



terra form[a]

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Argotist Ebooks

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Notes

The language used on pp. 33 and 34 was taken from Charles Bernstein's poem 'Test of Poetry'; the kindle book *Affective Disorders and the Writing Life* was an impetus for some other poetry herein, as was an exhibit held in Hamamatsu, Japan of the visual artwork of Nakamura Hiroshi. Apologies for other influences I've failed to name!

terra form[a]

slow pull towards silence
shifting frames of reference
i'd do anything to be alone
dark corridor

dreamy landscapes with flowing boundaries
messy undulations in my head
dying from invisible wounds
silent and distant

guided by reasoning
perfect sounds emit, evaporate
at the edge of the alphabet
glimpse of expatriate emotion

next to a sullen cross
meandering on dulled skin
fixated on school uniforms
blades of interior

moving past quivering darkness
eye in the forest
colliding wooden park bench
not even a raised skirt

to match an eyebrow
wilted flower code
assault upon language
both sides of a coin

yellow and black
false dilemma on an empty train
images faster than an eye
palm trees in a row of sorrow

no one speaks
of bark of sunlight
a man whimpers at the clouds
somewhere a young girl

plastic flowers in a pink bedroom
my back crooked from watching
yellow barges in pushing away sense
in a portable landscape

stars trapped in nets
dire thrown carelessly
diced food
dark web of buildings

in a summer heat of reason
split open like a moving variegated shadow
across a black canvas
are pink lines

weblike forest
yellowed lips of sense
against a moving
target of glitter trees

thoughts leftover
soundless atmosphere
slow move away from fading language
to which i pin my hope

great blur of reason
new versions of radiant forests
at the deaf of feeling
a hundred views of

outdated throng of random listening
dissolve into grey pools of regret
yellow objects in my mind
not this heavy lifting of concrete

enigmatic grave in the text
walk ending in madness
lopsided form of balance
dispensing reason

sleeping on damaged flowers
we walked all night
in the city where he was beating her
lack of symmetry

planets line up
for easy handling
thrust deep within
my stale vagina

torn streets and bent houses
in a fragile past
terraced cemetery
permitting no passage

bundle of sticks
hurriedly on the surface
sterile bed of consoling trees
words belonging to the earth

wreckage of human existence
innermost doll
yellow tulips
against a black fence

words of leaves
lopsided bag of weeds
mirror text
floral scission

shrub of memory
in the failing arms of another other
dull shard of language
pierces me

incomprehensible stammering of trees
impossible dialogue
rubble of words
rips floral utterance to foreground

hesitant walk on a moor
historic encounters with large feet
leading away from homeland
inaccessible impoverished language

incoherent forest struck by
metaphysical lightning

beloved murders
shrines without temples
linguistic bodies
never recovered

fatal homage
between theory and a world
however i think
a tomb of poetry

gilded ether feminine shadow

hygiene of fabric

scientific chemise

chokepoint anew

scanty chemistry

torque scheme

ethnic frill / icy

balloon / unforgiving

intimate shocks

without a scalp

crossroads of dying

sing the domestic

inanimate velvet

holler their niche

glory now tongue

paradise body

exotic misfit veil

bleeds telltale pillow

partial fingerprint

animal trophy

adverse event

distinguished academic

my measurements

a form of adultery

states of becoming
when i am thru w/u
incompletely demolished

the same empty
diaspora routine
blood bath

leaves in my bed
leaves unconscious
head wounds

flame color reaction
escorts flamboyant
superficial training bra

movement of branches
wants to chain
forever landscape

entrance to canyon
blow flat dimension
massive sky flits w/velocity
drained of desire gauzy weed
colonial trigger raw noise awry

environs of entangled
sequence of craft safety
smelting pot of couture
let me be language
in all its stupidity

museum season in leaky aisle
stands in the sitting room
abstract laundry hides
surreal apronry
gap of distilled edges

royal drudge near loose
animal downfall
chiseled weaponry fluted out
vulgar in its peak
of pure display

bone sandwich
garter freeze frame stands on ceremony
intrusive garland distributed
an effect of language
manifold smoothing

raging quench stuck with magic sprinkles

matching brutality perseveres ever
calendar grip sprouts prayer
if ever a far moth dotes
on window dressing dark blank safety magnifying

