

Nora Treatbaby
Three Poems

e-flux journal #116 — march 2021 [Nora Treatbaby](#)
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01/06

x

and when we came to a spatial space
it was lines and hues set against
words and their policies
one could act an anchor to the world like 'weird'
and another just a diversion, like 'woman'.

a word
is unlivable
just go out
and scream
the crisis
in each
sound
be gay

Errorlove

A flaw. Could there be conceived a more superior opening? An injury to the outwardness of things / a leak in time's little shell. We are witness not so much to ourselves as to each other, and so it is that we appear in the emotional history of perception. So flush with strata. Awash in taxa. Species defined at the end of its variation. The indivial is but a small remainder. We are given the clean slate of a perfect silhouette. Reality being primordial, we undergo it. Thrown universe, slightly adrift of the outline. Spilt from a thong. An ear turned inwards to the gravitational law of thine own genitals. What disturbs the placid waters of the celestial dish? Politics and the gist of it. Ideas abound and I am divided. The sky is like a melted swatch expanding like the universe towards imperceptible constructions. Perfect for conversation. I recounted my day at work and sort of just whimpered a dying rose into my ice water. We sketched a cosmogony of depth. Found none. Is time a delay? We devise each other in exchanges of that nature although at this conjuncture all the world's a contract. The self is its continually deferred penalty. Metaphysics builds a house but not a home. Nonetheless you've fashioned the boards and planks of my ass into a bed for your hand. How does one move as if foliage? Quivering in rebellion against those that reason duplicating beauty could be anything but a distrust in what is near to the source of what is. This photography of the wind zips us into skin from the organized ocean. My eyes are sewn into this version of seeing. Each to each, till we are all just eaching. For want of perfect explanation, and so it is we are dominated. Identity rents us to each other. And yet for flaw, there is nowhere to appear. The world is complete and unlimited. Unlimited renewal, complete opening. One penis snapping in the wind flagging naught.

Little Ditty

love is the porch
upon which I sit
and ponder the
tree its antinoise
which does not
occur

beauty is supposedly
as a drop of dew
a collection of
repeated elements
dissipating into the dome

whence does the rivulet
enjoy the source
of the arching cypress?
who knew 'twould
fuck so?

Earth is dropping hints
like "I'm real"
and "love me"

Nora Treatbaby is the author of the chapbooks *Ammo In Hairdo* (Impunity Press) and *Hope Is Weird* (Other Weapons). Her work is published in *Nat. Brut*, *Apricity*, *Sublevel Magazine*, and *Nightboat*, and others. She does not spend her time.

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