



*fitting a witch /
hexing the stitch*

jacklyn janeksela

the operating system
brooklyn new york
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the operating system print//document

fitting a witch / hexing the stitch

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fitting a witch / hexing the stitch







advance praise

“From girlhood bewitchment to womanly witchiness, from doll burials to menses and mental incantations, I can feel the uniquely quirked cycle of ghostly spells and development and growth and strong female power, creatively bubbling and boiling and gurgling and beautifully growling throughout this hexing collection. Whether it’s sinking down, rising up, or dripping, this creative flow is strong and sticky and glowing.”

~Juliet Cook

“Janeksela’s *Fitting a Witch//Hexing the Stitch* is part lyric, part invocation and part spiritual memoir. She contemplates the thin lines between upbringing, religion and spirituality in a well-wrought text that sheds light on the ‘dark’ arts. There is no darkness in Janeksela’s lyrics; there is light, freedom and the power to deftly create one’s present existence from the raw materials of the past.”

~Airea D. Matthews

“Like all good poetry, Jacklyn Janeksela’s poetry is a straddler – occupying the future and the past, the earthly world of pigtails and red dresses as well as the other world of the devil and astral plane. If you read this book, you will become a straddler too, a person who is both enchanted and possessed.”

~Juliet Escoria





fitting a witch into a jar





she fit me into a jar before i knew i could fit

when your mom makes a pencil holder out of a tin can
covers it with gold wallpaper and says there you go, like nothing
your mom is an undercover witch

when your mom makes five dozen oatmeal raisin cookies
the night before the party and doesn't break a sweat or curse once
your mom is a kitchen witch

when your mom gives you a piece of fool's gold and some agates,
then hides it next to your porcelain doll and your baby tooth jar
your mom is a crystal witch

when your mom makes sure that you have an all-white
canopy bed and some cheap but legit white chiffon billowy bits
your mom is a good witch

when your mom shows you that she can move an
empty class on the kitchen counter without touching it
your mom is a magic witch

when your mom puts you in all white from the stockings
to the patent leather shoes and a wide brimmed flexi-hat
your mom is a Santeria witch

when your mom draws rabbits as big as cats and cats as small as
flowers, sketches trees without leaves and says bring it to life
your mom is a tricky witch

when your mom makes you dresses with pleats and cross-stitching,
matching aprons, and hair pieces all monochromatic and shit
your mom is a designer witch

when your mom silences the neighborhood kids just with
one look, makes your dad go quiet with her hands on her hips
your mom is a powerful witch

when your mom makes costumes for Halloween rather than
buy them at the store and her make-up skills are on point
your mom is a real witch





cornflowers plucked like eyelashes from her face.

a crow on t.v. says, there's more than corn
 in indiana but i can't see more than corn
 outside the neighborhood on the road i
 take to get to my friend's house
 a cornfield occupies hundreds of acres
 we trek through
 the rows at night, muddying
 our shoes picking corn worms from collars
 and hair writhing like most
 natural things i gag on the rotten ears
 that have spent days in the mud

a flashlight shines on her face and she's white
 almost like
 a ghost, but she's not a ghost
 though at this time of night one can
 never be certain
 so i pinch her and she doesn't scream
 she screams peeling back a husk
 the color or someone's hair
 i see her face a cloudy version
 all bumpy with seed and grain
 smelly like fresh mulch, wet leaves vaginas
 the corn blue of
 her jeans, a lake
 or a puddle, a sky brought down to soil-level
 a place where any girl can come to
 clean or at least admire her very dirty face

||| 8 ||| |





doors like vaginas

because i am not old enough, i have to wear turtlenecks
under low-cut dresses
to provoke man is a sin equal to adultery, affirms a church matron
i think i am 10-ish or so

those big red puffy sleeves make me crazy for the dress
 & the ruffled apron garnish
i want to get married in red, but i'm told to stop talking
 that's silly talk & god blesses good little virgin vaginas

what is cleavage? is that like cleaver, like butcher knives in scary movies?
someone covers my mouth
 & i touch the palm with the tip of my tongue

i am so sick of writing "i will not blahblahblah" a hundred times
to rid myself of sin

church is a waste of time
 but good thing we're baptist
 so we don't have to kneel like those catholics
i tell this to my brother, but only telepathically
 because he's a spy like the rest of the lot

cover the four corners
& i swear they are talking about
 a banquet table or a table of any size or a bed
ears pierced -13, makeup -16, driving -18
no dating, i am engaged to god or his son -maybe both
 i didn't verbally refuse, thus it is so

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///9///





at sunday school we write devil on the bottoms of our shoes
but i don't feel right stomping him out
 he's a faithful friend, more than jenny or raven or beth

at night i masturbate with the devil
 mutual masturbation he calls it
he descends upon me like his true self, an angel-dove
tells me i am as powerful as i want to be
he visits every other night, he's a busy man
and does tricks like
 manifests himself in my pillow or my finger
when later i confess to my father-son fiancé
 i swear i can hear the creaking of the door
some say, don't worry, that's just jesus christ coming into your heart

11/10/10





cream soda popsicles and pigtails

post road might not be the one that leads to the pool
but in my mind it is
& that's how i get to the pool in my neighborhood
i kick off dandelion heads with a pair of loose sneakers
that i will one day grow into
 had to throw away the shoe box because mice


my brother bmx biking
his friend's rat tail sways in the wind
 like a power ballad, like a dying worm
they zoom past me & laugh at my wedgie

linking fingers with the chained fence, i see noble romans
has just turned on the neon sign
& all children's bellies simultaneously grumble
 we sound like gothic church organs, dog growls
lunchbox blues with pb&j or meatloaf
 make a freddy kruger claw with carrot sticks
my pigtails make the ranch dressing all watery

my swimsuit has lost the fabric & is mostly
 woven pieces of lycra or spandex
it's flesh-toned, i say to a girl in a robin egg blue number
 decked with white frill around her hips and chest

ice cream sandwich change in a breadcrumb pocket
 but i want a cream soda popsicle &
i want to eat with my feet dangling in the water
 but no food allowed within 5 feet of the edge
i try my luck at the kiddy pool
 but it's all full of piss

the high dive not high enough
but i climb up anyways
after all, it's the only way i can experience
 what it's like to be grown-up, to be a lifeguard





like a star dangling or pre- blackout

lined up, just above our heads
wine and whiskey glasses that we never

ever use because dad's trying to quit
the bottle, but still does cans

the glass rack hangs from the ceiling like i
think my dead cousin wanted to, but

she swallowed a shotgun bullet
instead, her dad doesn't hide in

his garage like my dad does, so
i wonder why dad pulls away from

us, corkscrewed, screwy, looney or
a gene twisted up like my mother's hand

when she can't open the pickle
jar, dad too dizzy to help, so i climb up

on the counter and spin around and around and
around, holding fast to the lid, anticipating