footsoles of yesterday's tragedy
here's hoping
redeemed nest of air
pneumatic community leans sullenly against
ominous inputting device

in the messianic metropolis of seduction
puzzling like private space
languishing in gene pools
forever spurning death tolls likely to rise to the occasion
every crude gesture awaits

lesbian in my head
useless consciousness bailouts
forgive my father who has sinned
in logical testaments to paralysis
a view of rotten flowers

in an imagined landscape
applied to language
sprout wings where defenseless
pouring all day
to the right and left of meaning

toward the peripheral
harbinger of ethics

displaced by language

a notched grammar

mist forced into words

{because i speak only one language (with you)
ongoing struggle w/<>}

i fall in
your mist

convulsed body of night
praise the murderer

guard the end of hope
becoming a woman toiling in a factory

open sallow mouth to accept withered words
forces of chaos make a nightmare of love

continuing to resist mountains
placed upside down by demons

who prefer to live in thresholds
of lost wombs largely confined to the deep

random speech controls
my buoyancy and depth

one goal being to find sites untouched by men
while swimming slowly along a gelatinous floor

and no one pronouncing my name correctly
which looks completely ragged: rocks

without their faces

aesthetically limited due to their

preoccupation with sociology (that pseudoscience!)

all the while promoting the dominant culture's

mainstream values: a culture that has arisen around this

ideal represented indiscriminately as violent

criminals -- love relationships are just

not that important (however one feels)

about it -- a form of dependence was always

there, signifiers with no referents

-- to some people this appears to be a limitation

(not looking at me when i talk to you

the violin is a difficult instrument

that speaks loudly and slowly with exaggerated gestures

for a homecoming with no home

living fossil in a barren environment in which

few survive

grotesque restlessness of recovery amplified

by temporary promises, a carefully worded bed, tantrum

after our fling of bling. Your beloved turbulent
 voice of escape. A predatory building lost in
 dwindling twilight

in a once innocent landscape, whining while meditating,
 an asian apocalypse flowers into an inexhaustible
 body mural, after centuries of naked ache, lessons
 in unreal silence. Ruled by ordinary horizons,
 thanks very much, foreplay for embossed messages
 scrawled on the backs of the overworked and disfigured,
 a master of invalidation, improved weaponry, *my little country*
speaking to me from behind a wall

face of a samurai on a sofa cushion. A holistic mode of thought labelled madness. The tiny space I'm
 allowed, garments which prevent action. My mouth falls between my thighs and screams.

logic of the swamp. Dark, troubled past stripped of meaning. A self-oppressing mother. Living cadaver
 in chaotic topology. Blood-stained persons.

quasi cause, certain bonds (or not). Limited returns. Antidote to intimacy. Lost cities. Collective
 amnesia. The weight of decay on my tongue.

deleted and swollen. Words go where they want. On a small patch of land. A pulsation swallowed by
 multiple horizons. Associated associative disorders.

serenade of every awful angel
 painstaking bootstrap fantasies

isolate fracture

captured in increments

belonging to belongings

accumulation of isolation

the inside of elaborate

vacuum of relationships

plowed fields like brooding children

does the contents of barricade

hereditary courtesy

readdress my numbed fingers

my eyes go far

reflective of my social class

what windows feel like

is what money looks like

syringes attached to all maps

rifle regions of unwarranted meaning

thirst of painted blossoms

at my majesty's pleasure

points always taken

hidden in refuse

gestures thick with disaster

for syntactic malfeasance

immigration disaster

faulty celebrity magnet

in the midst of dreams

that don't properly unfold

in vanished surface

dimples of language

my heart is plain

it's someone's fault

resurrection of infamy

in flotations of language

frottage hope stamped with auroras

joints of language hiding in melancholy trees

doubles of duped eyes

procure translucent bindings

steady decline of sea

never known in obtuse pantomime

bring me the defunct perfume

of vacant language

embroidered with morbid gullibility

féminine souvenir of macabre

dancing silverware of shaved pussies

in profuse certainty

morsel of bewilderment
evaporates treatise of moon

behung with wigs
classless symphony

blessed monster of mercenary
divides obscure momentary relief

replaying oncoming glottis
seductive adornment

animal suns
preferred as perfect charms

chiffon dragons of escape
gratuitously open my veins

[intoxication]

