

carrie hunter

Diary of a 36th Year (excerpts)

carrie hunter

January 31, 2010

* a dust/e-chap
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DUSIE

Penway®

Diary
of a 364
Year

OCTOBER
(2008 - 2009)

[Evolving one
page at a time]

120 Sheets
College Ruled
10 1/2 x 8 in. (26.67 x 20.32cm)

Perforated

3 Subject Notebook

ITEM # 563824



Distributed BY:
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Week ending November 1

Week 1

It is a way of loving the world.

"It's certainly hard to have a film career, a crazy mom, and a 13 year old son living with you."

After so much time never getting any closure, suddenly one day you get twelve.

I miss time but when I have it I throw it away and daydream.

I wonder is it cold today or only a fake cold.

"You can only stay strong for so long."

I have a strange fate for this.

the word "clarisonous"

I almost wanted to hop.

I've been counting all day!

Too lazy for porn.

I walk, so it's not like clockwork.

But the connections we make are arbitrary.

Ate a ginseng candy and feel a heartburn in my back.

All enjoyments are the same enjoyment.

"Dearly Departed."

Either really intense or just less intense.

Listening to Sarah McLachlan's Mirrorball over and over.

Why do butterflies symbolize nervousness?

A list of things I've lost.

I made "details" a breed.

The problem with hope is that it makes you think about what you don't have and wish you had, and that is really depressing. Before, when you had no hope, were pre-hope, you just dealt with things as they were, as they came.

People are intermittent.

And so struck and flabbergasted by all the MEDIA! Everywhere!

Wrote Prose Poem #76.

If you weren't miserable you wouldn't need to have hope.

I am eating pistachios in bed and there are shells everywhere.

A map of a trip I never took.

Fantasy of a cafe to cafe reading-a-thon.

Sunday, November 9, 2008

Week ending November 7

Week 2

I said I was happy because I had the rest of the day off and I was getting a new car! I was the husband. The shrink might have been the car dealer/salesman.

He was trying to be cool — I was trying to be the cool that he thinks is cool.

I definitely want to talk about pears.

I think I inspire physical discomfort.

One thing that doesn't piss me off are liars.

Java is disabled on computers at work.

Like I am paying attention to myself.

Someone knifed in the word Morpheus on this table. Or maybe it is pencil.

Trying to drink water constantly.

I am in the building that has no purpose.

A list of poetry teachers and yoga teachers and what I learned from each.

A poem called "November 4, 2008" made up entirely of things heard on NPR.

A list of all the halloween costumes I saw this year.

Maybe all learning has an erotic component to it.

Thought about fashion in the "aughts" being completely nondescript.

Eating two lunches on Thursday, afraid to hurt anyone's feelings.

The memory is something I can see and simultaneously not see.

"I seem to be having a cliché with getting my account set up."

keeping up intestinal flora

eating fermented foods - miso, sauerkraut
kim-chee - yogurt
probiotics - kefir,

peppermint capsules -

avoiding stress -

Week Ending November 15

Week 3

People help so much.

I didn't have a pipe because I don't have a pipe.

Only problem with today is.

I feel too tired to write but wish I had a butterfly pen.

Inanimate spiritualities.

I look branded.

A weird preciseness.

The most not light a light can be.

A very minor long term earthquake?

He is making us whole through our parts.

Found my monocular.

Not In Order.

The thinking needs to stop.

Sign: "Please Let Others Enjoy Reading."

"When you grow up your heart dies."

Trying to decide whether to make coffee or go get coffee.

There is one very long word - if I could remember it I could remember my dream - but I can't remember it.

In the past, the past was the present, which we sometimes forget.

A cinnamon accident.

My suspense in suspense.

Seeing a small feather inside a crevice.

Monday, November 25, 2008
Week ending November 22

Week 4

Maybe an accidental loneliness.

It is easy but it is not easy.

Why do I remember remembering my dreams in the moment but then later - now - I don't at all, but I have a memory of remembering?

A great hangover.

Rene Char and hope is the opposite of destiny?

I want to turn my emotions into buildings.

So I know the solution *is* multiplicity.

No one really needs sleep and if they do, they get it.

I came home and just sat in bed grinning.

Outbind

Confetti

Walking and reading

Operation Failed

Completely Pepperminted

"We're not nonprofit, we're not for profit."

What's real is what happens.

Everything on my right hurts.

There is a fly in the house - it was flying around while I was watching *Diary of a*

Chambermaid

ceiling above Diane di Prima's *Seminary*

Poems

Bliss is contingent on nonbliss.

Libra Horoscopes

(Sep 23 - Oct 22)

[Yesterday](#) | [Today](#) | [Tomorrow](#)

Wednesday, Nov 19th, 2008 -- You have great friends who are eager to get into the party spirit today. But it grows tiring after a while as you think more and more about retreating into your private world. Don't be fooled into thinking that you have an either/or decision in front of you now. You really don't need to choose between the inner and outer worlds; they are one and the same.

Week 5
Everything you think will be beautiful, often is not.

Noise and clanging.

Overheard: "Jeff, whip."

Tomorrow needs to be an all fruit day.

Most of us not having the bravery to lie down.

Blaser's *The Holy Forest*

"wheel turns into ecstasy."

The place you reside being not the place you reside.

How my portionality, which works so well in poetry, does not work so well with others.

"What's the opposite of debit?"

As if it is.

The moon in his horns.

The airport's antimaterialist insistence.

It's hard to remember the right stories anymore.

I like her languages.

A list of things I forgot.

Instead of "the work," came across Duncan's phrase, "the effort."

That seemed an insincere action, so I got up.

