AN ELEGY ON SPECIES OBITUARIES

by

Stinne Storm

A thesis submitted to the faculty of
The University of Utah
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

Master of Science

in

Environmental Humanities

College of Humanities
The University of Utah
August 2015
STATEMENT OF THESIS APPROVAL

The thesis of ________________ Stinne Storm ________________ has been approved by the following supervisory committee members:

_________________ Stephen Tatum ________________ , Chair __________ 03-27-15 ______

_________________ Brett Clark ________________ , Member __________ 03-27-15 ______

_________________ Terry Tempest Williams ________________ , Member __________ 03-27-15 ______

and by ________________ Jeffrey McCarthy ________________ , Chair/Dean of the Department/College/School of ________________ Environmental Humanities ________________

and by David B. Kieda, Dean of The Graduate School.
ABSTRACT

This thesis explores “the sixth extinction,” as a contemporary poetic of loss. Animals and their voices are interpreted as “a language of loss.” It portrays decrease in biodiversity, contemporary environmental circumstances, and the mass dying out of species as the elegies of our time. It draws on ecological science as well as literary and contemporary art references.

Death is a taboo in Western societies even though loss and pain are a part of existing and are linked to beauty and happiness. This thesis is about the quality of mourning that enables us to bear witness beyond our own baselines. Homer may be distant, but the vitality of narrating mourning, positioning of human among nonhuman, seems a suitable literary reference to make a leap into our bleak future, while searching for and insisting on beauty.

We lack a language that pronounces the contemporary environmental depth and fault lines: disunity. Consequences of environmental fragmentation inflict unprecedented cultural fragmentation, and are perceived as irreconcilable. In addressing macro ecology, I pay homage to other ways of speaking; setting out to test Hélène Cixous’ motion for “a language that heals more than it separates.”

The chapters are comprised of bilingual prose poetry, echoing an interbreeding of language, exploring possibilities in our human behavior for practicing a radical being. They address chronological references we rely on to create or “describe” a sense of meaning to our doings, in a broader sense working with the issues of the Cartesian split, voices to which we ascribe many of our environmental faults and failures.

American indigenous storytelling is used as inspiration for nonlinear narratives. Walter Benjamin’s “mystic of language” also inspired this work. Parts of Benjamin’s writing on mimetic behavior are applied to various time-issues within the environmental crisis, embodying a perception of
what mass extinction will entail, through representative animal figures, able to shape-shift and embody mourning.

The handbook mimics the concept of a special language of obituaries, aiming to pay homage to the thinking of Martin Heidegger’s “thingness” as well as Ludwig Wittgenstein and Walter Benjamin’s discussions of the naming of things: the innate power of the relation between objects and their given names.
“It will come if it is there and if you will let it come.”

Gertrude Stein
TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT ......................................................... iii

PROLOGUE ......................................................... 1

entering the words .................................................... 2

BOOK OF VERSES ...................................................... 9

death-songs .......................................................... 10
legacy or love poems ................................................... 43
endings ................................................................. 52

BOOK OF CHORUSES .................................................. 62

question of origin ................................................... 63
who devours whom .................................................... 69
beginnings ............................................................... 76

EPILOGUE ............................................................. 86

THE HANDBOOK of caves and obituaries ............................. 89
chapter one ............................................................ 90
chapter two ........................................................... 111
chapter three .......................................................... 118

APPENDIX ............................................................ 125

WORKS CITED ....................................................... 127

BIBLIOGRAPHY ....................................................... 128
prologue
entering the words
in the beginning there were animals. they were children.
new to their bodies and voices and all day you could see them play though this was before human eyes
and so therefore you take my word for it.
they played

when someone leaves you, you mourn and so now we are the humans of mourning because the animals
got older and now they are departing. (Mooalem. 7)
we have nowhere to follow them, we belong to air and water. air and water will not follow the animals.
ever still, the air cannot follow animals either. and water can leave no longer or further than air

and so we mourn and wrap our children in fake animals. we dress them in velvet with animal pictures.
other animals we keep near and dress them in baby-velvet costumes. (Mooalem. 1)

one time we dressed our children as devils and sent them out to rattle. this is how we played.
we gave the children candy when they came as small devils to rattle us. we smiled

because we knew we were not left. abandoned

this speaker is the lover of desert. there the speaker collects words

in one desert the speaker sees the pictures of animals drawn on stone.
stone is an animal
the stone contains the animal for human eyes to see.
though the human eye does no longer care for animals of stone
this speaker says: this is a game of hunting, we hunt what we no longer see
for our bodies that love to play.

we are not devils in costumes, we are children hunting for candy and smiles from adults

the speaker collected too many words, too many to carry and so the speaker gives them to the animals

these are the words the animal brings with them:

—  —  —
—  —  —  —

let’s say there is an animal that has no more than one or two bodies left.
the male body is not young and does not know how to speak.
let’s say the devils keep it in a cage and masturbates the animal for him reproduce.
let’s say the female bodies are far away in other cages and do not know how to speak.

this is the language of captivity breeding

let’s say your name is bird and your adults are declining. that each day you wear your costume and hunt
for candy. that you do no longer know how to migrate (Mooalem. 203)
the water is a reflection spread out over a play called: parking lot, fracking runoff, airport strips
(usa.today news)

when you land you break your neck and so you leave with (the) words inside you:

here are the words the stone can speak:

one day the night was invented. we will play darkness and our eyes will glow and we will go
hunt
in this darkness
afterwards we said: morning

mornings are when feathers are shining. stones speak. water will play air and
some devils wake
candy speak sweetness

desire: this speaker will tell you stories of (your) sweetness that dissolve on your tongue float down your throat masturbate your adult bodies and breeds seeing (currently, the last living male of the alala bird species are “masturbated” three times a week for months, as a part of a captivity breeding program at the institute for conservation research (Kolbert. 263)

captivity

there will be other plays than departure. parking lot, fracking runoff, airport strips captivity

we can play animal if you like

as time is invented much changes. stars become distant. stone and days are reoccurring, you do not choose as many names as before. (Benjamin. 262)

in the desert the stone says: say my name
in the desert the daylight says: say my name
in the desert the warm velvet animals say: watch us hunt for candy
now do you see?

some human stealing saguaro cactuses
oh they sting they speak and still some humans are playing thieves

we are abandoned

some human stealing ivory

you drink the powder of powdered animals to play mating, or white powder from sea-species.
white beauty from ivory

your ivory is laid in the shafts of some knives. some jewelry. some precious stones are alive
they speak to you

here are the words the stone can speak

(note: go see and speak with the cactuses)
what is wild?

animals wearing costumes. collars. electric voices beaming out of them — — — — motion
within designated territories (U.S. marine mammal science)

* 

the body next to you in mornings quivers — — — — dreaming
machines in routes — — — mimicking
artificial migrating. addicted to modified living. bird feeders with sugar water — — antibiotics

the neighbor’s animal biting your hand. real hard and you don’t tell anyone. failure is shameful

psychotic performing animals. the bear — — wearing a skirt

you wearing a skirt lifting it up in the desert — mating
as the deer with their white tails hop hop hop hop over fences — eating away (of aspen, oh the
aspen dies) — starving to death — too many
we’ll eat you deer — we like to (play) hunt you — hop hop hop hop

(note: go see and speak with the aspens)

— —
aspens’ white skin leaves a powder on your palms when you touch it

you lick your palms for this
here — entering the words:
book of verses
(death songs)
dear, these are the first stories — as genomes of remembrance — strings of words, following each other,
to build petals, paws, sonar as stalker and prey — or lovers.

