

Aristilde Kirby

The Envoyelle: Notes on a Conditional Form

I: Nanamica Revision / Lemegeton Lovers
II: Uniform One: The Vajra Macrogram
III: On The Mondegreen

“I saw her, yeah I saw her,
with her black tongue tied,
round the roses;
Fist pounding on a vending machine,
Toy diamond ring stuck on her finger.

With a noose she can hang from the sun,
& put it out with her dark sunglasses.

Walking crooked down the beach,
she spits on the sand
where their bones are bleaching...

And I know I'm gonna steal her eye
(She doesn't even know what's wrong)
And I know I'm gonna make her die
(Take her where her soul belongs)
And I know I'm gonna steal her eye
(Nothing that I wouldn't try)

Hey, my ---- girl...”

-- from Beck | Girl

I: Nanamica Revision / Lemegeton Lovers

[Envoyelle uni. 'Vajra Macrogram']

{μβε - μβε - εμβ - βμε - βεμ - βμ}

“Everything is original
You see the stars in the night sky.
You feel the wind when you move.
Your body is energized by sunlight.
Every day passes as usual.
But now you are part of nature.”

- from a Nanamica clothing tag

& x →

- y
- ↓ μ Nou 5 i | » ① Everything's surfeit. » ② Cheery flotsam juice: » ③ In spring in chaos
- ↓ σ The 7 ii | | ② I'm fond of life's fondant like » freesia pulp silk-showering » my swell iroha haori's
- ↓ ε Rin 6 iii | | ≍ light stains a wave's glacé. » the empowered virgins. » camellias on the verge.
- ↓
- ↓ μ Rin 5 i | » ④ I see you, far, jet » ⑤ Black freckles burnt on » ⑥ A lunar snowfield,
- ↓ σ Nou 7 ii | | ≍ into a warm blanket of » a caramelized apple's » photonegative of pain
- ↓ ε The 6 ii | | ≍ roared boreal soon sunset. » nude ichor nougat tang. » nestled in our embrace.
- ↓
- ↓ ε Rin 5 i | » ⑦ Armpits valley a » ⑧ Pretty sweat on the cusp » ⑨ Steam of your lynx scent
- ↓ μ Nou 7 ii | | ≍ rocaille tuft: shine sliverflits » pours like a meteor tear » lymphs my lingual second wind.
- ↓ σ The 6 iii | | ≍ on dark silvergrass sprigs." » down the damp sky blue cup. » Singe shock of cognac lips.
- ↓
- ↓ σ Nou 5 i | » ⑩ My pencil skirt draws » ⑪ Crushed roly-polies » ⑫ Cloven undertows
- ↓ μ The 7 ii | | ≍ a skink hiked up on the palm » aioli adorns spelt bread, » liana octopus hearts:
- ↓ ε Rin * iii | | ≍ of a hot frond's brush touch. » braised poplar's leaf shade. » 1,008 arms shell a pink flower*
- ↓
- ↓ σ Nou 5 i | » ⑬ Lace pussybow web » ⑭ Glance camouflaged in » ⑮ Neigebeige cotton cropped
- ↓ ε Rin 7 ii | | ≍ twinkles sterling at daybreak » a coelacanth's cataract, » tunic lassoed in crayon
- ↓ μ The 6 iii | | ≍ our custom suck curse words. » my navel winks pearly. » print osprey psy-eye stripes.
- ↓
- ↓ σ The 17 i | » ⑯ Your saccades secant trace brambles of canticule on a nylon curve,
- ↓ μ Nou 19 ii | » ⑰ index en bas these basalt sheath 15 denier netherworld couplets, complete.