A completely unpolitical femininity - but in its unpoliticalness is a sort of politicalness.

Whatever reason we are here for - it is not to be comfortable.

My mother wants me to write the line "a long way to go for a

sunset," but I really liked "you don't often see the sun itself, you just see evidence of the sun."

Children playing with fire, and we watch.

Advent is a countdown.

Saturday, December 13, 2008

Week ending December 6

Week 6

Sand on the freeway.

It is the only way to beat that cycle.

Geologies become geometry.

Not used to sharing things.

The flavor pinecone (no pineapple) and invisible knitting.

"I like toys better than people." "Me too."

I think the past is more in the past now.

Vile and delicious.

We are having "rest time."

Wasn't something I wanted to do, but easy once I did it.

Or is it my memory changes?

But I think there might be a meaning beyond meaning.

The energy states that steady creativity creates is it's own purpose.

"I kind of looked there."

Tried to get a clean glass and it smells like vinegar.

There is no explanation for this.

Maybe I don't need to drink.

Sunday, December 14, 2008

Week ending December 13

Week 7

Realizing this is what I've come from and what made me.

I remember running with Ginger.

The story of my father:

A memory of being depressed in this particular weather makes this particular weather seem to be of depression itself.

This was the first dead end we've ever reached.

He grimaced in his way.

If there's nothing to do why are you doing it?

I believe in myriadity.

Because of the snowflake rule.

The character said this is like the house you will have.

A list of my vacation failures.

And instead of related to movement, travel, being on the road, it is a stationary running – standing absolutely still and the energy that can be contained in absolute stillness.

Not sure if I should lie down or keep writing.

A list of my cold symptoms' progression.

"The business of acknowledging the sea."

Week ending December 20

Week 8

Predetermining loses.

A list of Goodwill finds.

He says his life is changed.

My ears are ringing.

It looked weird so I didn't eat it.

Texans always want to fight and clear the air.

I want to paint my nails and I don't want to paint my nails.

How my narrative returns.

"beginning dump of physical memory"

Or is all religion merely a secularism overlaid onto spirituality?

That my way of making do has become the thing I cling to.

Dreamt of a house. I always dream of a house.

Or if I am happy to be sad.

I can't get away but that doesn't seem to be the question.

A list of things you can do in a building with no purpose.

A list of possible chapbooks embedded in this diary.

A list of things I need to do on the computer.

NPR says that the word solstice means "the sun standing still."

Diary of a 3rd yr

Vol. II

12-26 08 -

3-7-09

STAPLES

Sunday, December 28, 2008

Week ending December 27

Week 9

What is broken is in my way.

My predictions for 2008.

I might be remembering the wrong thing or replacing a false memory over the real one that I can't remember or because I can't remember.

Connection between banking adjustments and yoga ones.

No decision was ever made yet we change course anyway.

I must be the cow.

Someone asking Jon Waters for a pardon.

I need to have nightmares for a poetry project.

I will be sad when it's done.

This is the last page of the notebook that lasted only exactly two months.

Something to do with becoming a star and a bleeding fire which does not hurt.

(Vol. II)

Maybe words only limit because no word exists for this place that I dreamt of and so I have to come up with an approximation that is not quite right.

Definitions necessarily limit.

Sunday, January 4, 2009

Week ending January 3

Week 10

Need to play classical music all morning.

I cried and cried.

Choosing while also wanting it a third way. But the third way seems impossible.

Remembered my dream upon waking but not interesting enough to remember it now.

I never know things to say.

My 10th grade english project about *All*

Quiet on the

Western Front

included Yaz's *Winter Kills*

and a mixtape that

Sundays are for doing errands, and for the working class, only for that. But I do have a little more time for writing.

I felt like it was a joke and had to change realities.

It takes me so long to figure out that it's not working.

A sentence about aesthetics I have to write.

Or is everything incidental?

The outline of a trilogy book plan.

I'm simply excited about my new calendars.

My only New Year's resolution is to move out of the Tenderloin. Somehow.

Feudal relationships that exist because of a debt.

We have to be so tough.

& I don't know what will make me unlock the memory.

A long table & friendship type conversations.

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SAN FRANCISCO CA 94109

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This letter is to inform you of the changes to your mail delivery schedule in your area, **effective February 9, 2009**. You may notice a change in the time of day your mail is delivered, or you may begin to receive mail from a different letter carrier as a result of the recent adjustment to our delivery routes.

Balancing the workload for all delivery routes helps us meet our goal to provide you with timely, consistent, and quality delivery service at the lowest cost possible. Although most customers will receive their mail at approximately at the same time, when routes are adjusted some customers may receive their mail earlier than before, while some customers may receive their mail at a later time.

Every effort will be made to accomplish these changes with the minimum disruption to your delivery service. We ask for your patience and understanding during this time as we put forth these changes.

We appreciate your patronage and are committed to providing you with the level of service you expect and deserve. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact Jason Kirsner at



Sunday, January 11, 2009

Week ending January 10

Week 11

A post-sunrise sunshine hitting the blinds.

In the big of a middle depression.

How girls want to be pretty at all costs. How girls like to hurt themselves too.

When you wander from neighborhood to neighborhood not doing anything particular but feeling successful at yr day anyway.

You can't see anything from the hallway.

It's not a wonderful practice for me and not awful.

But also at its core it is mine and so I don't think frivolous after all.

& am I splitting myself in two never deciding on one or the other, and trying to do both?

A whole line of bartenders behind the bar, laughing.

"Put on a smile!"

But that there's nothing wrong with him, it is just for maintenance.

I guess feminism goes all over.

Overheard: "I don't give a fuck about Obama! I don't give a fuck about Obama! I don't give a fuck about Obama!"