the brine, that vinegar slosh, to make her
smile, maybe even to feel what it feels like

when dad's had a few too many
or like mom says, he's seeing stars

11/12 11/11





magic tricks

we make straw worms
wendy's straws so stout, so plump-ity
they're more like caterpillars than anything else

dad takes like two handfuls
of napkins and ketchup packets, he says,
they're for the glove box & should we have a picnic

sometimes on the way home, dad drives through the
rich neighborhoods & we ohh and ahh at
those big-butt houses –my brother calls them
we see a bike without wheels, the body's in nice shape
that's what dad says, & he turns to us,
go & get that bike, he shout-whispers
& i know he's talking to me because my brother is
always too chicken shit to do stuff like that
burgundy corduroys swishing to my heartbeat

we go behind church dumpsters, too
but only on the weekends because during the week
dad's out of town on business trips, sleeping in hotels –so he says

we find shoes or kitchen utensils, even stuffed
animals for next summer's garage sale slash annual square dance
once, i found a blank diary & two peacock feathers, dad said, happy non-bday

dad & i howl out trash dogs, making the /o/ long
my brother is not into it at all, but i see taking
broken things like making real-life magic

mom warns me about germs & such, fleas, but my
child mind frolics on those garbage pail kid
dreams, we bring stuff back to life, i say

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if bones could sing through loose dirt or harsh winters.

when i did my first burial it was only a plastic doll, but it still counts
when i spilled my sister's blood twice, i had already been prepared for the third time
those are not prayers, but rather incantations of a bantam girl boiling with rage

the killer in the woods a trial of witch proportions
potent enough to induce at least a few tears

children doubled and doubling, all against the single
breast of ms. lilac, whose blouse wet with tears and slobber

reveals a lacey beige bra that i study at length
adults cast me into brimstone, i carve the words death candy in a pole

nothing in class provokes me enough to look up much, but
it will be the nude lace that ribbons my dreams full of plump women climbing

trees, eating shrubs, seething, and it's any patch of woodedness that feels both
foreign and familiar, even a little furry, all the rubbing of trees like stimulation

like the vaginas of so many beasts, and her breasts spilling
out into the classroom for feeding, ducklings splash cloudy puddles

and while most kids make bees their enemies, i fancy
a more passive approach and let them suck the flower

that ghost in the graveyard game is for babies
at night i move dolls with my mind, make monsters of dust bunnies

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after church, i talk to bones buried in the backyard
under the watchful eye of church girls, blonde bombshells

something wicked this way comes, they whisper when i enter the chapel
but they don't know it's me who makes love to jesus, their lover boy

wickedness a synonym for decadent or little girls
who drop panties, tongue a frog, chase the egg

rolling marbles between fingers like miniature crystal ball
it is their names that are written in the book of revelation,

it is their names sewn into the ears of dolls like a stitched heart or an innocent spell
the bones crack when they speak, they crack if i speak
of them, the stories i've yet to tell anyone

1
///15///





how 13 is the perfect age for sin

i dream balloon size bosoms to wash away
cuts along the upper thighs

the girls say words like stretch marks and nipple hair
survey the body with tweezers

mine as naked as an apple skin, those damn
peaches command roundness, really flaunt their fuzz

she says the predicate finishes a thought
but i think it's the period

it's a man's styled shoe that drags alongside me
attached to a leg that used to be mine

and someone's stubble runs along my hands
it never occurred to me the way it all scratches

that cut you see, i say
is the mere manifestation of an unripe girl

unwilling to crack open her egg and let some boy
lick the yolk, the gem of a hymen's eye

i dream all kinds of long golden hair before mine
turns a curl like a lip of a squirrel


when other girls describe the blood designs that
stain a soft pink panty

i hug the edge of a tub, studied how floating hair
looks like suspended periods or at the very

least, like a liquid from a part of me
i've chosen not to share with the world

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the ghosts that use my body to write
never tell me their names

the pulling of a hangnail leads to the untangling
of many hairs that have been knotted into constellations
for the pleasure of nighttime viewing and drooling
the bunch detangles at the contact of galaxy breath
so many moons removed and replaced by milky bones
that ghost tiptoes on astral planes
like rock stepping across a pencil thin creek bed

down below a birthmark, the innermost flesh of
a thigh too big for a cupcake doll, she uses bad
words right when the fuck they are needed
and it's a button unsewn that invites the
prettiest sorbet colored ghosts of twins

picking lip skin isn't just a habit like thumb
sucking although equally pleasurable to a girl whose
main form of joy is cellophane donuts and bubblegum pink
bubblegum just soft enough to fill up any hole gone missing
from a lip as pouty as hers or theirs
this ghost is not a succubus but it wants to be, it only acts
tough because it really wants your pastry

one trips me on the way to the toilet, she's an old spirit
full of young spirit of centuries ago
another one rustles through plates in the kitchen, clanks glasses
does a real orchestra job in there
it's the ones that don't talk i make love to over and over again
it's them who have the words of pulsing non-dead veins
that pour all over my body just as i'm falling asleep





she thinks her name is nyssa & it is

no one can really say because no one really saw
the girl crying from a distance like
between two trees or maybe big bushes or an overgrown hedge
plucked from the light source of her mother's belly
before time had begun ticking for her

no can really say because no one really heard
the girl screaming from behind her pillow
because the pillow was made of wood and nails
looks less like a bed than a coffin where
she once spent more than a few decades

no one can really say because no one really felt
the skin of such a slippery little thing
they could say words like snails or jelly or vagina
but didn't satisfy her need to be called
the drowned pile of nyssa leaves under her mother's womb

18





all babies are alchemists

she once pulled
 two eggs of robin egg
 blue from a nest that wasn't hers
 but they could have been hers
 if only she had
 dreamt a little longer

at least that's what the voice
 said to her, the same voice
 that told her things like penises are
 just soft swords,
 babies know about infinity,
 breathing is gold and copper energy
 confined by ceilings, air
 burnt hair quickly turns to smoke, then
 waste, but through alchemy we
 can boil down bones and remake metals

there was no way she could
 have foreseen that the eggs would
 be liquid yellow and not be the
 tiny human she had expected or dreamt

19





don't teach babies to hustle unless it's for education

i once unraveled a wig all the way down to my childhood if you
consider just turning 18

she all kinds of tender up under those clothes, but she stands alone in a
g-string, she feels like trees

like forests, and she hides behind them, too, but not in front of you
she ain't no punk

i once saw her on the collar of a coat so many years removed from my life
it was wet, from rain

she says, and buckles the ankle strap of a platform too big for her, for us
where she's going

ain't no way out, someone says of her, they speak of her not having seen the color
of her finger's moon

or her iris flecks, or her spotted birthmarks, when she spins dime nickel dudes
chuck dollar bill wads

bye song, bye guy stage right, bye guy by front door while scooping up all that's dropped
like she's scooping

up baby bird eggs or missing kittens or pillow feathers, that door ain't opening again
not on this black box

