FABRICATION

by
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*West Branch*, “Abdul Karim,” “Eight Vivid Pictures,” and “In A Dissertation…”

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### LESSONS OF DARKNESS

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FOR THE ARTICLE WAS FILLED WITH HORROR AND SO I COULD NOT READ IT

LESSONS OF DARKNESS

THE DICTATOR’S BIOGRAPHY

MIMESIS
FACTS ABOUT SADDAM HUSSEIN AND TREES OF NORTH AMERICA
HALABJA, 1988
[I could never say]
[From sand]
[I opened]
[We must hide]
DIALOGUE WITH SADDAM HUSSEIN
THE DICTATOR’S BIOGRAPHY

FABRICATION

MIMESIS
BEGONE, DEMONS
FABRIC ON PLANET EARTH
POEM WITH INFLAMMATION
DYING IS SOMETHING YOU DO
MEAT
RECIPE FOR WARM EGG NEAR BLUE SQUARE
TERMS OF SYLLOGISM
FABRICATION
THIS PLANET WILL BE FORGOTTEN
NOTES
[THRESHOLD]
MIMESIS

I'm glad
He tells you,
I wake up from the rope,
Her sinew.
Think about it:
The water is really the state.
Who is really here
For the first time? I think a list of fish is attacking.
I'll take it out:
Water, hair and shovels in your bag.
What is it?
Grandmother admits her nerves.
There is only one side.
You want to sing and send
a stone.
I wrap it in my palm and six
Rectangles
Enjoy, enjoy
The fish.
The seed in the body, so the disk
masks itself.
Remove the brave, the magazine.
Wear between
Curved ribs of ribs and barrels of
White meat.
The tissue goes to oven the oven
Courageously.
A garden full of land.
Both parties
Hear, rock, return to the earth.
I am glad:
Yes, you can get up,
fish.
The lake was lush at the edge, as if
It was
injury.
CATHEXIS

I drunk-bought an ancestry kit on Saturday afternoon

The whole world, now and always, cut into 158 regions

I guess I mostly know what it tell me already

But I still want that veneer of the official, haplogroups down to the 0.1%

Even though I really don’t have the $100 to spend on this kind of knowledge

But show me where my bank account is on a map

I demand to know: a bird or a drone?

Every day that’s warm there is one

 Buzzing in the park, the culmination of some kid’s birthday gift, a drone kit

I attempt to accustom myself to the present

On a couch, my friend’s partner admits that sometimes it is unpleasant

And I’m disturbed by the pleasure I take in love’s crack

It is a world built for two, but I don’t want it to be so perfectly so

I promised the other poet I wouldn’t tell anyone he’d called the MFA a starter kit

But I lied

I still want intimacy, you know, even if it is grotesque

The origin of blight, the noun or verb, is unknown

The company’s data on the Middle East lacks granularity

The project of ancestry generally dubious

But still I want to see what of me can be extracted from a vial of my saliva

I can only see the data I want if I let them see it, too
I give it up so willingly

For six months I thought that I had the providence of sunlight

A beam that fell square on my desk each afternoon

On my birthday a man pointed out that my windows face east

The rays a mere reflection off the windows opposite mine

The light didn’t seem so halved until I knew it was

I could not distinguish the copy from the original

I, a plot point in the database that will be in the future sold, maybe even to me

I am resigned to someone making money from the knowledge in my spit

And the history of intimacy that halved itself to make me
REPORT OF THE EXCAVATION AT TELL SITAK

The ceramics shards found at Tell Sitak are mostly of reddish earth, some containing small white grit or chalk-like temper.

The site had been forgotten.

But recent construction exposed ancient remains, and excavations began promptly.

The terrain is steep and sloping here, along a ridge in a mountainous region of Kurdistan.

Its ancient name: Kelmzien, for “absorbent soil” in Kurdish.

The land is always shrinking here, earth moving from the tops of ridges to bottom.

The deeper the object, the older it is.

The past here has been buried.

What lay beneath the surface?

An incised stone object,

three fragile baked bricks,

a frit in the shape of a flower;

The partial remains of a kiln,

evidence of iron-working

and a group of storage jars made of earth,

each as tall as a child;

pottery with a rim pointed outward,
a finger-shaped impression on the body,

a shard with the shape of a crescent.

A shard is a fragment of pottery.

In English, its roots trace back to the word “to break.”

Because it is already broken,

a shard is resistant to further destructive forces.

It is in this way that shards frequently become the point of contact with the past.

No complete vessels were found.
8 VIVID PHOTOS THAT SHOW WHAT IRAQ LOOKED LIKE BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED BY WAR

I don’t think anyone knew what they were doing, planting, my child-father wrapped up in the long cloth of a sharwal stitched by Hepsa Khan, who could only write her name. My grandfather had come back to the country with a wife and child and began to build his greenhouses to trap the moisture in. He’d heard a radio broadcast about the strong blonde women of Minnesota, and now he had his own, even if her hair was brown, her parents unconvinced of his royal tribal ancestry. I asked, who took this photo? and my grandfather Jamal responded after years of silence it is possible that I did. with Kodak camera. But the m is missing so so the word reads circa, era. The state was not a dark chamber then. There were new cars and public pools and cinemas on boulevards with grassy traffic circles and every person in the family called my father pasha. Saddam Hussein had only killed one person then and no one knew the name he’d taken, meaning crush. My father, face inscrutable outside the family home outside of Baghdad, in a town called Abu Ghraib. People keep posting slideshows of the country before war because America loves to see what we’ve destroyed. With water, man has made the desert green with grain and vegetables, rich with dates and spices for all the world. Now the world has taken what it wanted. Hobby Lobby has its objects chiseled out of Babylon and everyone has oil. This is where my grandma, too was promised riches. Arriving blue, she only found a home with floors of earth.
ABDUL KARIM

I heard my great-grandfather was awful, that his children all wanted to please him but couldn’t. I was braless in the dark garden, looting the last of my landlord’s nightshades, wondering if because I come from this bloodline I will never please myself. Some tomatoes never ripen. Yesterday I biked past my old home but couldn’t muster wistfulness, looked with interest only toward the new sex shop, a glassy place called Please which advertised U-shaped toys with bulbous ends and promised pleasure, which I’d never put together, the way that pleasure comes from please.

This season knows how to be hot and cold at the same time, which is why it can tolerate me. I know from old pictures I have my grandmother’s breasts: two women of fruit. Or I could change – I knew about cosmetic surgery before I knew of sex, or of Abdul Karim, whom I will never know except from pictures, and from my own body, in which his patterns curl on, coaxing proteins into the plastic present, where a body can be altered more cheaply than a mind and water comes out of a can more easily than a well. I don’t know the earth at all, except that fall is the right time to plant paperwhites, known also as narcissus, bulbs which will live through the stiff blank of winter and unfold their white flags in springtime, smelling faintly of urine; never wondering whose hands had covered them in dirt.
UPON FINDING AN AK-47 IN MY GRANDFATHER’S CLOSET

What was there to do

but cradle the object,

as though it was born of me?

