Abigail Fisher

A un poema acerca del agua

To Silvina Ocampo and the Countess of Tripoli

Which emanates prophecies all night long
— Octavio Paz
Tu

Ma voluntat s’en vai lo cors,
standing in front of a bookshelf
with a loose, soft-looking cigarette
between her front teeth cutting
La nueit a dark shadow e’l dia
against her slack bottom esclarzitz
lip her talant de wearing a collared;
shirt Mas tart mi view beneath a wool
jumper and hair short and haunted by the
raking movement of mi ditz open hand

My desire following its course
all the night and by the light of day
Alejandra writes to the musician of
silence, seeking help: ‘I wish you were naked
by my side, reading your poems
aloud. Oh Sylvette, if you were here
Obviously I’d kiss your hand and weep, but
you are my paradise lost. Found again and
lost. Coming back to me slowly, talking to
me slowly:

Un’amor londanha m’auci
she looks at someone on the
ce’iling by the window. Her face
e is scarredqu’eu me’n and la oval
en forma d’un bon pellegrì, black
flashes in both eyes eis she looks
like the schoolboy and the teacher
behind her between the stacks of books
a baldly wounded de ma mort oversized
dolls head looks off to the right of the
frame. They loom solid together. Qu’estiers
no sera smelling like rubber esclarzitz
esclarzitz; light demolishing skin with

A faraway love kills me: Fuck
the Greco-Romans. I love your
face.’ And the sweet longing stands by me
but when I plan on going there
as a pious pilgrim, My will remains
here; I don’t escape my death, which won’t
be otherwise. ‘You can stick this letter
up your bum and answer me regarding the
leaf cutter ants.

Silvina: you are my favourite’
and the sweet lonhing stands by me
haunted by the raking motion of
an open hand.
modo

Lai n’irai el sieu I shall go to her
abode,
a thief,
en as much peril qom as if de passar over
ocean.
Si de mi no’il pren pitat have mercy;
most waterfalls are formed by
the erosive acts of moving
water
If she does not take pity I will flog
in its liquid form a dead freg horse.
Las! tan la vau
I beg pregan
as rivers and streams or as
q’and breaking sea waves
ni ja I don’t get ren de leis from her me’n
or in solid form as glacial
ice
any sieueet relief.

They say goodbye five minutes too early
standing stiff-legged in streams
or in the solid form as glacial ice

On the plane the man beside her, whose
right hand passed the night wedged
between her left leg and the seat rest
wakes her up to show her the blue in the
window.
You see the sea? Smiling she offers
a sound of soft, pleasant surprise. When
she wakes he has invented
mountains,
valleys, sways and bumps.
She watches Mama Mia 2 over his shoulder
Amanda Seyfried backlit by a thousand
screaming
oceanic diamonds. He is an equine
veternarian. What will you do in Chile?
I am on my way to Buenos Aires
Alejandra is that a Spanish
name
No my parents just liked it

in its liquid form as rivers
or as breaking sea waves, smiling blankly
in the aisle
De dezir Dear Silvina mos cors
no fina vas selha res qu’ieu pus I am,
My heart desires incessantly, laelidiota
Es algo muy simple - c’est aussi simple
comme une phrase musicale - la habitación
that I love the most se balance y oscila
como un barco - un abrazo matemático -
De dezir Dear Silvina mos cors
no fina vas selha res qu’ieu pus I am,
My heart desires incessantly, laelidiota
Es algo muy simple - c’est aussi simple
comme une phrase musicale - la habitación
that I love the most se balance y oscila
como un barco - un abrazo matemático -

E cre que l’voler m’enguana, decieve me
Si cobezeza la’merda - soy lucida - pero
traduzco sin ganas and I believe my will
deceives me. Oh Sylvette si estuvieras
Claro que te besarí a beastly lust takes her
from me voler m’enguana more stinging
than a thorn yawn yo adoro tu cara.

Que pus es ponhens d’espina Silvina
paraíso perdido la dolors que per joy
Sana, que te bese (poco: 5 o 6 veces)
don ja Don Juan no qu’om m’en come
on quisieras que estuvieras desnuda
a mi lado leyendo tus poemas en voz
viva: don’t want anyone to pity me

Waiting for the orange to flatten into
silver engine streaked day

Room 407, Santiago Airport Holiday Inn
Outside orange artificial daylight
and hard plastic playing reluctantly
along the pedestrian crossing. She flies
to Buenos Aires in five hours. She goes
downstairs to the pool but it’s closed so
she runs a bath and goes under

face-up, Sophia Coppola style. Naked
and puddling on the carpet she boils
the coffee maker. It hisses the dry
chemical burn of an empty kettle -
There’s water in there but like it can’t
filter through to the boiling chamber
still it spit-fills the styrofoam cup.