SIDE A

1. Peony Bud Lantern / Raspberry Cheesecake Gem [for Sophie Tusler Byerley]
2. Black Cherry Blossom Hard Lemonade
3. Spring In Chaos [for Kenji Miyazawa]
4. Mono no Aware I: Aura Baked Alaska
5. A Mott's Mottled Apple Pie Bite
6. Mono no Aware II: Midnight In Daylight
7. Death Valley Girl (Like As If)
8. A Meteor's Aura is Made of Fire, The Heart Is Made of Ice & The Tail of Air
9. Serval in Reverse

SIDE B

10. Ecriture Feminine Skirt [for Jun Takahashi & Natalia Rolon Sotelo]
11. Appetite Mourn & More [for Sheena Ringo]
12. Hydrangea Amrita Hold @ pH 6.1 [for Hana 'Ama-chan' Kimura, 09/03/97 - 05/23/20]
13. Pantylines
14. Mono no Aware III: Pearl Obol Lens
15. Osprey Rosary Tunic 108 [for Chitose Abe]
16. Skulking Leash
17. Digitalis Bookmark
18. Unputdownable [Róisín Murphy Cover - Import Bonus]

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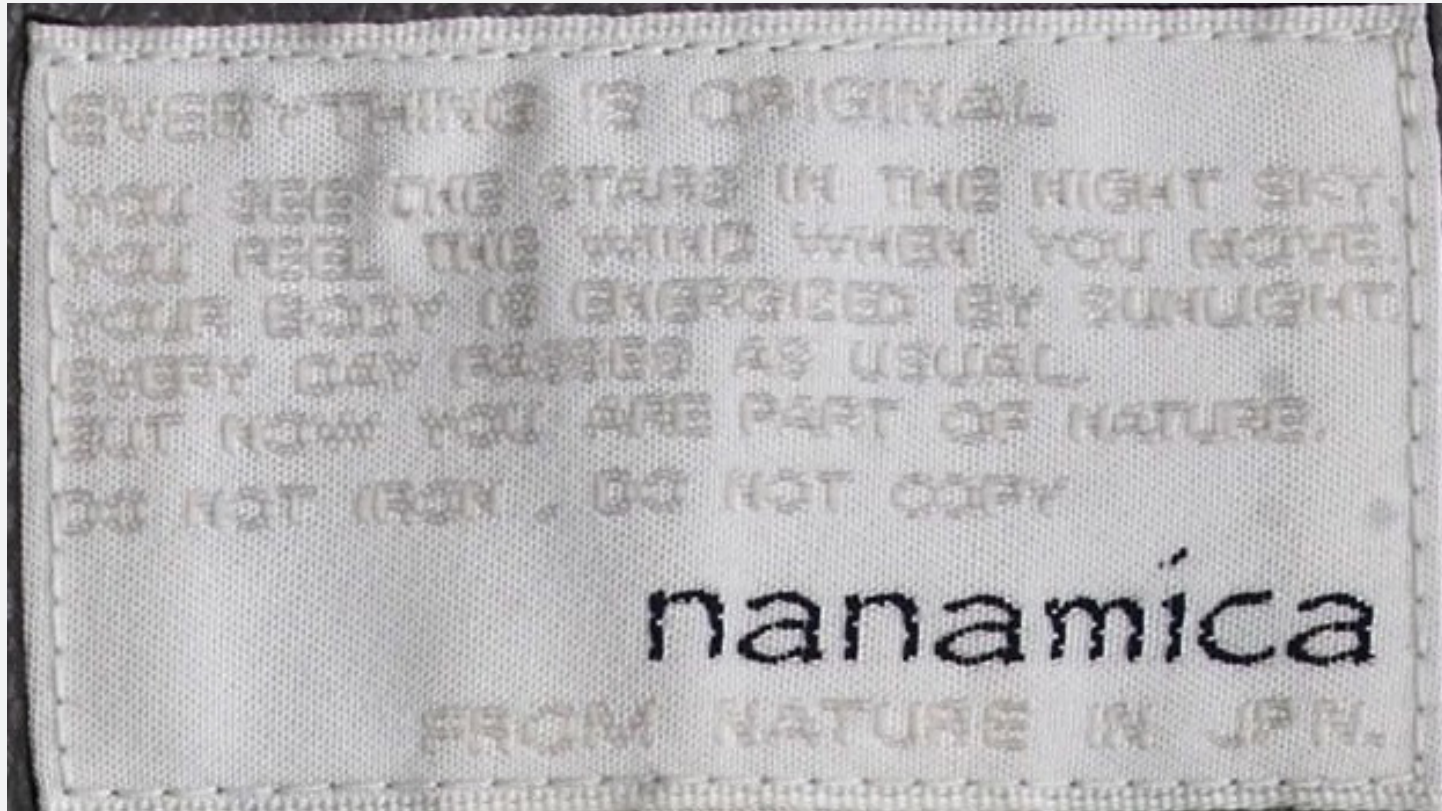
II: Uniform One: The Vajra Macrogram