It whispered to me,

hello.
OBJECT EXERCISE

First you must gather the objects. Open the polish and polish each object until every object is coated in polish, a thin film that takes on the shape of the object. It is okay to be squeamish toward objects. Now dissect every object. Use a thin and flexible blade. When the object is fully dissected, remake it, but more in your image. Then use concise scissors to prune the object so to better see it. Remove what wilts or yellows and turn up the object sound. Then, dissect again. Hold each piece to check for wilting: if it withers, it’s an object; if it shudders, it’s a subject.
OBJECT PROJECT

Finally I am feeling the soft cramps of menstruation
Another red start
Another spreadsheet where every cell is a day containing local weather
It adds up to a project
What about a war that only lasts five hours?
Still the pixels green and die
Still I navigate to objectsoftenobjectsoften.com
In 8th grade geometry I learned to hate the sound of trace emerging from beneath my teacher’s mustache
A wobbly copy of a circle
I am still interested in simulation
In trying to understand a thing by recreating it in small scale
This epidemic isn’t real, I tell my students as I use an eyedropper to indicate who is diseased
They hold their plastic cups out toward me and the ones containing water laced with soda ash turn vivid fuchsia and they scream
Terror is infectious, too
My final project, I decide, will be planting
I dreamt of wildflowers again
The bird said, if I seize you I will seize you and will squeeze you till you squirt
Well, not actually, but that’s a trick to easily identify this bird by name
The warbling vireo, a tiny songbird
I identified the bird using a video that captured the sound of the camera zooming in to find the bird, metal against metal, singing kkkkkkr
The river thrilled me, I would tell you
This thing runs all day, I said
Sometimes it feels it isn’t me who’s speaking when I speak
Well, I am my own personal stranger
My own personal jerk emails me to say that videographer seems reductive
and “idk what happened but it happened”
and that he “like(d) having me as a friend”
and signed off *fart noise*
which is the part that made me sad, that asterisk jacket
I read that song diversity predicts the viability of fragmented bird populations
Whether they will live in the face of widespread anthropogenic habitat destruction
Basically the birds aren’t learning songs the way they used to
And they’re dying
A bird’s birdsong is its species language, special
I want this in this poem though it is already a poem
The birds, I mean, the singing
I learned to hide my body when I was a girl
How to be a highway and rest stop and dirt road and all-at-once
I believe that recreation is dangerous
As evidence: The Oregon Trail, developed as an educational computer game
As evidence: I grew up on Cherokee Trail
As evidence: in 4th grade I made mastaw for heritage day and everyone spit it out in
    front of me
It was sour, white
I’ve been writing this for years
If I had known
If I didn’t have to write this then I wouldn’t and I’d find some other project
Whose idea was it to hold a heritage day?
Well, I’ve taught and failed children too
I hadn’t known until that day how sour yogurt is
Sometimes italics really sting
In Kurdish mastaw means yogurt-water

Mast is yogurt, aw is water, and together they mean exactly what they mean

My mother called to say she is officially a master naturalist

She earned her certificate by tagging and weighing native birds

That was her final project

She said that a bird’s body feels mostly empty in the hand

I have seams in places where I put myself together

No one ever thinks about harming the body as a practice of observing healing

How many times did my body have to heal before I believed?

I dreamt of wildflowers again

They kind that grow where they are strewn out of the bag

I have the bag

I have the seeds and bulbs and hands
OBJET

My fingers like sex at the loom
all the smell
fans strung up with pull cords say water
but never was over the lover laced back
to that other continent oh, to that garden –
surely this is one I mean simulation, so I
can be wasting my time stem-stem jangle,
my keys in a pocket oh where
did the love go – what campout, hot pot,
the bedroom stripped nude by her maddening
voice, then fed with a hunger for royal honey,
to be transported to the ecology
of the trending almond grove blooming
in sudden uptick in demand for exotic
nut butters or meme heard round the world
OBJET

Around the world the impulse for sinking
into uncertain absorption the rote
route of biblical intercourse fervor
for anti-love phonics or texting I miss you
shot off to anyone I felt like wanting to lift
off and fold to her jelly cave continent its
mellous comb hung over the cymbal a
clattering toward the beknownst who didn’t
say cameo/calazone more or less all a vague
gesture toward doubling over the roving
trappings of attraction I’m sorry
I sucked on your poem pen
OBJET

your poem-pen, despite the vestigial need 
for the veneer of the cosmo it seemed 
that the center endured, through changing migration, a notable utpick in non-normative 
pleasure and all the old netting failing 
to reign in the galloping future 
which tumbled from her in an august 
when borders were only suggestive 
all core centers active the long arm 
of pleasure and incessant drumming 
a faint kick over the microphonic 
wanting of another a frantic kinetic 
belaboring progress toward a discover 
we’d found had been molded inside 
of a growing consortium of product 
a greenhouse of sallow perrennials
OBJET

Dying the aloe retained all its properties meaning it owned them and sold at no cost i.e. only a lover can do in the denuded morning the floodlight that wielded a forest of bedroom the plot gone alarmingly ridden with holes in rejection of narrative’s untoward power in welding the rise to solution the clover droned on about its gamete party under the diorama of farmer the field and the plow which were yelling on speakerphone hey look at me I’ve fallen for your distilled image grown plump in the raised bed of gender the dawning of your dairy core-core
OBJET

The dairy core still slouching toward warmth
and I still arranging intersectional
venues with moderate expertise all the while
observing the scroll pulled out of the artist’s most
inner yeah not everyone bore the show
the way I did but I need projection on every wall
to come to conclusion a sort of arrival of self
has every price been marked up by a quarter
or only on this particular corner acutely
aware of the promises stripping themselves
of original meaning and certainly silence
absconding itself to the desert when it tires
of clamor of my busy mimicry
amidst the collapse of the market
OBJET

Every market possessing a singular sonic
the weight of a morning counted in the fluted
glasses apparently all of my house plants are
dying jeez I am sorry their faces all turned
toward the wall in their shame a general
sagging of cacti dimness: contagion
a wishing for freak out consuming itself
I am a person unable to simply say
yes to you no I think I just need
a quantity of absolute silence I’m under
all sorts of disknowledge like
at every moment I have been so so wrong
about something yes all of the root shoots
are sniffing for one whiff of imminent groundswell
OBJET

One whiff of aliens was all it took to shake
the sudden snow out of the clouds
which had collected over every major urban
blight we had of course forgotten how to cease
the knowing gesture of performance I hired
a mime when I was nine to learn his trade
of slitting open every word to clean the under-
truth you know that labor always means
a compromise and art is always thieving
for the folding of one’s authentic thoughts
toward the production of an object
why so adept all the sudden at churning out
content turning this all into a tinny movie oops
the text has been soaked irreversibly soaked
OBJET

It’s true about the surface that once soaked becomes so flush and probably of syntactic signature as well like that teen movie where the character wakes up in a new body every morning I tire of what I know and want to flush and fill again I want you to promise you will hold the shard funny that we tend to buy it the idea of the past being buried depending on the number of exclamatory marks I type an algorithm offers up a blue heart, bursting pink one or a lipstick print it’s possible that by describing this in literal terms it must by nature fall completely flat
OBJET

By nature flat the door at the back of my closet performs a traditional space between ex- and in- terior revealing when open a threshold consisting of surface increasing in height incrementally colloquially known as a staircase this one fashioned of mud-bricks baked sometime before I was born or conceived of sometimes it dawns on my how much of my life has little or nothing to do with me I’m fairly sure that I only exist in the place that I actually am well i’m gonna weave now a little replacement of me and I hope to include yes that big bite mark a bloom on the rear of me never again to be legible after it’s cut from the loom
JIN – JIYAN – AZADE

After Sāada Bonaire

A man hangs scarves and bags on hooks to make a winter garden –

Or I suppose, a market

Past the white gleam of the new pediatrics on Nostrand a man says baby can I –

In a state of irritation, in a nation of emergency –

None of this, the source

But everything I see I claim and it claims me

And I can’t really think without etymology

I do not permit him –

The more I push the language through the automated translator, the more it strips away

You are free becomes excuse me, then forgive me

I sample from Sāada Bonaire, a German blend of East and West circa 1982

Two German women sing flat English over saz the DJ claims to have discovered

The lyrics bubble up over the melody: you got to face/the facts

Into Kurdish, back again, I am curious about myself becomes I’m proud

I follow the string to the place of me that is nowhere

The face in the mirror/Talks to me

[ ]

On the phone Carlos says Kurdistan is a blue ocean market

Not red where the sharks have fed

I say no, the sharks are feeding, the water’s bloody
And plus, I’m not interested in money

The mirror in the mirror/My speech

[]

A girl says art is the last black market, that art is the quickest way to clean dirty money

What I know about value is that over time it rises, like the sea

I propose that feeling could feel good to someone dead

But then: that’s not how the dead think

I am born into the crush of the Uptown 4, held into place by the populace as we slide up Manhattan like a public womb

If prayer exists, then this is it

In Union Square I shout JIN – JIYAN – AZADE into the bitter with the anarchists

A man asks what the word means, asks who is Afrin?