07.16.14 6:00am
hestene der trækker vejret
lærken der står stille i luften
sommerfugl på asfalten efter en bil er kørt forbi, broden ude. vingerne sitrer
firben*

that a she is animal. and a you are too
that males, me's and all's are.
that their pain amplifies. in us —

we are of the darkness – caves. the uterus where we swim in the sea of unbroken intimacy – the
heartbeat of mother and fetus – the first dialog in the world
that all other conversations are attempts to rejoin, regain that
when we look for pleasure it is this connectedness we seek
when we look for scapegoats it is this loss we mourn

that all fevers are of the water. the temperature of our flesh is disturbed – our bodies redraw to
the cave of the hidden world. heartbeats call out for replies
the air replies in our lungs, the daylight replies to our skin

that life moves outwards

to these are the caves to come out of:

æggeskaller
fosterhinder
sandhuler
jordhuler
reder
tuer
pupper
træstammer
vandhuller

alle levende skabninger

*horses breathing
lark still in mid air
butterfly on asphalt after a car passes by, proboscis out. wings twitch
lizard
the ones who come out of their caves:  — the lovers.

this is fine. well-defined and how special you are
both gentle and

i

yes
and i
would have (asked)

not show. to anyone and not
show off

and i would have asked
how it is:
sweet

and with money
but it remains a secret until
sweetness      to hear it from you and

i will come. to hear about it
yes i

it really is. and
you could and. this evening

and it is no secret that you. and

i
in us. when we meet

to see you and i slipped
to see us
that i’ll leave
and. about next year

it is first and foremost
the hunt (the harbor) and houses and
with violence

i miss

(you) which is the depth of
sweet or candy

i like your mongrel languages

the night
the night

and you are

i do not know

as a child
i’m thinking of — that
you could perhaps have asked

me. yes

to talk about language again

your habit of — that

and the night
the night

i think this:

— that
you won’t be a beginner
i think this: it is a sweet thing
you hope (that) it will continue
and if not then
i will walk before the rain comes
i am happy

it will be much to do. before going into (exile)
and how happy you are. in us

and i am thinking
(i am happy too)
— how do you mean tell you

tell me more
pretend we’re there and you show it to me

i’d wish — that

the coastline is soft.
(much later other lines — shore lines, fault lines, brine lines)

much later

   yes

— — is no longer a name.
you have to say — there are storms

(i) pretend you name me
your room has an oriel. at evenings. you draw the curtains. at the right side. to let the sun get up and touch. the inside. through the left; east
in the morning you think; outside the storm has quieted

day begins as you catch sunlight in your oriel; like a larva

* 

yes i can tell you about it. displacement
i can tell you of the river road. the floating landscapes of our past. us. the fragile inhabitants. in the wasteland of youth. drifting refuse and the body as a foreign country. i can tell you

i can tell you of loving
the water (she says)
tell me about the water
how do you mean tell you
like i haven't been there and you want me to know
ljuden af mammas kropp der rör sig i rummet. hur jag lysnar efter ljuden af mammas kropp der rör sig i rummet. mammas ljud när hon rör sig. mamma vill du att jag skal bringa dig något. mamma vill du att jag skal berätta. vill du att jag skal tala om för dig. hur kan jeg säga hur jeg sover och drömmer att jeg inte kan röra mig. hur jag vaknar och ser månen reflekteras genom fönstersmygen så den er dubbel om jag inte röra mig

när mamma er ung vill mamma ha barn. det så man blir mamma. mamma vil ha en liten flicka präcis som hon. mammans barn är en liten flicka och mamma er glad. när mamma blir sjuck bor mamma i sin sommarstuga. mamma vil ha trädgård omkring sig. i mammans sommarstuga finns ingen vinter även om snön ligger i drivor och man får kämpa sig iväg till apoteket och hitta någonstans att slänga blöjor pilleraskar och — tom emballage i soppåsar där renhållning finns även när det inte är säsong

(i) pretend you name me
and the night
the night
it would be nice to see you
i will stay
and i'll
.with you

i do not think that

or try to be
i shall
then , or

när mamma er ung får mamma barn. det så man är mamma. mitt bröst er platt revben märks som små hårda vågar stelna i deras rörelse ind over kroppen. kroppen kan hoppa och springa. den tycker om att leka hage och hoppa rep och leka "jorden er giftig." * den kan springa eller snurra runt tills den välter omkull. den samlar sten och plockar blommor. den stänger blommor. den jagar in kaninerne under terrassen. om kvällen kramar den mamma och faller i sömn och drömmer om imorgon. mammas barn är en liten flicka och mamma är glad.

what do you mean

what

*earth is toxic, traditional children's game
när mamma mår bättre bär vi ut trädgårdsmöblerna. de är vita och ser bra ut till prästkragarna i gräset. jag sopar ihop de gamla bladen från förra året, säger hon och rör armarna fram och tillbaka i luften. jag plockar blommor till en bukett, säger hon bryter stjälkar med handen i luften och samlar dem i famnen. ibland skäms jag över hur mycket det syns att mamma vill bli älskad. hur hon långtar efter att bli älskad av någon som hon älskar. mamma är en liten flicka precis som jag. jag hoppar och springer men det är inte till mig hennes leende riktar sig
— fortæl mig om havet.
— vad menar du nu siger han
— berätte för mig

*jeg vækker — dig om om lidt jeg vækker dig om lidt — jeg vækker dig — med et snehvidekys*

stay stay — stay

the pain: this morning the pain seeps through your flesh like a fresh current. the air is nice you
think. you think this is a clear morning to stir through the waters of loving. all is revealed, all the
little scratches from running around as an unattended barefooted child. all the scars of playing. to
jumping the first hoops as a deprived teenager loosing. loosing the first bits and pieces
of speed, till this flash flood of maimed memories. deformed you over time
losing the speed of speech. till. this moist dissolving your words.
when you open your mouth wanting to say;

yes

*Dissing. snehvidekys (danish folk song: ‘snow white kisses’)*
— falder tilbage i sin søvn. når han ligger i mine arme er han mit barn
når aben bader i havet tænker den over dengang den var foster og badede i fostervand. dens pels er våd og flyder som fyrnser fra armene; dengang træk jeg ikke vejret men mit hjerteslag fandtes allerede tænker aben. den bevæger sine arme langsomt i vandet og åbner sine håndflader. blotter sine tænder flyder på ryggen. hvis jorden er som et foster i kosmos, hvad bliver jorden da til

når du slår ned ditt hår luktar det av trä rök
i like the flowers that opens at night

du taler

når du slår armarna runt mig luktar de av hud
i like rephrasing your questions

du taler
* jag

10.01.13 : 10.30am
[note] interference / electrostatic — while predators will regularly cull weak animals from a population human hunters do not follow such a pattern.