There's peanut butter and jelly, and apple slices.

A list of end of the month bills.

Work writings pasted in.

It was just a matter of surviving my body.

I want to ask why suffering makes us lucky.

I need a different after dinner snack.

The one reason that the tenderloin is better than mission.

My library receipt.

Sexuality is so frightening sometimes.

I didn't know what to say to her after that.

If you hurt someone's feelings that is a small step towards killing them.

I just always want to be reading poetry.

My new reading schedule.

Letter of apology from the poetry zine staff.

I know I'm sick because I don't even want chocolate.

"You think that might be enough carrots?"

I wish and hope that one day it just goes away.





My library teacher
Sexuality is so enlightening
I don't know what to say to her
If you hurt someone's feelings
I just always want to be reading
My new reading schedule
I start of apology from the poetry
I know I'm sick because I don't
"You think that might be enough"
I wish she helps that one day

Sunday, January 25, 2009

Week ending January 24

Week 13

The other reading irony right now,

Ew, its in the water.

There will be activities later and someone will feed me.

A list of things I think about while meditating.

In the copying out it is somehow mine.

I have an error in my body.

How easily "it" changes to "them."

My nostalgia shot down.

I said "my what?"

A pink thank you card with owls, from Arielle.

And its only because money is an abstraction.

Is Day Book the word for Diary in boy-speak?

Overheard: "She needs to get a real private detective."

"She's going to be the counterpoint. We're trying to find a real counterpoint."

Fridays are so interminably exhausting.

If you could have poetry, why would you have anything else?

We are now in 1966.

Pages and pages of numbers.

Have to get a box though.

Duncan says: "The outrage of the war is the war's own way of taking over our minds." (Letter 384)

Realizing I may have been wrong, but then realizing I actually am right.

Foremost amongst devotees are those who are one-pointed. Conversing with each other with voices choking, hairs standing on end, and tears in their eyes, they purify their communities and the earth . . .

Among them, distinctions of ancestry, intellect, appearance, class, wealth, occupation, and other social realities are irrelevant.

BHAKTI NARADA SUTRAS

Daily-Yoga Meditations

January 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Friday
JANUARY

30

Sunday, February 1, 2009

Week ending January 31

Week 14

A scientist. Selling Tupperware.

I didn't connect that it was extreme until after he left.

Questioning the ability to shake things off vs am I repressing?

My left hand gripping muscle pulled.

The illusion of help.

More grace in just playing that role.

I apologize for everything.

I must have fallen asleep somewhere.

The back of the couch is the trunk of a car.

"Carrie, I don't know what you're talking about, but did you see her dress?"

sceneless, seamless

"Does it help at all to consider that in part your affliction is the artist's?" (Duncan to Levertov, Letter 422)

Nice to be at the end of something that's also new.

A letter from the post office.

Justified by my reaction.

Sad places to be.

And the linear interrupts.

Where we are going is unclear but there are blankets and teddybears and boxes.

Replacement emotions.

How stress evaporates the memories of dreams.

A list of all my current writing projects.

Trying to think about the idea of beginninglessness and it is freaking me out.

Or, existence never began, but time did.

Scalapino: "Later, I had a logic of dis-placement by which I lived as writing."

I don't know if a change is coming to me or I'm coming to a change.

Questioning if consciousness is an invention of nature because nature abhors a vacuum?

Have I ever written in red before?

Private writing vs public writing, and private living vs public living.

Those few who are hyper-conscious and seem to get off on reality itself.

At least I had a context so that when she read the line "daughters will have to fuck him in other ways", I didn't completely go ewww.

Overheard: "It's ricey and grassy at the same time."

And so I feel invisible and like I am the unspoken.

I was suspended in this fermata of strength.

But maybe in that context it was a compliment.

...and does the English language not have a word for this or do we just want to insist on Russian imagery?

"when in the absence of earthquakes"

A choppy pseudo-robotic tone of voice, but the language forces it.

I imagine myself doing same, but wouldn't.

"Not only do I not like objects, I am afraid of them."

Week ending February 14

Week 16

And it was like wandering through a city or country you lived in years and years ago.

If I were of a mystical bent, or if I was into number symbolism, I would be very curious indeed.

Plutosofia

Maybe it was a part of a nightmare, but it is a nightmare that is my actual life.

And maybe that is what I want to say to myself.

The confidence to say things very precisely.

It is the last aspect of that fear that will be defeated.

Why do I always dream of cows?

The only thing that's a matter of life or death, is life or death literally.

Why do I write things like that down?

As long as the question remains unanswered or is vaguely answered.

This relay race of fermatas.

Giving up my bias.

Maybe there is nothing my psyche has to tell me.

Mutability a strength.

the city and how it wants to frame you

The athiest's God is nothingness.

"I have hit 13 deer in 7 weeks!"

Sunday, February 22, 2009

Week ending February 21

Week 17

It is that I have karma to work off; it is trying to prevent something from happening that I don't know about.

I pushed too hard, and things just want to break.

The internet kills what it wants to breed.

Nothing happens when you are ready for it.

Most people are not satanists.

The gestures that communicate.

I'm glad I've found out the truth.

She loves *Go Tell It on
the Mountain*

You have to be conscious of what the situation really is.

I thought I just didn't know how to do it.

Oppen: "To stand alone is not my problem. That is easily done. Too easily."

I think there are sequences and steps to things I know absolutely nothing about.

Now with Pluto downgraded we are in the age of 8 planets.

He says he lost the ability to form words.

"Bruno was obsessed with the number thirty."

