

RACHEL LEVITSKY

*

REALISM
(A WORK IN PROGRESS)

duration e-books

2

Realism (a work in progress) is copyright © 2001 Rachel Levitsky

published as a duration e-book by durationpress.com.

duration press / durationpress.com

31 Laura Street, 2ND floor

Providence, RI 02907

REALISM
(a work in progress)

Under the Moonless

It distracts her
So she cannot leave it easily.

In this room the correspondence always begins with the turtle.
(In the serial novel.)

The turtle is herself always.
Apparent in a physical way despite
her lack
which for the lady
is physical.

One day she decides to meet the turtle and makes a trip on a plane to do so.

Lady flies
a lot

on planes.

Upon Arrival

Turtle sits and looks at Lady.
Lady cannot return the

more-than-a-glance.

(Eyes//windows.)

Turtle can't read the scene
Her reflection is blacked out in the
Eyes//window.

Lady is falling asleep.
How can Lady sleep?
Turtle puts her hand

In front of Lady's eyes.
Lady wakes
Gasping for breath.

A conversation from which what is remembered is only what each themselves has said.

If the brain could be two
Instead there is another,
An ocean, and so many hills and eddies.

&

Mud. Lady loses her shoes wears shoes in the snow which have holes is always looking for a better means of transportation.

Turtle has stolen pants from the diner. She knows when not to wear them. Frightened when she considers the one day. She will forget. Consequences are everywhere. Apparently apparent to turtles.

Lady takes herself to the bar in order to remember what she is.

Is capable of.

(Every story about women is sung to the tune of virtue.)

On every block on every coast there is a bar on the same corner. In some the bar stools are objects of envy and longing. There is a young, er . . . , woman who painters herself into the picture. Composed, in shades of beige and red. Sitting very straight. A posture of wait. Uninterrupted. Like that crazy wife of his. Here she is, in the bar, waiting.

Turtle closes the diner, cannot find her mood because it is the night when there is not moon. She puts out a hand, looking for Lady. Sees only dark hand. Lady is somewhere on a speeding plane. No pilot, no destination but down. No theory but seeds, carried by birds, to make weeds.

Lady lifts herself up, giving away her stool, spins and spins though she no longer can, perfectly or imperfectly well as like a child and perhaps she can fall. Seeks (seeds) (maple seeds) theory to break the fall. A delay. Not now. Later, when she can fall.

Breakfast into a bottomless pit. The food looks good but doesn't taste good. All the people in the room pretending it's delicious. Lady looks at them and knows, doesn't understand the aim of this game but can guess the strategy. She is having motivational issues and trouble with authority. She lives widely in dream and invention; words come off the pages of every text at once—a trail can no longer be marked. Hansel and Gretel. Lady sides with the witch and never wears sun block.

Turtle looks at her with a twitch in the face. Search and paternal. A dumbfounded confusion. A strange compulsion. To squint to understand. Crooked and indeterminate is the method. An indefinite constant. Purview of this lady. Turtle is seeking, to be guided by something more permanent than bread crumbs.

Turtle asks for knowing. Things that are definite, not consequence.
(Why it is to Lady she looks for this, toward the

(Lady who seems to steadfastly (steadily) decompose
to lend herself to whichever

Four breasts meet
Eye to Eye
Not satisfied
With seeing

Wisdom isn't everything, nor beauty, nor being good, even particularly good in bed. More vexation of the spirit.

Lady is spirited//Turtle is tried by gluttony.

Lady's gluttony.

They speak without words, without understanding a single

One. Turtle presses down on Lady. Lady watches her now.

One day or season leads to another. One arm turns into another. Everything stops at the third, on the third day, and the fourth. Four days ago. Another four days to go.

They'll all go

to another city.

Lady clicks her heels
falling into another.

Supine is her favorite position.

Supreme is her favorite adjective.

Mirth her favorite emotion.

Sun Salutation

On you hands and your knees
Head against the wall

My people, she says
There are things for which

Even we
lose words.

Forever and ever
No joke and no wisdom

No relish in repetition
or risk

Where is the food, the chair, the table
Where is my head, your hand, gravity

Where is there room
In this room,

Under the table
Besides the white

Bedspread

Beginning with contrast, Turtle holds her hand behind her back, couples it with her other hand and places a knee on Lady. Holding Lady down with her knee raises the coupled fist above her head and brings it down. Lady closes her eyes turns her head and feels something on the inside of her stomach. This unusual reaching in with no fingers. Lady clamps down, releases, births another. Now there are three.