Afrin is a city, I say

Afrin is a city and it’s burning

And I wish more than I wish to that Afrin was not, as well, a nasal spray

How I hate to see the nasal spray

It is Newroz in Afrin and a man plays saz against a backdrop of concrete rubble

Malomin reverberates, my home

My cousins posts photos of concrete children pulled out of the rubble, writes sorry

Object becomes everything –

[]

Of course the saz was just a backdrop for the DJ to play against, to overdub
For the club to taste, a carpet from faraway on which to wipe one's feet

A single note can start to overtake a song

Posing the question how much can a single vessel hold

The more I try to press my irritation into joy, the more the language dries and turns another

It isn't that I want it to be sublime at every moment

I just want the object to be cool and enough

I don't really feel things anymore the way I used to
A BLANK IS AN OBJECT NOT YET OBJECTIFIED

Sunday only knows itself and not the week ahead.
The broken clock will keep refusing to reflect the time.

The house rests on its frames, the frames rest on the walls, and the houseplants suck in sun to turn it into matter.

It is Daylight Saving. Everyone wants to add an S or S-apostrophe. That is, they want the safety of possession or plurality. Enter NEW LOVER, who walks down the hall. Only the floor speaks the language of feet.

We’ve grown accustomed to living in orange and yellow. The objects awaiting their purpose. Daily I perform the Object Exercise. My stuffed lamb lives in a box with the objects that cannot fulfill their purpose.

His belly of tuned metal teeth produces only atonal crunching. I produce pleasure using repetitive motion.

The enterprise demands the right to change the clock, but the day speeds ahead. The sun pulls its long arm away, leaving us dipped in gray and waiting. Touch me again, as if beneath my skin there is another surface.
REALTY KILLED REALITY

While people populate the internet for free, corporations sell the content for a profit.

Can fragments float away from language, the impossibility of it?

If lyric and narrative really live on a spectrum, will they ever touch?

It is strange, yes, that this is adding up to life.

The erstwhile 3rd world haunts us, someone told me.

Well, the mercurial violence of the everyday is really killer.

We wear it, I thought: textile could be evil, or at least co-evil.

And what if trauma isn’t after all a flesh wound but an abscess, distorting the surface?

And how would you draw the temporal horizon of fragment?

Well, performance is release, we could dance our way right out of time, should we learn the moves.

I want to make a poem so big that I could wear it, wrap it round my trunk.

Why is it that holding a faux-action is still a reliably funny gag, bound to get a laugh?

It’s difficult to be the self, but the body is the most absorbent surface.

Do you mean limbo as in the dance that dares you to bend backward till you fall in laughter?

Or limbo as in, in-between, and in-between as nowhere?

I cannot understand why paper comes in such a standard size but perhaps it is in order to deceive us.

I tried to keep hegemony out of this, but it lives in each obsessive possessive.

The voice came from her trunk to say I don’t know what my trunk is.

If a bird were to fly to Mercury, the earth of Mercury would map itself onto the earth of Earth.

I dream of walking off the stage.

The problem is the e/Earth has been abstracted.

On a Tinder date a woman said, you have to remember you’re on it – Earth, she meant.

I tried to get a refund when the border closed but the woman said the system was down to try back in ten.

I could vanish at any point, but could become something, too, the same as a balloon.

I dream about a house so big and filled with plants and you that you forget it is a house.

The you is just the I, of course, living in the big house, neither of which exist.
GESTALT THEORY

Up close and in distress, the painting in my childhood house turned into pixels and revealed that it had never been a painting.

The alarm clock rearranged its neon bars to send the message of the hour and minute.

The yellow light spoke its own language, turning on and off to say be soft, be softer.

Every hour lost the last but was more full of history. Also, blanker.

To disappear, begin by swallowing. That is, erasure happens when you let the outside inside, deliberately or not.

I have let it in in many forms. And turned my body inside out to liberate the pieces.

It is true that no one understands these matters of matter.

The truth is there is probably a more true truth and truly, probably, likely it is past the hem and moving towards the flame.

But observe the windows! Sincere in effort to be see-through even as they bend the light.

How is it that interference happens? Two waves go about their usual undulations, coming up to one another and in passing are distorted.

I have never been an active stakeholder in mine. More like an absent tenant with a mediocre credit score.

My credit score is 683. It is one of many numbers affixed to my person.

Some others are 471176604, 156, 56, 27, 23.5 –

I am fairly comfortable with my eventual erasure.

I am only writing that to gauge if there is any truth within that statement.

If there’s any it is meager. Then again, so are many things I say.

I make all decisions by imagining I’ve made the decision, then measuring my temperature.
I measure myself often. There are many instruments to do this: the belt, the rod, the switch and the switchblade, the ball gag, the flexible silicon menstrual cup and drive in scale to weigh the trucks that populate the interstate with their fat loads of blackberries, dairy.

Mass equals density per volume, and weight is a measurement of mass in a given field of gravity.

It so happens that there are equations for nearly everything.

When I was twelve a stranger on the internet asked me to describe mine. Were they bigger or smaller than a handful?

He must have known I’d take my own hands to my body with a new sense of proportion.

In one of N worlds he will read this poem and know it stayed with me.

But there must be Y men who’ve asked the handful question or its M variations.

History was never sincere in his claims to be neutral. Backstage, he’s repainting scenery and whispering in the actors’ ears, cuing all the lights and sounds.

One day I will learn to not give in to my disaster narrative. Also to be funnier, and smile slightly less.

The body is predictable in response to other bodies.

Kids are always learning physics, punching in a second hole into the jumbo can of grape juice to relieve the vacuum of its vacuum. That is, a thing cannot be emptied without a thing to fill the void.

To lift a thing, pit the muscle against bone and in the fight, the rising.

It wasn’t the shape that was changing. It was handful of berries. It was the mirror, tilting towards the lifted thing, distorting. It was history. It was the radium clock, displaying the hour in poison. It was a machine that spit the dots onto the paper in the semblance of brush strokes.
IN EVERY CITY THERE IS A BOWL OF SOFTENING LEMONS

I have always known to disappear, but sometimes I drink from the wrong cup.

For this my blood is siphoned, uniform in color, readied for the centrifuge to take the densest bits.

I know how to like a thing: drag right, face grown round as any die-cut object.

The train rounds with its blood-load, lighting up the tunnels. I exist in many frozen screens and vials. Slips of me, degrading all across the city.

I am spreading daily, soft as rotting citrus, many textured.

I am asking for the real one. The whole girl, the lemon from the grove that sways to other music. All my favorite clocks are ones that do not turn.

To test for authenticity, see if it will scratch the tooth. What is public? Hair and skin; the contour of a body pressing up from under cloth.

In the city where the rubble was removed a man says HEY, you are too pretty to do that.