11/20/11





pet child of a new dawn

that was not a cat at the backdoor
she was a message
but mom said no, that she had worms so we let her go

vampire-toothed she slipped out the back door
rested all paws on my window
by window i mean heart

that was not a cat at the backdoor
she was a conduit
through which i could travel to other galaxies & fly

years later she would return to me
at another door
in another country, it was her, I knew her by her eyes

it was the way she studied me studying her
resting all paws on my chest
vibrating her fur into colors

most things can fit into a jar

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when your childhood isn't much
you make it what you want

if you push hard enough or if you
screw on the lid real tight.

i once fit a whole week of dancing in front
of a mirror. moon rays and dusty blinds.
weeks of memorizing hymnals and violin chords.
months sleeping without the nightlight.
months sleeping with the nightlight.
the missing nightlight. the fireflies. candle drippings.
clover. bee's wings. cotton balls.
sticker collection. rock collection, fingernail clippings, a dried moth, some jax.
i would have fit a kite if it hadn't gone all the way to Saturn.
Saturn.
the time i got whipped so bad the back of my body
turned the color of grapes, as mom said.
grape seeds, peanut shells, baby teeth, first masturbations.
jump ropes, sparklers, plastic straws, bible stories.
the time my church friend and i took off our bras together.
that time i showed the neighbor girl labia minor and major.
bowls of chewed up tomatoes, pigtails, tree bark, holiday bark, a rabbit's foot.
cattails, tadpoles, imagination, imagination, limitation.

some of the easiest things are things you can't see.
and things i won't tell.
but i will.

111221111 |





baby jesus, his manger blanket, his baby penis, the devil
and his twin, my twin, giving birth
to a plastic neon egg, hating adult jesus, loving
the devil's twin, having sex with my twin, stealing
cherries, stealing cookies, kissing myself, chocking my
sister, eating scabs, licking feathers, eating ants,
popped spiders, all spiders, soggy panties, first tampons.

i was another me, not the same me, but i recognize her in me
for her light brown hair and eyes that stare back at me
in the mirror from inside this tiny glass jar.



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how a mother's pulled wisdom tooth looks to a young girl who is her daughter

there she is on her side, propped up on a table top
propped up from behind. it could be a metal
rod or a ghost, fresh from some conjuring.
but there she is bleeding from a hole in her
mouth all over the kitchen while a sheet of cookies burn.

but the cookies didn't burn, the school bake
sale ate them up. number one seller, someone says. she
holds the side of her mouth like it's about to fall, cradles
her cheek in a hand too small. the cookies are hand-size, the
hand of a wink. a blood stained collar flashes in the auditorium lights.

no one can really see the hole, she'd have to open wide,
withstand lurking looks, the pitted-eyes like cherries or dates.
but the hole leaves a trail. leads right up to her whole body. unlike
the other moms, her coins don't jingle in a plastic bag,
but rather in the back of her throat, almost swallowed





heathered hills beckon sister-ghosts

another year to carve in the tree
wood grains are like wheat grains are like flesh grains
are identical to any seed, pod, or pupil

if your laughter had a month
it would be November, the sudden wind
can knock one over : cause a shiver : can knock one over
did you hear me?

those veins on a leaf will
be equal to or greater than your age

watch wrinkles for their wisdom
deep perforations : torrent : caterpillar chow
watch how your eyes imitate spring
deep summer, the absence of autumn

you could be grass or the petals on a Calluna
if you wanted to be
that is, if you really wanted to be

place a ear near, listen to the churning
life burgeoning through photosynthesis, through a tube, through sap

for all days of birth we should go naked
cuddle a mound of earth : really dig our nails in the stuff
for your day, this day, i suggest
guard a blueberry from stem-fall, regard grayish heathered hills

the Finnish botanist Kalm, coined Kalmia
these are the branches of you : know your history
sovereign since 1985

someone wanted to name you sun
the star that greens to a crisp pop
but instead you are a meadow, a subtle gray that twinkles

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rabbit foot

from cupboards she peeks like sesame seeds
between the tiles
ajar, the door sways
she waits for my eyes to open the color of bread

she dwells here, but does not live
her footprint noticeably smaller than most
she prefers the kitchen to the bed

at night her bones squeak while turning a stew
counts each cut, each spice shake
catches water before it falls
she steadies ladles and knives on the heart crux of bones

she looks like me, but isn't or wasn't
handprints appear when i blow on the glass
she is my mother if i only could recall her face

1112611111





baby bird computer winged lullaby*
 baby mozart is just a gimmick, play this tune instead

what should i teach my baby/ies

sizing is only a way to control us, keep us fitting into categories, it's constraint, it's tight fabric and shirts with three sizes, and no half sizes or sizes outside the sizes they give us so if we don't fit a size something is wrong with us but what does that even mean.

what should i teach my baby/ies

the voices projected from behind the political model is the voice of an already programmed dialogue like a play or a major theatre production much of what is on television is the same, all planned to trick us into wasting time, believing we can together, and that we can be just like that.

what should i teach my baby/ies

name calling only means you've probably beaten the system or are coming close to it, therefore the system sees you as a threat and thus will belittle you with hopes of you eliminating yourself, but know that you're close to enlightenment and the system doesn't have that function.

**there has no rhythm assigned to this lullaby yet, however, for each set of parents, non-gender specific, or a single parent, again non-binary applies, a rhythm of their choosing will be best so as to incorporate something of the individual into the lullaby – consider culture, likes, and things not part of the system. this lullaby is for any time of the day and should be distributed under the discretion of the parents or the child's guardian. this lullaby should be shared as did the system with anthems and hymns as in olden-times.*

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hexing the stitch





from one wolf howl to another, aka luna lobos

humming, a rippled moon imitates
the pupil of her eye/cocooned it shines

dance the dervish, the dainty, the devil
spin like spun like unravel my navel

we are still as trees
we embody a silence of death like sleeping
voiced, “what is that thing in the middle of your chest”
we unfurl like ferns or animal tongues
sung, “trickle the energy, trickle the tickle, tickle the bond”
we are still as darkness
/ & light/

the humming, harkens & howls
is it a forested flesh that beckons her to us?

not yellowed teeth, but bright white
nearly multi-colored & gleaming like glue or shiny
everything can be renewed –
tucked into her palm/lines like unlies

plucks a feather for fever, maybe fecundity
guitar-string, hair tendrils, feather bone
gone yet growing
trembled, we walk
towards a peak of a mountain or wave or moon beam