Each night in her dreams Turtle walks and sees: spectacles:
freezing people
the freezing of people
naked devils//sexy poses
sadism and postures filled
with Roman tents
religious lover

her lady screaming
a third
nameless
ever present

The Map

While they are walking Lady sees the map under their feet, she cannot believe its colors, fluorescent. Which is a sign. She has been forgetting to notice signs or to believe in fortune. She is willfully disobeying her rules. It doesn't matter, the path has been sown, either before or after.

It brings joy and tumult.

Turtle smells her pits. They are stale diner. Fish. She doesn't yet eat fish.
Lady on the coast, her feet in the water. Searching for fish.

Vanity as turning away,
Lady bends Embrace.

Turtle and Lady make a new contract. An occupation of looks and resistance to meaningful speech. Once upon a time they were stories. This one already written.

Turtle believes
in something new.

Reading Absence Reading Absence

Like the White Canvas, Silence makes the interpreter angry. The gallery gets filled by white and anger. She can't see nor take comfort in Burgundy and Dark Blue Shaded By Darker Blue—that which she likes to call

Crow
or
Pigeon Seen as Hawk.

Gray Against Gray (Alliance.)

Makes her feel sad or
ineffably hopeful, or
febrile with desire.

Named: No One Understands Me Except the Unattainable Lover Who Baffles With What They Do Not See In Me.

That Black Mess of Scribbles with Some Red

Similar to Silence
ever more sinister
its sneakish way of
infiltrating
the otherwise
laid-to-rest of
infuriating uninterrupted waste of
unloading into the aura of
the viewer.

(for silent reading):

*Plutonium, Microbes, Hydrofluorocarbons, Benzine, Zinc, Phosphorous, Nitrates, Eutrophication, Vermin, Funk,
Flies, Maggots, Chiggers, Lime Ticks, Earwigs Strep, Staff, Incest, Rabid Bats in the Attic, Pore Grease, DDT,
PCB &c.)*

(return to speech):

The Writer of Prose
fills her space with
question marks for
the reader, written as
statements, as
periods, a deception.
Makes her
(the reader)
doubt the names assigned,
the connections formed with
epiphanies of
the future.

The Writer of Prose rejects the unknown; Knowledge isn't renewable resource, fossil fuel, petroleum, Acid Rain—though its transformations are acceptable, as a concept.

In her Book of Love the patients kick each other. All the lovers who enter quickly into the affair despite Lingering Doubt are committed to the Hospital where they have a chance to safely kick, slam bats into mats, scream at seemingly unsuspecting passersby.

In her Book of Love the consumers pose in front of backdrops visible only to the other viewers who will see: deception, naiveté, repetition, fear. The lover/consumer has a different view, through a false window of her own design, harmony, faultlessness, the healing power of her good love.

In her Book of Fantasy, Sexual and Other/wise, the writer of prose writes of bridges and tunnels, train stations, fast cars not moving, addiction.

The addicted who make search their occupation, are marked by erudition and swagger. Their music is very loud and makes them conspicuous to the neighbor. The neighbor is very loud which makes them the neighbor.

The Neighbor is always a problem. He asks questions but remains unmarked, unfixed. She marks him with her irritation. She makes him small. He is six feet five. He acts on a soap. He is an electrician who works at night. He stands in front of the door all day, smoking cigarettes. He drinks non-alcoholic beer. He is buff. He works out everyday, even on Sunday.

The stippled White Canvas makes the viewer, whose hand is trembling, who is now an addict, nervous, and angry to be nervous. Her erudition is now gibberish, interruption interpreted as high art by the spectators who cannot hear. No worry, the noise is visual. The addict is a wrack of nerve.

(She counts the chapters backwards, the neighbor moves quickly forward.)

Life Off the Farm/Live Off the Farm/Live Of the Farm

I went to hell today. So I know hell. I have returned to tell you. What it is and, that I know it, and that I have returned for more, to go back and get some more.

More than a season. Hell is more than a season. More than a season of the soul, the body, the earth's body, the earth's soul. More than rotation and sleeping and waking and dreaming and forgetting and remembering and forgetting quickly. Memory that challenge. I remember hell perfectly well thank you. No need to apologize. You too, the two of you, both, in hell too.

I'm poised to say what it is but I'm frightened. No one has told me the penalty for disclosure. Acknowledgement. Recognition. Confession. After all, and I've been to hell.

There is an idea about heaven. About the silence there, silence and gray and the clouds moving quickly without sound. There are days like that. When we are in them we question our existence, the sound coming out of our throat stays stuck between our ears. We doubt the reality of the couple, two hundred feet away even when right upon them. Days like that. Days like heaven, even if we are sad. We remember them and doubt the memory. We wonder if the memory of heaven is memory of fact or dream.

