FROM A YEAR FROM TODAY

Stacy Szymaszek

I learn through the machinery my friends are lonely lately my body has just been responding to the environment 3 generations of Poles and Sicilians folk dancing make fish chowder internal metronome starts slow ends chugging like there's no walk dog to the canal see an old woman enter tomorrow her apartment tchotchkes in the window everything goes scrambled eggs part of me follows her in and inhales must my dog and I are here to keep you company you see in this fantasy I am company I play cards & work part in the neighborhood it's one of the most polluted time bodies of water the dog pulls me there tries to break through the yellow tape no boy no! today is March 14 I'm looking for Klara a mysterious data keeper says she was put in the ground find-a-Grave on this day opening a space for my

queer grief in 1933

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another thing

know your space

only thing I wrote down at Carolee Schneemann's performance lecture is saturated field of color she entering through the back pushed in wheelchair wrapped in crumped paper ringing a bell I don't turn away from Treasure with his eye out of socket

Kristin is	here	don't see other poets	but (Carolee is	
speaking poet					
someone asks a question using the word					
"painterly"					
it was a miserable					
	walk a	cross the island in a bliz	zard	Kristin	in
the elevator					
said now is the time					
of the return					
of the repressed					
it makes sense	makes	s you miss Mercury			
		retrograde			
"painterly" it was a miserab the elevator said now is the t of the return of the repressed	le walk a ime	cross the island in a bliz s you miss Mercury		Kristin	in

it's true you have to become your own historian when I came out I choose a woman's symbol tattooed on my shoulder a woman's body like Da Vinci's Vitruvian Man feet mounted on the plank of the symbol even proportions have a canon whereas I once had regret

now having been subtracted I consider expanding into forearm neck chest "to whom do I owe the symbols



of my survival?" (Lorde)

it's true you have to become the historian of your people is there someone here to record this? will there be a recording?

somebody should get this down otherwise no one will believe it!

hey poets it's the first day of Spring

remember when you could hammer nails into the walls of St. Mark's?

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been waking up at 4:30 a.m.

in solidarity insomnia with god knows how many friends since learning of a culprit solar storm messing with our rhythms thought it was stress waking me [one thought at the ready "enjoyment is lost from our labor I am a fragment . . . " (Mayer)]

not

explosions on the sun for moon children sweet mundane dream look! two unbroken umbrellas in the closet for earth the dream of form rather than form itself the wish for communication keeps the silence between us Rukeyser at the Poetry Center speaks of work that comes out of the sources in 1955 even the negative sources "I myself have found of what we know how small a language there is for process for work and development in its own rhythms not time as a series of points but as plants grow as as people grow working in language animals grow keeping very near to the terms of process and doing that consciously"

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I know where my mom was when JFK was killed in typing class I tell Grey at my favorite dive

on the block where the hardware and grocery store used to be you can feel the development in the arches

of your feet the walls are red graffiti and star decals a nautical theme \$3 ale it's not the only cold

case I don't know where my mom was

when Pasolini was killed but I'll say she was sleeping

given the time difference a bunch of British guys are playing Big Buck Hunter I have a hankering for those big jugs of Carlo Rossi with snails "Sicilian sailor" style but my grandfather was a steel worker my mom

said she tried to think of a time when he ever did anything that made her feel bad about herself and she could not I can never really romanticize the past again but I do miss landscapes

watch The Most Violent Year with earplugs

moving history beyond nightmare into structures for the future from the dedication of Lorde's *Zami* last week overheard a guy on the A saying in NYC you could be on fire and people would just watch

and I wrote it in my notebook with a check Kitty Genovese and the syndrome named for her

 $``I \ don't \ want \ to \ get \ involved'' \ was \ actually \ said \ by \ a \ gay man \ terrified \ of \ the \ police$

but now I have seen something else its particulars not to be erased and this solves something