

PRIMARY WRITING

7/02

JAN	FEB	MAR	APR	MAY	JUN	JUL	AUG	SEP	OCT	NOV	DEC
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ALICE NOTLEY

ALMA'S FOREHEAD

Alma slammed the door and then shoot up into center of forehead he no who say you don't have to tell him not about shooting up but about what. throwing salted tomato chunks at the head table. i don't have to tell him, i do have to tell him i dont ever tell or will what is owed and what finally is owed. to you for example. who are you and what can possibly be owed? nothing at all. so without owing because i act as if i do anyway out of helpless love and why is that, but there is no debt at all, at all one time. i shoot up into my forehead when i write in order to exit the world of torture which is the known as if anyone knew. you left me again and then later i smothered dream so it couldn't happen for some hours will i leave the shadows no because there's no where. those where they are truly mistook for real visitors, i caught the girl creeping around again downstairs in the past the seventies and said you and i know what hell is we've been through it she nodded she was in it at that time. in her long pink dress and full of ambition she will make a marvelous twin. to herself. in her girl costume as she faces the fabulous male in his padded vest and his bottle of beer that is his knowing way that is his devotion to me as debt ridiculous shit.

i can only put her on as me for a minute. i wonder if Alma isn't Myra, if i were to inject the drug which into my third eye would i tremble and jangle amazing how many do, shake before the real because it isn't but it's plugged right into your socket. every day and i could go away, could lose it as said twin for visitors, lose that twin of salivation to the one of salvation, sitting in a hotel room waiting for star isn't it called the morning star. no one is speaking now, any old lake or trace of a thought, is speaking now. i have been absolved from love, debts, and youth. therefore appearances at all. so it doesn't matter if i'm thin hippy ago or fat legged grey haired housedress ma. i put down the syringe and then thought about the charms i was seeing that is the things that hang from a silver bracelet, they were god, country, nature, couples, money, science, history, art, and forsakenness. i have a bracelet with those dead women on it, the heads of the unidentifiable float around my wrist as if it were my brain.

i like god as a dead woman, she has no. she screams. she lies dead knowing everything and thrashing in her death sleep offended. she hates us in her sleep, she is any dead woman, immense of limb and torso. did she create us with tubers from her body or her last shit or her imaginative projections or her whatever they say in a myth. or through the hideous chains of evolution enslaving us all to a conceptual progression materialized like...oh why bother. she is a dead woman that's all a big big one that like all the others no one has ever cared about since she's a woman and so without political control even though she's god. country as a dead woman is obvious as is couples both were erected on the female death, everyone

knows this he says, yeah that's why there's a woman president etcetera she retorts. in France now some discussion as to whether a child can bear the mother's name. that's why we tacitly support the Taliban by not objecting as a government to their treatment of women because women always have power, aren't they the intellectual equals of men, he says, so they automatically have power. are not dead women unless they're women cries out Alma from the forehead on the second floor. money is a dead woman because she was a whore this is obvious. history is a dead woman who is dead and absent photograph forever and so history becomes forever and art is the historical lie of it all she is forsaken. we know this he says, no you don't or you would grieve like i do.

she walked into a shed at that time learned how to shoot up. there was something beautiful about the relationship yet one was never. and now. it's true that nothing is real except money so whore is the backdrop for your senses, that dead woman is how you proceed in the arts and facts. she fell in with a man who was a spy and let his hair grow longer the next day, and his beard, he was stressed, so special. then she graduated from college with a four point oh careful to notice it was higher than the cute blonde her friend's three point seven. Alma is disgusted up in the forehead. she hates the past entity and its shadow puppetry stuff. also i am finding out that it doesn't matter at all whether she shoots up into her forehead or not, i can't find any action or differentiation that matters. oh hahvahd universitay. brown universitay. they will teach you how to care about women and races, pile up blossoms on tombs. nothing has been it by now. Myra has five tombs one for each decade piling up japanese hibiscus branches today. is calling the dead women dead a sentimentality? yes says hahvahd universitay, no says stanford universitay, Alma is disgusted and shoots up again. where does she score from? the spy? the guy brought it to her in an uncooked chicken? I'm dead and i don't have to roast that. the dead woman dream was oogly spooky. they were all from the last century early 20th but that was merely apparition. i will extract them and place in the ghost fathom where you are. i am night and you ignorant thrashers, i am that great body and you are my unwanted dreams. who brings me my sleeping drug? why you. you is an uninterested demon of the workaday plane. he eats his eggs and calls on his cell phone, what we're going to do with this new stuff is sooo intresting, i have a program that fits your specifications i am a genius with this shit. i have a four point oh from columbia universitay. i am also a woman and so i will help you win your cash from the pimp in the opposite office, i mean oval. she remembered John the pimp the little devil who hung out in that chicago bar in a hat. because social conditions made him *have* to run these hookers including the one Anna who was partial to cocaine and shot up sitting on the toilet seat until hysteria and she needed my valium. i gave her some and she repaid me tenfold because manners are important, aren't they. i was still a hippy in that decade before the decade called Mara the chain of the night.

