



SEE IT

EVERYWHERE

K LORRAINE GRAHAM


KLG

A forest of sacrificial horses. In the ocean. No—from it. A sacrificial horse in the forest from the ocean. In this way, water comes to me. It comes because I know it is water. There is the usual toil and division. “He” thinks and does, knows water is water, toils and divides. In this most interesting rendition of the story, the land is not female, but everything from her—I mean him—is food. To eat everything would be to have less food. But before food, there is sex, and before sex is a lover born by means of mind. By means of death and speech is a lover. Then sex and the everything, which becomes food. Food prevents death. Eating has a sound. One’s self is food.

At this point, the demons arrive.

Some things demons can mess up are:

Things we say

Things we see

Things we hear

Things we imagine.

The usual elements.

This poem is a song of good food.

Men who are attracted to women like perfume that makes women smell like food. It is a fact I have read and myself seen verified many times.

The breath sings when it is supported on speech.
Some say, “Supported on food.”

There is nothing here that seems obscure.

If you don’t want to sustain people with food then you shouldn’t try to outtalk or overtake the leader.

When alone, one is often afraid, even though fear comes from interacting with others. Of course, when alone, one has no love either.

There is nothing here that seems obscure.

There is the usual toil from division.

She realized, “How can he couple with me when he begot me from himself? Ah, I must hide!”

Shape shifting. Fucking and division in every form.

My mind is myself, my speech is my lover, my breath is my child, my eye and ears are somehow connected with wealth and my body, my body is made for work.

So say the verses.

~

Death is associated with tiredness.

~

There is a piano sale today.

~

But tiredness is not associated with the mind. See how I am muddled.

Come; let us be a form of it. Of muddlement. Some such regarding one self. Name, form, action. Hence the symbolic statement—body, universe. All that.

~

Today I ate some tasty vegan cake. The cake said OM. Rather OM was written on the cake. We each ate some OM. Everything becomes food.

~

Dear readers, I ask you, how many graspers are there? How many over-graspers?

~

This is the part where I muse about my age. To much time in the wilderness has made me old. Specifically time in the sun.

~

The humidity reminds you of your childhood and makes you feel like you're on the frontier. In *The Sheltering Sky*

the heroine disappears—alive—into the wilderness. She disappears twice into the wilderness. Once directly into the desert and once into a city on the edge of the desert, long after the hero has died.

This difference is noteworthy. Usually we women in such stories are of the earth in an earth mother kind of way, not disappearing into it. We're usually being fucked while men found cities.

We once had a fight about whether or not we should go to the desert in late July. I wanted to go, of course, and you said, "you can't disappear into the wilderness like a Paul Bowles character." I sulked.

I identify with these men who fucked my foremothers while founding cities in the wilderness. This is probably why I find the erasure of getting lost in the wilderness so soothing. This is one of my problems, obviously.

I've found I don't believe in sisterhood but I am trying to emotionally identify with it, but even this seems connected to the founding of cities.

~

I don't believe the bird I live with is ill because of some karmic deposit only now coming to fruition. I am: restless, deluded, distracted, unfocused, and restricted.

~

PAIN

~

Speech and container gardens.

~

When you are not here I don't want to go to bed early.
Why sleep if you're not here to sleep with?

~

"Are you wanting cattle, or subtle arguments?"

"Have you seen it? I should see it. I have seen it. I
should have seen it.

"Folk call him "xyz," mysteriously, because the gods
seem to love the mysterious and hate the obvious."

~

Birds fly away and come back.

I love this loneliness but I am lonely. Isn't that stupid?

~

You don't need company to be a surrealist, you need
company to be alive. I think Ted Berrigan said this.

~

What follows is a page of notes in Persian and English
about G-d and love.

~

Speak of Pigmy people who were brought here for the
World's Fair in, no at, the turn of the century. Not this
turn but the last one. They sent the last surviving Pigmy
man to a boy's orphanage; after that the man committed
suicide. The people discussing this wear sweat suits.
They are vague sweat suits of the 1980s.

~

In line for the bus, I eat an expensive organic apple. It is
a honeycrisp apple—an unnatural tasty hybrid. I have
been thinking about this apple for several hours. I
while teaching I said "apple" instead of "attitude."
"Modals express the speaker's apples—remember."

~

Born from a pot, my birth was most unusual, and I
kindly ask you to enlighten me. You do. You tell me the
story of a king who neglects his worldly duties. Of
course it is a king. Actually, you tell me the story of
someone else telling me the story. At one point, the
story revolves around a nymph.

Author's Note:

This poem is part of a larger manuscript by the same name. All quotations are from Valerie J. Roebuck's translation of *The Upanisads* (Penguin, 2003).

K. Lorraine Graham recently moved to San Diego from Washington, DC. She is the author of two chapbooks, *Terminal Humming* (Slack Buddha) and *Dear [Blank] I Believe in Other Worlds* (Phylum). She blogs at *Spooks by me*. Work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Dusie*, *New Messes*, *Small Town*, *MiPoesias*, *h u n d r e d s*, *~*~W_O_M_B~*~*, and elsewhere. *Moving Walkways*, a full-length, limited-edition chapdisk, is forthcoming from Narrowhouse Recordings.

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