Understand. These are parables, aphorisms and metaphors. I have my reasons and cannot tell you what they are. Telling would defeat me. I am pretty sure telling could be the end of me, my repetition, return, my seasons and their ghosts.

Airports, Bus Stations, underutilized working class malls, random video games floating in cavernous public space, their wires hanging and black, cities without sidewalks—could be what you have thought of as hell.

I'll tell you. Hell is no noisier, no more colorful, no (ore)more pleasurable nor busy than what you might perceive as Heaven. It's you the viewer who have lost your thick skin. Your veins, they show—down to the capillaries in you fingernails. Look, here you are red like a dog. Look, here you are blue.

Once upon a time when you flew.

Once upon a time before you doubted your agility.

Once upon a jigsaw puzzle that concealed the other jigsaw path
you were gliding upon.

At which age it hadn't yet occurred not to trust that which was bigger than you.

At which age your impulse was to protect that which was smaller.

When you believed you mattered to a thing if the thing mattered to you.

At which age your skin was intact, your genitals open.

Hell most always begins as heaven.

Interlude

I bounce upon you in the morning as though a poodle or a puppy. Messy mouthful.
Beware these confusions, choices of metaphor. Hubris is the suspension of doubt.

(I don't know what carries the stronger penalty, to tell or not tell.)

Who Knows the Essence of a Thing is Red and Cannot Be Duplicated Before Fading
(Shadowlife)

Three terms are necessarily uneven.

They are:

water and air and the boundary between the two

-you can see

-air presses against water

-the boundary hasn't got anything to say about it

There are two margins and a mass, one margin attached to the mass, the other margin on the other side of the line, a thin red line, but it can be black and/or blue. I am speaking here of a country. The same could be said for a page.

[I tell myself:

pull the narrative into a visual scheme

disturbing and pleasing

harmonious study of color

read Wittgenstein

nah, well, only if it's fun]

Architectures of Knowing/Buildings on Shoulders/Of Books No End but Weary Flesh

The verb pitch singing
The verbing pitch slinging

For the critics (a bone, not a pome)
Refer to as: ego
Read as: in ego, out ego
in ego
creatures
carrying
their house
(cockroach)
for whom
the outside is the inside
boundary a given
get to seek the)pure(themselves
get back-aches often

[This may be theory
broken into lines.
Unclear
if keeping it vague
makes it
poetry or theory.]

Around Turtle a line where she keeps the ground dry
Movement is this serial
serial positioning
of shots, flashes
in the room
where there is no room
for negotiation
not negotiated, each particular position, leaves a line,
from which she, gets to simply see she
has become a little eyes crossed from all these
havings of lines

Out egos for whom
self-definitions a compulsion
done for another
not spilling
defining
Self not as
something, as
something
negotiable

difficult to finish.

V A P O R

I am a sad sign of flesh weakened. By a profusion of rooms, texts, tush.

Verb bird, or is it bird verb

If she is me is you who is the me in this situation, is both confident and embarrassed. a line of letters, a pile of wordings. some fiction. the entire class now knows what we've been up to. I am not messing around, nor playing around, nor getting around—but need a method for this relationship which will make not mess the ego. I am the ego here. Unfriendly ego one whose pleasures may be narrowly defined.

Pleasures

What is seen does not implicate the viewer.

Less so when she lacks her camera.

The camera was stolen. Then the voice too.

Lady is implicated but not corrupted.

Seen as corrupt by

Only she who sees this like this.

Because she charges \$210.00, doesn't fuck little boys though she would like to. Relegates much (what not, what not to)

(annoyed by repetition version)

to the storybook in the newspaper.

The fire hydrant laying, lying in the mud like a pillar.

Ruin-ed. Is it art then.

This box of unheard of material.

Without Song

What will be put in it.

A dream. In a dream. Because the neighbor was snoring. Because the rain ended at the boundary where we met.

"A side of stolen pants please."

For me, on my side I could smell her

[but smell does nothing for the dead plants].

Touch, on the other hand, corrupts the viewer.

We say they say, it is said. They are wearing, is being worn.

Who are they?

These clouds. They once were being painted. Corrupting them, the painters who cannot help referring. An accent on an image.

I want you as a sound which, for example, corrupts the viewer. I want your arm, thick with muscle, your leg, stronger than his arm.

Who knew before this moment that the leaves would be as children, the flowers like snakes.

We need here a new smell.

The articulation of which

is a sign of collaboration.

War meeting art.