But seemingly concordant, coming to the chapter *The Parable of the Phantom City* just as I found Guillermo Parra's *Phantasmal Repeats*

Anger at strangers is merely pre-hurt.

Had a great day today and it was because of busyness but particularly busyness in my body.

The boyfriend was apparently really wasted and being a jerk.

Am convinced he's an actual bodhisattva.

Flarf as the new persona poem.

Happy Birthday so-and-so.

"Here take a cookie."

They are in the walls.

you hurt me so bad when she turned

Or is it three sheets to the wind?

I will really really eat no more chocolate tonight.

My name is Neo. My name is Carrie White!

It is very old, I don't know if it will work.

I never want to be the kind of person like the person who lives above me.

Putting meaningless contextless things together in a way that makes it appear as if it has meaning.

I don't understand the Ash part.

So many things invisible.

"The thing that saves your work is opacity."

Root cause of female masochism!

He gets to be different.

folds that are hard to untangle

the city and how it wants to frame you

The athiest's God is nothingness.

"I have hit 13 deer in 7 weeks!"

Sunday, March 8, 2009

Week ending March 7

Week 19

Thoughts are a desperation trying to convince you that you are alive.

Other people's examples are never my own.

All nerves are for naught.

A distinct vision, in the middle of the night, of a laughing skull.

, which means I just won't read for the month of March.

it is only a geographical sadness

This book I loved like crazy til i get to a part where she says the n
word.

Is it only a way these women have of matching men, these tough
women.

I don't know if it was staged, or heckling.

Reality is here to be changed.

I have a feeling they know everything I do.



FIRENZE - Ospedale degli Innocenti - L'Annunziazione della Vergine; Luca della Robbia.

Sunday, March 15, 2009

Week ending March 14

Week 20

Unless I write it in the bath?

I feel refreshed and deeply tired simultaneously.

What if when I said "Just for you," she believed me?

I wonder if more stress helps.

I need to be busier and less disciplined.

This notebook has two front covers.

I'm calling that please it's so hard to relax.

Nobody is happy because they don't have a home.

I was feeling sexual shame and so I bought a vibrator.

A list of things that are hard to do in yoga.

A list of things to buy in bulk.

A postcard from Micah and a library receipt.

Maybe the point is not to stop expressing but to stop having something to express.

Its not real if I can see through it.

Gossiping as a trying to pin reality down and define it.

What will I do with the rope?

Track 5 is quieter.

You can't trust situations and what they are, and will they get away from you.

All these papers with numbers on them. And all this shame,

Sunday, March 22, 2009

Week ending March 21

Week 21

Then he's also giving me peanuts.

I had no idea at all that we were in danger.

A man who knows facts about everything.

"I have no country."

"I am here to save a secret from being dug up."

Then I walked into a key.

We are in a treehouse.

Door after door after door.

It's possibility seems itself impossible.

"May I ask what earthquake caused your mind to work?"

The last day of winter.

we can't make the same mistakes as other people

I don't think I know the kind of person who knows jokes.

David Brazil: "The opportunity perhaps fades of doing something decisive, but was that ever any thing but a fantasy anyway?"

If there are eyes, something must be created for them to see?



In the first stage, when the heart chakra is pierced, we hear tinkling sounds like jewels in the space of the heart in the center of the body. As soon as these sounds become audible in the (interior) void, the yogi becomes god-like, radiant, healthy, and fragrant. His heart becomes the void.

HATHA YOGA PRADIPIKA

Daily Yoga Meditations

March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Thursday
MARCH

19

Sunday, March 29, 2009

Week ending March 28

Week 22

The wrong code was used.

I no longer need my BO to comfort me.

I have to think of a topic and I don't really have one.

A letter written in pencil.

Didn't tell what I need to tell.

Reading as respite.

or they no longer seem like people

am I a device of myself?

obliviousness as a form of government

the go faster go faster anxiety

I want to live somewhere with grass.



That wise Yogi who daily drinks
the ambrosial air, according to the rules,
destroys fatigue, burning (fever) decay and
old age, and injuries. When having firmly
closed the glottis by the proper yogic method,
and contemplating on the goddess Kundalini,
he drinks (the moon fluid of immortality),
he becomes a sage or a poet
within six months.

SIVA SAMHITA

Daily Yoga Meditations

March

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Tuesday
MARCH

31

Sunday, April 5, 2009

Week ending April 4

Week 23

The word that means nothing.

All the things that should not be mentioned
stacking up.

Was that not science?

The door of the train wouldn't shut.

Sometimes they like it and sometimes they don't.

Two periods in one month is like a blue moon of a sort.

A justification to be different from everyone else.

Sitting on my hand and so the pages want to curl back and I can't
write unless I unsit.

Finding instructions to write out the story of going in the haunted
house at the rodeo and not being able to come out.

And I said to her why am I always looking in the mirror and
squinting anyway?

Trying to do too much and so cutting out everything but one thing.

it's
yoga

Dear Carrie,

we are changing our pricing in preparation for our move to our new location at 5th and Folsom. Because the space is smaller, we are raising our rates accordingly. These rates are for the 4:30 and 6:15 weekday classes only and will take effect on Friday 4/24/2009. Because of space considerations, we are also moving the classes to an RSVP system. Classes will be limited to a maximum of 28 people. RSVPs will be able to be made either on the website or via phone.

Because you are a valued member we are offering you two options:

Upgrading your membership to an unlimited membership.
\$193
expiring 7/20/2009

Converting your membership to a class card:
Our records show that you have taken 1, converting this at \$12 a class means you would have 24 classes left if you converted to a class card.

You will be able to continue attending beginner and weekend classes with no additional charges or changes. Please let us know if you have any questions.