12.01.13 : 4.07am
splitting into what?

17.01.13 : 13.02pm
all this snow. the young asian students sleeping over their books. how come they get here so early and stay this late when they end up falling asleep at the tables. want to rest my head too. americans rarely choose the quiet areas. the americans are never tired. the americans work out. it is foreigners inaudibly greeting each other in the morning

outside: icicles

17.01.13
en nyupptäckt komet när i höst jordens grannskab efter en färd som varat i flera miljoner år. en del astronomer tror att kometen blir flera gånger ljusstarkare än fullmånen. det var närmast en slump att kometen upptäcktes natten till den 20 september i år, två amatörastronomer hade spanat mot stjärnbilderna "tvillingerne" och "kräftan" när de jämförde olika fotografier med varandra hittade de ett ljusstarkt föremål som rörde sig ovanligt långsamt. dagen därpå tog de nya fotografier det visade att föremålet var en komet som de kallade ison efter ett internationellt nätverk där de är medlemmar; det vetenskapliga namnet är C/2012 S1. en sökning i en databas visade att kometen kunde ses på bilder från andra observatorier redan i slutet av 2011. med hjälp av den informationen kunde man enkelt räkna ut kometens bana. ison har färdas i miljontals år från det så kallade oort-molnet — en gigantisk samling av biljontals is- och stenklumper, rester från solsystemets skapelse som ligger nästan ett ljusår bort. oort hålls på plats av dragningskraften

Göteborgs Posten, utlands-sektion. 31 december 2012
now you don’t pay attention to the inversion. now you don’t really recognize the rupture of a sightless day or the taste of metal that is not from your nosebleed — more alien to your body. it is not because you’ve gotten used to it — that you do not pay attention any longer. it is because you stay.

when staying somewhere or with someone one directs one’s attention either towards or away. i need to not pay attention in order to stay.

while driving south through the neighborhoods you reach the mountains — you’re in the mountains — once there was heat and atomic matter, over hundreds of millions of years oceans and stone become. heat and pressure; if land is a language of time, you are within a speaking. you are within a signmaking that talks through the matter your body is made of

det sker at jeg tænker på kroppen, det aftryk den har efterladt i mig. det er ikke i billeder. vel-sagtens heller ikke lugten af sex. det kan være det er en forglemmelse af at være adskilte og en forsvinding i, at bevidsthed flyder mellem to kroppe som mærker hinanden samtidig.

ja. sådan kan det være. at der ikke er noget begreb om afstand tilbage. at den er eroderer over millioner af år man ligger tæt. udveksler floder. seismiske udbrud. flader med fordybninger. aflejringer

sådan elsker dyr hinanden (translation: the way animals love each other)

on water, like that — in water, you see things resembling earlier places.
eyes as access to a primal landscape. recreating a normative of ebb and flow.
their color is that of the sagebrush ocean. that does not invite or dismiss

sådan elsker dyr hinanden

sidenhen: icicles
driving directions for bear river migratory bird refuge: take u.s. i-15 n. take the ut-53 exit 342. a twelve-mile long auto tour route loops around wetlands giving birders close views of species such as american avocet, black-necked stilt, white-faced ibis, western and clark's grebes, snowy egret, black-crowned night-heron, snowy plover. the route is available for vehicles, bicycles and hikers year-round weather and road conditions permitting. restrooms teaching pavilion boardwalk interpretive panels and accessible fishing pier are located at the river delta site near beginning of the auto tour route. consult the refuge’s “birding information line” 435-734-6426 for a recorded message of recent sightings.

valentines:
14.02.13 : 3.20am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

14.02.13 : 5.00am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

14.02.13 : 7.00am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

14.02.13 : 7.12am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

14.02.13 : 7.30am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

14.02.13 : 8.00am
calling: 435-734-6426 — no available birding record

valentines:
tell me of the water she says. no one is there so she goes to find the water to hear what it says i know of thirst she says. tell me something more

valentines:
16.02.13 : 9.00am
thoughts about the earth. as a pale blue dot in the universe — breathing in,
breathing out
17.02.13 : 9.00am
posting the letter A in the index of endangered species on an empty billboard; 13 pages, 10 pkt

19.02.13 : 9.00am
posting the letter B in the index of endangered species on the living room walls; 17 pages, 10 pkt

20.02.13 : 9.30am
posting the letter C in the index of endangered species at city library ; 16 pages, 10 pkt

— that we are pale blue dots in the universe, searching for heartbeats among sounds

— “i think zola was enormously lonely when he wrote his letters” i say

— happy. desert is not warm yet, smell of the sagebrush ocean makes you think of honeymoons

— that we are animals married to dirt and scent, becoming flesh, breath, presence
this is a landscape:

naming categories and issues of violence towards women

acid throwing
breast ironing
bride burning
dating abuse
domestic violence
dowry death
eve teasing
honor killing
female genital mutilation
gishiri cutting
infibulation
forced abortion
forced pregnancy
forced prostitution
trafficking
rape
marital rape
pregnancy from rape
sati
sexual violence
violence towards prostitutes
vitriolage
this is a landscape:

naming completed nevada test bombings

operation ranger — 1951
operation buster-jangle — 1951
operation tumbler-snapper — 1952
operation upshot-knothole — 1953
operation teapot — 1955
project 56 — 1955
project 57, 58, 58a — 1957–1958
operation hardtack ii — 1958
operation nougat — 1961–1962
operation plowshare — 1961–1973 (sporadic, at least one test a year)
operation sunbeam — 1962
operation dominic ii — 1962–1963
operation storax — 1963
operation niblick — 1963–1964
operation whetstone — 1964–1965
operation flintlock — 1965–1966
operation latchkey — 1966–1967
operation crosstie — 1967–1968
operation bowline — 1968–1969
operation mandrel — 1969–1970
operation emery — 1970
operation grommet — 1971–1972
operation toggle — 1972–1973
operation arbor — 1973–1974
operation bedrock — 1974–1975
operation anvil — 1975–1976
operation fulcrum — 1976–1977
operation cresset — 1977–1978
operation quicksilver — 1978–1979
operation tinderbox — 1979–1980
operation praetorian — 1981–1982
operation phalanx — 1982–1983
operation fusileer — 1983–1984
operation grenadier — 1984–1985
operation charioteer — 1985–1986
operation aqueduct — 1989–1990
operation sculpin — 1990–1991
operation julin — 1991–1992
lower part of newspaper page; “monarchs dropped 59% this year. world wildlife blame climate conditions and agricultural practices, especially use of pesticides in united states killing off the butterflies’ main food source; milkweed” —156 words.