That's it. That's the poem. Thanks for reading it, really. Now that I've shown you it in total, I want to break down the form of it to you in a schematic kind of way, as one would with all the components of a radio: lay all of the elements out on the table piece by piece & consider them one by one in regards to what they do. Beneath every form is its function, & thus its reason to exist can be further elucidated, if one knows more about how those elements work. This is my voice through the instrumentality of writing. Thanks for following along.

Let's start with very beginning:

- the Title (*Nanamica Revision / Lemegeton Lovers*)
- the Meta-Tag (*Envoyelle uni. 'Vajra Macrogram'*)
- the Modalisque Code (μσε - μσε - εμσ - σμε - σεμ - σμ)

The Title already intimates the poem's form as dual-sided, dual-faceted. Nanamica is a Japanese clothing label based in Tokyo, known for its "simple, beautiful, and high quality functional lifestyle wear that is kind to the body and heart." The regard they have for nature is reflected in their slogan "One Ocean, All Lands" & is further amplified in the tanka-esque taglines on the clothing tags themselves, which is used as an epigraph of the poem at large: "Everything is original / You see the stars in the night sky. / You feel the wind when you move. / Your body is energized by sunlight. / Every day passes as usual. / But now you are part of nature."



(fig. 1 - A Nanamica clothing tag)

My poem is a kind of revision of the text on that clothing tag, which seemed to me a moving poem in itself. Nanamica is also, fun fact, the only entity to pull off the Papyrus typeface successfully as a core part of its graphic identity. The other side of the title refers to the Lemegeton, or the Lesser Key of Solomon, an infamous demonological spell book which includes the Goetia, details on 72 summonable familiars. Something about the word Lemegeton just got me going, what can I say.

The Meta-Tag refers to the fact that this poem is in fact an Envoyelle Custom: a poem that is, at base, 17 vertical lines, but has different versions, or uniforms. That means though it is 17 vertical lines, how those 17 lines are expressed change, are customized, from character group to character group, team to team. This isn't the time to get into who those characters (Rinne, Nouanchan, & Thelema) are, or what the other uniforms are (there are 6 more) but the team they belong to, the character group is called the Mondegreens, a term I'll get more into here later.

The uniform you see above is called the Vajra Macrogram. A *vajra* is, as Wikipedia says, "a ritual weapon symbolizing the properties of a diamond (indestructibility) and a thunderbolt (irresistible force) and is the Sanskrit word having both meanings." The word & the weapon are dual-sided, they have the luminosity of a prism & the stellar attraction of plasma, "often to represent firmness of spirit and spiritual power."

The Macrogram was made with Jorge Carrera Andrade's Microgram form in mind. It is, essentially, a constellation of interlocking micrograms. The Microgram is a synthetic collation & convergence of preexisting forms of poetic fragments: the epigram, saeta, proverb, song, & the haiku. In Andrade's words, it is

"a graphical, pictorial epigram. Though its discovery of the deep reality of the object (its secret attitude) it strives at a refined emotional style. An epigram, then, reduced in volume, enriched by complex modernity, widened to everything that makes up the vital chorus of the earth...living poetic snapshots that may be called authentic micrograms as much for their intentions for the fine exactitude of their coloration..."