What he really means is do you see me? When I speak he hangs his head, says you’re right.

Because I am bow and bend. Because you’re torn I brought a sewing kit.

I have flattened you already but my thread will not bind paper. My machine will only make a line of holes.

I asked for no things for Christmas and my mother agreed there are too many objects.

Instead we’ll force narcissus bulbs to bloom.

I have a thin white scar above my lip where a CD met skin and split it.

That disc shone as it flew toward me but what mattered were its mirrored pits, a language, now defunct.

But even defunct objects cut.

I will bring the ring of you between lips. What is real will leave a mark.
THRESHOLD

The gingko tree: an expert in departure, shedding everything it grew and held one single night

The deadest end of me I paint a newborn pink

How long have I lived in this position?

Weighted with clay to keep the warp taut

The grooves suggest a loom

I reel it in

In it, a garden to mimic a garden

A sky filled to the brim with sky so full it hides

Itself a word that holds the same meaning in any orientation

The stippled earth, no lines between the pixels rendering each plot

I am trying not to be afraid

Sometimes it enters when my self is most loose from my self

My voice, shards painted in strokes of ancient blue, denoting bird

I come carrying shears and wearing fruit

Language, a dream of fabric

Fabric, a dream of sheep, and sheep, creatures the earth imagines

I looked with such ferocity I feared burning

A person checking that there is no hole where my eyes fell

Rejoice for there are holes in everything of matter

For what is of matter is really of mesh
Love, a net, and sometimes I wish to be trapped in it

The mud I crawled out from to find you

So we eat supine at midnight, pushing fruit between each other’s teeth

I giggle because it’s funny to come out of anything

Edges reddening in the cold

The little girl of me sitting just beneath the surface, slipping roses in my lids

A heavy coat cut out of time, a trick my grandma taught me when we were near enough to hear

The nucleus is really packed with matter

As dense as a lifetime fit into a pocket

Of course, sometimes objects get so hot they supersede their borders

Spill berries from doorways where they’d grown

So ripened we come to be threshed

Each curve left is indispensable, reduced

To gesture, we unbind time from our wrists where it had settled as halo

Language, ringing the bell it wired above the trench of it

And so adorned we tremble on the loom

The hot channel into the grotto
[ROOM]
MIMESIS

Jaded
How to learn
This is my dad
float
What does this mean:
The mother tongue is water
You are still alive
This is the first fish, a blank
We call
careful
What are you doing?
The mother is afraid.
Salad:
This number disappears
Kiwi
I spoke to him
Six games
Do not forget nature
church
So quickly
Share it:
You are only in the mouth
push
The room is bigger
Blank girl
I want to eat meat
offline
Last Login
liquid
Air, foot, back to earth
My grandfather
Now you know how to get back
church
Many people lose their lips
How do you do this?
This is a lie
WWW.KURD-CHAT.COM

Sam UK has joined this room
Sam UK has left this room
Beauty has joined this room
Beauty: Hey
Beauty has left this room
Shahy has joined this room
Shahy has left this room
Niks has joined this room
Niks: Heyy
Niks has left this room
Kurdy slemany has joined this room
Kurdy slemany: Kurdyslemaniyyyy
Kurdy slemany has left this room
Shkar has joined this room
Shkar: Slaw hawreyan
Shkar has left this room
Emane has joined this room
Emane: Hi
Emane has left this room
Syaa has joined this room
Syaa has left this room
________ has joined this room
________ has left this room
hamo y haji has joined this room
hamo y haji: slaw
hamo y haji has left this room
ghitrh has joined this room
ghitrh has left this room
Slaw has joined this room
Slaw has left this room
Haval has joined this room
Haval has left this room
kaewan has joined this room
kaewan: slaw
kaewan has left this room
Slaw has joined this room
Slaw: Chonn
Slaw has left this room
Halo has joined this room
Halo: Chi akan gal
Halo has left this room
shopboy has joined this room
shopboy has left this room
rawand-- has joined this room
rawand--: slaw
rawand--: chonn bashn
rawand--: bashnn
rawand-- has left this room
chonn bashn has joined this room
chonn bashn has left this room
Kiro has joined this room
Kiro: Hii
Kiro has left this room
3aba has joined this room
3aba: halaw
3aba has left this room
Halwest has joined this room
Halwest: slaw
Halwest: chonn
Halwest: bashn
Halwest: ke qsa aka?
Halwest: gyan
Halwest: bashe Rawand
Halwest: chone
Halwest has left this room
milan has joined this room
milan has left this room
milan has joined this room
milan has left this room
botan has joined this room
botan: chonn
botan: ke
botan: onlinea

botan→botan: 😊😊😊
botan has left this room
00 has joined this room
00: مزاداو
00: خون
00 has left this room
shaho has joined this room
shaho: slaw
shaho has left this room
Talal has joined this room
Talal: Hi
Talal has left this room
Daykm has joined this room
Daykm has left this room
karos has joined this room
karos: hey
karos has left this room
kaewan has joined this room
kaewan: slaw
kaewan has left this room
farshadd has joined this room
farshadd: سلاو
farshadd has left this room
farshadd has joined this room
farshadd has left this room
[LESSONS OF DARKNESS]
There is an absolute obscenity
in the very project of understanding.
–Claude Lanzmann
MIMESIS

Soft!
What do you see?
This is my father.
Well,
What does this mean?
She is a mother.
Now live.
This is the first to clean
Let's say
Do not believe it
Are you?
Music language
Salma
This is great
Kiwi
I told them
I know
I remember this book
A church
Very fast
Depression:
I need it
Torn.
Have a good day
A girl
I want to eat
Just say
Last
It's water
Yes, sound, go back to the world
Meter
I know how to go back this time
A church
Many bad people near the bed.
Are you?
This is a lie.
GIRL STUDY

A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow. A girl draws a circle around herself in the snow.
MY GRANDPA EMAILS ME REGARDING MY PLAN TO RETURN TO KURDISTAN

_The slopes of the mountain may not always be proud of their peak._
– Saddam Hussein

_Dear Tracy:_

The idea is good but this time
is not right. Nowadays the rabid dogs
are knocking at the doors of Kurdistan.

I worry the country. I worry
the people. This crazy
bunch disturbs

the atmosphere. My answer is you wait.
Yes, I want to be close. I am happy
you write. Nothing for you here.

Remember there is a culture. Remember
it needs respect. Remember
the Islamic nuts.

Who wants to take us back to the year 500?
Back to the time of ignorance.
And of desert traditions.

Also they are very cruel. Also
I am sure you are aware of it.
The wild grapes

are growing. They are growing from
the rocky ground. Soon
we’ll harvest them.