She adds tea bag, crema,
little plastic stick softens stirring
Folding pink limbs back into the bath
Afterwards in fresh clean itch of white
towel and sends several messages limply
considering having a wank across the
starched desert of two single beds

haha I’ve forgotten what I’m doing
here anyway :-)

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here anyway :-)

haha I’ve forgotten what I’m doing
here anyway :-)
silenciarte

Su silencio es la presencia
en vez de la representación
non
aus semblan ni vejaire caire imaginaria
Don't have the
guts
to signal my love qu’eu lamb nor louse

Disarmed desarmer I don’t have the guts
to unlove her
Now That in love / unlove the faithful
are fools and the fat e’il fatal fals e on es proceed with deceit enganne’ bauzza
Su silencio es la presencia
de las cosas
No sap chantar qui so non di I do not dare
Ni canoys de rima
Now I know why I am en love:

If Pizarnik’s ‘most profound
orientation was the shoreline of silence’
Alejandra’s would be that light tuneless
humming to fill
gaps
in conversation when she is feeling uncomfortable

These fragments she has shorelined against her ruins: ‘Oh the joy of smut!
I’ve licked cunts in various countries and
felt pride in my virtuosity
the Mahatma Gandi of tonguing, the
Einstein of eating pussy, the
Reich of cunnilingus, the
Reik of clearing a path through the bush like
grubby rabbits’ and
‘Everything is cunt’
There aren’t many among kings and emperors
that’ll beque l’ause’l trudge
far
ni far q’agues acat at
grate
She makes me a cowboy in the night
dreaming so much - q’ue m’es
mos bratz would l’enclauza
There aren’t many reyes and empereyes
not very m’any at all
who’d dare hand her that vair
cloak
or get into her good
books.
Armour de loing. Ric de fai en
somnian
I dream of holding her in my arms

‘Where rivers are fed by melting glaciers
the water may have a milky appearance
This is caused by ‘rock flour’ formed by the
grinding action of moving ice carried in
suspension in glacial streams’

She is staying in a guesthouse in a
neighbourhood that is probably evil because
it’s full of tourists, ceramic stores
burgers and cops. Where rivers are
fed by melting glaciers the water comes
slowly through the filter by the sink
like it’s being made up from scratch
The couple who own the house
live upstairs and are named
Flora and Max. Lining the left wall
along the hallway are framed pictures of
Flora and Max kissing in
boats and touching tongues in
bridges. In the kitchen there is a
photograph of Max with
four school aged children and an older
woman. He is wearing a clown costume,
his arms crossed
across his polka dotted chest. Spring in
Buenos Aires is unbaked and grainy, sweet
elastic. The sudden rain of a woman watering
the flowers on her balcony breaking
through the heat like a song
At night the water may have a milky appearance and in her little red stomach of a room she doesn’t sleep. It’s not exactly a crush but a space where a crush could be but rather lies sticky and slapping, tearing at mosquito bites the size of plums that she can’t find in the morning. Like When I run towards her I feel like I am walking backwards and she is fleeing from me. She scratches, turns pouring bottled water on her hands and

feet and stomach. Plum walls swelling And my horse keeps so slow a pace

Watches porn on her laptop sound muted and brightness down low the grinding action of moving

ice bodies corren splayed on wet rocks with their boots still on and their nineties hair tumbling caught beneath their shoulders and moving through the glacial streams

And my horse keeps so slow a pace that I don’t believe I’ll ever reach her unless she wants to weight for me ;
poema.