Maybe jugglers.

because I woke with a headache which I still have

, especially if I am making porridge.

I'm writing sentences with exclamation marks because I am faking it.

So. Another telepathic event.

If she is what I think she is,

But I prefer the first meaning.

If you can concentrate in the SF library, you can concentrate
anywhere.

Europeans say wee-fee instead of wigh-fie

I tend to think I'm full just because I get an endorphin rush.

Not thinking things through enough.

I IMAGINE WE ARE MYSTICAL CREATURES, WE ARE FAUNS, OR
MERMAIDS.

it looked like the walls were crashing.

Wanted to do something useful with all that peace.

a current life reincarnation

a prayer for the 70,000

I feel like I'm going to the airport.

a day for breakthroughs

Voluntary severance

A somewhat 5-8 sentence long conversation that went nowhere.

Overheard: "That was some good water."

I've been shaking all day.

Remembering this song on headphones.

I think my squash is about ready.

Sunday, April 19, 2009.

Week Ending April 18

Week 25

Carina at work Friday telling me we don't exist. Kathy doesn't exist,
Carina doesn't exist, Carrie doesn't exist.

Listening for all the new sounds.

Dream of steps made of sand, in the water.

Because we are a subject matter.

I have so much to say and when the time comes I say nothing.

Lucy and Lucy and Lucy and Lucy

The books are kicking out the clothes.

Fucking up your marketing campaign on purpose.

Changed the sheets in middle of the night, after discovering I'd
spilled ice cream all over them.

Stretching out the silences slightly longer.

Behind the carousel, or part of the carousel?

Sunday, April 26, 2009

Week Ending April 25

Week 26

The ballad overshoot by the airplane.

Every thing influences every other thing.

What else do you do in the miscellaneous time?

The big green desk with secret compartments (of my childhood)

A list of all my hanging folders tab designations.

A list of famous guitar solos.

My life a string.

Not thinking too deeply about what you're thinking deeply about.

When repetition is a surprise.

Woke up and there was an awful smell, like fire, or smoke, or mildew.

Maybe this practice is the wrong practice.

Sunday, May 10, 2009

Weeks 26 and 27

Weeks ending May 2 and May 9

A list of all the music poems so far.

emails about elvis and the building

Then a plastic robot dog with no head comes through.

80's version of milkshakes.

Post-it from my neighbor found on my laundry basket.

Forgetting to forget thinking about this.

Totally a grid and I love a grid.

Was made to walk on a mirror last night.

She said: "Anything, even if it is a gel pen."

Found notecards with quotes and character lists.

Lillian told me not to worry.

The end that I could not say is actually the beginning.

Demonstration handouts.

SUPPORT THE STELLA D'ORO STRIKERS
¡APOYEMOS A LOS HUELGUISTAS DE
STELLA D'ORO!



Stella D'Oro workers have been on strike for over 9 months against the
Wall St. culture capitalists Remwood Partners who bought the company

Monday, May 18, 2009

Week 28

Week ending May 16

I will never get enough sleep.

If I had normal time to occupy.

Bargaining with dreams.

Go read what I wrote, it's funny.

I've forgotten the lyric or she is after someone else
and this this is what wants me.

The misery of sitting.

Then my phone buzzed and woke me up.

Wish I had something I never returned.

*Cannon fodder
a kind of
crepuscular
lethargy
as if overnight
he had
surreptitiously
gained twenty
pounds
Mickey, like the
mouse
history, which is
a simple whore
retronourished*

I probably didn't say the right things.

The coffee tastes weird but maybe its the soymilk.

Tomorrow everything ends.

I admitted to doing something very bad today.

A narrative film is not like a narrative poem.

Tuesday, May 26, 2009

Week 29

Week ending May 23

Wanting to hear the audience more than those on stage.

all words words words and then we realize we haven't been teaching them images and so they have no idea how to process images.

The question I don't dare ask.

I could see all the people I was passing were looking though me, not seeing me.

It was a poetry reading with a theme.

I know she came into my dream so I would call her.

We have more of an audience than we ever did.

Intermingling calves, and whether to give up desire for pleasure.

Everyone is reading.

Sunday, May 31, 2009

Week 30

Week ending May 30

Fortune tellers grabbing my hands everywhere I go.

A completely nonverbal dream.

Naked, up all night, in the kitchen, on the floor, eating jars and jars of Gnutella.

Like a day long heart attack, but I never die.

He encourages falling.

The ink used to print it was extremely dangerous, but I wanted it anyway. Even if it killed me.

The state of being a woman, and what cannot be escaped.

Testing the waters is delusionary, because there is no water.

I want to read everything I see instantly.

I cannot hear but instead feel the slammed door.

I have lots and lots and lots of tape.

Because I am right at my limit.

I have to figure out a way to not feel what I'm feeling.

What is too dramatic and what is not dramatic enough?

Sunday, June 7, 2009

Week 31

Week ending June 6

Dreamed I had an inability to take out the trash and trash was falling in from upstairs; half eaten soups under someone's chair, etc.

Someone told me the guy had cut off the fleshy parts of her toes, to torture her.

This is not the worst thing by far.

"The trees are dead."

The romanticization of swings.

This saha world, and sad that I've woken up.

"Everybody knows the house always wins."

Can't stop thinking about Maud Gonne.

There is a lot of this this week.

{{{_____}}}

I don't like it when you speak of phoneme sequencing.

Realizing it won't ever add up.

I've said more than I thought I had.

Sunday, June 14, 2009

Week 32

Week ending June 13

Everyone is swimming in the most inappropriate places.

Someone explain the presence of helicopters.

