

Simone White or, on being the other woman

heaped therefore resolutely heaped
beside myself on the bed next
I fetch my son's pretzels, but preservative
liquor, opened could powerfully sear
also battle me between your visits an i
bottled am /less /pure
semidogmatic pressed me toward
an apparent respite allowing violent or
almost?

we go to the room for stories, nestled
kumped or thrown together we and things
for very little children Camden worrying a nipped benefit engineered a loop a figure eight an snramp a mother
needing for Udonk park and pink and the tiny pitchforks he and i discover in the side of some plastic grass an
instrument's use bears a direct relation to our activity in observing
its constructed angle

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monitoring a stink bug's progress, or, beautiful random application of remorseless violence:
there, my boy has begun to apprehend such concepts as effluence, better identified as interested longing, does this
one like me? maybe he doesn't like me? Cook the Bough, windy undifferentiated consonants unworked
words please me so, one day i'll tell how much time was there before he could evolve in me anything like
interest, his thought interests me, i date from discussion of the need to use a pot or toilet for shit, in a few days i
would fall into a rage on the street arguing with my mother on the telephone,
what makes me if her desire vibrates as pleading packed in insult

in my guise as woman work and insomnia
rattle through they are grates money
wornies giving my whole body such job
interviews
saying interaB
k
kinds of nothing about how all of it came
to pass
is this about money? my inability to pass into the moneyed upper middle class to which i had been "raised" /
promoted? one thinks one has refused, i really hate liberals, i do not like to hear the troubles of middle class
persons fussing about their children's use of cell phones

what if i misdirect or misuse what i now know about the feminine crucible? my boy inquires about my anger,
somehow knows it is for i against something not him at all, just wants to know what, you don't like ES? no, no, i
like him, i'm sorry /... mostly i have
been
able to decide what aspects of my own potency my child will witness
when i break ties with man and refuse to keep with the tradition of femininity
Ponder as my action is a lump of mass action or it is exactly, such as to choose to act precisely in emotional
ways
the emotions are the cortex of reason
then my heart tells me the way
as there is no way
my boy and i rely on media to keep me strong enough to love.

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i like science fiction because
Something terrible is going to happen
suppose it is the "the ocean" under this Boeing belching white whatever you say, mommy, ok okay
Chinese will come over all these very rich their big boats, "trousser" and so on will come over all the mess
see, "travels" instead turn over tones of words ending in -all that lose their significance and exactitude within
seconds
a casualty of brain injury and exhaustion, both, is memory loss
you will open part of your head and let six months repeated words you had already said but i didn't say
anything out of delicacy or tenderness or timidity
i don't say they like you are still working
what possible conditions could exist that require you to work without shelter while your brain sweats
who is your wife
come home the terrible thing

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Du Bock teaches radicalization is possible.
adolescent boys living temporarily in my home, one like my own child, my brother's son, these words might
have meaning for someone reading, like my own child, regard it as an undifferentiated space in which to pile
up the pleasures of a clandestine world. There are few absolute pleasures
losing track of devices they read all these power sources and stations to connect
my need for certain kinds of privacy, kindness, results in occasional inability to share personal space, surely
related to believing that i am pursued or envied by full-sized food empty water, glasses full of poop lying
the rim of the toilet seat (at some point, cleaning a toilet seat, i'm like, is pee corrosive?) unmetted socks of others
i must constantly clean up
in early life among loud, not-gente, numerous family of origin, later, the man with whom i shared my homes, each
deeply silent, somewhat ill.
i'm not revolted by evidence of the lived lives of other people.
effective means of housekeeping categorically interest me
the pleasures of a clandestine house... There are few absolute pleasures
as my life gradually becomes too busy to properly clean my own home, i paid another woman to clean, Patricia
cleans my house now, even while i am away, working in another town, she watches so the boys don't harm
anything they have not been warned not to harm
the fight with my mother about the boys' occupation
i registered a decent rate of pay in a tenure-track job at the University of Pennsylvania, more than one person
in my family accused me of being "angry and frustrated" in the space of one week, but i feel safer and more
fulfilled than ever, "height of my territorial power" for a week, i shared my bed with my son, was arranged for
five days together in two cities, not New York, after many months, falling apart, my ex-husband made blurring
sounds at me in my house in front of my child while i had eating a piece of pizza and waited for him to leave i
received the first copy of my new book
don't try to explain that i have changed, i don't feel much when people call me names or the functional
equivalent, miserable, delusional, immoral
i have things a sense of things that belong to me that i have dung to such as an apartment, possessions, while
they are not a mathematical index, can focus the instincts and point toward
what must be sacrificed.