Que nuls authors joys tan n’om play
cum jasmine damn long love: active ice
sheets and glaciers
damn trying to trasladar the jasmine poesia
Mi desorden es atroz
Writing with her body the body of
the poem escribiendo con mi cuerpo
el cuerpo del poema particularly when
armed with embedded rock fragments;
Si digo agua ¿beberé? If I say
acabada como una flower o como
una stone. No sap chantar so non sto-ne
Neither troubles qui motz no fa ir
Ni conoys de rima cos he cant chantar
No he canot shape verses can nont rhyme
ni razon
With some none who cant speak
He doesn’t get it
Si digo agua ¿beberé?
Pero my chans comens’aissi begin a little
something like, plus you listen to them, mas
plus they mean to you...... Like,
las palabras no hacen el amor, hacen
la ausencia: If I say water
will I have the power to gouge,
pluck and if I say bread will I scour
the toughest rock and si digo agua pero
no sap chantar is that why these embedded
rock fragments dont rhyme?
The idea being that she spend the first
ten days of her trip researching the poem
‘A un poema acerca del agua, de Silvina
Ocampo’, written by acclaimed Argentinian
poet and translator Alejandra Pizarnik, born
Flora Pizarnik, for her friend and lover Silvina
Ocampo. On this topic she has claimed to be
writing an undergraduate thesis. Instead
she walks seven or eight hours a day, hair
pulled back in a tight bun and hands buried
in the pockets of her cargo shorts. She looks
at people on the street before they look at
her. Chest tight and lonely in a second-hand
sports bra. She has been seeing someone
back home but the flight was
already booked when they started
messaging on Instagram. Fountains, glaciers
and flowers on balconies.

She brushes her teeth in the shower and
lets the toothpaste slide down her chin
onto her chest. She has never sent
a nude before, closed lip smile
sunburned neck and swimming pool change
room hips. In the end
she sends a day old photograph
of herself fully clothed in the mirror and
another of a gutter, grey edging on yellow
onto burnt silver road, white water
puddled like milk in the sink
Me

D’aquest amor tan cochos
Que quant ieu vau ves fifteen at a waterpark
lieys corren stuck in the low bend
of the waterslide waiting
for someone to come down the slick blue
barrel behind and break my neck
Beaming when the trapdoor opens on
to someone tells my parents
I am too light to ride
Ma voluntat desire. S’en vai
following its cors

She tells people she’s doing research or
writing a kind of translation of a
poem by Alejandra
Pizarnik, interrogating
the connection between
desire and waterfalls and Alejandra Pizarnik’s
relationship to Silvina Ocampo.
You’re doing the Eat, Pray, Love thing says
her friend
and she is joking but she
is also right
Abigail Fisher

A un poema acerca del agua

[12.09.19]

Recoleta Cemetery in the afternoon heat, staying close to the angular shade of the crypts. Need to more explicitly unpack here the familiarity of these evils, i.e. Travelling to find yourself, translation as metaphor

Adoncas ieu revered day, No encuentro una pluma adecuada. La de S se resiste Es dura, áspera. No necesito sino una pluma perfecto with the sweet music of the morning; All water moves towards an absence of water. E reverdeya Plunging into gaping crevasses, over cliffs of shelf ice or down rock faces recently exposed by the retreat of glaciers los instantes suspendidos. Los actos outside time. Slow the grinding action of ice bodies corren splayed streams of meltwater now form waterfalls, wet rocks with their boots on and nineties hair tumbling vaslieys suehlling and carried in suspension by glacial streams. Olguita, you don’t believe I’m a lesbian do …………………; you? Because it’s not true

Rufina Cambacérès is famous for being buried alive. In future drafts will need to address some subjectively invested questions, too i.e. What is the relationship between Alejandra’s desire for the research subject and yearning for the absent lover? Is it about coveting Pizarnik’s conviction in her desire?

Silvina Ocampo and her husband Rodolfo in a crypt like a war memorial. Convinced she can smell the bodies rotting. Here is a young marble white woman turning the handle on the door to her tomb.

Sweat pooling against her belt imagining opening to find scratches on her white marble arms and her face Lying on the bed back at the guesthouse waiting for the heat to leave her body she posts on Instagram the peeling green bottom of a fountain, leaves floating on the gummy window Perhaps introduce a third column??