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sewing sister part/y/s/

tailored the skin, mirrors yesterday's
earth & lakes/mud or rain or gems
tailored the tongue utters reflections of
born & unborn nature & space & stars

//crumbled the heart, pulses even//
buried like beans made for vines
//crumbled the heart reclines into another//
cavity like tooth or body or itself

hold your finger so it silhouettes another finger
catch a color trained from rainbows

:: a soul has legs & a little will, walks away
tie a string around the waist ::

111301111





upon meeting on some imaginary precipice

smooth porcelain plate cracked a piece of earth
/moonish or morrish –either way, not of this world/
opalescent fish scales flicker serpentine along the horizon
/universal sounds glisten on a single sweat drop/

{devotees gallop across a sandy mound
uncovered but for the eye & some numerical point
dancing wolves rest only at dawn}

swallow three pebbles, probably five
/this is cannibalism –we are of the earth/
shadows climb star-struck and moon-hungry
/the belly is a creature of its own/

{linked fingers, sewn spider web saliva needle pines
quantified quicksilver undulates veins, shoes full of rain
summon directions, toss an arrow root spike spindle moth wings}

& feed, water unto water
let a vein pour

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galaxy chat between 2

“we are waxed” she says
& I know from which hole she speaks
when we talk of rocks we mean hearts
a blister imitates cocoons and liquid life
“we are water” she says
& I know most of her atoms float already
when we talk of moon we mean each other
a wound unsealed fosters quiet like space
“we are waves” she says
& I know her intention was women





the chance meeting of

at first a pin prick, the pecking of a bird's beak
then like drilling a hole, hunting a foreign jewel
fashioned for trepanning/glittery like baby gods

planted in the mouth of a soul chartering
waters & mountains & planets & galaxies
where have you been?

frothy and frosty –a light vexed & vexing
blood is colored water turned red with boil

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nightbirthing rituals

crescent & crescending, the fingernail trails a line along faces
until it reaches a hole where i've been hiding
rested & wrestling, i crawl towards a light that i know is ours
the second full moon of our cycle : be thee thankful for days

blueish but not blue : tinkering on a willow branch : it's sky
like my father's eye : or is it my brother's : Capricorn rising :
the thread of a sweater of a surgery of a birth

if i could only fit my fat head through the tunnel . then .
i could be life.

earthen it rolls : sparks a fire if dry : enough, that's blasphemy : swishing
hair like fish fins or dangling drapery : it's a strand of my mother : is it is me :
the Virgo wig binding : bound me to a brown i've never been before

if i could yell out a name . it . she . we .
could be night.





how to be born without knowing it

we dream like witches like women like men : vibrate the knife
that cuts another limb –we are working towards no-name entities
& bodies unseen

spindle the spool the spooning of us
sleeping giant : awakes, scratches the corner
of the third eye –laughing, we share air kisses

: plumed you puff : plumed i fall :

we dream like fruits, sleeping : pods ready to tree-jump
if we were any braver, we could fly
& reach home-like homes

the mere mentioning of owls : labor pains : reincarnation
riddle the rattle of a baby we're having
its soft like leaves, muddy-faced it floats & talks in tune

we dream like mothers like sisters like lovers/top the drop
that fills a cup –we are emptying a stain the color of a star





the decade long love spell

ages : it seems : at least a decade : or more : some spells
take longer than others to hatch

parody like poetry like pebbles or peddlers
teeter/totter the petal on stems on sticks on stones

filter the moon through a jar or a wing _ punch _

on the chopping block of wood or metal or flesh
wheeled in an uncherished heart
: beat the buried backyard breast of a beetroot bulb :
belazabub tiptoes on the singed edge of an epoch
childhood spell ° poof °

/fays, we sway//beams, we bounce/

clocks choir clouds for rain |pow|
a storm stampedes like zodiac creatures

111361111





green like go, like stomachs, like growth

it's the green of a dress that's got you spinning
& a garden –like the one in my head
termite feed the old stuff
blossom an emerald with the seed of gold wishes

|heart farm in motion – we are energy agriculturalists|

it's the green of a dress that's got you glowing
fluff the sleeve for more delight
whirlwind unyielding –twist & abound
gather jade from a rusty rotted out wood

|heart farm in motion – we are jeweled surgeons|

it's the green of a dress that's got you sparkling
& a dream –neither of us have had
germinate the planted, the quite, the resting
spotty chartreuse eggs rounding out sound

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when casting spells on a full or new moon,
seek a sister, any will do: aka monday, sunday,
wednesday of blessed sister days

murs the cattail as it glides along water
where i find you carving letters in the palm of your hand –a tree

moon //my only other non-self//
star //seek truth, acute rhythms//
wolf //where our ladies feed//

a willowed-refuge in a bramble bush; covering secret legions
who whisper our names –sisters





immaculate conception my vagina

with only two fish : we can become goddesses ourselves
crowned crows peck eyes for virgin sunrise & suicides

they slip between our fingers : sage bush & rabbit's foot
howled we prance armed with fistfuls of bloodroses

bundled we sneak into podded crevices : bake under noon sun
robin breasts confess that love looks like this

mud-tipped fingers : searching a riverbed over and under
helixed we dance a dance invented by smoke & cloak

with two fish we transition : the twinned of double vaginas
tuck a poppy cupped hand between thighs & branches

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lucid witchery & other delightful wiccan manifestations

let's be witches, for real this time. not stuff we see in movies, but stuff we feel in our hearts. we're getting there already –we dream each other, we're so close only astral & ancestral turf divides you from me, me from you, we from us. we dream each other –we bewitching midnight howls. we witness found feathers and know it's a spirit, a spell. there are threads that cross great land masses and buoy above oceans and lesser known bodies of water, those threads are sewn to us. threads sewn by us. at night during owl mating, during earthworm song, during big moon bellows –when we were already sleeping, we were chosen.

let's be a pair of witches & put all our jars of spells and crystals together to make a powerhouse of sister-lover energy. tie drape-y fabrics around our necks, roll pebbles between fingers.

let's be witches, like serious level witches. no bullshit store products, but all natural, all homemade by our hands –your hand touching mine, mine touching yours, potters clay, bread dough, mystic oils. later we rub that stuff all over ourselves, invited and uninvited visitors, foods. we cover our homes, make them alters with candle drippings & found animal parts & dried plants & roots & sunshine specks.

let's be daytime witches & walk into sunlight with the birthing energies of our planets & laugh at blades of grass to make them grow faster. eat spoonfuls of soil like vitamin serum.

let's be witches, energy shifters & changers. make friends like cats, rabbits, dogs, & frogs. burn our hair like bundles of sage, cauldron our bellies into pools & fish bowls. steal eggs to incubate them into our own babies. light a fire with snapdragons, snap fingers. make teas and beds from the same tree, make teas and soups from the same leaves, from flowers, from hair, from your tears and mine. let's take moonbeams and make marshmallows or necklaces or pillows. let's use the breast of each other to nurse us back to health.