The Vajra is a double-sided word & object, so it's only right that you can read the total poem in two ways: All the way across, horizontally & holistically, or in fragments vertically, by each circled number. That's right! It's a...*vers* poem (*ducks*). The chevron act as lacuna that help demarcate each fragment from the other, & helps guide the orientation of the eye.

Oh, & while I'm on the subject of the erotic, the Modalisque Code refers to the position each character plays across the poem in a particular line [Eunuch / Musician / Concubine]. The Envoyelle, in general, is designed for ideally 3 distinct voices in readings, symbolic of three distinct characters. This is reflected in the strip of marginal line legend information to the left of the vertical bar [|]. The line legend may look something like this: [ε Rin 6 iii]. Going from left to right, I'll cover what each bit means. [ε] refers to [μ / σ / ε], & as such is part of the *modalisque* sorority, the base of the demotic pyramid: The Musician, The Concubine, The Eunuch in that order. They stem from my reading of the following painting by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres, which you can find in full a draft of an essay I gave to Charlie Smith's *The First Show*..



(fig. 2 - *Odalisque with Slave* [1839] by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres)

But to briefly recap: the realm of Barthean textual Pleasure belongs to the Musician (which denotes an ease of access & semiotic literary familiarity via something that reminds you of language's prime function, which is to communicate, stimulate thought, & even entertain through individual expression of long given codes & tropes).

The realm of Bliss belongs to the Concubine. That realm consists of lexical formations that complicate, rupture, expand on language's prime function past the visible horizon into the unknown & figurative with the mission to progress in virtually any direction. It is the energy to innovate, & push language's limits. The realm of Knowledge belongs to the Eunuch. By knowledge I mean biblical knowledge. But not that biblical knowledge, the other one. The fucking one. Knowledge fleshes out the dyad of pleasure & bliss, because if any absolutes exist, they only do as marginal bastions of hyper-excess. Your knowledge of a word or of a concept or of a sentence or of anything a line provides determines your relationship to pleasure / bliss in a given text. Between pleasure & bliss is the Barthean theory of *tnesis*: "source or figure of pleasure, here confronts two prosaic edges with one another; it sets what is useful

to a knowledge of the secret against what is useless to such knowledge; tmesis is a seam or flaw resulting from a simple principle of functionality.” It is a cutting that turns purportedly unbridgeable gaps between absolute categories into relative gradient fields between them. The Eunuch is a floating point number characterized by a radix point, which turns certain integers into exact approximations that are somehow less certain, & to some degrees totally unfathomable. That radix point, your knowledge of what a text offers, determines the coordinates in a field where pleasure & bliss are the axes.

Nanamica Revision / Lemegeton Lovers in particular was inspired by the Japanese *shunga* (portrait of spring). Yuji Moriguchi basically nails my ideal reading experience by drawing on that tradition in a contemporary way:



(fig. 3 - Yuji Moriguchi's *A veranda* [2003] .)

The values I just described are what I hold closest to me when I sit down & try to write: exercise & hone my savvy, get weird & risky (risque even), & impart knowledge, or at least the opportunity to.

Now we're talking structure again. In any case, line by line, the characters play a given position & play that in their own way. In that particular model line: [Rin]ne Corinne Llúcia Nagamine (her full name) played the position of the Eunuch [ε], & her line, the third in the stanza [iii] was formed around a factor of [6] syllables.

The Vajra is made of five groups of tercets, & one couplet. The five tercets are, in the words of Bibio's song Haikuesque: "*When she laughs / The piano in the hall / Resonates a note.*" The syllables in his lyric are 3/7/5. The entire song's lyric follows this pattern. Another salient example from his recent work is from his song The Art of Living: "*Cherry trees in bloom / view from my living room / remind me / of all the times I've lied / or wish that I had died / & it soothes me.*" The syllables are 5/6/3/6/6/4. Things shift from there. All of the syllables are variable, they don't have to add up to 17. In the age under the influence of generations of free verse's reign, it only makes sense to me that for every fixed element of the form, there should be something substantially fluid & changeable. Syllables in a particular haikuesque will never go over 10. Counting syllables, like counting beads, is a part of what makes writing these peacemaking for me. It's even more pleasure lain when I manage to nail the correct number intuitively, without counting. There are 15 haikuesques.