(below this; “violence against women increasing in middle east”— 63 words)

whitestem milkweed
blunt-leaved milkweed
antelope horns
california milkweed
heart-leaf milkweed
pallid milkweed
scarlet milkweed
tropical milkweed
bloodroot
bloodflower
bastard
woollypod milkweed
desert milkweed
poke milkweed
narrow leaf milkweed
swan plant
african milkweed
sandhill milkweed
swamp milkweed
cedar hill milkweed
pine needle milkweed
slim milkweed
longleaf milkweed
mead’s milkweed
mojave milkweed
pineland milkweed
balloonplant
balloon cotton-bush
swan plant
giant swan plant
purple milkweed
four-leaved milkweed
red milkweed
serpentine milkweed
showy milkweed
rush milkweed
leafless milkweed
horsetail milkweed
common milkweed
as monarchs migrate south over the states in fall, towards their mexican breeding grounds,
so do female human bodies migrate north

illegally crossing the desert, rape occurring on both sides of the border

as the region’s iconic saguaros are monitored for poaching and their habitat protected
so do the routes of these female bodies; the lowest on the social totem pole,* trace the landscape

* (“because they are women? because they were so low on the social totem pole that we all tacitly agreed
the most polite thing we could do was to ignore them?”
Reference: Gaspar de Alba & Guzmán. Making a Killing p.12)
this is the spring

the being in love with life. the moving through life, stretching out your arms in the liquid electricity of youth — how sex is a way of eating. how the hunger sparkles your body with possession of joy — how joy is your invention — how it goes on and on and on

breathing out     h    e    j    a
breathing in      a    l    l    a
breathing out     h    e    j    a
breathing in      a    l    l    a
song for the juniper

juniper
as freckles in the sagebrush ocean
makes me picture your skin
like
i'm a small animal
migrating over your body —
road kill, at the soft shoulders
bloody loose gravel
— heart hesitating
to return to the heat
of your valley
too much untold there
to let oneself give in
this is the fall

thinking of fall at home

i say; i am falling apart

when madness comes you are unprepared. unready, unaware — the cracks of the day open up to divides uncrossable — boulders tumbling down — temperatures dropping or increasing menacing. time widens or narrows in on you like flashes of fever — and you want to talk to touch the plain you see stretching out before you where all others move so relaxed — and he among them — you want to make the words have the shape he likes — pleasing

Ola Julén, 1970-2013

sand cranes

dear — i dreamt you were reciting a poem for me. i am trying to recall the words
dear — i dreamt you were sewing me a feather costume. i am longing to wear it

in the shadow land
the voices form choirs
for initiation in water - spilling, deepest within the earth
for animals as totems - violated, distrusted

— we migrated within your bodies. defying landscapes of dominion
* 

**hjertet vil fortælle om sin fortid. det vil dele sig og blive nye hjærtler, som slægtsled der bærer ekkøet af tidligere hjærtler i sig. det hvisker om hvordan solen steg op over tidligere hjærtler; hvordan dit hjerteslag er del af livstakten** (La Brack)

dear — i dreamt a heart told me: write a book of the shadow land, i cannot write a book in their language of time, shadows go in circles. our race being an invasive species in this landscape and voices were reciting names of our relatives, like:

the ones — who have good eyes to see
the ones — who have hands to build
the ones — who have good tails to steer
the ones — who have legs to run and to jump
the ones — who have good arms to hold
the ones — who have snouts to search and to stir
the ones — who have ears to locate and avoid threat
the ones — who have hearts to call on you
leaving this valley. red lightning rolls over the shapes of the earth

how i fear deterioration
how i think of death
how i think of blood
how i think of the mountains

jawbone mountain
grouse mountain
burned mountain
greenhorn mountain
how i think of the owl and all birds

how i still think of home

i am to cease being monkey
i am to cease being bear, owl and all birds
i am to become woman

haze
this is the month of imploding. i am breathing only through words now— less and less air —
loosing my language one word after the other

these are words lost so far:

familiefest
søndagsstel
udsigttårn
hjemvendt
nedfalden
roemark
sjippetov
hovedskald
sukkerskål
gyngehest
samlebånd
havørn
hætttemåge
pinsesol
dansemyg
bortfaldet
nedtagen
hundeangst
lillebælt
nordhavn
each breath require b o g s t a v e r i n g
this is the month of å n d e n ø d
— det är viktigt att göra sig fin

hemland är styrka

jag har inget

inget att berätta

inget att berätta

inget att berätta

jeg tænker på sverige — svensk —

inget att berätta

inget att berätta

inget att berätta

ilska

ilska

to realize
i carry a clam in front of my face
d r e a m i n g : 

that i tell lies 
that i am alone 
that my age is like a disease isolating me 
that my nationality is separating me 
that my language is spilling no longer from my lips but my heart 
that all i do is in vain 
that all i do is failed 
that americans can engage without their hearts 
that mine is scattered 

that i no longer have a home 
that i am going home tomorrow
01.02.14 8:00am
at the island nothing happens

01.03.14 2:00pm
at the island nothing happens
dreaming of family

01.04.14 9:00am
at the island nothing happens

01.04.14 11:00am
at the island nothing happens
sailing out to pick mussel

01.05.14 2:00pm
at the island nothing happens
getting firewood
seeing the seal out in the water
seeing fox on land
seeing falcon — no maybe hawk — up in the air

01.06.14 2:00pm
at the island nothing happens
mornings are rainfall

01.07.14 2:00pm
at the island nothing happens
the days are rainfall
fadervor, du som er i himlene
helliget vorde dit navn
komme dit rige
ske din vilje
som i himlen således også på jorden;
giv os i dag vort daglige brød
og forlad os vor skyld
som også vi forlader vore skyldnere
og led os ikke i fristelse
men fri os fra det onde
thi dit er riget og magten og æren i evighed
amen

altå hva mener du? — hvorfor skal jeg sige det?
(legacy or love poems)
01.27.14 9:12am
solskin, men lugten af luftforureningen som minder om bildæk på færger

01.29.14 6:54am
ingen solskin, og lugten af luftforureningen som minder om bildæk på færger.
vi ventet på færgen: 20 minutter imellem, vi sidder i bilen med svenske radio slæhørøret klaffende. vi køber fisk ved fiskehalden. “vår så god” siger de når de rækker fiskbænken over disken. vi sejler ud i plastfiberbåden med et net og fanger muslinger. fortæller hinanden om da vi var børn, vi har kendt hinanden siden vi var børn. store børn, men børn. der er stadig ting vi kan fortælle hinanden selvom vi har kendt hinanden i en menneskealder. en menneskealder af ting vi kan minde hinanden om. hun minder mig om mine nederlag. min angst. ensomhed

her står solen op over wasatch
der er ingen æ, ø, å i hendes skrift længere.

muslinger er kolde. de skal helst ligge i saltvand indtil de bliver renset. jeg renser dem under den kolde hane med den de siger er muslingekniven. der er bittesmå krabber imellem dem. søstjerner. jeg kan ikke huske ordet for dem. stjerne-fisk, nej, hav-stjerner, nej. mine fingre bliver hvide. begyndende gigt-tegn. blodet cirkulerer ikke ud i langfinger og ringfinger. fuck og mariage.