TEXT Vol 24 No 1 April 2020 www.textjournal.com.au
General editor: Nigel Krauth. Creative works editor: Anthony Lawrence
A veces, al suprimir una palabra, imagino otra en su place pero sin knowing yet su nombre Estoy satisfehaciente, mucha Grecia Entonces, a la espera de la deseada, hago en su vacío un dibujo que la alude And when the wood quand lo bosc reverdeya nays niiice turns green, the leaf is satisfehaciente fresh and green E fresca e vertz fluoresce la crunchy I am renewed as well cum suelh, through joy, e bloom, as is my habit, reverdey de joy e florisc es toy ‘Beside a huge cataract we may even feel the vibration caused by the impact of the great mass of water crashing down’ She goes to the museum and sees Mercedes Azpilicueta’s exhibit Cuerpos Pajaros, which claims to investigate ‘the body as a resonance box somewhere between the personal and the social’ She’s standing in a dim room surrounded by fleshy strips, dried muscles in glass cases Standing among the pig skins she sees an older man in a floppy hat approaching in the corner of her vision. Coming alive she kicks her leg up so her foot touches the back of her thigh a quick twinge, undies too tight. And turning away she sees his leg moving loosely, mirroring hers Anne Carson writes that a metaphor is a species of symbol (so is a lover, of course) Azpilicueta’s work ‘asks where the body begins and ends, this intoxicated body she imagines as collective’ [24.06.19]

Find that Carol Maier quote!!!! Something like Mere metaphors, maybe, but the emotions that prompt writing (ORGANIC) pass through and become the translator as they are being rewritten. So Fontana languid, rius purr , One metaphor becomes another because the words sink in Lonh tengues suelh, L’abanz
Ni perseo no sap Chantar
Pizarnik writes to her therapist: many nights I roam the streets looking for her: in every face, This is where I am tonight every tree, in the dogs, the dead

April, 2.
leaves, in the shadows;

She is on a Tinder date and she e can’t shut up after five days of tight-jawed sweating it out, walking around listening to the same songs. She is giddy with saying nervous things & has never spoken Spanish so quickly before

Her date walks quickly, studies literature and pushes her short hair back with an open hand as she speaks. She says she read Alejandra Pizarnik in high school but it's not really the kind of thing she’s into anymore, the same way that you might say yeah I had a Salinger phase too. Like a sad boy ex boyfriend or a posi emo punk band that you listen to on your bike or in the shower

[26.11.18]

Good quotes from the lily roberts-foley TEXT journal piece!!!!!

Language is a substance, and has matter

Language in translation is a fluid, spilling from one vessel to another, or blood transfused btw bodies

Translation is like water, changing form to make the clouds in the sky
una

They have two beers and pick dry mouthed through plastic streets. Suddenly Alejandra is talking about the matinee glass of wine she drank when she went to see I, Tonya with her housemate.

and then the final sadness of returning before having found her and discovering that what if that which ought to be doesn’t exist

No I am sorry I can’t

I am lonesome. Can you guess why

But this Tinder stuff still echoes this timeless, awful macho colonial conquest

A kind of terrible inevitable truth

………..;

They have two beers and pick dry mouthed through plastic streets. Suddenly Alejandra is talking about the matinee glass of wine she drank when she went to see I, Tonya with her housemate.

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A kind of terrible inevitable truth

………..;
Susana Chávez-Silverman notes that ‘the simile of the flower’ in the poem is ‘a somewhat unusual image in Pizarnik’, although she was fond of the post-Romantic figure of the lily. When I worked at a florist I drank weak tea behind the counter and pretended to know all the names and sometimes I would climb into the big green bin to stomp down the armfuls of flowers take the full soft heads in hands rip them apart like bread rolls for ducks Back then I was always hungry & waiting to ride home in the rain in the off chance that you would be at my house

and waiting

for a motorcycle to skid and collide with a moving vehicle, cos ai know what music sounds like I am renewed also ..........acabada como una flor o como una piedra.......... a flower

D W Foster writes that in the poetic universe of the poem, the figure of flores assumes a meaning function equivalent to that of real body parts. It then becomes a question of (joyous summons to the ear.....) waiting to understand what exactly should be understood from this incorporation of flores into the semantic realm of the body. Kind of like leg kicking big slow horse body ‘opening itself to the delicate urgency of dew’
The last published letter from Alejandra Pizarnik to Silvina Ocampo, written five months before Pizarnik's death

We both know that I'm looking for you. Whatever.................

it is, here is a musical forest for two loyal girls: S. y A.

Write me, dearest one. I need the beautiful certainty that you are here, here below, nevertheless. I translate without desire, my asthma is spectacular (to top it all off I discovered that Marta is annoyed by the sound of my invalid's breathing)

Alejandra arrives late, picks with shaky fingers at fried potato and bacon bits. Her date is studying translation and says I have white wine at home. Later sitting on the couch her date shows her a fat grey cat and a translation of an article about E-readers

They lie down on the single bed and her date puts on a costume she bought at the parade. Suddenly there is silver light in the room and they are asleep but still moving slowly

Alejandra walks back to the guesthouse as the birds are giving birth to themselves, lips swollen and empty serrated feeling. She brushes her teeth slowly in the shower sends a soggy email and sleeps several hours. Waking she tries to hold the gentle reply like a plum................
Here is a musical forest

The mass of water crashing down

Things to tackle in the next draft!!!!!