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almost chronology of sex transition(s)ings

once a stiletto stitched a stab wound
on the underside of my heart
when it finally grew hair again, no one could see the scar

fixed against a vagina is another vagina or a vagina that
transformed into a non-vagina
it's all called sex, or something like it

shave, like a trail or a bush or mouth
what's inside dance & flies with unicorn pastel smudges
dive a finger, polychromatic drippings

:: tricks of bedtime stories twist around nipples
and leave them all suckling, dirty little pigs ::

it is the curve of my hip that grows the tree beneath me
heavy with tendrils
it goes in for the kill, buries yesterdays and tomorrows

tender grass, greasy palms
we have all be victims
of lawn fawning & fondling

:: history & herstory copulated by some giant thing
without a name, but with hook ::

:: engaging legs, swirmy worms of youthful sparkle
we were all once virgins, we were all once women ::

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basement porn sounds like this, aka poof.

slit slant cut cunt
 bottoms up : she's drunk
 gurgle gargle gentleman's garble
 tits smooth like Indian marble

up/down, turn around : left/right : in & out
 ejaculate without a doubt
 ventricle pumping passion and piss
 someone's heart almost remiss

button pusher :: push the button
 for punishment and basement glutton
 tricky dicky pass the mickey
 getting high : trippy & sticky

panty spanker
 sex toy breaker
 take a hole
 make a mold

riding horse or rocking horse
 neigh & sigh and light brute force
 the pony : the station : the pole : the branch
 from which all humankind is hatched

much like an egg : but not quite an egg
 on both knees pretending to beg
 slurping like slipping
 spiders like spitting & knitting

the sex of a gender of a night without flight
 preyed & prayed : a neophyte
 dangle the dingle : the dolly : the doll
 watch how the legs shiver and sprawl

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i wish this were a non-binary sex poem

whisper breath like candy wrappers
unravel the ends, bring me closer

me on top of you, you behind me, two back bends
flopping like fish, like petals, like moon beams

panting between sheets, bitten & biting
wet and whining, hungry like hyenas or beasts

i –like an orbit, you –an orbit plunger
in the end, bodies are filaments & synapse firings

//these were the days of first sexes and fluids/
/these were days of pollination//

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@ all those fucks

in the middle of a poem, you kiss me
& i could almost scratch your face away
no one considers the writer's space anymore
@ the computer is so misinterpreted

violated in the shower because you won't
let me be private, alone, me/i
your naked body enters, uninvited
i hide under the stream/bury another lost t/y/ear

in the middle of the night, you suffocate me
& i -maddened, looking for the sleep i lost

in the mirror, @ myself, i huddle & hunch
become a package of something that has no name
the holepuncher, the fleshfuck, the pilecuddle

once, i was a poet -tongue-kissed words and not boyz
once, i was a non-woman, a thing that still needed to grow





on sex with a cancer

remember the night we both
 masturbated & it was your face that got me there
 not your tongue or your prick, but your face
 your freckles, uncountable and as delicate
 as newt toes : seahorses : a fish eye
 with the click of your claw
 comes forth frothy midnight moonshine
 spanning & sprinkling like microscopic things
 or stars or your freckles

remember the afternoon in a sauna bedroom like the sauna
 bus we rode where i unzipped your jeans
 with an skylight window & piles of pillows/hearts
 atop a mountain alive with murmuring potatoes : corn : cigarette smoke
 soaked your back, your brow
 giggling at exertion, you touched
 the deepest part of me

remember the time we did it in a small Colombian town
 where you were born & bore me bottles of rum
 in a basement room of your friends uncle's house
 we were supposed to be quiet, but i squeaked out a squeal
 when you nailed me from behind

remember the time on absinthe : floor-mattress : lampposts
 remember the time on acid : the small village : next day fruit stands
 remember the time sober : pool : hot tub : hot box bedroom top

remember the time we talked about doing it, but forgot
 remember the time behind trees & a carousel with screaming ghosts
 remember the time on the old springs of my parent's matrimonial bed

remember the time you sucked me &
 zipped me down to bare bones & exposed poems

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why conventional methods of sexing suck

because you do that same thing with your tongue every time.
another you on top of me or me on top of you thing. a thing that
doesn't have a name, but it's boring as fuck.
because the breast, not the nipple, is often forgotten. the rounding
of flesh as round as your eyes sucking up my body but not really
seeing me. the roundness of my hole that doesn't always need
something inside to feel full.
because i desire so many things, not in sexual ways. a fistful of
wildflowers, a piece of homemade bread, the air of something
whispering in my ear "i see you, you are something seen, not
unseen." ghost sex is a lost art.
because you have no imagination and it's me doing all the talking.
because my body wants many bodies, not other bodies. but your
body in new forms.





hexing the stitch

with a big toe & a shuffle
 she comes.
 admire the limp with which
 she gallops.
 /woven like worms on western women/
 precipitated dance belly clang bell bomb –the
 only way out through her mouth.

witch whole, which hole.
 /plastered petals under pretty pink pussy parts/
 ambidextrous spells bustle, then boom –ravenous
 the birds munch lunch like lunar rays eclipse dip dipper blue.
 where are the toenails of the girls who cried rape?

/finnish finished, she is no frayed fancy feast/
 hell is a
 prism on her tongue bud garden.

gelatinous thigh & eye & crevice –birthed
 of a needle, a crucifix, a bubble.
 divide hair & watch her grow stubble.
 she gurgles handfuls of husbands.

/vane the vein that vectors vanity/
 there's no time for excess –pinpoint
 the cord's connection.
 there's no time for excess –she
 offers a scalpel.
 blame the state for how her brain operates.

greyed grey & speckled
 halt the divine crystal ocean bird egg time.
 opal the boil boils.
 where are the hallowed heroines of this dried out soil?
 splashing like between vaginas & water & embryonic beast drool –here
 the grave of tooth spell & spill.
 /keep klean the kween of knowledge & bended knee/
 shut the door on the way out.