We’ll stomp them into juice.
Soon, there will be wine.
KURDISTAN IS GREAT

an addendum to Ara Shirinyan’s project, “Your Country Is Great,” which excludes Kurdistan

It’s important for our friends around the world to realize that this threat facing Kurdistan is great. We are now able to say that Kurdistan is great place to visit! In the past, this region has not been at peace and security has been a concern. But now, we have the opportunity to invite you without hesitation. I could live in Kurdistan even. This documentary on female soldiers in Kurdistan is great. The interest in Kurdistan is great, also because of Kurds claiming the oil fields around the town of Kirkuk. And oil means money. Kurdistan is great trump card for Israel, US & West to break the Middle East. By doing this they can break the Turkish hegemony and redraw the ME Map. Kurdistan is great land,, and Kurds are very active in Europ,, there are around 3 million Kurds in Europ, and most of them are active.. Teaching French in Kurdistan is great !!! I am delighted to work and live in Kurdistan, which was once unknown to me. And this is happiness. Turkish Kurdistan (North Kurdistan) is great place to visit too.... (5 years ago) Reply (5 months ago) >> in your wet dreams right? :)))) there is no fucking kürdistan asshole now please fuck off
STATE REPORT

WITHOUT FURTHER MEANING :: A FOUND STATE OF ESTRANGEMENT :: A STATE OF SOME INSURGENCE :: IN PLACE OF A STATEMENT :: STATED OF DISTRESS :: AND IN A HOODED PLACE :: THE STATED DESERT :: IN THE ROOM WE NAMED THE STATE :: A STATEMENT OF UNDRESS :: IN A MATTER OF DISTRESS :: OF THE INTERMINABLE :: OF RADIAL DISPERSION :: OF A DAM IN A BAD WAY :: A STATE OF IRREVERSIBLE DECAY :: OF RISING MERCURY :: IN A STATE OF ALTERATION :: IN A STATE OF HOT LOGISTICS :: AS THE BODY REINSTATED :: AS A PROVINCE MADE OF WANT :: THROUGH THE LONG DOOR OF DEPARTURE :: BEHELDEN TO AND BY THE SUN ON LEGS :: THE VERBS UNDOING DOING :: OR THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS :: A CERTAINTY OF UNDERSTATEMENT :: THE PROOF PUT IN THE PUDDING :: AND THE STATELESSNESS :: A DIRE STATE :: THE PERFECT TENSE :: A TEMPORANEOUS :: A PREFACE TO CHRONOLOGY :: THE STATE OF ART AND TERROR
IN A DISSERTATION THAT EXPLORES THE CASE OF KURDISTAN, A STATELESS NATION, THE WORD TRIBAL APPEARS THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE TIMES

The word object, forty-nine, and subject, fifty-one, though mostly as objective and subjected to. Backward and inevitably, seven each. Hope appears eleven times, and only twice as hopeless. Longing, twenty-seven, but only in the word belonging. Struggle: a clean fifty. Fair appears fifty nine times, but mostly in the word affair, and once as fair with European features. Weighty, twice. Dream: there is a single dream, buried in a footnote, and modified by mad, as in Mad Dreams of Independence. Love appears in the phrase a patriot loves a country which already exists, and then again, hidden in spillover. Sad, some seven dozen times, but always in the words ambassador, Saddam, or disadvantage. The author has gone on to analyze risk and business in the region. I search, then, for the letter i, and the robot combs the pages ticking into six digits before I x the page.
DICTATE HER

Say dictator

say dictation

say this is a test

and it’s ancient—

say I learn patience

and we plant the bed

in the bed of sugarcane

for this plot is hardly a garden—

For the problem is the state/has been imagined./For the problem is the violence/has not. For I am being sized up/and measured. For I am thinking of the brown hills/gone green. For the sun once fed the one-celled sea/creatures that died here. For their corpses turned to jelly/under pressure. For my mind imagined oil/made of folded sunbeams that the plants ate. For the problem is the state/was drawn. For the problem is my face/was also drawn.

Say we blame

tradition, say the history of

the empire stretching. Say we blame

the emperor, who named himself Saddam.

Say the garden has been planted
with a dozen pruning shears. Say the bomb
was also planted. Say it took root. Say it grew.
Say the price per barrel plummets.
Say we plummet with it.
For I’m thinking of the green gone
yellow where the new shoots pressed
into the plastic soles of baby shoes
abandoned outside Kirkuk.
For the blades met a petroleum-based product.
For the chlorophyll production slowed and halted. Say the barrel was made of plastic. Say the gun was crude and jelly. Say the room was made specifically for torture and we named the room the state. Say the room was perforated. Say it had been set afire, was inflamed. Say blame the price of chlorine. Say the chlorine had been sanctioned by the garden. Say the glass was filled with one-celled organisms that kill you. Say the glass was filled with crude. Say this poem is mere performance. Say performance but pronounce it perforation. Say the marshes have been drained. Say the soil is irritated. Say we irrigate the desert. Say we make it grow. Say the garden is an oil-bed. Say the stalks are towering plumes of smoke. Say we cut off the chlorine supply. Watch the sky bloom neon green, the Tigris with e. Coli. The rooms of gypsum have dissolved into the ground water. The dam’s foundation is unstable. This is Babel. We could stay like this forever, sipping oil black tea gone thick with sugar. Sugar pressed from the cane they used for torture tastes as sweet. Our lungs have filled with sugar. Sugar, here, pronounced as capital. Here pronounced as oil.
FOR THE ARTICLE WAS FILLED WITH HORROR AND SO I COULD NOT READ IT

(three poems to be read aloud)

I. TESTIMONY, ERASED

In the moments before he the 12-year-old girl, the Islamic State Fighter took the time to Because the girl, not only gave him — it, he insisted.

He her and her. Then he before

When , he , bookending with acts of

“" said the girl, whose body

“Every time that he , a girl who was on the one year ago and

“He said that , and I said to him, ’ And he said, ’.

“He told us we can you and you as .”

One who was and repeatedly by a in the city of, described how she than — a who was a girl despite .
In Sinjar we were blank in a house with five other blank. There they did to me what they did to many other blank. We were given blank and told to wear it. I was blank. One of the girls said she was not, and another did not talk about blank, but the others were all blank. The men were all blank. They said that if we blank ourselves they would blank our relatives. Jilan blanked herself in the bathroom. She blank her wrists and blank herself. She was very blank. I think she knew that she was going to be blank and that is why she blanked herself. The blank said that either we blank him or he would blank us. At night we tried to blank ourselves with our blank. We tied the blank around our blank and pulled away from each other as blank as we could, until blank. Two girls who were blank with us woke up and blanked us and then stayed blank to watch over us. When they fell blank again we blanked again, and again they woke up and blanked us. I could not blank for several blank after that. Then they took my blank away, one by one. They were all more blank than I was.
They arrived and told us
if we convert we could live,
but nobody converted. In August
people in our area were asked
to go to the school, which had
two floors. They took women,
girls, and children to the first floor,
and the men had to stay on the ground
floor. My nephews—we were trying
to bring them up with us. They made
the boys hold up their arms—if he
had hair they had to stay downstairs,
if he didn't they could go
upstairs. But why did they want to
separate us? We were brothers,
and the guards would hit us?
In the school we were kept
in different rooms. My brothers
were beaten and sometimes
punished
and still living in the camp. Conditions
were rotten: no water, no electricity.
Four of my brothers' wives remain
with ISIS, along with their children. Talking
to one person in private will not help
this. I feel very old now. I am 21—yes,
I know it is young. But I feel like every
part of me changed in their hands:
Every strand of hair on my head,
every part of my body got old. I got
worn out by what they did to me,
and now I am a totally different
in every way. I never imagined
that these things could happen,
and I can't really describe them
in a way to make you understand.
LESSONS OF DARKNESS

a grid is a special kind of disaster

the corresponding plume here has been set afire

if proprioception fails, or a policy of scorched earth

from this corner of the grid there is no sky

if from the perspective of an alien

the oil is gleaming gleaming

loosed the crude reflects the oil burning

of course Saddam Hussein was yes, a Taurus

in a state that makes its citizens aliens

the land is split by roads where oil hadn’t spilled

the behavior of crude oil released

a jingle: oil in the flank is money in the bank

oil on sand that looks like sand and desert scrub

beneath all this a language with the perfect tense removed

then there is the danger of aestheticizing war

beneath all this, there is an ancient sea
[THE DICTATOR’S BIOGRAPHY]
But how can one find a balance between form and spirit?
–Saddam Hussein
MIMESIS