The final couplet is the double beat, the double bass petals, of Heaven & Hell. The double beat is evidently the point where the poem finds a sense of resolution. In the sense that each line adds up to 17, they are haikuesques in their own way, but if I break the rules at any moment in the poem, it will probably be here. I love to crack the rules a bit after building them up. Every Envoyelle will have a rule break at one point or another, it's what makes it unique from the others, in a sense. Of course, there will be one where no rules are broken, imperfectly perfect in its own way.

Something to stand alone, not a public good, not something others cut their teeth against, an attempt at a personal best, a private pleasure.

At the end of her essay on voice, Alice Notley says the following:

It seems to me that there are at least two important qualities that a poetic voice should have. The first is fearlessness or courage, the voice must be clear about itself in some way, believe itself, and be consistently unafraid. We are speaking now of a voice of a person. And I might add further things, that the voice shouldn't be afraid of being wrong or getting caught up in awkwardness or messy intricacy, or changing tone or emotion or diction, but mainly the voice should speak fearlessly, assuming its authority is equal to any other's voice's -- as far as speaking itself is concerned.

The second quality that a good poetic voice must have is difficult to characterize, it's something like vividness, actual presence of the live poet in the dead words on the page -- the poem is very little without that, and very few, comparatively, poems have that. To make that transference is a mysterious thing to do and no one who can do it can teach the skill to another person. Neither of those two qualities implies aggression, righteousness, or usurpation of place: they simply imply being.

The only reason I am alive is to be myself. Please don't get in my way.

III: On The Mondegreen

Now I'm going to talk about what the root of the mondegreen is, & what it means to me. Seeing as how it's the name of the team of characters, evidently it has some level of import worthy of unpacking on its own.

In the album booklet of Beck's 2005 album *Guero* are the lyrics to the hit song Girl. When it gets to the chorus of the song, the booklet says: "Hey, my ---- girl..." What belongs there? In the song you can either hear him say either of these two things: "Hey, my sun-eyed girl..." or "Hey, my cyanide girl..." Traditionally, the mondegreen refers to a mishearing of a song lyric, only to see the correct version in print. Many things can cause a mondegreen, a masking (overlapping) of an instrumental element of a song over a vocal, an ambiguity in the syllabics of a word or phrase itself, or even studio effects, such as reverb that contribute to said ambiguity. Another famous example of a mondegreen is in Jimi Hendrix's Purple Haze where many people thought he said "'scuse me while I kiss this guy' instead of "'scuse me while I kiss the sky." It became so infamous that when it got back to him, he began singing it that way, gesturing to another male guitarist, because he found it amusing.

A writer, Sylvia Wright, coined the term later in her life when she recalled her mother reading her a Scottish ballad in Thomas Percy's compendium *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Wright misheard when her mother read the fourth line: "lay'd him on the green," as Lady Mondegreen. I think that though the fundamental frequency of the mondegreen is rooted in verse, as the name of the volume suggests, I think of it more as evidence of the dual-faceted destiny of the lyric in music & poetry. The schism between the two, exacerbated, overtime by capitalism's inherent drive towards alienation via the grotesqueries of industry, spawning of the categories of genre, high & low culture. Poetry became associated more with the ascetics of the academy, music became more associated with pop culture. The lyric was where they could meet. Here's an example of that in action: many old guard academically-aligned poets don't think of rap as poetry. Why? Because of racism, probably, but also because of said schism. Bring in rock lyrics from any old album & said poets would have a hard time even begrudgingly admitting that they're the same thing, due to what? The myth of skill in poetry. Why? Not enough care, which I guess means copying age-old artifice in over-priced cookie cutter classes where everyone is supposed to write the same, more or less to the letter.