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these few tones rae innumerate until a melodic note
i've never heard anywhere else lee is composer prince of melancholy being related to sex and money which
way i start
overly each outcry, could you repeat once more the urgently communicable passions of us, the only thing i
can think of like it is the snail that shows the ally face beamed to the left, laughing and crying, bated in the
single or primary nature of space-time falls therefore not of its place, drops off comically in a dool, comedy is
thus lost regarding the dual opportunities presented by catastrophe such as stroke
every time Jerry J shows up on a track now there is some comedy in it,
well, you say no to archaic busy Jerry J
i for 45 minutes, concurrently i worked out a pretty nuanced system for talking about power/Glode, trap has
developed as a means figuratively to spend it and beyond words go... so, so an emotional robot
system for desire in our lifetime, one specifically attuned to the horror whiteness performs in the presence of
black men, the absolute goal of US society is to securitize interior persons and movies against the threat of
the alienness of them, which is a lot of on-enrichly
let them speak for themselves
what means therefore to reveal very precisely how pussy pops or why it would pop for you why is this funny
trying to think of a poetic instance outside lesbian feminism
always and my pussy
in the middle of trees
like a waterfall
like a doorway to god
outside the figure also, also outside a system of diamonds or gold teeth or stippers or rapturous marriage
i cannot think of a single poem, someone else will know and write to me in disgust
using language to say
when at last i am with you again and you begin to press yourself inside me
an inch or less at a time
i am so relieved not to be myself and never want to be myself again and have felt grateful for all the ways i
have spent, my vagina has spent, all of me seems to have lived up to now
as pathway
for what passes through us
i have used this music, its metaphorical alienness, as a proxy for the unbearable ways my body declares itself
expensive or central to anything that is, i think
about the ways this might be wrong, or how, Dag asks, to think an ethical way of being in relation to the black
men i know and do not
i continue to fail to propose to the New York Times an essay on the role Meek Mill has played in this, if this
could be a way of educating others to reduce the possibility of incarceration for long

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What is the relation between pleading and womanhood? is how the problem came to me in the night,
caution has set in regarding language proposals, compositional possibilities
attunement to deep activities of the mind is still hot
i should not speak wantonly even freely of my theory of externalization
not forget i am the subject of opinions and attempts, that i have given up total privacy in writing about the real
conditions of my life, it is some kind of shock to be of the order and also talking about oneself.
reflex, circuits built in physical and metaphorical terms
others would turn us at the touch-point if there were empathy
it is so much worse than that it is over an ever rising an initial alignment being a woman allows me out the
erotic vibrations of the speaking body
forces are not requests
such requests as between what i conduct physically i see myself attempting with my pain to rotate the fields
between us so as to open his understanding
as to me or to what i'll up that is not death? this i attribute to all the ways i have become a woman
as way
orientation with respect to any outer worlds that might be
also time's hatred of the possibility of responsiveness the action of time as ritual against as such plays or
exposure
to wait a person in
black

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got me a real mistress and she independent—Gurna

i have become misaligned or crooked with respect to the field
of dependency basic
Ally a free radical
if i lead looking at the word independent i can see it surrounded by practices of sex work
it is always pussy that gives me value and this, fact of undeniable facticity,
must also enter my estimation of the state of my own essence, the form my life takes have beenark intensity
desolate facticity
whenever means i use to accomplish liberation will lead inevitably to the destruction of someone's marriage
that's true
"you rail against me?"
my lover writes to me we use an encrypted form of digital messaging as if anyone cares what we say to one
another certainly i do not believe that anyone does but there are his wishes
men as they exist in their bodies are not the subject of my interest so i do not "rail against" them
that is a misrepresentation of the whole of my aesthetic and phenomenological project
which involves taking up the vision i have been given of my own freedom
i have been given a vision of it, the highest use
the white woman who own the fancy nail salon i go to feed the manager i loved, a black woman photographer
who treated me with professional respect, respect for my time, my lack of it, she knew my work and the work
of my sister, she let me use my paid-for nail as a place to weep behind the screen of her conversation,
using herself as a blessed covering for me, i needed,
those lothies don't want me in here
i understood i had witnessed an act of aggression against our presence, our desire to be adorned, to have
comforts, to cultivate the not of this corruptible
all is deathly glory
the nigger woman is the mistress of the world
optimal dependency being a flowering of sexual and other forms of competition

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Indeed the field articulated as has been is a mode of transit to and fro in a determinate plane a machine
parallelism
slide, even, a thought that allows for the permanent possibility of trajectory
when what arrests, contracts, seizes time in time
swallows, causes the secure ego to become anxious
the round back of pouncing animals
my enveloping compatibilite
& all my
movement unruly and disorganized in this beautiful quantum wilderness
these are the materials

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The text of this poem has been designed to preserve formal
elements coincident with composition via several layers of

technology (cell phone, Google Docs etc). Ironically, the poem is best read on tablet and computer screens. This and all poems are a problem for HTML and coders interested in solving that problem should contact the author.

Simone White's most recent book is *Dear Angel of Death*. She lives in Brooklyn and teaches at the University of Pennsylvania.

02/02

e-flux journal #92 — June 2018 Simone White
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