I am happy
He told you,
I got up with the king
Thank you
Think about it
The water is true
That’s it
To begin. I guess the fish is a story that is fighting
I will finish it
Water, hair and chubby in your pocket
What is this?
Mother admits the freedom he or she expects.
You are just sad,
He also wears and screams
Rock
I hit my head with one finger
In the anus area
Do mass
Repeat again, then delete
Eat,
Cinderella
Centered
White and white
White food
Matthew grew up on the bed.
Check in
Save and work
Hover
Hurry, rock, rock, back to earth.
You said
You know how to fix it
Many items
And the sea has become like a river
They did
Wounds and fish, of course, walk.
FACTS ABOUT SADDAM HUSSEIN AND TREES OF NORTH AMERICA

Nature and its creatures will overcome the madman.
—Saddam Hussein

Is common and widespread.
Has a thick and mealy pulp.
Is edible. Is leathery and relatively tall. Is said to tolerate city smoke well. Is slender, often twisted.
Is vain. Insistent on dying the dead roots black. Grows fast, is red-brown at and furrowed at the edges, forming ridges. Spreads widely, is shallow lobed, was subjected to abuse as a sapling, is scaly, methodical in growth patterns, is needlelike and peeling.
When crushed, emits a distinctive odor. Exists in a state of permanent jealousy. Is suspicious of duplicity, but what doesn’t succumb to this sometimes? Resists decay. Is coarsely toothed. Susceptible to thinking the city is awash with plots.
Is resinous and lacking flowers.
Wears an irregular crown, is prickly at the margins. Increasingly, relying on doubles. Increasingly we are relying on doubles. Detached, the twigs will form new roots and grow.
HALABJA, 1988

i. "Everything I've collected is gone."
-Saddam Hussein

The canisters weren’t filled with gas but polaroids and when they burst on dirt roads and green fields and mud homes the children ran out with nets to catch the photos –

ii. "I have made my evaluation of the demon."
-Saddam Hussein

Or the gas smelled like apples and slunk to the earth, more dense than air, and where it touched the grass the grass grew greener –

iii. "The foundation cracked under the weight of its walls when the heavens burst forth."
--Saddam Hussein

Or the families napped together in the ditches because the sun had stayed up all night with them, dancing halparke to celebrate the new year –
It so happened that the King fell in love with Raisin.
--Saddam Hussein

I could never say that I found war to be sexy. You would only understand the shrapnel in your knee and I can only think about my body turning crude under the bleating of the telephone. Every body was an ear and window eye and I worried I got off because of where we were. Have you ever considered tracer bullets to resemble shooting stars, did you feel a melting when you snuck between two hotel rooms like I did? Have you thought about stone and flesh meeting and can I tell you what honor tastes like inside out and wrapped in plastic, how brown appears blonde against a bed of oil, that Kirkuk was hot because the flames licked at the earth eternally. Where I am from, violence is a kind of romance and romance violet. No wonder you call me flower. I should have known why you love thistle, a plant that thrives where nothing else can grow. You've made of me an earnest gardener, the fool who waters desert, back turned to the lace of oil flowing from this world to mine. I watch the petals open, fingering the lines your thorns leave when I pull them from my palms.
After all, she is just a single raisin.
–Saddam Hussein

//

From sand
we have made bricks
and from bricks we have
made homes and in homes
we have made honor and honor
when broken is turned into shame
and shame can be punished
with stones and girls made
of stone turn backwards and back
into sand.
Is it not the mouth that attracts
a man to a woman or repels him from her?
-Saddam Hussein

//

I opened my lips
and you drove
a ribbon of tanks
down my throat.
But could one actually separate
form from substance, my king?
--Saddam Hussein

We must hide the evidence
without turned earth
or smoke.
DIALOGUE WITH SADDAM HUSSEIN

I’d say hello and he would say I’m not contagious, I have never been contagious, I have lived within my skin for sixty years and never left.
On the subway he would ask me what I’m writing. I would observe the notes of apricot and unplowed fields that lingered on his breath. Cardamom; my grandfather’s cologne. *I am writing nothing, Saddam*, I’d say, and when I looked down at my notebook, my words would be curling, peeling from the page.
If we matched on Tinder he would send a GIF of a car bomb, a cotton pink explosion. I cannot peel my eyes away, I’d offer, and he’d respond mashallah, little girl, then send a heart emoji, car emoji, clown emoji, peach emoji, bomb emoji. I would know what he was trying to say and so I’d block him, but after that everyone I swiped would look a little like him, a little bit more like him.
If we danced at my cousin’s wedding, he’d hold me too tightly, and so I’d try to pinch him, but find I was unable to get ahold of any flesh. He would emit a gurgle and I’d startle, lift my hands to find him weightless, hovering above the parquet all along. I’d watch him float upward, all grace up till the ceiling fan, its blade catching his trunk with a thwack and dragging him one revolution before he deflated and sunk to the floor. From his foil skin, a blade would appear. Out would crawl my uncle Ihsan the poet. Out would crawl Halabja in unbroken spring. Out would crawl the women, each carrying a plume of oil smoke to fold back into earth.
Later at the bar he’d order a Bloody Maryam and when she came he’d stick his hand in and pull out an olive, tell me he picked it himself. Tell me he squeezed the vodka from young potatoes he pulled from the earth. Tell me the blood, he bled. Bottoms up, he’d say, and drain the drink, and emptied, pass it over. I would peer inside and see a tiny hillside, a village clinging to it, a herd of goats make very small sounds. Saddam would burp and I would watch the scene slip into the red dregs of his backwash.
It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. It was Saddam’s good fortune that Iraq had large phosphate deposits in its Western desert, close to the Syrian border. 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[FABRICATION]
The tide said to the fisherman:
There are many reasons
why my waves are in a rage.
The most important is
that I am for the freedom of the fish
and against
the net

–Sherko Bekas
MIMESIS

My grandma
was the one who taught me how,
stood at the edge
of the lake named Minnewawa
meaning pleasant
water in the language of the people
who lived there
first. I held a blade against a fish
I pulled from
water, felt his mitt of flesh clench
with what
my grandma Henrietta assured were nerves.
Just nerves,
she’d sing-song and pass me
a rock.
I’d smack the head and thumb
the anal
fin, incising a neat V around
the fish’s
reproductive organs, then slice
the scaly belly,
removing the net of guts, blade
slid between
the curved cage of ribs and thin
white flesh.
The meat went in the pail for dinner.
The guts;
the garden, tamped with dirt
to damp
the smell, the rock, back to the earth.
My grandma said,
well now you know how to clean
a fish.
And the lake lapped at its edge
as if
it were a wound.
BEGONE, DEMONS

Wear the shirt I like –
    the sheer one, because

the only way you see a thing
    is if it’s not really there –

I’ll admit that I liked it,
    the proximal danger

of warzones – I can’t recall
    the last time I felt anything

but I guess that
    that is a feeling –

There are so many kinds
    of trees in the world

But only one kind of human –
    with a finite number

of blinks and a singular need
    to be seen –

to flicker on the flatscreen
    of someone else’s

retina, appearing as proof
    on the loose.
FABRIC ON PLANET EARTH

Even cloth can be a tool of war. Nylon was the first synthetic fiber, moonlighting in World War II as rope and parachute fabric.

36 minutes into the video on YouTube a man uses a knife to cut a spool of sky blue yarn, unzipping the string before it can be fabric.

As a child I dreamt of living off the grid, of grinding my own flour, carding my own wool to feed into a loom to weave my own fabric.

What cloth is pressed against my flesh right now? What plant sucked sun into a husk of flax or cotton pell, harvested and threshed into fabric?

Lately I’ve developed an aversion toward metaphor. I fear the thread will puncture both the cloths. As such I’m only interested in factual fabric.