mine sener gør ondt. knogler. jeg går rundt om øen hver dag. desperat, jeg er angst for at fare vild når jeg forlader stien. klipperne er hårde og uformelige. ingeting er genkendeligt. hun kender stier jeg ikke ser alene. til vandreservoiret. til udsigtstedet. jeg finder bare den samme sti hver dag. overvejer at gå den anden vej rundt, men kan ikke overskue forskellen. noget må være ens. gentagelse — ikke at ting er ugenkendelige, de er bare ikke genoptagelige. de er forbi. ikke tilgængelige. jeg er et dyr spærret inde i en alderende krop, udenfor tiden de andre lever i. jeg straffes for min afrejse. mine afrejser og hver tibagevenden er straffen eksponentielt vokset

her blæser sneen fra bjergtoppe som faner

vi går tur med barnevognen. hendes barnevogn. barnet’s barnevogn. familie, familie
vi går tur på kirkegården. hendes kirkegård hvor hendes lillesøster ligger hvor hun selv skal ligge når jeg begraver hende. vi går tur på stranden. deres strand hvor de bader om sommeren fra badebroen hvis det er en varm nok sommer.

her gennemlyser solen iskrystaller i luften
deres hus er et lån. det er et sommerhus der er koldt at bo i om vinteren. de bor der hele vinteren. man sejler over. når det er stormvejr kan man ikke sejle over. deres brænde er ujævne stykker af blandet träsorter. discount — vi henter det på fastlandet i store sække vi kun fylder halvt op for at kunne løfte dem. de skal løftes op i varevognen over i båden og op ad badebroen og ind i huset

hun vil ikke spise. jeg spiser meget. jeg kan ikke sige hvad jeg vil, jeg fylder munden med mad. for ikke at tale. jeg er ikke hjemme. jeg kan ikke tage hjem herfra, herfra er der ikke noget der er mere hjem end hos hende. hun svarer ikke. jeg har skrevet flere gange. jeg skriver:
om mandagen henter de skrald. mandag er affalsdag, du hører lastbil ned af vejene og at mennesker har stillet deres skrald frem som totems foran deres hjem. hvorefter det blandes med alle andres skrald og fosvinder. forbrænding.

all this flying — mourning — what

the not knowing — the never knowing
the confusion of involvement — what — the what

t o l o v e a l l y o u c a n n o t h a v e

assimilating into the foreignness — or foreignness as madness

pieces and snippets of childhood songs, rhymes; *marie marie marolle, else elsker pelse else elsker pølse og ane's anemoner i kanonen på trekoner. åge stak en tå i åen*

what —
song for the fox

to be i and alone and that i
can't breathe right

to stop writing, the thing the
letters saying loneliness

to can't hold fear anymore
or get any older, since i am a child

to watch the snow cling to the mountains the
wind lifting upwards

to watch dead fox getting eaten
by big bird sitting on its head

to watch dark tumbleweed’s obstructed
fluctuations in fences

to recall prior traveling, with happiness
this one is fiercer or raw

to watch and weep over dead rabbits too, to feel
stupid too because all things die
today corals grow out of my chest. they start as itching rash — resembling that of — sore swollen girl nipples that will develop to breast between the body’s age of nine and twelve years old (1984-1987)* today corals grow out. break the surface of my skin as a sea disappearing — they heap up through this tide that shrouds my body. the breast rise and fall with the breath and corals emerge, rise with each exhale

(check; who went endangered/extinct in that timeframe?)

i operate on the body. i rip the skin from the low chest down to the navel and further. i rip open the belly to release more space for the corals. out come dark things i don’t know of. like the inside of that bird hunted now bred for holiday dinners; turkey? that hidden odor — that offends your nostrils and tightens your throat — if i can be a seed for a new coral — if this body i inhabit can be the seed of a sea. if i drown myself to make way for a coral sustaining ocean acidification. if each blodcell will become a shiny fish — to form shoals. to make life living — to trade this flesh for a real life

and what if    all mountains are unsolids
and     chasing the horizon deadly

if pleasure: endangered
and family a ticket you can’t pay

(first time to have one’s love-wings clipped)

today is storm. small flowers from the trees blow across the street. less fruit will come this year my skin is tired. inside my skin the flesh is soft and tired too bones abandoned at night the refrigerator kicks on: awake

  kicks off: relief

that the electric cessation imitates spaciousness and creates gratitude in this animal body

and what       stars are out above me
               all invisible from this city; electric:

breathing in
breathing out

this animal dies. this animal will die. this animal is mortal
married to the sound of refrigerator at night
married to the sound of traffic at day

watching, not yet fruit, as blowing flowers disperse

storm

kicking garbage cans over
ribbing awnings

you think: how far does radioactive sand travel*
you think: fruit or sand

(are you still)

the lover of deserts
your fruit as blowing flowers. disperse

you

ah what

03.17.14 8:00am
—a trouble with americans is that they hardly ever listen, if you tell’s them what’s wrong or broken they want to tell you how to fix it. in this is also the dichotomy of this study field; i can’t fix what’s broken. and i can’t throw my hands up in the air and escape either
1984
february 3 research team at harbor-ucla medical center announce history’s first embryo transfer from one woman to another, resulting in a live birth
march 5 iran accuses iraq of using chemical weapons; united nations condemns their use
april 4 united states president calls for an international ban on chemical weapons
april 23 united states researchers announce their discovery of the aids virus
july 23 vanessa l. williams becomes the first miss america to resign when she surrenders her crown, after nude photos of her appear in penthouse magazine
july 25 cosmonaut svetlana savitskaya becomes first woman to perform a space walk
september 20 hezbollah car-bombs the u.s. embassy annex in beirut
december 1 controlled impact demonstration: nasa crashes a remote controlled boeing 720
december 28 a soviet cruise missile plunges into inarinjärvi lake in finnish lapland

1985
january 1 greenland is withdrawn from the european economic community
april 15 south africa ends its ban on interracial marriages
april 18 the united kingdom has its first national glow-worm day
april 19 the soviet union performs a nuclear test at eastern kazakhstan
may 16 scientists of the british antarctic survey announce discovery of the ozone hole
november 12 a total solar eclipse occurs over antarctica at 14:11:22 utc
famine in ethiopia continues

1986
january 24 the voyager 2 space probe makes its first encounter with uranus
january 28 sts-51-l: space shuttle challenger disintegrates 73 seconds after launch
february 9 halley’s comet reaches its perihelion, the closest point to the sun, during its second visit to the solar system in the 20th century (the first visit was in 1910)
february 17 the single european act is signed
february 19 the soviet union launches the mir space station
february 28 swedish prime minister olof palme is assassinated on his way home from the cinema
april 26 chernobyl disaster: traces of radioactive deposits found in nearly every country in the northern hemisphere
may 19 the firearm owners protection act is enacted
august 6 the cargo ship khian sea, carrying 14,000 tons of toxic waste, wanders the seas for sixteen months to find a place to dump its cargo. the waste is later dumped in haiti