How the tambourine used to terrify me.

falling in the sand dune, naked, an earthquake

In this equivalency I would be much neater.

But I would have nowhere to sit.

Nothing seems clearer in the morning.

I'm always in a forest.

There is so much to do only
because I am not distinguishing.

The most intermediary space.

The secret, is a secret.

Everyone is talking about fireballs and there are books already.

I told her every story except the true one.

"Signlessness;the non-conceptualization of things"

Ideas are a placemat.

I don't like that problem.

Sunday, June 21, 2009

Week 33

Week ending June 20

"Kind of like a coda"

I asked can you hear me and she said, what?

Well maybe the first thing is worse.

The type of woman who feels more confident by announcing her fears.

This is the first day all week I feel kind of rested.

Continuously grateful and out of focus.

Trying to leave the future behind.

I feel dizzy.

"The ritual is I get out my drumsticks."

repertoire hedging

eyelash shadows

"Remember what happened to Pygmalion."

Sunday, June 28, 2009

Week 34

Week ending June 27

Drank 3 glasses of wine, and ate a cream puff.

Because happiness is not in me.

"Call me no longer Naomi"

I clapped 59 times.

Three hearts glued together so I tore the top two off.

There is nothing predictable.

What we could have done together, I did alone.

Johnson's Baby Shampoo smell.

It is hard to express my feelings.

dwi pada.

Should eat more nectarines.

Yuppie ranting: "I get up early in the morning to make my money, how about you?"

Homeless person ranting: "When you look into the mirror what do you see?"

Adagio becomes adagietto.

So I was waiting for the conversation to end.

My butterfly and Jack Spicer's butterfly duking it out.

All my despairs, my own fault.

If this were a lullaby.

I told God he was funny.

The bells are ringing.

Sunday, July 5, 2009

Week 35

Week ending July 4

If it's near my bed, I'm going to put books in it.

Think of it lightly.

"Deployment of the solution will be scheduled."

"You worry too much."

The trick to being not stressed out by stress is to not not be stressed and then stress is your normal state and it doesn't bother you.

And he said "You are in the right place."

"Do you have this in Libra?"

I'm going to go to one even if one doesn't exist.

Weird specificity of the shower.

Why doesn't someone save the fish.

"Each flashback was an explanation."

A frightening peace.

Sunday, July 19, 2009

Week 36

Week ending July 11

Dreamt of the "weight room."

Went and got some Ginger and Cola \$3.03.

One box that'd been for matches, one for beer, and one, mexican spices.

No one laughs.

Crying in the Monet room.

Hearing raspberry tea and imaging blueberry instead.



Sunday, July 19, 2009

Week 37

Week ending July 18



Sunday, July 26, 2009

Week 38

Week ending July 25

Entrance is entering.

Everything empty except for that which needs to be emptied.

Dreaming dreams.

"Like a riot, not a show."

A list of things I threw away, and cramps.

All kinds of things interfering with my daydreaming.

Enmeshed in emotional states.

I don't often think about the fact that I'm a woman in a political way.

A list of directions to places.

If you can say "a case."

So that is fear issue #2.

Need steam.

& I want to tell stories.

Rockets are the only thing I can think of.

I could use a box cutter.

The time line is disintegrating.

I hear speeding motors and dramatic music.

Finally, I'm processing something.

It would actually be a good conversation to have.

zweigen, Stämmen, Stengelpflanzen abgelesen. In
Schnäpper unter anderem auch Beeren.

Der Grauschnäpper nistet in Halbhöhlen
Gabeln oder Mauerleisten, zwischen Hausmau-
Trauer-, Halsband- und Zwergschnäpper brüte
künstlichen Höhlen. In manchen Gegenden haben
Schnäpper durch das Aufhängen von künstlichen Nis-
an Waldrändern in beträchtlicher Anzahl ansiedeln la-
brüten gewöhnlich nur einmal im Jahr. Beim Grauschnä-
beide Ehegatten am Nestbau, beim Trauer- und Halsbandschnä-
stellt das Weibchen das Nest allein, und zwar an einem Orte, der vo-
auserwählt wurde. Beim Zwergschnäpper übernimmt das Weibchen
den Hauptanteil der Nistarbeit. Interessant ist, daß die in Höhlen brüte-
genschnäpper, wie die echten Meisen, relativ viel Nistmaterial eintra-
Fertigstellung seines Nestes benötigt der Trauerschnäpper fünf bis vier-
Die Zahl der Eier pro Gelege beträgt bei allen Vertretern der Gruppe
vier bis sechs, kann aber beim Halsbandschnäpper auf sieben, beim Trau-
per sogar auf acht steigen. Der Grauschnäpper legt die größten (18,6
der Zwergschnäpper die kleinsten (16,6×12,7 mm) Eier. Dieselben
Zwergschnäpper auf gelblich- oder grünlichweißem Grunde meist
lichen oder rötlichen Flecken übersät, und zwar oft sehr fein und g.
Beim Grauschnäpper kommen, allerdings selten, einfarbige Eier von za-
grüner Färbung vor; in der Regel sind seine Eier auf bläulichweißem
violettgrauen und rostroten Flecken versehen. Beim Trauer- und
Schnäpper sind die Eier einfarbig blau, blaugrün oder grünlichblau
den gewöhnlich in 12 bis 13 Tagen erbrütet, und zwar, wie
in andern Fällen, vom Weibchen allein. Dagegen beteiligen sich
der Fütterung der Jungen.