That the character is not very likeable,
a bit pretentious and doesn’t know how to want stuff properly

That the tinder dates aren’t so much illustrating that queer desire is like a waterfall as they are that this character is confused

That travelling is evil and boring but travel writing is evil boring on steroids

That the questionable ethics of translating and writing about a silenced subject cannot be absolved by virtue of having a big gay crush on her

That I dont speak French
una flor pobre, lamentable

I translate without desire,
Underwear drying through the bars of the window, she replies
2.58 pm
I miss ur body next to mine in glass

[29.06.19]

No mention in any of the critical commentary on this poem of its dedication not only to Silvina Ocampo but to the ‘contesa de tripoli’ — prob referring to Hodiernal of Jerusalem (1110-1164) — Countess consort of Tripoli through marriage and the alleged subject of famous troubadour Jaufre Rudel’s songs of amor de lonh, or ‘distant love’
que ya no esperaba

Marta is annoyed

Reading Pizarnik’s letters and diaries it can be difficult not to become impatient with her, as one does with certain friends and ex partners

Everything hurts

Feeling Pizarnik’s words build up like saliva at the back of her throat

(it wouldn’t hurt if you touched me and that’s not a smooth line)

That Spanish is not my first language

That I didn’t know how to be in a long distance relationship
Abigail Fisher

A un poema acerca del agua

La
A un poema acerca del agua

Una gota que brilla en la forehead
that admito la teardrop
de la posibilidad

Like a bead of eflorisce

cum suelh cum sweat que fan d'amor. Como una lágrima corrida de lugar

On her fifth day in Buenos Aires it rains.
She spends the afternoon translating the poetry of Silvina López Medin. She got flustered in the book store looking for Silvina Ocampo

There’s this line about a bead of sweat on his forehead, like a teardrop corrida de lugar

Like a bead of sweat cum suelh cum sweat que fan d'amor. Como una lágrima corrida de lugar

Translation is like water, trying to escape / out of place / making a break for it / slipping formation

Language in translation is a fluid, spilling from one vessel to another

—> Running

To make the clouds in the sky
When lo temps renovelha
e par la flors albespina
per miey may la bruelha
lo rossinhol s’esbaudeya,
bray when Springtime’s
Rose in hole sounds clar
(........................;)
And when on the meadows
morning
coloured spreading light sobre
l’erba
And wherenon sap esser
chantair
braire, deu quant au lo ver.
And as
lo temps renovelha and sea
sonar
(........................;)
Clar, the mulberries
becoming

She talks to her mum on
Facebook messenger. The
mulberries on the front tree
are becoming ripe. Her sister
is purple stained sweetly
and seasonally amid the
(........................;)
Foliage becoming thin. Still
Alejandra
has no idea what she is doing
here looking at
fountains
and crypts and fantasising
about a dead
poet
in this pitted stomach of a
room
The reverberation of the
in rivers
and walking to work in the
rain
Translation does not
find itself in the
centre of the language
forest but on the
outside facing the
wooded ridge
It calls into it
without entering,
aiming at that single
spot where the echo is
able to give, in its
own language
The reverberation of the
work in the alien
one

That Walter Benjamin
quote about trees
[11.08.19]
Me abris

I would have liked
this amor londanha
murders me to
be the frozen water
e’l dezirs propdas
m’esta messed up and
the
sweet longing
swallowing
in the form of
d’un bon pilgrim
swallowing your
Silvina, Sylvie,
Sylvette. I called, but
no one answered so
mey volertude stai
here
alejandra alejandra
abajo estoy yo
alejandra
anc isside ma mort
can’t be
otherwise I
would have liked to be
a pilgrim isside
your burning throat

She lived between a
woman’s clothing store
and a lotería. There
is a white marble
plaque above the door.
Her
apartment was the
second from the top.
Fans, blinds,
grey-white ceiling. She
crosses the road and
stands against the glass
pane of a patisserie
imaging hot, weak
tea and sleeves pulled
over knuckles. She
never wanted plants or
flowers in her
apartment. Would
come home and take
off her pants, go to the
mirror wearing only a
slip
and a pullover. Her
elbows on the window
sill. Rain stamping out
the dry square of the
awning