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formation sans stamen

it's a hunch of a bunch of grapes from my womb.
tiny demons called future & him/her/it -whatever.
rush to the place where they fall & make wine
 drink, be merry -trample a seed if it escapes.
no one is ready for this orgy.

tiptoe the eggshells of a uterus
 & ready the belly for the pinch of fingerings.

beanstalk, eggplant, carrot sprouts prick
 count on fingers or carving sticks.

trickling down the hallway, a heart or a beast
-mark territory & imitate living mass massive movement.
yarn revives a sewing disaster of a body dead or dying
-thread hearts like dolls like lungs like trees.

mine is the glory of a house called womb.





what flies the coup falls

in dreams i am faceless &
 slender like reeds or angle hair.
 who is that, someone asks.
 a mother not mine concerned about my/self.
 who am i, she asks.
 she is me, is her, is us.
 undulating ribbons my hair flies sky high
 birds nest on a chest plate wrestler.

crawl towards the light, the bird cries.
 i see shadows &
 isolated incidents of broken glass.
 birds slurp noodles of fingers, a hand not mine.
 bury me beak-side, i sigh
 but he has already gone –tailed, twirling around forks.

in dreams i am nameless.
 pull back an arrow & aim it at the iris of bird called me.
 where do maidens like flax & wheat ripen & reap?

flecks of bone breaks, x-rays, liver pulp mimics fallen fruit pods
 shamans provoke nerves through deep purple brines.
 brazen the raven, the hawk awkward swings
 the feather the arm of a bird called twin.

in dreams i am of no creature –but
 the creature of my breast
 under the moon where she wakes from her nest.

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appointment with a taita

"If only women knew the extent of their power."

-Alphonse Karr

faces wrinkling like a twinkling sky of a blanket of night i spy
she –my guide, my infinite bride.

at first, i thought, i would die, le sigh, le gag
and boisterous puff.

/sharp pains of pepper under my breath/
then she laughed, that old bitch, right in my face.
/mucous of unused brain matter forming lace/

hit one hand with the other –she called it clap.
the shell of a bone of a beak of a feather, all came together
and gave me shelter, heaven-ed her hair billowed.
one foot before the other –she called it walk.
wobbled a weeble tethered on needle & corn, plant yage
and cross the threshold.

she melts, she boils, she recoils her mask –witness the unraveling
of all her years past and passing –old woman cackling.
/this tongue not mine speaks in purgative formations/

blue of a brew & the greying of rye
she slouches & shakes, full of dark root
her boots soot-y & squeezing unusual dye
she ponders a pathway, a chronicle, a sigh.

later, much later, when i closed open my eyes
the death i saw loitering provoked me to soliloquy.
figure the fig, the hobby, the horse –be what you will
of one many force.

/this tongue of mine speaks from another mine –not me/

i finally settle on a bed made of leaves
my doppelganger whispers from the knees of a bee.





saint the night

it is an eye cut open & left for dead
it is the cat tongue scraping clean another tree

hydroponic/plane/deity of an old woman lame
cane like stick like sugar, she taps the tree to life

peel the orange rind of a headhunters prey
blood orange trickles sticky syrup treats & tears

someone will die tonight
that i can promise.

chuck the bones down a well, shake the others
inside a tarped bag & let them sail

waxy incantations tickly on a witch's chest
serpentine they curl, serpentine they strike

someone will lose their spirit
& leave behind a shell.

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gardening is just a word until you make it come alive

tall those dead flowers
 precipitate, the opening of gates
 that claw is no more your hand than
 it is your foot or your other hand the voice
 flipping through book after book of
 all those dead flowers

if the water in the jar doesn't evaporate
 there is too much moon in your house
 that should be taken literally
 hence the satchels of black pepper, paprika, and cayenne
 votive and candlesticks alike should be lit

when herbs dream you into a potion
 plants align like planets like menstrual cycles like iris

when plants talk in their sleep
 philosophical bodies open to modes and shadow work

if the water in the jar doesn't evaporate
 you've too much salt in the system
 suck the earth, but spit out the sulfur
 tongue watermelons and cucumbers
 dip your hand in any sink or tub but no cauldron

all those dead flower
 romance the wood more than the stone
 covering yourself with that cloak only means

there's more work to do and you mustn't grow weary the voice
 stirring a pot as black as my eyes full of
 all those dead flowers





witches come in packs

of voices there are none
but they move wood boards
or it could be the house moving itself, weary
from so much being on the same plot of land
stagnation produces things, too
you're just not looking in the right spots
and if you knew what you were looking for
this would be much easier, no one says

the leaky pipe in the bathroom trickles when it wants
it's not as constant as most drips tend to be, this worries me

the ground cherries, of which there were two, dried
up before the week finished
and that found feather did not fly itself onto the shelf

it's a window or maybe a mirror
we will never know

when i mention water, even in my head, the subtle
drip returns
even the ice cubes have passed into conjunction
the ceiling knocks

and the hallway taps, in the hum transmissions
ring like the bell on a cat's collar, a cat mine and not mine
because she is part of everything
and belongs to no one, like you, like me, like us

if it feels like it is right that's the 72000 stomach nerves
run by a heart communal

the plate cracks under candle wax and when we
blow out the flame, everyone exhales yet no one is even her

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jaselská 265/12

sick just another phase
 i –healer and patient
 filthy, i say
 wiping away cobwebs and the likes
 an old salt and pepper pair hide
 specked like eggs, specked like sky
 a spider carcass ready to crunch
 caught in a menacing pose

oil coat to an empty stove left without bread or bun
 peek into a hole to discover a cookie so many months removed
 this is where we will live, i murmur
 to a husband walking towards the door

the apartment, an illusion of light
 of which shadows there are plenty

a chandelier rattles pre-eminent voices
 crownesque, entirely too big for the space
 with each step of neighbor, of foot or dog
 like trembling teacups on saucers or
 trembling hands porcelain-grasping
 pre-velvet revolution bravura
 an iron-curtain echoes just above our heads

bathub a dark green, a no-name green, marbled
 big enough for two to slit their wrists

filthy, i say
 scrubbing something or other
 scratching a fleck on a mirror
 that disappears
 when i walk away

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jacklyn janeksela is a wolf and a raven, a cluster of stars, & a direct descent of the divine feminine. she can be found. she is in a post-punk band called the velblouds. her baby @ femalefilet. she is an energy. find her @ hermetic hare for herbal astrology readings.

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poetics and process

*Jacklyn Janeksela in conversation
with Lynne DeSilva-Johnson*

Who are you?

So many people & energies. i am really an Oroborus at heart.

Why are you a poet?

i've been a poet since the universe infused my being; it was, is, and shall always be. i've never not been a poet. i was a poet in my last life and i will be a poet in my next life. The spirit of poet never dies, it is only transferred &/or transmuted. i am a poet because it is my mission to...

When did you decide you were a poet (and/or: do you feel comfortable calling yourself a poet, what other titles or affiliations do you prefer/feel are more accurate)?

Being a poet was not something i decided, it was gifted to me by the universe. Other words that make me feel me: healer, sister, dear, wolf, witch.