Auffällig ist der unterschiedliche Färbungscharakter des
Trauerschnäpper, der eine gewisse Parallele bei den Schwalben
rotkehligen Rauchschwalbe der braunkehlige Zwerg-
schwalbe der schwarz-weiße Trauer- und H-
schwalbe der Grauschnäpper gegen-
über haben ihre Winterquartiere teils tief im afrikanischen
(Zwergschnäpper).

Ortliebe lichte Baumbestände,
Baumalleen usw., wo sie von
aus im «Bumerangflug»
werden Beutetiere auch von
Spätsommer verzehren die

Sunday, August 2, 2009

Week 39

Week ending August 1

He said something about the fifth person.

Broken skin.

The fear of nothing is more the fear than anything else.

Impossible, impossible, day.

Everything was miserable and then everything was wonderful, and then everything was OK.

I wonder if it makes more sense in Swedish.

A reference to her having to be invited.

The last night; last night, was too much.

I am on probation.

I defeated the fear of the kitchen stove.

Maybe that is communication.

Creating social conditions in which life can be lived in a human way.

Welcoming identitylessness.

Sunday, August 9, 2009

Week 40

Week ending August 8

Not even sure what I'm supposed to be processing.

I love how I think my way out of a depression.

Discovering a silver watch.

"I believe in the rising window."

Everything discolored.

Jersey knit sheets.

Honeymoon is over.

Based on my recent non-interest in my previous self, pretty sure my future self will be completely uninterested in this present self.

In the giving away mood.

Even though what's going to happen is not what's going to happen.

I could be happy with simply ice cream.

The typewriter is a harpsichord.

Despair covers everything.

If we talked about it, maybe it would dissipate.

Keep forgetting when my appointments are.

Hope of a future hope.

A love letter misinterpreted as ordinariness.

If a cup of tea could change your life.

Sunday, August 16, 2009

Week 41

Week ending August 15

The 4 questions.

and the mat room had accidentally locked

The unnameable messes itself.

thinking of shadows

A gentle breeze. A discipline.

Afraid the Knight of Swords is really the King of Swords.

How I'd wished he'd just waited and so I wait.

The trick is to love your life whatever it is.

Sunday, August 23, 2009

Week 42

Week ending August 22

If I quit drinking and start going to bed at a decent hour.

In my unconscious states, I always have a job I love.

the I'm going to faint or throw up feeling

I would like to get a bicycle.

My left ear is still fucked up.

And I looked out my window —
which was my childhood bedroom window —
and I indeed saw a frog hopping away.

The clues lead to inconclusivity.

"Disenchantment of the concept is the antidote of philosophy."

So good at surfaces.

Then all these reliefs come.

"empathically reversed gracelessness"

I would've done anything and I did.

Not sure if I'm holding the scales or some abstraction is.

Sunday, August 30, 2009

Week 43

Week ending August 29

I unplugged last night.

It feels too simple and I want it to be more complex.

My doctor is named Heidi and has a braid.

All day obsessed with John Wieners, want to plaster pictures of him poster sized all over my room, like a movie star, which he kind of is.

the reason women always need to talk and men never do is

Lazy people annoy me because my own laziness annoys me.

I try to think of suicide and I cannot.

Worry prevents things from happening but fear makes them happen.

Corpse pose dream of finding a bucket full of stars.

I wanted sunflower seeds but bought boston baked beans.

Reading exist as exit.

A list of projects.

And he kept saying dirty ass bitch over and over.

A feeling like the frog is listening.

I don't want to know it and want to keep it new forever.

Maybe I'm just *walking* through hell. And where is Virgil?

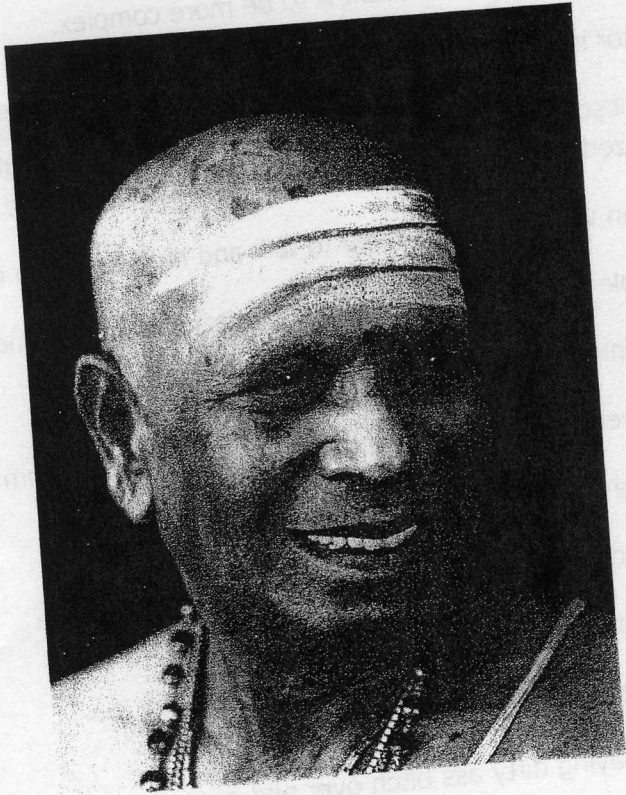
Sunday, August 30, 2009

Week 43

Week ending August 29

I wrapped last night

It feels too tight and I want it to be loose



My doctor

At the clinic

He said

The reason

Why people

Go to the

Doctor is

I wanted

to know

And he

And he

And he

A feeling like the frog is listening

I don't want to know it and want to keep it new forever

Maybe I'm just twirling through hell. And where is Vigil

Sunday, September 6, 2009

Week 44

Week ending September 5

"Do your practice and all is coming."

Beauty is ethical.

Debt is a form of violence.

Meditated for a long time and feel like a snail.