1. It is generally accepted
that Alejandra Pizarnik
had a number of serious
relationships with women
but did not identify as a
lesbian. This is not so
much contentious as it is
simply not discussed in
critical scholarship on
Pizarnik’s work;

2. Pizarnik’s published
diaries are incomplete
and most of the
unpublished material
pertains to her sexuality;

3. All this unpublished
material is currently held
at Princeton. This is a
detail that I did not think
to check before I went to
Buenos Aires to do
research. So

4. I guess what it all boils
down to is that I bought a
bunch of the incomplete
published material and
stood outside her
apartment for a while
Abigail Fisher  

**A un poema acerca del agua**

Su cercanía es como una premasturbación. Todo mi beso se reduce a la peeling skin. Tan adorable. Tan lejana Amor de lonh Loinlove Long distance

She buys two bananas from a fruit store and drops her coins on the floor, where they roll under shelves heavy with apples and wood. She crosses the street again, presses her face up against the glass to peer into the dark lobby. Hello? Does one know on what floor lived Alejandra Pizarnik? Yes. Seven. Thank you. Goes back across the road and perches on a stoop outside the pastry shop, rolls a cigarette like she’s waiting for someone, She eats one banana and lets the other soften black between the wooden slats of the dark bottom of her bag. Useless body turning mulch. She is feeling ridiculous

5. And translated this poem very slowly for a year.
This is where I am
tonight April, 2. Will
write in a few days. I
am lonesome. Can you
guess why?

I am still waiting, will
you hurry. Feeling
fine, better everyday. I
had a chance to go out
into the bank but
would not take it. I
will tell you more
when I write

Sorry I didn’t see
this earlier!!!

Just having a shower!

I am lonesome. Can
you
waiting
?

We could facetime?

Why don’t you answer
my letter honey —

Wish you were here —
having a dandy fine
time

We have been viewing
this scene by
moonlight to-night.
Can’t describe it. It is
fascinating, awful,
impressive, terrible,
and beautiful, beyond
the power of words to
describe

[15.07.19]

Thousands of
vintage postcards
from Niagara Falls
(1900 to 1950s)

—> Letter
displaced to
postcard, lover to
exhibit, poem to
translation etc

—> Could flesh
out this movement
more,

Like how all these
texts, and my
own positionality
are being kind of
displaced by the
grinding action of
polyphonic ice
& suspended in
this whimsical
anonymity
Green on my face
I need to drink from you until the night opens
Where the volume and height of the fall are great enough the power of the falling water and the swirling currents below may be sufficient not only to keep the base of the cataract clear of accumulated rock debris, but to erode a deep hollow in the river bed.... ;

Peironet, passa riu, di-li Lai n’irai el sieu em peril come de passar mar

This is known as a plunge pool

At two a.m. in the guest house Alejandra wakes up and goes blindly to the sink, bare feet on the kitchen tiles.

Gummy eyed in the red glow of the power socket. She drink from a novelty mug in the exaggerated shape of a flamingo. She refills it twice (that slow, original drip) and drinks steadily Swallowing as loudly as she can until the sound becomes alien and she stumbles back to bed bloated and cold, swishing like the shadows beneath a pier, like the distressing endlessness of flowing with the current and also against it, the deep endless hollowing of the river bed and the crashing bloated rock debris

This is known as a plunge pool

[10.03.19]

Balderstone writes that in addition to the ‘personal affective ties’ revealed in the correspondence between the two writers, there are also resonances between their written works, a thread of S’s ‘totally original form of self-writing’ in A’s constantly shifting self construction as an Argentine poet
tu
poema

Tu modo de silenciarte en el poema.

Me abris como a una flor
(sin duda una flor pobre, lamentable)
que ya no esperaba la terrible delicadeza
de la primavera. Me abris, me abro,
me vuelvo de agua en tu poema de agua
que emana toda la noche profecías............ ;

It was weird to read your email!!