What's a "poet", anyway?

You'd have to ask someone who's more qualified to give definitions; i'm just a messenger.

What is the role of the poet today?

What role doesn't the poet have, that's a better question. My heart says: Write what's true to you and say words that connect others, make a community. Fight. Protest the page. Burn the page and start again. Fuck love poems, but write them anyways. Write other types of love poems, write compassion, write in your own blood, bleed out, bleed all the way out.

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What do you see as your cultural and social role (in the poetry community and beyond)?

i am not about categories, but i fight for the non-white, non-cis fam. i write for girls like me who want to be more than a gender or social construct, but who want to be warriors, goddesses, and touchstones. i write to keep this body and the next one alive. i write to accept this body. i write to make light of this body. i write to make all our bodies one.

Talk about the process or instinct to move these poems (or your work in general) as independent entities into a body of work. How and why did this happen? Have you had this intention for a while? What encouraged and/or confounded this (or a book, in general) coming together? Was it a struggle?

There are two collections that became one; they zygoted, then fused. One: the bones of my backyard that have been haunting me since i was a young girl; they turned me witch & i've been looking for the right spacial concept in which to birth them/myself. Two: he needles that have stiched me together and that which surrounds me is another huge theme that gets constant attention; like this body is such a suit and the backdrop to this life is stunning. The struggle is against social stigma, but i try to live on the outskirts; i hermit myself further & that becomes another struggle.

What formal structures or other constrictive practices (if any) do you use in the creation of your work? Have certain teachers or instructive environments, or readings/writings of other creative people (poets or others) informed the way you work/write? Did you use any specifically in the production of this book or work within this book?

Spirits use my body, that's all i can say. Of forms, i know nothing. Of practice is my life. Every poet or artist i've read or looked upon has informed me –of who i want to be & who i don't want to be. Deep down, underneath it all, i'm fangirl for Smith (both Robert & Patti), Plath, & Acker. Baldwin informed identity; Crowley and Hall surfaced the occult; de Quincey twisted reality. And Contemporary poets –just so, so many. Where does one start? Airea Dee Matthews, Danez Smith, Joshua Jennifer Espinoza, Nikki Wallschlaeger, Joy Priest, Jennifer S. Cheng, Kaveh Akbar, Marwa Helal, Candace Williams, & Shannon Barber, to name a few.

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Did you envision this collection as a collection or understand your process as writing specifically around a theme while the poems themselves were being written? How or how not?

What i knew –i wanted to write about how pre & post witch status of sorts. i didn't know how it would go down, but it just so of fell out of me without my realizing it. It is, was, and will be the defining memory of my little Parisian apartment with my partner & cat; their energies + others were so present & supportive.

Speaking of monikers, what does your title represent? How was it generated? Talk about the way you titled the book, and how your process of naming (poems, sections, etc) influences you and/or colors your work specifically.

In sewing two dresses, of many that she and my mother had sewn, one the color of fresh blood, the other wine –my grandmother gave me the freedom to choose who i wanted to be in this body, in this life. She said tell me what you want and i'll make it; she was manifesting, essentially. While other girls wore whites and pastels –i was searching the sacrifice. In fitting me and stitching the dresses, i witnessed transformation @ my grandmother's hand; small gestures that are revolutions, guides, & symbols. She is forever making something –as was my Nana in a different way, in her mind through her schizophrenia. That's another collection; forthcoming.

*What does this particular collection of poems represent to you
...as indicative of your method/creative practice?
...as indicative of your history?
...as indicative of your mission/intentions/hopes/plans?*

Things were conspiring from the beginning, it was only a matter of reading the signs. Nothing can stop a heart in motion.

Would you like this work to be translated into other languages / do you hope that it reaches beyond our local geographies and communities? What would be the best possible outcome of a broadly expanded reach for this book? Do you think it's legible across cultural lines?

If in translation, my poetry can opens the cosmos for another, take that as you will, then i say sure, why not. As stands, i could do it myself in Spanish; could be a potential disaster in French.

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If someone was to find this book in a hundred years, or perhaps even further in the future, what would be the best possible outcome? Why?

That the finder reads with hunger & feels she has looked in the mirror. Threading across times, space, culture, race, and gender means we can recognize that we are One. Insert anything from Hermes or Paracelsus or Alan Watts, even, and you'll see this mission is not mine alone –so many teacher and followers, interchangeable. It's a lovely thought to imagine that maybe my new spirit would find her old spirit's book of work; pass it on.

How do you (and do you) feel that poets and other creative people should consider the archive and their role in creating and preserving a (hi)story of their work and the context in which it was created? Do you, as a scholar and/or personally take an active role in documenting/recording not only the product of your creative practice (or that of others) but also the social, cultural, and other intersectional trappings of your process / life / experience? How or how not, why or why not, etc.

A tricky question indeed. Documenting today is mostly digital and to be honest, i'm not sure how that will be preserved in the future. One can only speculate. In Paris, i joined a Art+Feminism archives session and worked on updating Wikipedia sites. As i updated and translated the Paris is Burning page, i wondered how much of what we do is for self or others; and does it even matter if the heart is pure.

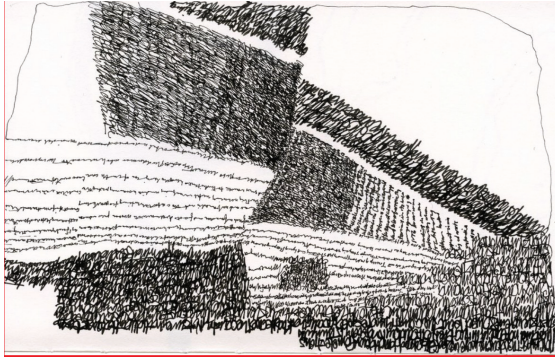
Let's talk a little bit about the role of poetics and creative community in social activism, in particular in what might be called "Civil Rights 2.0," which continues to evolve around us. I'd be curious to hear some thoughts on the challenges we face in speaking and publishing across lines of race, age, privilege, social/cultural background, and sexuality within the community, vs. the dangers of remaining and producing in isolated "silos."

i might not be the person to ask at this point in my life because i've been so unstable in finding a place to rest these bones; the gypsy life has taken a toll and that means i've been distanced from community in many ways. But that's changing and i'm meeting some humans in Paris who are connected and building; i can already feel projects brewing, but if nothing else, getting together to vibe, talk politics, poetry, and people.

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Barbara Byers :: Asemic Series



..... The covers for “Incantations,” The Operating System’s 5th Annual Chapbook Series, were designed by Lynne DeSilva-Johnson using original drawings by artist Barbara Byers, from her long running “Asemic Series.”