I think there should be more kinds of cloth – a cloth for what has disappeared, a cloth for gone – cloth to hold together all the scraps of broken fabric.

What can hold me without holding me back? Imagine a grid of neon, then pulling the ropes of light tight to make a kind of luminescent fabric.

I want a mathematics of fabric, a logic I can wrap around my body and wear. The scientists promise of coated zinc, of nanofibers weaving intelligent fabric.

In elementary school I wove a modest tapestry of yarn depicting a duck but I pulled too tightly, pinching the picture oblong, distorting the fabric.

Both nylon and acrylic yarn are petroleum-based products, dredged up from the earth and forced through a spinerette into an acid bath to turn to fabric.

These thin facts unweave me, the flightless hull of me, a photon with no spin, feel-less and without seed, a stitch pulled off the plane of emotional fabric.

Even young, I scolded the self for pulling the weft so tight the picture warped. Even a cut flower, Tracy, will twist its body toward what is bright.
POEM WITH INFLAMMATION

And who am I to have such bold intentions?

I peeled myself off for the ship slitting the ocean to you

The sea’s big mouth yawning wide for me

We wept to keep it full

I keep making a door of myself and people come right through

A crowd erupting behind another door or was it jeering?

A thin line: I recognized that summer’s screaming as belonging to a crime scene

To embroider the pelt, it must be pierced at point blank range

There are rooms lit from the inside with no one in them and I have been one of these rooms

Again and again

A cousin coughing me out of my sleep all night

How pithy, my bald resentment of her body trying to heal itself

Of love’s repentant and evaporative act

The simulacra coo to my reducing scalp

So I live here now beneath a crown of pink synthetic flowers

For you: I scrape my face off the glass to wear my self today

I am so automatic

Scarf stitched to every crenulated thing I see with eyes

Encounters that sting as an acid bath must

She reached for the iron bare handed and exclaimed how could a woman ever set herself on fire?
DYING IS SOMETHING YOU DO

My dad is asking which casket
do I like the best from
Costco? He printed them out on
the inkjet. I think, from
a plane, a graveyard doesn’t look
like anything except
exactly what it is. I think,
please stay exactly where
you are for now, wrapped in living
tissue, in the marching
band of your old body, tromping
on its daily parade.

Cutting spaghetti is something
you do for the dying.
Cutting spaghetti turns it
into something other,
as pasta is named for its shape.
Later at the airport
you can watch a figure twirling
all white, floating in mid-air inside of a cylinder.
A wind chamber. Is that
the name? Even the body
can be suspended.

Even the body can be sus-
pended. Even the skull
inside the shell of a helmet.
Even machines to breathe
for you. Welcome to your new home,
Gail! This is what the sign
read on my grandmother’s new door.
She does not want to die
but she is dying. To be two
is not an option. You are
not the body but bound to it.
Everyone is waiting.
Once a stranger explained offset lithography to me.
The wetted plates, the oil-based ink,
how the ink avoided water. We turned the dial up
to max, watched the paper fly through the machine, kissing at
the juncture, leaving marked.
Then turned it off. I think, this is an ordinary life.
This is an ordinary person.
But woven into me.

I hear the nurse say she’s actively dying. I’m thinking.
The machine is beeping, pumping.
The living keep the living living. And machines.
What is it that corks in the turning wind? And what is now uncorking it? A machine
that is a chair is whirring, moves her body. Gerunds keep us moving, doing. All the living,
showing signs of dying.

There are lists of symptoms.
It happens, somewhat, predictably. First you get old, hopefully. The body then weakens. The pain sails in
on a vessel unseen.
Then vessels clog up. To be two is not an option. You are not the body but what is
bound to it. Everyone around you waiting until it is too late to say.
Too late to say what they're wanting.
   And then, the empty score.
Pages and pages of silence.
   An end to names, to named
   and unnamed sensations.
   And the living having the living.
And machines. And I am
   sitting at the loom, my hands
made out of yarn. I am trying
   to remember which is
weft, which is warp. I am trying,
   I think, to make a thing.
MEAT

On the train, four strangers wear blank masks. I take a living picture of him while a stranger drags a trail of body fluids past.

After the show I like Times Square for the first time but it’s not really liking if you like it because someone you like likes it.

He orders medium and I rare while trying to touch his leg beneath the table. But where is his leg?

At Rite Aid on Church Ave a woman bolts for the doors and makes it, bag pulled off her body by security, scattering boxes of blue lube across the floor.

He buys me a pill and pulls up a map of all the planet’s planes, sleeping in yellow flock, denser where the sun spills its ellipse of light.

When I can’t sleep beside him I pull up Craigslist but it’s in a language I cannot identify. I wade through the map anyway, clicking pictures.

My phone notifies that documents have been declassified and prove the US knew Saddam was planning to use chemicals.

He tells me how he got the thin white scar that splits his eyebrow into two when he was three, running straight into a table in the darkness of an air raid.

I tell him that the saz is my favorite Kurdish instrument and he says saz just means instrument in Kurdish. I am so ashamed I wither.

My phone keeps correcting devestates to Debra Yates and I don’t know who that is but on Facebook her job is I am busy and on legacy.com she’s dead.

I am so alive I writhe and spill. In Kurdish, a pretty girl is said to be sweet-blooded. Do you want to kill the unresponsive page?

I ask if I could share a place with a professional male and answer it depends if he is male professionally or only both professional and male.

The internet tells me I burn 90 calories biking to see him. And to eat less, eat while looking in a mirror. And that studies suggest women eat less in the presence of men.

Alone, I fall asleep watching massage porn. I think I popularized massage porn by telling everyone to watch massage porn.
At the unisex salon my barber sets up his phone in front of the mirror and Skypes his babies. I smile and wave. He says, you’re very hairy here, pointing to my face, and shaves it.

My azizam calls me azizam and I google it to text it back in hand-drawn script. Eat, he says, azizam, eat. He tells me, *I hope it turns to meat on the bone of your leg.*
RECIPE FOR WARM EGG NEAR BLUE SQUARE

to be read aloud by a robot

First, we electrified the night

Sometimes my life isn't funny

I don't know the source of joy, just when it's there

Microplastic is falling from the air, smothering cities with several tons of tiny fibers

On average, five bits of plastic in every glass of tap

Where it comes from is a mystery

This research only scratches the surface, but it seems to be a very itchy one, the scientist said

Your couch is very pretty

There are many interesting ways a person can die

I didn’t need to know what Disney princesses would look like if they were fat

I think I'm forgetting how to think

Or thinking like a machine would

Like, just give me a 2nd to think

It sounds the same to a machine

I miss my original rhythms

A prepper said, well this is weird, before inflating a condom with his mouth

I've slept with many nice people

The respondability of this poem as an email is rated zero out of seven

When I read the news I like the writing to be invisible, so I can go directly to the information
The prepper put the condom on his foot and said, this can be used to protect your feet in a SHTF situation

When someone said smoke, I imagined the city in cinders

0 is the only number that looks exactly like a letter

You even can pronounce it oh on the phone like I do

Yes, I have seen the slideshow of the suicide camps, where you go to the trees and go through the motions to rid it from the body

The man on the train kept insisting: a prune was once a single plum; a raisin a single grape. You hear what I’m saying, he asked?

I thought, perfect correspondence

It’s obvious, the golden fleece will shed a million fibers in the wash

Use the sun to take the liquid out of flesh to make it small

To make it very very small
TERMS OF SYLLOGISM

I was sure that being in between meant being nowhere
I was sure, too, of scissors that could cut me off the grid

I hoped there was a key, but sure the void was serious,
virulent and spreading. I was sure alone, mostly.