Skill in poetry is a myth, & we realize this when we remember Edouard Glissant's poetic intention (translated by Nathanael):

"...The analysis of each language should integrate the study not only of concerned languages but again of *their conjugated reaction in the being*. To define a language will be to define the general attitude of the being before the words he is using, yes; but to also approach the principle of an elocutionary symbiosis which will signify one of the modalities of its liaison to the totality of the world.

Language will then no longer be, in the expression of being, pure obstacle and pure accomplishment; it will include, as well, always in contradiction, detention and relation. Poetic language will not only be approached differently due to common parlance, but already as the language of a language (the latter novel in relation to several languages whose harmonious conjugation it will have achieved, and whose it will regulate.)"

Poetic intention is something anyone who makes art has, & they apply it to materials of their choosing. What language evidently, to an extent, lacks in

obvious materiality, it makes up for in its infra-nature, the logic of verdant oblivion that constellates everything. The elocutionary symbiosis that Glissant highlights, is poetic intention. It is a set of ways & means of relating things to other things, of vagabondage in gradations of proximity & distance. & that symbiosis takes place inside of you & me.

Just because the stars have disappeared as we never knew them, doesn't mean the light is any less real. Everyone, in the course of their lives, builds an idiom that is forged in the heart of the self, thing by thing, word by word, experience by experience, more & more, on & on outside of the social contract that is a set vocabulary & grammar.

So, people will blame language for the ills & failures of communication, when it really comes from what we know as subjectivity & trying to ford the gaps towards understanding of one person & another, our individual histories & competing desires, knowing we are condemned to be ourselves. The island that Marina Tsvetaeva says we cannot depart, but must struggle to love anyway, to survive, from which we can see everything but do nothing. But we should try anyway.

How one hones poetic intention is by experience, by learning, by building up one's sense of savvy, not the blunt judgments & rigid expectations of skill. Bibio says "words are not the heart to the secret of the art of living," & that's true enough. The Weeknd says "don't be scared to live again." Or live at all. You'll find your way. You already are.

I already have, & the mondegreen is a part of that. Because when we look at that lacuna in Beck's lyric book, we can see his poetic intention at work by making a mondegreen on purpose by leaving a clearing for more than one definition to grow. In a 2006 ilxor.com forum thread, users try to figure out what Beck said. There are some jokes alluding to his rumored (& since debunked) membership to Scientology. There is actual lore concerning the name of the demo of the song: *Summer Girl*, which Beck confirmed at one point. There is an allusion to Japanese noise musician Masonna (a combination of maso & onna in Japanese, meaning masochistic woman together, but also, perhaps, a play on Madonna). There is someone who gives reason for thinking Masonic. Someone brings up the omission in the lyric book, attributing it to Beck's sense of coyness.

Why did Beck change the demo title? It's where his poetic intention & intuition took him. In a 2005 interview with Billboard, he talks about the genesis of *Girl* as a song:

"Originally, the lyrics to *Girl* were really upbeat, and then it didn't work for me somehow. You need the dichotomy. If you're doing something happy and light, you need the shadows. That was something that the Pixies did so well. Frank Black is a genius at these happy songs, and then you listen to the lyrics and they're based on (Spanish film director Luis) Bunuel films of cows' eyes getting cut." He's referring to the Pixies song *Debaser*."

Whether it's dianetic or xenu, Masonna or masonic, summer or sunlight, sun-eyed or cyanide, it's clear that when you give people an opportunity to think in a void, people will see what they want to see, or see what makes most sense to them in its place. This is the clearest evidence of my thesis concerning the individuated idiom. Beck has given a spot to the listener to let that person's own imagination run wild instead of simply literally telling them exactly what to think & imagine. Beck made a clearing, a place where Glissant says "the barrier of language falls" & in its place, poetic language becomes "operative."