1987
february 23 the first “naked-eye” supernova since 1604, is observed
june 17 with the death of the last individual, the dusky seaside sparrow becomes extinct
september 7 first conference on artificial life is held at los alamos national laboratory
september 13 scavengers open an old radiation source abandoned in a hospital in goiânia, causing the worst radiation accident ever in an urban area
time unfolded behind you. shades and light. parachute — drawn. over fields of furrows. wet clay dirt — shades — light. time drawn — winter barley. will reap not now, later, later —time dragging — you think of them in their dry sunshine in their vehicles in their open land in their bodies and thoughts all at ease — and you as völva without wolfs

i think of you i avoid you i miss you i adore you i want to leave you too

— barley

my origin

months of darkness and clay. of mist

03.24.14 7:21pm
(min mor, min mor) og dit hår du ikke ville miste. ikke som søsteren. ikke som borderen. døde. og din krop der ryster — bævrer — ikke endnu. ikke forlade mig endnu — ikke mere — jeg tager fra dig. jeg går efter dig. jeg vandrer over opplojede vintermarker. lunger udfoldet bag mig.

skygger og lys. jeg er bastarden der trækker vejret inde i dig — huden dækkes af lanugohår der holder fosterfedtet fast. jeg vandrer over indersiden af din hud — træder udad. ikke forlade mig ikke ikke. 2012 herlev hospital onkologisk afdeling — og dit hår du ikke ville miste. vinden slår ind mod bygningen — som jetstream — challenger katastrofen — sørderdelt over atlanterhavet — jeg tæller sekunderne af væsken der løbenn ind i din hud jeg boede bagved. jeg rejser stadig. ikke forlade mig her. ikke ikke jeg tænker altid på dig min lille pige
remember how you told me you’ve been sitting on your porch, unable to work all through summer (how’s your family now? mine too is falling apart)

i am sitting on my balcony, the city sounds are painful, except birds — swallows nesting in the parking lot underneath the building — their circular construction of salivary laminae cemented treasures.

do you know

that. the industry of edible bird nests has exceeded five billion dollars annually.

i have days where i can hardly raise my body. produce no sweetness, process no evil

this is what

small creatures do. work, to reproduce the sound of their species,
their miniature eggs
their monetized grace
devoured
(endings)
book of choruses
(question of origin)
this city was different. famous. movie colors. bleached. impossible to get around without a car. i
never had one. this is the country of rich kids driving. country of cars. i didn't think of the places
i left. or that i would have to go back some time. it was beyond. it was all new and graceful. it was
all ours to take. it was wet grass and wood. fingers on inner thighs. it was horses and a dead snake
in a boy's hand. it was hunters eating lunch with their antler-decorated trucks waiting outside.
their dripping prey. it was earrings and sling-backs and his happy teeth. i made all this happen, i
invented each day. these days i can't even get out of the city. here the morning light is pale. fragile
and expensive
she had seen it on tv. and now she told the story to us, in detailed accuracy. her hands showed the size of the animal and how it had used both of its small monkey hands to grab and hold the hands of the staff.

there were six of the lemurs living there. she didn't mention the space of the cage or their range in terms of outdoor area, etc.

despite being sick, the lemur didn't seem to be in pain. it simply grabbed the hand of its caretaker with both its own hands, that's all it wanted. it died while holding hands.

it died while holding hands. then she said; “i sometimes want it to be just us, me and the baby without him.” i couldn't think of anything to say, except that families don't come without troubles. i guess. i don't know if that was anything near what she wanted to hear; it's normal, it's not that bad. it's gonna be fine etc. — people like to hear they are doing the right thing, especially after they've done it.

i had asked her hundreds of times if she thought i did the right thing. i kept asking then.

they replaced the lost lemur some time after the accident with a new younger female. there must have been some adjustments within the group, her cry among the others, her position according to the female dominance of their species. breeding season. i looked at them in the car, as they drove off.

matriarchy. i don't know exactly how the scientific evidence goes, but i know there's been quite an amount of research on the chasing/fleeing and approach/avoidance techniques of these animals, to establish this rare classification. i looked it up.

the dying lemur

this dying lemur

the death of this lemur

the lemur death
free rein

did I tell you this;
how happy the heart was to hear your breath. we were told animals were grazing up there all year
like that. there have been irregularities among the bat population up here, they have been depleted. their breeding grounds are apparently fewer. that’s not their fatal problem though, it’s wind power their sonar system or whatever it’s called; their method of orientation when they fly is very precise and allows them to navigate safely around the big vestas wings as they turn. what kills them is the air pressure the wings create. after the passing these creatures maneuver delicately, but their lungs collapse and they drop dead to the ground around the pole. suppose they are convinced that they know what they’re doing and think it’s about avoidance and accuracy, avoidance and accuracy not being aware of this other unknown phenomenon of pressure beware, graceful species not knowing perfection is endangering
traveling a great distance. longer than expected or intended
she said they held a dinner for some friends; he got pretty drunk and when the guests left she blamed him with silence. female silence always makes a great impact on the subject, even when it might seemingly be ignored. when he kept drinking she told him politely to leave as well; then he picked up the cat and threw it at her, across the living room. her teenage years she spent starving herself

they all want to be the best. they do it real good. oh they do it good they don't approve of drinking in front of dinner guests. later in life

later in life they still strive. now they strive with the same devotion, only the rivals are less visible. they may look like friends and lovers
(who devours whom)
traveling a great distance, longer than expected or intended

It happens sometimes that a dream from the past comes to mind, as a memory of an experience. like that, like real. Not that you can't figure out if you lived it or dreamt it, more like you align yourself with the dream from your present position. Isn't that right?
small creatures. i see this country through the thick glass of a bottle end. on my visits to the ophthalmologist i raise my hand when the letters become clear and nice enough for me to read out loud. i memorize their order, to cheat and get permission to leave the dreadful chair. i lie to avoid going there as often as i should. i ignore it when my eyes are hurting and i force them to keep staring through the glass at this beautiful country, soft mountains and their grass. this country’s beautiful endless openness. i stare and each time i see less. i see the small particles of air captured in the glass, like nonexistent creatures. i try to see through them, keep the rim of the mountains clear. be present with the contours that are left, not blink too often. catch the light with my senses and keep it. warm

later the fingertips find the letters to spell: g l a s s
*spread your heart spread it do
not keep it now*
like that. home to me now. like lacking identification with one’s vocabulary. like when you talk to an animal. you imagine animal listens in human way, to form meaning. animals do listen to form meaning. animal meaning. does an animal love you? see there is conversations that give meaning a long time after they’re spoken somewhere far behind they somehow reach up to touch you. places you carry as an echo

boy holds headless snake in his hand it’s dead. i ask, “where’s the head” and boy looks up at me as if my words were sounds that do not form meaning

he holds out the animal. blood is on his hand. yellowish lubricate. roadside dust. i wish to talk to him in my mother tongue. i wish to stay

do you recall the last time you felt very regretful? it’s like that — you know it’s all inside you (— this far, this far, now this far) and you would like to not know. you would like to make it not be there. that boy will surely be taller than me by now. shooting snakes dead on his own property. dried animal bones were stacked up at the side of the gate to his daddy’s land. me. becoming like those bones with their honey marrow petrified. their deepest lava inside. charred — that’s close. though not exactly it. maybe you can explain it better?
fortælling til tegnene:

non nocere
it wasn’t —

or compassion. it is mountains on the inside of the eyelids. vastness. dust disaster. and then the winds turning quiet
(beginnings)
epilogue
“you do not have to be good.
you do not have to walk on your knees for a hundred miles
through the desert, repenting.
you only have to let the soft animal of
your body love what it loves […]
Mary Oliver
THE HANDBOOK

of caves and obituaries
chapter one
“UNTITLED”
Natural entrance to the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2014
an animal: the last monkey to live among us was female. she walked out of the bush, already a reminiscence back in the 2010’s, her lone body seemed shy of the attention captured on digital media. timid and so you don’t hear her voice. celebrations were held on her behalf, scientists of the time called her a praise to her species for coming forth and a joy to work with as she let them do all kind of things to her (unspeakable) after the disappearing of the last piece of her habitat, she’s among humans. she reads kafka’s “a report to an academy” and weeps. she falls in love and gets abandoned. she grows older, less tragic. tends to her garden. she tells stories of her time in the wild and how she still dreams of this wildness — this is one of the stories she told: monkey came out of a seedpod of the tree with the biggest leaves in the misty woods monkey was small and alone among the other seeds. all day she spend to crawl her little body into the trunk of the tree and reach an even higher branch to see if other seedpods had friends inside. yet any time monkey opened a seedpod there’s just more seed and no relatives. one day the blue heron or the stork landed to sit down and ask about her long face and sad little hands that tears all pods apart instead of eating them.

“CAVES” 1:6
Flow stone, Hansen Caves, Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2014
— i'm looking for family, monkey says. — and heron or stork says; well, we all do. and that is why monkey and heron or stork are now relatives.

when the monkey was very old she stopped telling stories in their full length. she'd shake her head, having heron or stork over for tea time in the dim afternoons, they'd sit there in their inverted bestiary.* pour each other the hot liquid, sip and look out at the humans in their many cages.

in her last public appearance she stared right into the camera and saw you.
her gaze had a mist and a vastness that pierced you and you felt how as an embryo you were the small seed; legs growing out of your kidneys, arms extending from the top of the lungs and you wanted to touch her. let your fingers stroke the fur. carry her like you carry a child of your own or a grandparent that can no longer walk but still loves you more sophisticated or devoted than any of your present desires. loving wildness when the monkey dies, all prior monkeys died out with her and you are one less in the seed pod.

“CAVES” 2:6
Flow stone, the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2013
(*213 smuggled bear paws were confiscated by China’s customs
officials in Manzhouli of North China’s Inner Mongolia Region
on June 17, 2013, to date the biggest incident of its kind. The
price on paws is over 5,000 yuan per kg. As they are believed to
have a high nutritional value, beneficial for human health.)

“TALISMAN” 1:6
Ink on paper, 17 x 17
Objet trouvé (digital image of confiscated bear paws, * 2014)
(*the president of the republic of chad, his excellency idriss déby itno, lit fire to the country’s 1.1 ton stockpile of ivory on february 21, 2014, while critics of this global ivory-campaign voice troubles of a seizures-based system, rewarding countries for confiscating ivory, instead of following the demand chain.)

“TALISMAN” 2:6
Ink on paper, 17 x 17
Objet trouvé (digital image of ivoryburning, * 2014)
an animal: lepus europaeus were like rabbits, or somewhat. though bigger and brown, and not related to lewis carroll’s alice but to the hunt. a hunt for females – few males would have set out for preys so insignificant as lepus europaeus. foxes and women would.

around the millennium there were reports of up to 60 percent decline in the species, in its origin continent europe, as well as in the united states. research was done, for a few decades humans surveyed, wrote and peer reviewed each others’ findings while hares disappeared from more and more of their earth caves, seized to have leverets and were never to be seen in droves anywhere again. the humans wrote that down too.

the hares couldn’t solace each other – or wouldn’t. dwindling off proud. their ears cathing the audible changes of the world, illuminated in daylight, ears would show thin bloodvessels. shivering

in months of march up through 2010’s, where prior females would box the males with their paws to avoid or resist — challenge — copulation, fights thinned out.

if hares met they’d exchange stories of clans and ancestors; to let their sagas of propagation be heard one last time or to reconcile themselves? then they’ll break off to the solitude. foolish. fuzzy, frayed — as if admitting one’s pain makes it bigger.
there were incidents of self hatred, as if defeat is always one's own fault, the ultimate proof of the oppressors right to oppress. did you know? — that if disregarded, disrespected — neglected long enough any organism risks internalizing the violence

say, with or without what humans named real conscience, somehow receptiveness does not talk in naming but wordless stories.

say these stories still reach other animal ears, remaining ears. echoes or choirs.

say our last bodies will flicker a last flare of a species' innocence — as innate in any species; unique and alike. peas in a pod — we will miss being here. we will miss you. we are unhappy the hares said. the hares said there's no words for this mourning; demonizes bodies; to no more be alive, to not have leverets and innocence to share in this world, we thought, for some inherent reason in all things alive, that we could stay. as all things alive. you know, human bodies are nature too

hare paws, once boxing in vigorous mating rites, will be sold for speedy rising prices, through decades to come. confiscated by international authorities whenever turning up — a fetish, a talisman of good luck and love. oh frayed good luck and love
“CAVES” 3:6

Flow stone in Middle Cave, the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2014
an animal: lizard with eggs.

when you lay your eggs of luck and love you are vulnerable. your skin stretches in unfamiliar, unpleasant ways. you roll the still flexible eggs with your hind legs, their long nails touching the thin shell to better arrange the eggs at the nice spot you've chosen. twenty-four hours after an egg is laid, the embryo inside attaches itself to the wall and starts growing — the inside will glow, showing a slight pink — or a few blood vessels if the eggs are disturbed the embryos can come unattached, drown and die. imagine, these creatures that came from the water — then coming out of their own contained sea can drown in there.

when the first saurian crawled out of the amniotic fluid, he didn't think much. seismic vibrations might have lured the devil up — a calling, a yearning? tentatively inflating hills gills, touching the dryness of shore, started breathing, created breathing.
breath is the vulnerability of transition

“i can be here” he knew, climbing any perfectly vertical stone — sideways if he liked “and sit in the sun breathing.”

now amphibians are long gone — their soft eggs on stems. under leaves of aquatic plants, their habit of breathing with the whole body, the is skin their biggest organ (as it is for human bodies as well) all amphibians perished, as their air and their places declined so lizard lost his sibling and mourned for them
while softly dwindling himself — tailing off

lizards breathed unidirectional — like birds did. these creatures both captured oxygen from air when inhaling and exhaling. a double being in the world — not tidally like humans’ breath that is serial — reoccurring, oaths

(and what do we swear?)

humans monitored the out dying lizards, they researched and documented their tiny bodies with their lizardlung’s enveloped, enfolded chambers — veiled — enabling them to perform this state of being — embracing, a participating living simultaneously giving and taking — filling and emptying.