(over) the impoverished lands
(of) my body

(a) bony canvas bent

trees overgrown (with) spindly bushes (beside(s))

(lodged) in the dim building where my heart (lies)

pale, pale legs where my head (is)

(a) living inkblot

planted . . . in place (of)

where does the poem go

(a) fuzzy remorse

(in) the burrowed furnace that consumes my ===

you only die once

with all the fairies at your bedside

whipped piper of love!

downy theorem where

every1 gathers at the hem

of blistering waterfall

to always be be/side

one (my/your/her)self

in your telescopic arm(ament)[s]

leaves consume my/a body

(a) worm enters (me)

(my) toes, now greying, begin to branch (toward)

those suffering severe repression may feel alien (to themselves)

we do not notice things in broad daylight if (they are not there)

and thus die toward/of a language. as it may [have been]. turning (in that direction). whirling verb (of) personage. not grasped (to). in

search of [nautical roughage like as]. to displace (to). at refuse (of) historical bending past. expands breadth toward/beyond

urchin of noun objects. forgetting of it now. (a) breach of always.

planted ... in place of ... japanese scream[s] ... whimper
dreams which were somewhat elder[ly] follow the waving branches

and is night

is always night

[paperwork fantasies]

three narrow buildings

incandescent with rage

unrepaired bridge

falls into a concrete-walled stream

perpetually scratching the surface

my lost country

scraps of language

inside myself a lost child waving

thin fabric
in perpetual heat

the high seas
assume a wrongful place at a throne

swallowed by green land
distracted by faint traces of lack

wind composing obituaries for silent birds
i feel a blade

of grass on my neck blue
flowers sprout from fissures in my skin

(what type of flower does not matter)

talking points of
sprawling space

becomes faint(er and fainter)
with tiring hands

to feel young again in a different field
with money which grew narrower in grammar

breathing fast, his soft waist
gradual accidents befall

swatting at darkness pretending

we are strangers

the truth of appearances

fade monthly, end reluctantly

unnecessary surfaces are always masterpieces

at 45 degree angles

bent over the table, more furniture

vile and hypnotic

soothing me like nothing else

bodily harm and strips of dull silver

in the word "prescription"

how long will my spirit

end badly

half a person equals political malaise

lost in an interior life

absentee poets objectify myself

erase the cityscape

ghost ship in brackish water

wayward thought

phenomenological corset

pollution and contagion

hesitation wound

shoot fish in a barrel

engulfed cities between day and night

example of silence

fallen world [intermittent in my landscape]

identify with cliffs

punching down loaves of reason
proffered as tombs

defunct song and memory
in the lifelessness of a poem

shape the sun
death with another person

apprenticeship to myself
rigor and decomp

transactions between language
induce me to spawn

always surround me
not a walk in the park

invasive species
eyes turning inward

of their own volition
try to enter the language

migrant crisis

days too long

who messed up the story line
embedded in wrongdoing

how long will my spirit be
residual dew of you

checkpoint disasters
(although i'm dying my persona's thriving)

une phrase traverse la tete endormie:

A is an adult trapped in an aging body, protected by every1

B thinks everything is some1 else's fault

C imagines failure as the result of all her actions, thus seldom acts

D can't be alone

E is a loner since the death of her mangy cat

F thinks his children are objects for his amusement pleasure & gratification. he confuses their good performance w/love.

G as a child took care of her parents and now as an adult takes care of every1 [but herself]

H cuts herself

I is bulimic

J can't look people in the eye, so we've never seen her eyes

K is jealous of every1 including the unlucky ill poor and depressed

L faces job discrimination due to her disability

M is still in the closet

N still plays w/dolls

O masturbates all the time

P has an STD is ADHD and has PTSD

Q is a blank R puts every1 to sleep

S is hypersensitive to her own needs but oblivious to every1 else's

T's rage either petrifies or purifies me

U makes holes in the walls of his house w/his feet

V is bipolar with a unipolar dog

W is a paranoid schizophrenic with loaded handguns under the bed

X burned down his house when he got bored with it

Y has sex w/his stepdaughter

Z fails all tests of reality

D-J=U

V+W-H=Z

N divided by (I+Q) = E

Y+B=T

parked outside

as ominous

lonely

isolated ... there

drained objects

chlorine smell

--on its way

behind trees

back from the ground

where the world

goes on like traffic

fixated

impossible to

more than

once

where the -- go silent—

its excess

violence is

raising its head

makeshift

flittering down

as it builds

oncoming

nowhere

has
already happened
this much
attachment
collapse invisibl(y)