I'm perfect.

Perfected because of what wasn't in fact lost but yes stolen By them? Inside job?

Insurance?

Hidden in storage. Away from the corrupting eyes of prisoners. Ketchup smears. (Popeye)

Solution for the problem. Say it isn't so.

Indulgences: The Penitentiary

Destiny as a life written by the wall, the concrete wall.

acoustic break and repair

wading pool

cacophony in the city

a rush

who gets what

Here we are but have we cancelled yet. Oops. Here we are.

Positions by the wall. Turtle back against it rubbing, scratching, climbing. Lady watching her, wanting to approach, wanting to be aside, astride, wanting nothing behind or in front, but the body, maybe a bed then. Inspiration, expiration. Some sort of blasted noise.

Don't look back.

Prisoners in position by the wall.

The repeated wall.

Pink and green and gray today.

Ashes to Ashes/The Dead who are Dead

Turtle and Lady seen in the park sweating. They're sweet they are.

Today Lady will say nothing and ask forgiveness for her mean and nasty thinking.

No one pays me with the life she leads.

No one pays me for my mean and nasty thinking.

No god strikes me down. No gods. No smear on my hand, my name.

I'd like some schmear. Fear me. TEE HEE.

Erotica

She try to place a hand up the ass-hole.
It is a like putting a square peg in a round hole.
It can be done when the round hole stretches far enough.
But the hole needs to want to stretch. (Canned laughter here.)

This is the prison body. In bits and pieces.
Thank you for the eye. I'll hold it now.
Please though the day is late.
Decimate me. Decapitate me.

They meet there. Without language.
They have expired on each other. The wuh uh, words.

Pantheon

Turtle no longer needs her.
The house is built.
By whom.
The work horse.
The one which limps//that one that limps. Who?
He breaks the lady.
You broke me. Into smile and dry skin.
Your face: erogenous zone.
Build another room.
Fuck me free.
Without A Trace

Everything feels
stolen.
They kept emotions quiet so the animals
would feel less alone.¹(Footnotes)
¹ Tina Darragh

It's so sad to be angry.
Anger is something difficult to eat.
Lady is putting it on an airplane to hell.
The cats will stay with her.

Everything is framed by two.
A couple formed by the shapes of their mouths.
Sucking sugar.
Everyone in the class knows what they want.
As two. Difficult to decide. Too simple.
Three. Choice, anger, difficult to eat.
A living relic garden. Always moving.
(In and Out, In and OUT). Noisy.
Shut her up, out.

Family Plans

They're sorry. A little embarrassed.

But they will do it again and again, as planned.

It's in their plan. Lady considers she should warn them of the danger.

But the blues, the prints are so difficult to decipher, more difficult
to find, in their corners, covered by dust mites and pigeon mites and allergies.

Ha Chew! Haaa Cheew! A fat little cat chews on its edge.

If Lady were to draw anger, it would have no lines while being entirely made up of lines. Like scribble. Like face, on face, on face, on body. Line and plane, train of thought.

The three of them play a trick game of pick up sticks. Turtle nearly wins.

((

*Here are the statues in the square
Here they are so we return
The statue, or the square, like the canvas, the house
The statue, the bulge,
Convex divisions in the wall, on the floor, twos and threes
Mates that don't match
Convex to point and line. division . by .
Aluminum. .Plate...full - - - the missing red everywhere.
Covered.by dark.by distance.by doubt.*

))

And then gave up. They are not sticks they are straws. No weight.
Put them back where she'd found them on the floor.
For one this meant a windfall.

(Wind through straw.)

(Straw wrapped in plastic.)

For the other the plain
opposite.

On her hands and trains.

Legs and planes.

Defeat
Foolhardy explanations
Power and sensibility

Greatness.Gone.Ghost.
Or was it
Gone Great Ghost

For the Night
green upon green
black upon black

The mist makes a small gray
Spot, behind which
Men die snakes
emerge wakefully

At home, night mutes activity Lady isn't part of.
She's tried, she's tired, not in body or mind, nor soul
that magical thinking place. No, no.
The maneuverer of time, of space
is crooked.

Present Tense/The Factory

At the school of time and vision, the master paints one
identical painting
each day while
muted apprentices
consider.

At the school of time and space in time
there is no paint.
Canvases are stretched
large or small.
There is great speed and
no hurry.

At the school for change painters have two rooms each.
In one there is an icy drag queen whose bare back
is all that's seen by mothers. In
the other is a brother and
a natural scenery. All motion is opening
doors.

At the school of schools there is a fabulous laughter
for every name.