oh, lizard doesn’t care. he doesn’t care for written explanations of his anatomy; “when you pull the lungs out it resembles a bag with chambers. it doesn’t look anything like the bird lung, though it still performs the unidirectional air flow.” tomography scans revealed chambers, with a series of brachial tubes, branching off via perforations; reciprocity

— and so you see perforations, openness
    allows this blessed performance
("antique victorian pendant taxidermy; sterling silver-head, rabbit foot lucky charm)
“CAVES” 4:6
Flow stone in Middle Cave, the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2014
chapter two
an animal: once hummingbirds were alive too. females were very small and their eggs were so tiny. countless specimens are preserved throughout nations in gene banks, frozen zoos, private collections — as this species was especially well liked for its delicate grace and breathtaking virtuous flight. humans’ preference towards visual beauty kept them busy with breeding programs, migration monitoring and conservation attempts throughout the 2020’s as privileged private birders, devotedly collaborated with both state agencies and international organization many subspecies of the birds did briefly appear to carry populations of hybrids, cross-mating, to stay alive. a period later called

“the blossoming applause”

as to describe the characteristic candy of the birds; exiting this world with a splendor, like a mocking for our inelegant nature — feeble endeavor of convincing life to perform

right to the end of their species’ existence, birds would raise their chicks as always; females doing nest building in trees with long sharp thorns, so that no one can steal her eggs. these nests, smaller than half a walnut were created of random things; soft plant pieces and dryer lint, glued together with spider web that she steals from the spider. moss and lichen camouflage the outside, the inside lined with dandelion cattail or thistle down
— though females kept busy feeding the chick they were never more than hours from dying of hunger, small centers of pure metabolism — when chicks leave the nest they are considerably larger than the grown female, after her stress of raising them.

she'll let them feed no more than weeks after fledging with the privilege of offspring before competition for food sources are equal game among them, family-ties of delicate grace, pure metabolism — competition of life.

“grown males sang with tail-feathers and wings, may an echo linger within frozen cells”
an animal: with worms, we think, what you call divine living is candidly, completely embodied. we can think of few other creatures inhabiting their calling as closely as us, right? you see; we are are here to change the world.

we think darwin’s methodological principle that sought to explain geological formations as the result of accumulation of small happenings continually over long time, honors our labor as earthworms very nicely.

his analysis of how we regularly transform the world simply through our daily living is indeed very nicely done — we like his late notebooks; recording his attempts to determine the mechanism that drive transmutation, the explanation for organic change, and the common origin of all life — you see; he came to the conclusion, that his humans share “one common ancestor” with any other animals and for that we like our cousin darwin — as we like all our other relatives.

you see we live beneath, we move in darkness, chthonic principles guide our ways. we require no social power in the world above, we hold no fetishes, practice no superstitious beliefs. we move — obey and thrive. so easily — a sweetness to it

we mate — we make nonbinary gendered breeding

— a sweetness to it
we are compassionate without prefix, as worms we swallow earth. you see; there is light and shadow, there is the eating of soil — becoming soil, being soil and shedding soil.

we are inhabiting the world; invented and transformed through its own processes — as the conditions of life intend us to — dialectical and infinite.

so habitually of darwin’s humans, we are associated with death — lowliness — frightening in our insignificance — as sweetness to it

you see; we have always been keeping the earth alive, renewing its fertility. long before your own decline, your ebb, some said: the tiniest, the insignificant, the sweetest creatures of all shall inherit the earth — oh, how we wish to share
(*earthworms respire through their skin, as a hermaphrodite any individual carries both male and female sex organs. two earthworms can mate by joining together and fertilizing each other's eggs. later a tube of mucus by the clitellum - the ring showing in the skin - forms an egg case, which slips off the worm's body. young worms hatch into the soil.)

UNTITLED* 1:2
Ink on paper, 13 x 13
Objet trouvé (digital image of confiscated bear paws, * 2013)
chapter three
“CAVES” 5:6
Stalagmite in the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2013
“CAVES” 6:6
“The Heart” of the Hansen Caves,
Wasatch Mountains, Utah 2014
(*apron worn by a woman on a flight to melbourne containing live tropical fish. australian customs officers became suspicious, hearing flipping sounds from a woman's waist.)

“TALISMAN” 3:6
Ink on paper, 17 x 17
Objet trouvé (digital image of confiscated aquatic species carried in an apron* 2011)
Hansen Caves: born in Denmark, Martin Hansen came to Utah in 1861. Here he worked as a logger. Early one workday he noticed mountain lion tracks in the snow. History describes him following these animal tracks, leading him to the entrance of a cave, now known as the Hansen Cave. This cave system is unique due to its high abundance of helictite formations, its many passages, and ambiguous history.

US. National Park Service

Flowstone: flowing water builds up layers of calcite or other cave minerals. These minerals are dissolved in the water and are deposited when the water loses its dissolved carbon dioxide through agitation, which means it can no longer hold the minerals in solution. Flowstone forms when thin layers of these deposits build on each other. The deposits may grade into thin sheets called “draperies” where they descend from overhanging portions of a wall. Some are translucent, others more beige or darker. Flowstones can be damaged by a single touch as the oil from human fingers causes the flowing water to avoid the area, and dries it out. Flowstone identifies periods of past droughts, as they need water to develop; lack of that water can leave traces in the stone's record via the absence or presence of flowstones.

The Geological Society of America
**Definition of Talisman:** the word derives from Greek; telein to initiate into the mysteries, complete, from telos end. An object that is believed to have magic powers and cause good things to happen to the person who has it. The object will act as a charm to avert evil and bring good fortune, producing magical or miraculous effects. Natural talismans are of many kinds: teeth, bones or claws of animals, thought to derive power from their connection with natural forces, or from being made in a ritual manner at a favourable time. Some talismans are thought to restore the dead person’s heart in the next world. A popular type of amulet is the “birthstone” related to the date of a person’s birth. Wearing of which is also thought to bring health and good luck.

Encyclopædia Britannica

**Definition of Extinction:** “in biology, the dying out or termination of a species. Extinction occurs when species are diminished because of environmental forces (habitat fragmentation, global change, overexploitation of species for human use) or because of evolutionary changes in their members (genetic inbreeding, poor reproduction, decline in population numbers).”

Encyclopædia Britannica
WORKS CITED

Page 3 “Wildlife would become a story of an infinitely receding Eden.”

Page 4 White whooping cranes are re-taught to migrate.

Reference: Ahern, Brian. *usa.today news*, 4 December, 2011

Page 6 The last living male of the àlala bird species are “masturbated” as a part of a captivity breeding program at The Institute for Conservation Research.

Page 6 “The human face was made to mirror the stars.”

Page 8 Implantation of subcutaneous radio transmitters for wildlife surveying.

Page 31 “Because they are women? because they were so low on the social totem pole that we all tacitly agreed the most polite thing we could do was to ignore them?”

Page 37 Culture shock, delayed culture-shock and re-entry-shock are subcategories of a more universal construct called “Transition Shock.”
Bibliography:


**Articles:**