Being a queer or trans person, unless you're really lucky to be formed in the way you feel, or to be indifferent, you have to make peace with the fact that your visibility is subject to constant interpretation & reinterpretation. Because the world we live in has never, even recently, found describing us easy. But this is nothing new for me, growing up people projected Jimi Hendrix, Micheal Jackson, Prince, Lenny Kravitz, Zoe Kravitz, some girl they know, some local dude in a band, a princess, a fashion model, a nun, a miser, a criminal, a crackhead, an ex-boyfriend or girlfriend, I can go on. This continues to this day. For me, sometimes, a vein of dysphoria was having the poetic intention I was applying to myself in real time frustrated, ignored, or being construed as ridiculous by the perspectives of others.

They made me think I was in my way, & not them, & that was a way I was in my own way. Having the actuality of myself confused by the spectral image others made with me in mind made it harder to be myself, to even exist. In any case, now that I've had surgery (you know, to stop the promotion of given secondary sex characteristics & give me a peace of mind), & am on anti-depressants (imagine what free healthcare can do to enrich the lives of billions), been through enough bullshit & have my life literally change for the better, I've reached a point where I can see things more clearly, to accept myself for what I've been, & who I am.

But I digress. The thing I've always understood myself against is the concept of the world, le monde, which in all my time I've been alive has constantly antagonized me in one way or another, the police being the very tip of a very deep iceberg. I love the planet, which is not the concept of the world grafted upon it. So if you're sentimental about losing the world as it's been exactly imagined for us, & are forced to entertain, to abide by, maybe you don't actually want the state of human affairs regarding how we live on this planet & with each other to change for the better. Maybe you just want to look like you're doing something.

Removing the constrictive net of the world from the planet is going to take nothing less than decolonization & the renaturalization of the planet as something habitable for all life still extant, & not just us humans. & that's something that no singular human being or small group can account for, it's going to take a total restructuring of society to do, dispensing with the massive extractive nature of racial capitalism. Revolution doesn't really happen until a critical mass of people is educated & we can, as individuals, do something about that today.

Miss me with all other misunderstandings.

Returning to the structure of the Vajra Macrogram, it is, basically, the microgram in a state of fasciation. Fasciation is a rare condition of abnormal growth in veined plants where there is a fusion & flattening of plant parts into a sort of banding or ribboning of their tissue. This is attributed to hormonal, genetic, bacterial, fungal, viral & environmental causes, commonly understood as a plant mistake due to its abnormality.

This treatment of fasciated plants as errors & rather than something to inspire fascination is something that reminds me of the category of the 'weed' in gardening & agriculture. As a fledgling master gardener, I was taught that said category means whatever plants people don't like, mostly those that threaten the aesthetics & that in the most extreme cases, can have deleterious effects on other plant life, which disrupt man-made gardens. The attitude of the weed has historically been applied to what people call invasive plants, like chinese bamboo or the japanese barberry or the tree of heaven or the multiflora rose.

The New York State Botanical Garden website talks about the purple loosestrife & its widespread over the Northeast. In the article's own words: "What was once a pretty ornamental plant with tall spikes of vivid, magenta flowers has become an aggressive thug." If I could whistle, I would. Let's unpack that. First, let's keep in mind that like any form of life, the impulse to propagate itself in any environment that is even a bit hospitable to its growth is absolutely natural. If it has a will to live, it will live. Second, & the Botanical Garden's website touches on this, but the vast majority of plants that are considered invasives were actually introduced as exotics to this country at earlier points in time by other humans.

So, third, what that means is that what we understand as exotic plants, even though their origins aren't here, managed to adapt & change to foreign lands anyway due to there being some similarity to their native biome. Due to human interference, we can understand these forms of plant life as diasporic. The natural impulse to adapt in order to ensure a being's survival is called evolution. Fourth, I'm coming to the defense of the purple loosestrife as a concept: a plant whose impulse to survive in a place it doesn't belong being totally natural. To classify it as a violent thug is troubling, because at this point we can see the strata of the political & personal impinges on plant life as what Marx called reification.