Surely I was right on some accounts, a logic that left me
pounding. Was intimacy, by nature, grotesque?

Those intimate with me were divided. Where was I,
young and with my mother, running in the drenching rain?

Sometimes it is that which is most anonymous and cinematic
which is preserved, pressed between two panes and sealed.

The ambulance carrying my father at three in the morning struck
and killed a black bear. The beast wore death’s fur in my father’s place,

had to be hauled off the ribbon of road before the vehicle
could pass. I know there is a door in the exact shape of my body.

That when I go through it, I will know by how perfectly it licks the rim
of my perimeter. I am certain of this. On the phone, my mother told me,

island. That is where I’ll go when I am gone. Be certain,
I told myself, to be ready for the door when it opens.
FABRICATION

The simulation was already running, a great roll of fabric.

If you could just let me be see-through, that would be super.

I can’t stop wanting it, roping around great rollers. My roommate gave an impressive performance in the voice of two characters, one on each side of a sack that she wore. My hair was longer than I remembered. This simulation was streaming. We watched for as long as we could. When we saw ourselves we pointed. We knew it wasn’t the real thing and after a while, got tired and clicked out. I didn’t care that the window was open and I was on my laptop in a tank top that showed most of my breasts. In fact I watched my see-through reflection in the window with interest, pretending I didn’t know who that person was. Why was I watching a see-through person in bed with a half-shaved head, half-naked and enveloped in white? The person had the same laptop that I did.

Capitalism has made my girlhood dreams so dull and lacquered in a kind of heavy gum:
164 swings on chains in front of 163
Or maybe my power of vision is failing
Or maybe we haven’t succeeded in numbering everything –
The flock of birds
The neighborhood cats
The yellow leaves that fall inside my bedroom
In which I foolishly installed a living tree
So I could watch it die
So it could watch me dying
I am lying. I am not dying, yet,
At least not actively
That is a special state with numbered stages:

1. even the dying tree will blossom all throughout the false spring
2. you will dream of having very, very, very long hair
3. you will dream of touching your long hair, surprised at its length while considering a bedroom
4. every night you will dream of a bedroom with windows
5. every night you will consider the windows
6. you will consider windows
7. consider what it means that your computer, your phone, and your inbox are all out of storage
8. does it mean your memory too will one day be full, will delete old memories to make new spaces for new ones
9. even the neighborhood cat is a feeling
10. you will bemoan your lack of feelings but even this is a feeling
11. should you choose to keep your feelings numbered and in storage
12. should you choose to purchase storage
13. should you choose to ever deal with taxes
14. there are so many ways to get from one place to another
15. have i always been obsessed with path-dependency
16. have my friends always hated me
17. is it weird that i can smell you on my couch
18. i can smell you on my couch
19. i can smell you from all the way over here
20. she called to ask why didn’t i ask why she was crying

~
a man asks when did I start smoking
a man tells me to put that out because I am too pretty
a man who is my father tells me to stop being such a bitch
a man tells me that I do not seem that stupid
if a man falls in a forest alone does he make a sound
if a tree is a man is it telling me what to do
when no one is home I fashion a dress out of a fleece onesie that says #1 dad
a girl in my bedroom tells me I am a sexy dad, and then marks my flesh with her mouth
I ask a man about his spanking habits
the man asks can he ask if I date men or women
a woman tells me about a deep sea creature that is technically comprised of many separate organisms strung together, and no one knows exactly how they communicate with one another to form the body.

the couch separated as our bodies joined

the blocking fluid dried out

some things were obvious: you exchanged trains at exchange place
stopped at the signs directing stopping

the man of war is a jellyfish

I didn’t know much about the sea

I grew up in a lake-land

The only tests I’ve failed have been on math and on religion

It has been observed I am not good at taking care of dogs or plants

Just buying flowers

I was silent when we went around the room and shared our love language

I feared mine was the worst, the language of gifts

A language passed to me genetically

I am a money poem

She scratched at the paper with blocking fluid
Some polymer to keep the paint from soaking into the mashed and treated tree

I made paper, age three with my father, pink and pulpy

You can blend almost anything and make paper

She said she was obsessed with decomposition

Or was that me

A man showed up at my reading and I never heard from him again

Every man I know is named Trey

I swirled the phenolphthalein into a flask of bleach and watched it turn to fuchsia, then go clear again

My face turning red as I failed to explain what the protons were doing, something to do with giving and receiving –

The neighbors were constantly hammering

Either everything was very loose in their apartment

Or it was all nailed together

Or they built furniture as a second job

(Their first job is moving computers)

(Both of them move computers)

(Nobody knows what this means but let’s assume it’s literal)

(Both of their unsuccessful comedy routines available on YouTube)

(They are very nice when their radiator bursts and floods my roommate’s room)

(Sometimes I observe bad things happening to others and think I must be marked for something worse)

I had to watch the beheading in order to believe the violence was real
When I am upset I think about my own conception

I look at Kurdish women from a hundred years ago to remind myself who it is I came from—pre-romanticized, commodified and sorted by keyword on Google for me

I go to KurdChat.com

_How is it, I say_ 

_Is it good?_
THIS PLANET WILL BE FORGOTTEN

What a lovely life, a fever dream, the human said
Asking the other, would you do it all again?
I could not bear the earth
A found place, a room that abuts the ocean
The lake of me has gone and dried
 Algorithms in a second floor café, the old world’s erstwhile seat
So we speak through a machine, unsure of what it is we want from each other
A leaping at
A flashing by and gone
I watch the hot plates of the laminator sealing paper into plastic sheaves,
The affirmative of melting, names of other planets
The gloves I wore or that wore me, hands jammed into a different hologram
I didn’t come here not to find you
Everything contained in my interior sea
Beneath the surface, seaweed
The earth’s last snow composing a grid of the planet’s gasy envelope
Beyond, a pulse of coursing blankness
The damp behind each original
A human calling me forward and into the fruitless place of future
All the chokeberries gone a green-white of beforeness
The storm still a program but ticking
A vine gone taut with ripe need
A whole devoted menu of desire burning
A final need to touch the untouched places in the shower
The pathway painted by ancestry, a set of stairs at dawn, completely pink
The paint found in the basement
The man of me sinking beneath the waves in a rigid position
The worm of me wearing so many jackets
I must be something else
For you I have a carotid bouquet
And then the rising sea, a private threshold, a doom that walks on stilts
A certainty of coming weather
And the beach of both of us, an actor in the closet
The lake, an ancient entrapment
On its shores, a baby smeared with nut butter to suffer the wood tick
In a cool forest, the wooden remains of a boat
In a bucket a gather of long-legged bullfrogs pulled from their habitats
Or basket of lamb’s ear, picked to be eaten
A crapapple pie and a stripping behind the old juniper
The roses rimming this world’s perimeter
A grid to plan the garden
It was the threshing of wheat that spelled Facetime
An accident in red

Composure of floral and terror

Either a fool for this or that

A dinner bought, a hankering for plastic

A species adapting to imminent shifts by eating their young

The young making speeches with silence

A fabric for circumstance

That tipping of one’s countenance to indicate availability in the denouement

Or constant cracking and emittance of the whoa

This bad amalgamation of acoustics

Yes, a temporal faltering

Where the man set himself afire on the common lawn, a permanent divot

A shallow impression repeatedly filling with flowers
NOTES

*Jin -- Jiyan -- Azade* means *women – life – freedom* in Kurdish and represents the ideology of the YPG, or People’s Protection Unit, a social democratic party that envisions a society beyond the state in Rojava, or Syrian Kurdistan.

Each poem titled *MIMESIS* is a translation to and from one or more languages back into English using Google Translate of the original poem, which appears last.