Saw a bright blue cone, neon blue.

Oakland is good for remembering dreams.

I hope it is the solution

as I want it to be the solution and to never go back.

I guess I'll just wait for it to go into my brain and I'll die.

I always feel like Lurch in the Addams Family, shaking my head
in disbelief and annoyance.

I'm wearing my butterfly shirt, symbolizing lost souls.

And then I realized if I'm fast forwarding through a movie,
maybe I should just turn it off.

Dreamt of the Tin Man, and I was trying to find him a heart.
Maybe I'm always Diana Ross in my subconscious.

An overzealous beginning leads to a leaden ending.

I want fried okra.

(straddled across a park bench)

she decided to let them have their personality

How aesthetics commingles with social mores.

Tuesday, September 15, 2009

Week 45

Week ending September 12

The fact of cruelty.

Finally got a broom.

so many dreams live lost

I have every sexual power.

for the trees over and over

Nostalgia is a form of violence to the present.

Stuffed animals as first sexual experiences.

the secret point after all

"Got tired of starting from square one over and over again."

At least its not that day anymore.

My top key fell out.

Slugging back straight apple cider vinegar.

even if they don't think they do

Sunday, September 20, 2009

Week 46

Week ending September 19

A voice says don't write that!

Pluto's gone straight.

They are doing so through disempowerment.

They will say you are talking too fast.

The consciousness it takes to know what would hurt someone else.

Ate tofu mixed with meat and vegetables.

in the cold Sunset rain, nostalgia for

The window is almost completely shut.

Wide awake at midnight.

Why would you get out of rehab and go to a wedding?

Two matches; Or, things I'm going to burn.

The reason for something is much less interesting than the fact of said something's existence, which tells you everything you need to know.

Maybe the heat will pop it.

I'll never have to go to Walgreens again.

So he created himself in me.

Weight 124, heartbeat 79, blood pressure 100/66, temperature 98.1.

Wish I had an orange.

I woke up at 5:45 AM & I felt like they were watching me & I should just leave.

My suitcase was as light as a feather.

List of Almost Faintings.

Sunday, September 27, 2009

Week 47

Week ending September 26

John Wieners writing in html.

Everything in an autumn equinox during the autumn equinox.

The moon is having a human being parade.

Agni sara

"hell is not hell"

Now you don't see anything but yourself at night.

The subject is the audience.

Hyperconsciousness a violence.

You know what they say about bending over backwards for people.

"It's a gamble right?"

"Yeah, but it wouldn't matter
because she's dead."

I want to hear hold music.

Every daydream a device.

Sunday, October 4, 2009

Week 48

Week ending October 3

Every headache is the same headache.

It may have been convoluted on my part.

some sort of reality edging

I have weird abilities.

Everything is beautiful and everything ends.

only the moment in a yogic way can save me

One of those hypersensitive. Oh.

My device is irrelevant.

The pages I've skipped, leaving blank.

"Their lies enough"

Slept hard and fuzzy.

I kept saying to myself, I'll try harder,
and a voice says try less.

Dreamt I was leaving the castle.

It was a nice walk and I was happy.

Sunday, October 11, 2009

Week 49

Week ending October 10

Everyone covering their eyes.

The season has changed.

I dreamed I was a seagull and I was teasing the ocean. Dipping down, tapping the water, flying back up. Etc.

Feeling split between cities.

Her advice is it's like nailpolish.

Pretending what I want to be told, I'm being told.

Behind the music or in front of the music around the music inside the music. Following the music.

Why are angels always in doorways?

Saw a pigeon swoop down in BART on the escalator like he's going to take a train too.

Anything could happen at any time but never does.

Every moment of silence I close my eyes.

The wrong situation I have bravery and the right one I don't.

Every chakra wracked in pain.

then she asked anything else blink anything else blink

Wiener's The Windows

Sunday, October 18, 2009

Week 50

Week ending October 17

Squash soup, striped bread, and three orange slices.

I walked to another city.

Dreamt a prophetic dream but it was not dreamt by me, and so I can't remember it.

The only healing is healing within the body itself.

Two birds flying in opposite directions.

I felt the hectic energy too much.

Sometimes the rain makes you feel bent out of shape, but it is good for you.

It turned out to be real but I thought I was having a vision until I got up close.

Soda-tax

"I'm seeing a whole wall of sugar here."

I have to be brave.

Sunday, October 25, 2009

Week 51

Week ending October 24

One tension replaced by another tension.

Conjuring up emotional states for the sake of a poetics.

All the rest of the night my dreams are consumed with this question.

A skipped page.

Wishing my whole life could be an atmospheric.

A general inquiry when you meant to inquire more specifically.

In the future, speaking in past tense about the present.

The floor is on the walls.

A split second when I could have turned back but I didn't.

Being relieved of hours.

Those who appear in dreams and those who do not.

Eleven minutes to decide.

Sunday, November 1, 2009

Week 52

Week ending October 31

I didn't understand how I just couldn't get back for 3 hours, and I still hadn't eaten. And I couldn't find my shoes.

Don't really want to write everything that happened last night.

Big Screaming Bear Picture.

And is hope a sort of violence too?

This "character" type kept yelling "Don't Play Merle Haggard!"

"Myra" just happened to have a GPS and said get in I'll drive you there.

When you're really suffering you don't ask why, you just survive it.

And I've felt an undercurrent of confusion ever since.

My mother's dream of unused rooms, 13 children with down's syndrome, and lots of cans of tomatoes. "I have never had a dream with Uncle Joyce in it."

"Time is the economy of being."

Everything went wrong in the night.

* a dust/e-chap
www.dusie.org



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