmaceutical suburbs of Philadelphia, she has since lived in Boston, rural Pennsylvania, the Netherlands, Qatar, on/around the Standing Rock Nation of the Dakotas, and now Minneapolis. Her chapbooks include *a city_a cloud* (a text/image/form collaboration with visual artist Barbara Campbell and graphic designer Erik Brandt); *Opolis* (a text/image collaboration with Erik Brandt); *Maybe Malibu, Maybe Beowulf*; *Megaprairieland*; *ANY RIP A THRESHOLD*; with the poet Michael Sikkema, *Terrorism is What Whale* and the forthcoming *Moon Poon*; and, very soon, *In the Event of Not-Having-an-Answer*. Her first book-length collection, *Ultramegaprairieland*, was released by Bloof Books in 2014. *YOU ALWAYS LIVE AGAIN* is due to come out with Dusie this winter 2015/2016.

AUTHOR STATEMENT

In July 2012 I had recently re-read Bernadette Mayer's *Memory*, her own July project published in 1976 that sought to document via photography, sound recordings, & most dominantly, text, as much of each day as possible. At the same time Fanny Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans* kept resurfacing to the top of my bedside pile of books—maybe compelled by wanderlust & frontiers & the lawlessness they foment, maybe because I was feeling a stranger in my own country while taking on the role of trying to raise a new citizen, or maybe, most simply, because I was in love with the name Fanny Trollope (that it was—to crudely translate from the British—a pussy slut who satirized early 19th century America). It wasn't exactly writer's block I was struggling with, but the hungry aporia of motherhood & poetry, the coincidence of the protective impulse to nurture & the creative impulse to destroy. My premise was simple—each day type a single-spaced page following Bernadette Mayer's premise of writing non-stop whatever surfaces, knowing—and here I depart from BM—that I would return to these pages & redact, distort, or vandalize as necessary. Whenever I paused, I would pull from Fanny Trollope's chapters on Americans, & integrate her language into my text, using it to spur a continued stream-of-so-called-consciousness. It was a way of sharing syntax with her, so that the consciousness was not exclusively my own, nor exclusively hers, but more of a messy permeability, a new memory of a non-event, a mutual decomposition. YOU ALWAYS LIVE AGAIN is sprawling and mutant and a response to the institutionalized misogyny, ~isms, and general fear of difference of a patriarchal creative writing complex.