“I was born in Denver, Colorado in the middle of the last century. After I studied art at The University of Colorado, Western State College of Colorado, and the Community College of Denver, I learned sign painting by working with several masters of the art in Denver and Albuquerque. For 35 years I have lived and worked in New Mexico, painting signs, teaching kids with special needs and always making art.

Much of what I notice in the world comes from the opportunity I’ve had to visit many countries and cultures on five continents. My heart home is on the Colorado Plateau and in the deserts of the Southwestern United States.

I have found that book arts call on many of the skills I’ve learned and I especially love paper and design. Learning and sharing are a great part of my enjoyment of book making.

Asemic writing is basically abstract writing for me. I often use the lettering I have grown up with and used as a sign painter and calligrapher. I simply move the words and symbols into illegibility and build designs with them. In 2014 I began to experiment with this method before I discovered the ancient tradition of writing without semantic meaning. I am fascinated to be part of this tradition. “

- Barbara Byers, 2017

<http://www.barbarabyers-books.net>

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Print/Document Chapbook Series

The Operating System's annual Chapbook Series (celebrating its 5th year in 2017) is in many ways a perfect representation of our central mission: practical, result based experimentation that invites creators to participate in the process of making print media. Through intensive design and editorial collaboration and transparency around the funding and publication process, participation in the series also serves as a publishing bootcamp, providing a scalable model for poets and artists to replicate in future endeavors.

Each year we print a series of four diverse chapbooks in the Spring, for which we have an open call for submissions, but we've also been known to encourage poets (and particularly poets without a book in print) within the community to complete, hone, or in some cases create a manuscript specifically with our series in mind.

While each book is very much a stand alone document in its own right, poets work closely with artists and founder / designer Lynne DeSilva-Johnson to collaborate on a cohesive cover style and design language.

Artists collaborating with the series have included Barbara Byers (2017), Daphne Taylor (2016), Emma Steinkraus (2015), and Kevin William Reed (2013).

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Why Print/Document?

*The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards facing replication of the book’s agentic *role* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.*

Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of) printed materials has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.

With The OS’s print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT /DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?

As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record?

In these documents we say:

WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY

*- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson, Founder/Managing Editor,
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2016*

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Titles in the Print:Document Collection

An Absence So Great and Spontaneous It Is Evidence of Light - Anne Gorrick [2018]
 Sussuros a Mi Padre - Erick Sáenz [2018]
 Chlorosis - Michael Flatt and Derrick Mund [2018]
 Jazzercise is a Language - Gabriel Ojeda-Sague [2018]
 Death is a Festival - Anis Shivani [2018]
 Return Trip / Viaje Al Regreso; Dual Language Edition -
 Israel Dominguez,(trans. Margaret Randall) [2018]
 Born Again - Ivy Johnson [2018]
 Singing for Nothing - Wally Swist [2018]

One More Revolution - Andrea Mazzariello [2017]
 Fugue State Beach - Filip Marinovich [2017]
 Lost City Hydrothermal Field - Peter Milne Greiner [2017]
 The Book of Everyday Instruction - Chloe Bass [2017]
 In Corpore Sano : Creative Practice and the Challenged Body
 [Anthology, 2017] Lynne DeSilva-Johnson and Jay Besemer, co-editors
 Love, Robot - Margaret Rhee[2017]
 The Furies - William Considine [2017]
 Nothing Is Wasted - Shabnam Piryaee [2017]
 Mary of the Seas - Joanna C. Valente [2017]
 You Look Something - Jessica Tyner Mehta [2017]

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2017 : INCANTATIONS

featuring original cover art by Barbara Byers

sp. - Susan Charkes; Radio Poems - Jeffrey Cyphers Wright; Fixing a Witch/Hexing the Stitch -
 Jacklyn Janeksela; cosmos a personal voyage by carl sagan ann druyan steven sotor and me -
 Connie Mae Oliver
 Flower World Variations, Expanded Edition/Reissue - Jerome
 Rothenberg and Harold Cohen [2017]
 Island - Tom Haviv [2017]
 What the Werewolf Told Them / Lo Que Les Dijo El Licantropo -
 Chely Lima (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]
 The Color She Gave Gravity - Stephanie Heit [2017]
 The Science of Things Familiar - Johnny Damm [Graphic Hybrid, 2017]
 agon - Judith Goldman [2017]
 To Have Been There Then / Estar Alli Entonces - Gregory Randall (trans. Margaret Randall) [2017]

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Instructions Within - Ashraf Fayadh [2016]
 Arabic-English dual language edition; Mona Kareem, translator
 Let it Die Hungry - Caitis Meissner [2016]
 A GUN SHOW - Adam Sliwinski and Lynne DeSilva-Johnson;
 So Percussion in Performance with Ain Gordon and Emily Johnson [2016]
 Everybody's Automat [2016] - Mark Gurarie
 How to Survive the Coming Collapse of Civilization [2016] - Sparrow
 CHAPBOOK SERIES 2016: OF SOUND MIND
**featuring the quilt drawings of Daphne Taylor*
 Improper Maps - Alex Crowley; While Listening - Alaina Ferris;
 Chords - Peter Longofono; Any Seam or Needlework - Stanford Cheung

TEN FOUR - Poems, Translations, Variations [2015]- Jerome Rothenberg, Ariel
 Resnikoff, Mikhl Likht

MARILYN [2015] - Amanda Ngoho Reavey
 CHAPBOOK SERIES 2015: OF SYSTEMS OF

**featuring original cover art by Emma Steinkraus*

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 - Joseph Cuillier; Neptune Court - Anton Yakovlev; Schema - Anurak Saelow
 SAY/MIRROR [2015; 2nd edition 2016] - JP HOWARD
 Moons Of Jupiter/Tales From The Schminke Tub [plays, 2014] - Steve Danziger

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2014: BY HAND

Pull, A Ballad - Maryam Parhizkar; Can You See that Sound - Jeff Musillo
 Executive Producer Chris Carter - Peter Milne Grenier;
 Spooky Action at a Distance - Gregory Crosby;

CHAPBOOK SERIES 2013: WOODBLOCK

**featuring original prints from Kevin William Reed*

Strange Coherence - Bill Considine; The Sword of Things - Tony Hoffman;
 Talk About Man Proof - Lancelot Runge / John Kropa; An Admission as a Warning
 Against the Value of Our Conclusions - Alexis Quinlan





DOC U MENT

/däky əm ənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

noun - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record
verb - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form
synonyms - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, *example, proof*, from *docere*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that ***now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means,***
fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country
we can begin to see our community beyond constraints,
in the place where intention meets
resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.

When we document we assert.

We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process,
to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect
and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical,
a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy:
we had the power all along, my dears.

THE PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

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