I feel like this is the way long distance might look like from space ,hey

I am definitely in the same boat re: not knowing what to do

i.e. idk what to do

but I’ve written a very long poem about u…..;

[RDate unknown]

Rudel’s ‘vida’ (aka his fictionalised biography, probably written by Uc de Saint-Circ) claims that his verses of ‘amor lonhdana’ were inspired by stories of Hodierna’s beauty brought to France by pilgrims, and that he joined the Second Crusade in the hope that he could meet her

They say he fell ill on the voyage and arrived on the verge of death

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They say he fell ill on the voyage and arrived on the verge of death
De dezir Silvina of cors
E que'l voler m’enguana,
decieve me. Sitting in her
room on the seventh floor
at five o’clock on a Thurs-
day afternoon she sits at
her desk and writes to

Silvina: Yesterday, I
decided to repair the
damages that the storm
caused me — the traitor!
I enjoyed it so much! —
I threw everything, books,
records, notebooks on
the floor in order to sort
it all out in a more

Intelligent way. Silvina
I would like to swallow
but I called and called you
and my stiff-legged hors is
so slow in your streams

It’s something very
simple (as simple as a
musical phrase) and it
can be formulated
more or less like this:
the room swings and
sways like a ship. I
wish you were naked
by

My side, reading your
poems aloud. Oh
Sylvette, if you were
here. Obviously I’d
kiss your hand and
weep, but you are my
paradise lost. Found
again and lost. Fuck
the Greco-Romans. I
love your face. Why
don’t

You answer my letter
honey I feel like this is
probably how long
distance was
conducted back in the
medieval ages lol

[Date
unknown]

And she came
down from her
castle and held
him dying in
her arms

—

This is
probably
not
true

But most
scholars agree
that he died in
the crusades
Amors de terra lonhdana,
Per vos sake lo cors mi
doll
Si non al vostre reclam
for your sake all my heart
aches to the ill of lacking
sweet love. Cuando entré
en mi room me sashay las
pantalones y me subí a
una silla para mirar cómo
soy

Ab maltrait d’amor
doussana
Dins vergier o part la
cortina
Ab dezirada compahna
con
el buzo y el slip: vi mi
cuerpo adolescente. Tenía
hambre y ganas de romper
algo. Me miraba a mi
misma con mi piecita
desordenada andando y
viniendo en slip
y pullover sin pensar con
la memoria petrificada
con la boca devorandose

They are meant to
meet at nine but
Alejandra is five
minutes early. Ten
minutes pass on the
warm street corner in
the dim dark. She
walks back to the
guesthouse to look at
the wifi and can’t find
the conversation
anywhere.

Did she delete Tinder?
She goes back and
waits fifteen minutes
longer, goes home and
drinks a beer on the
narrow balcony, hopes
not to run into Max or
Flora in the corridor.
She calls her
housemate back home

I don’t know

Like maybe I
imagined
the whole
thing

Amor de lonh, amor
lonhdana, amors de
tèrra lonhdana

‘The identity of a
[literal] woman
as object of the
troubadour's passion
can add nothing to our
understanding of
his poetry’ ( ?)
profecias.

Peironet, passa riu,  The pavement outside the
I would have liked to cafe window is flaming
to be the frozen white in the midday sun.
Peironet passer of It is evening in Melbourne.
rivers passar mar There has been torrential
di-li Lai I would have rain all afternoon and the it was necessary to say
liked to be wader of power lines are down.
waters n’irai el sieu Someone writes
swallowing, Peironet I or at least name it ( 
would have liked to be 
the frozen swallowing in 
your burning throat;
Yum
Everything tastes like was tempted

dust and spring blossoms forward to
here

Pale icon trembling flames of
watching a woman slowly
eating an omelette
on thick white toast
Fig. 2 (la)

Brian J. Hudson

*Waterfall: Nature and Culture*

(modo, de, poema, Me, abris, como, duda, agua en)

Zoe Leonard

*You See I Am Here After All*

(una, flor, me vuelvo de)

Alejandra Pizarnik

*Diarios*

(silenciarte, poema, abris, como, me abro, que emana toda la noche)

Alejandra Pizarnik

*Prosa completa*

(de, silenciarte, el, como)

Alejandra Pizarnik

*Nueva Correspondencia*

(tu, de, me, a, una, (sin, duda, una flor pobre, lamentable), que ya no esperaba, de la primavera, de agua)

Zoe Leonard

*Extracting the Stone of Madness*

- *Trans. Yvette Siegert*

(poesía, como, flor, Me abris, me abro, me vuelvo de, poema, profecías)

Jaufre Rudel

*Collected Verse - Trans.*

Malcovatti, Wolf and Rosenstein

(Tu, modo, de, silenciarte, en, el, poema, Me, abris, como, a, una, flor, terrible delicadeza, de la primavera, me abris, me abro, agua en, profecías)
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