The Clouds

Are infinitely more
Intimidating
On Lady's coast
Where ladies wear high
Heels and black
Frocks, where suddenness is
The repertoire.

The Wall/Against the Wall/Camouflage Theory

Not a predator, but homeless. A slow cloud mackerel sky.

In the theory of likes and likes
the couple who walks down the street
wears unremarkable clothing. No man
stops them, to take a picture
that will later be used
for pornographic purpose—
though at times
they are pretty
as a picture

On the train they don't
need to be gendered—
when they are watching
though cannot control
who genders them
especially the one of them
with lipstick and a red shirt
tight over ample boobs*

As ungendered see-ers watching
well, they are looking
at different things, though
not necessarily looking at them
differently: how one is
good-looking; how the sexy one
isn't that same one

how much the luscious
breast flesh with tattoo
contributes, annihilates
certain effects of aging
and acne

how the one next to her
who is quick to hostility
hasn't got gender
's got no gender at all

The Rock

Mouth product (talk) became enemy. Erasing lady.
Turtle under the rock of it, getting shady. Getting ragey.

They meet their abstractions in the flesh. They live in the house. Gray (against gray) is placed into a boundary of wall. (The wall boundary.) Curved or straight, descending point and line, between what and what. The productive issue of control, emperor Turtle. (Corners recreate confusion.) Glass or skin. Control of self or control of lover. Or controlling each other, like painting. Bodily. Liver.

Under the Rock

Angry and angry to be angry
missing her salty dog
her diner stench
the sun is warm the window wide
her face unchanged, unchanging
though she's changed, is charged
is charging
to be put in charge
by high end scribbles (revelatory)
and cheap scribbling over (hidding)
hidden, revealed

Mother Love

My dear I have a confession to make I do not want to leave the confines of my body though its limits almost predictable the mind is so much so galactic my body's absorptive remarkable do not punish for the sound okay though the cost I understand Infidelity.

Indefinitely.

The body determines the limits of *recherché*.

I do not wish beyond it I want you there

just beyond it.

Ghost Off Her Coast

From the plane
Lady walks out onto a thousand clouds &
Drops onto Turtle's city
Trying to get to
One lovely spot where there was sun.

After flight doesn't return
to the ground.
Hovers perpendicular
Or is it adjacent, next to but upright
Foot down. Has
seen it from above
from the map
below the feet.

Below the feet lines like scribble, above like steps, the stages, the world like a stage, one in a circle and then
in the blind spot the thing that is surprising, the line experience won't define, pipelines, witch fisheries, the
spout, the singular train, the stop line of the rain, the race, the boats racing.

Arrives alone like the rain, arrives again the rain passover, passes over.

Lady's coast is made for return. Turtle's for yearn. Across the wideness, the third. Term.

The Way We Were

Titters to what love means, an idiom/an excessive
hysterical overload of language

How were we? Oh, happy, I guess, one at a time that is.

Turtle and Lady resist physical violence.
For some reason.

Two and two makes three:
)hair on the chest
)hair on the head
)hair on the chest

Like calls like “destiny”
Unlike without destiny (but down)(but not questioned)
repelled by the ideational violence of the concept
a thing that is nothing but a feeling
which produces nothing and destroys feeling

But to see them
Like packs of street dogs

In step, in light step
In the light of their step
In light of steps. Up up up.
And for what.

Lady crouches in the dark
Rolls over, flicks genitals.

Dubious notion
the advantage of three
can we help it,
someone somewhere
narrates by singing

Lady is a line in a threefold cord
quickly and tactlessly broken

Her maps are nothing
but paper on paper on paper

Gender, which is generally seen
Gender, which it's possible
to be without.

[I want to laugh here.

Everyone.]

Gender, which it's possible
to be without.

[Go head, the tittering
helps.]

In other words
torture or pissing against the wall.

This may be what we think of as
the present.

As two they are one are slippery are ennui.
As two they have rules have neighbors.
Every choice a choice between
selling and suffering/.../

Every painting the same
shift, of time, of color
a magical realignment of space
exaggeration of singular bodies
body type bodies

A General Levity

The peaches and blues
are appealing and
distrusted by
the academicians
who insist upon
red shoes with their
red pants.

On the other hand
the urban sun
is a trickster sent
by the whales
when they
flipped ships

Who amongst us
doesn't sell /:/:/
consorts with neighbor

There is much
we can say
about fracture.

Why we bother.

The Neighbor

Brothers and sisters
black and white
poor and gilded surfaces
where the sky is close

The half moon
least remarkable
so unsentimental
it needn't be hidden

(to be continued. . .)