

Sappho coined the phrase *aithussomeno*, the way that leaves move when nothing touches them but the afternoon light. I read this, having been touched many times, since my first experience of that dance in the air. Leaves caught in the moment of anticipating. I am still within the moment of anticipating...

To begin by reading back into:

I am steadied by the rains of you.

"matrimony"

*mater* means "mother"

*-monium* signifies "action, state, or condition."

Does the commitment change the fact?

Writing back into: I will always be slightly single.

Reading back into: You are monumental.

Read Carson reading Sappho:

*pour*.

My writings are examples – signposts – signals of my existence in this world.

Writing back into: The function of remembering. We watched her rains pour upwards into the sky. Now I am under your downpour. Your waters are both steady and erratic and I am often caught in the eye of the storm.

Is the act of worrying the device of sewing?

Am I drought in some new format?

Writing back into: She talked about corners and the abyss and a desire to jump into it.

Read: Woolf (the fatigue and the river).

Read: Hölderlin (the abyss of dementia).

Read: Plath (a head in the oven).

Read: Sexton (a dangerous breath).

I am writing deep within the death space.

Anne Carson said, 'I will do anything to avoid boredom. It is the task of a lifetime.'

Read: tasks that I can relate to.

Writing back into: I am a mother having never mothered. I am your mother when she is lacking. You are my mother when I am hungered.

Writing back into: Rhythm me. Horror the day when I am out of words.

Writing back into: I am scraping against your etymology; searching for more narrativized verse.

Read Cixous: to be *plural* enough for *maternal goodness*. To punctuate the body of the text with thoughts of mothering— not to be read by just anyone.

To write back into and roll back under and be read until I have no pages left, or to be sprouting sheets from every orifice.

Read Rose, who notes a disturbance of the visual field at the level of sexual difference. You don't need to read queer theory to live a queer life. You don't need to have a body that functions to have an awakening between your thighs.

Casting death as a woman. Writing back into: She, the most powerful pen.

I met death through writing and loved pulled me to new words. I climbed up over letters and am still searching for the root of the world.

Death is a mother and she held me in bowel, ready to digest me. Writing is a mother and she held me in bowel, ready to digest me. I am a mother, birthing new works.

Always writing from Love: I am moving in many directions at once. Read Cisoux, who was *pregnant with beginnings*.

Read Rich, who is reading Curie, whose *wounds came from the same source as her power*. To write from the well of womanhood, to write from the wound of flesh.

Read Popova reading *the vessel into which we pour [our] ambivalences*. You are the vessel into which I pour.

To write back into: You are the tempest, ever crashing thunder. Of better, nothing other.

Read Barad being read by Küng and *take responsibility for that which we inherit*. When the curator is your lover.

I am the surface of your skin—like the earth, warmed by the sky. I am your skin in many instances; I am holding you together.

Read Schwartz: *A poetic is always living in kletic time, whatever her century*. A kletic poem calls or summons deities. I summon Sappho with my mind.

As a woman, should I re-name myself *Hysteria*?

Writing back into: I am cacophonous Sapphic collapse across many decades. To be wary of names. I am lover. I am brother. I am sister. I am mother. I am father. I am writer. I am confidant. I am commiserate. I am cousin. I am child. I am elder. I am infant.

I am meeting women across history.

I hear you after you have been reflected back off of surfaces. Your delivery always needs work. To write back into you: Echo, the meaning of.

Read Fountain reading Muñoz, who said *we are not yet queer*. Writing back into: *The not yet*. Read Ahmed.

Writing is a sculpture.

The mouth is a vessel. Writing back into: A circular dining table. A coming together. *It should look like it has been there forever.* We will write ourselves into the neighbourhood.

Writing back into:

Read Carson reading Sappho: *I want.*

The space for the writerly can easily be a space devoid of speech . . . what a relief!