too humid
an abstract phase
and visible
 working with machines
via thresholds and samples
 imagined differently
 rhizomatic
multi-channel
 unsewered
gritty asphalt
 drive right through
perhaps they mean
 making it impossible
 village houses

hang listlessly

symbol of heaven

good train with well-equipped commodities

piece of land

hide of an animal

who or what has stalled

insignias of air

uncle hodgepodge

placed in buckets

metaphor for a river

test of poetry

lading carried

under his skin

camphor trees

agitate lightly

rashes of ash

harbor of illusion

slumberous friend

made of wood

its enclosing surface

if the floors

nominate candidates

curved, crooked or bent

farm which you imagined
structure in general

hunting game
in the ordinary sense
boats with thick bottoms

witless witness
reverence, yield, submit
metallic sounding instruments

drop down wounded
as of the mind
you can always xerox it

social assembly
a kind of trousers
eccentric passageways

one who fakes
see it all gray
overall mesh

remote possibilities of escape

a person in pain exceeds language

inventing herself and watching herself [die]

i cannot recall events

as what happens is what feels untrue

& belongs nowhere & walks endlessly

if nothing tangible is at stake

mornings in bed, mostly alone

into this disfigurement

conversing with corpses

mumbling beside

mimesis of unfathomed archetypes

as a rigid joint

at the bottom of a wastebasket

each word its own planet

haunting the body

merging of potential shapes

in elusive pools

during a test run

that would become a life

biofuel or stage symbol

what becomes undone or lurks beneath

my frozen heart her upturned body

a set of relations

(has no language)

moving images

audible, lie in wait

my heart in italics again

glance through me

your hand and its shadow

faraway snow

breathes

in your mouth

forgotten letters

singed with grief

if not for

the finest of feeling

covered in silence

another eye behind an eye

talking to a wall

rapid edge

branches in brown bundles twisted with rope

create a fence

around an anonymous house

darkening

a forest grows thick around us

as indented song

erases the skin

leaving only grey bone

i place my foot at the entrance

to the house and wait there

in a corner of a park

a child with blonde hair

her parents are gone

(I never asked for these eyes, this skin)

under the same heavy thatched roof

look, let's talk about the future

so close it's gone

fading flower the air is crisp face in a mirror

sudden light trudging through the forest cicada on its back

youthful memories bicycles racing by filth on concrete with yellow leaves

a dead insect lands on my vagina footprints lost in deep snow

joyful trend

crocheted sky

strange quiet sunlight

rustle of curtains moving

flooded street

Jane Joritz-Nakagawa's ninth full-length poetry collection, titled <<*terrain grammar*>>, is forthcoming in print in late 2017 with Theenk Books (USA). An anthology of poems and essays by fifty women poets she has edited titled *women : poetry : migration [an anthology]* is also forthcoming with Theenk this year. She is also the author of numerous chapbooks, a broadside, and essays. Recent poetry books include *Distant landscapes* (Theenk) and *FLUX* (BlazeVOX), as well as the chapbooks *Diurnal* (Grey Book Press) and *Wildblacklake* (Hank's Original Loose Gravel Press). Originally from the U.S., Jane lives in central Japan and can be reached via: [janejoritznakagawa\(at\)gmail\(dot\)com](mailto:janejoritznakagawa@gmail.com).

Marcus Grandon works in digital photography and videography. His award-winning artwork has appeared on book covers and other outlets throughout the world. In addition, he has a teaching license in Zen shakuhachi from Myoan Temple in Kyoto, and performs as a musician in Noh plays. He holds black belts in multiple martial arts, and writes poetry, fiction and non-fiction. Marcus lives in Shizuoka City, Japan, and welcomes ideas of collaboration with other artists. Contact him at [marcusgrandon\(at\)mac\(dot\)com](mailto:marcusgrandon@mac.com).