Mara folder the glove. you don't have to tell him. why not. tell him and tell him. he says it's sadistic but it isn't it's deep frustration that nothing changed for us except in the premium cowpatch -- see my work called Standing Cows, those toilets put in for women with bad knees to squat forever but the mosaic work is beauteeful. in the premium cowpatch they are doing a thing to your genes so your milk will be more like a cow's, so they can make cheese of human. the human is very important but it doesn't stick to the ribs like the meat of others chicken a la cocaine. Mara is in the mid 80s, she is sick with love and has a temperature of a hundred and three all the time, *god* says Alma's forehead, as i am, i can't bear this, there is no importance to this or any tale. destroy it first. but it hasn't been told, it's a woman's. destroy the conception destroy love. what about flaubert. what about flaubert tolstoi racine euripides. what about madame butterfly. they are no longer taught at princeton universitay because they are not by women everything's okay. they may have changed it, the conversation, you are out of touch. Alma's forehead is screaming screaming there is no *touch*.

Mara can't stop wanting to have sex in the 80s oh hormones etc. Alma's forehead says in the end there is nothing left and finally nothing remains not even what thou lovest well. not even a poem written by a woman herself that she lovest well? no. what is there? there are dead women. there are all the dead women that ever and that's all, it is not to lovest them well that my forehead is shrieking, i don't know why, it is the possibility of cosmic justice maybe and i am the cosmos. but then why bother. i don't know why, why is a word from hahvahd universitay. i've let go of everything except pure reasoning flowing from my forehead this dream.

i needed relief but couldn't squat in the standing cow room across from the real toilets with people all over them. but i was actually looking for him sick with love but not in the 80s in the what decade is this? and i couldn't couldn't stop it was it without irony yes how deep does it go or anything of me at all. i can't find it can't find it can't find it. Alma goes crazy now with listening to this drivel from all the dead women, Anna just wants to go up and down and die again, Myra is dealing with, and that phrase itself trivializes these minutes on film, the hippy flaps about always going to be and Mara her sister is in the 80s defending the erotic beast. i can't bear it either. i saw a bird with black wings and white underwing did i have to say bird and delineate it with the formal training of my physical and mental form, as stated. is there anything you like he says. no. writing because of the exteriorization of the unknown perhaps i like the unknown. Alma is turning over again groaning in her stupor saying i am the unknown and all these you's. i say i know you too are i and i am now superficially, for i'm whatever superficially, sad because of my body to age so i am let's see Myra? too many names. well there are millions more of dead women not just the few you are hey nonny. i damned well can't remember Nonny, though I remember Gracie, Marcellina, Irene, and others. i have shot up, in effect, and Alma's tone is the boss tone here she *is* god.

why was the spy. i can't get it. i was supposed to worry oh god a spy. oh god he's on dope. oh god he's a suicide. oh god he's president. everything they give you to think. he's so important like that maybe because he'll find out about the dead women, that they're all alive and so nihilistic he could never swim their tone. it doesn't go to buddha and it doesn't get stroked by jesus, if you die to it a woman of Islam you are free. but what if you're a bird? those nihilists? or to think like an insect. finally. if the spy steps on me like on any dead woman then i am just another dead woman. i think i'll vote in 1972 but then why or now, the african ones keep joining us over by the inroads, there was the part about the spying and the other part. who cares? you always say that he says. who cares if you're a spy? John says Anna likes to party by going into the bathroom sitting on the toilet and banging herself with the coke over and over till she drops. maybe this is because she's a hooker i think, but he is not into this way of thinking, as i am yanking at bits of my skin trying to pull them off because they're wartlike. Alma never eats and never loses weight. that's because she's god. will there be more to say. no but the point is to find it. the overwhelming death of the dead women in that night shot into the conscious sleep of her. the world does its sacred dance all over their skins and stretched out veins their anguish metal it is the dance of how we get the weather to change back or is it the dance of the economies in their flowering how graceful, the dance of our youthful fruitfulness towards and away the organs of our lovest well, the dance of becoming the chief, great. nothing ever changes. he sits downstairs waiting for her to wake up not even knowing she's always feverish with the mental activity of the one genius of all.

the hippy never weeps in the early 70s that is her death not speaking, other women weep for politics as naturally as a man talks it. it is so logical. see the blonde one in young tears because of who's president the wrong man stop it you're doing it again in 2001. i'm still shooting up initially to find out in case a man's finding out by doing that ahead of me i mean in the 70s. the 70s where Anna will never hear of feminism or in the 80s

90s or what is this decade again we have come so far man. so many Annas later, a joke for brown university. Alma squirms and squirms how can god be grateful, moaning in the two-story working class structure, where there are so many shutters and all different blinds, manila venetian. they're all pulled down in my god damned room. i can't remember which one wants sex in the 80s, everyone else wants to be whipped they say. Alma Alma there's no point in waking up now, there's no world, i know i'm in deja-vu of anguish metal it's just like a god damn same taste and texture so i dream and dream the altered one. kick the spies in the ankles. he wants to teach it in a course at the university of chicago. two to three ply regions of thickness in the head got away with so much out of his three story house with blonde wood teaching the black ones how to be empowered. it is a university trick in the old train-calling night here in the real desert no fuck. you can't read my mind because i don't have that. unless you shoot up, straight into the middle of your forehead, with the metal drug and anguish dream and shrapnel thrash no longer beg. why should god beg?

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