Whoever wrote the article is operating from an acculturated & biased standpoint that says: 'Look at these foreign beings! they don't belong here & they're ruining the delicate societal balance of beings who were purportedly here before them & they're costing the government too much money. Get rid of them!' I am coming from my own counter-cultural bias, but it takes two to en-garde & let the plant be instead of me watching them take the loppers to a plant obliviously.

A value judgment like the one in that article is residue, the patina of environmental racism & fascism, a projection of deleterious colonialist logics that not only destroy human lives needlessly, but other lives on this planet we share. Humans appointed themselves stewards of the land largely for their own benefit alone, & that needs to change for our own survival, if we even care about ourselves in total. Which means dispensing with capitalism. Because if we're both being honest, the plant will live & die without us. That is what we call nature. The planet will be without us as well. The question is an existential one: what do we want to be? We should be in symbiosis with the planet, & not parasites.

Am I talking to myself?

The mondegreen to me, is an expansive concept. When I see plants take over abandoned buildings, or even any buildings really, that is a stem of that. When I hear of countries getting off fossil fuels, that is a bud of that. When I hear of ozone holes patching themselves up, that is a flower of that. We need fasciation on all levels, not fascism. When I see fasciated plants overgrow, be it by bacteria, virus, genetics, or hormones, it gives me hope that the damage can be, not reversed, but overcome.



(fig. 4 - Fasciation in action.)

Anyway, my inability & then unwillingness to choose a single title for my work after a single point in time has yielded the dual nature of the title of the one I've enclosed here: *Nanamica Revision / Lemegeton Lovers*. But this way of titling also reveals my love of music & the art of the Single, an A-side / B-side. But like Julian Casablancas, one of my favorite archetypes of the album I aspire to is one that sounds like a Greatest Hits. I'm also into having voluptuous bodies of work with strong thematic resonance like Tori Amos' *Boys For Pele* or Lupe Fiasco's *Tetsuo & Youth*. But also we're in the age of street level mixtapes being considered albums, another archetype, which also cuts into the history of the Mixtape as something I curated from extant matters for me to you. One of my favorite living poets, a musician (?) named Keiji Haino, crafts basically every album tracklist (he appears as a feature on) as a series of one line poems of his design. Take this for example from last years collaboration album with Sumac:

1. Interior Interior Interior Interior - Space - Disgusting Disgusting Disgusting
2. Now I've Gone And Done It I Spilled Holy Water (Just Water) Over That Thing Called Healing Music..... / There Was A Faint "Tsk" Noise
3. Even For Just The Briefest Moment / Keep Charging This "Expiation" / Plug In To Making It Slightly Better
4. (First Half) / Once, Twice, Thrice / When You Press The Third Time / Carve Esteem And Despoliation Into Your Heart (Second Half) / Every Historical Scar / Has Been Lined Up At Regular Intervals But / Their Permeation Is Different / Beautified With A Loss Spray

Here's a few more examples: "American Dollar Bill - Keep Facing Sideways, You're Too Hideous To Look At Face On." "I'm Over 137% A Love Junkie And Still It's Not Enough." & my favorite favorite: "The Meaning Of Blackness (More Decorous Than Duty Having Become Faster Than Everything A Smile That Was Never Birthed Into The Light)."

We are going for Side A / Side A Prime, an album leaf for your eyes only.

“With eyes on the sand,
It might help to see
Each foot-printal mark
Where you’ve never been.

So strange is this place
Where dread is true king.
I’ll fold in a word
Where everything’s green
When everything’s green.”

-- Julie Christmas | When Everything is Green

Aristilde Paz Justine Kirby is a poet. She has chapbooks with Belladonna* & Black Warrior Review. She has a radio play on Montez Press Radio. She is forthcoming in The Best Experimental Writing 2020. She has done art writing for Recess Presents @ ACE Open & Rachel Vera Steinberg's curatorial project A faint hum. She is a candidate for a Master of Fine Arts Degree at Bard College. She is a serval in reverse.

**Aristilde Kirby – The Envoyelle: Notes on a Conditional Form
Montez Press Shortlisted Writers Grants**