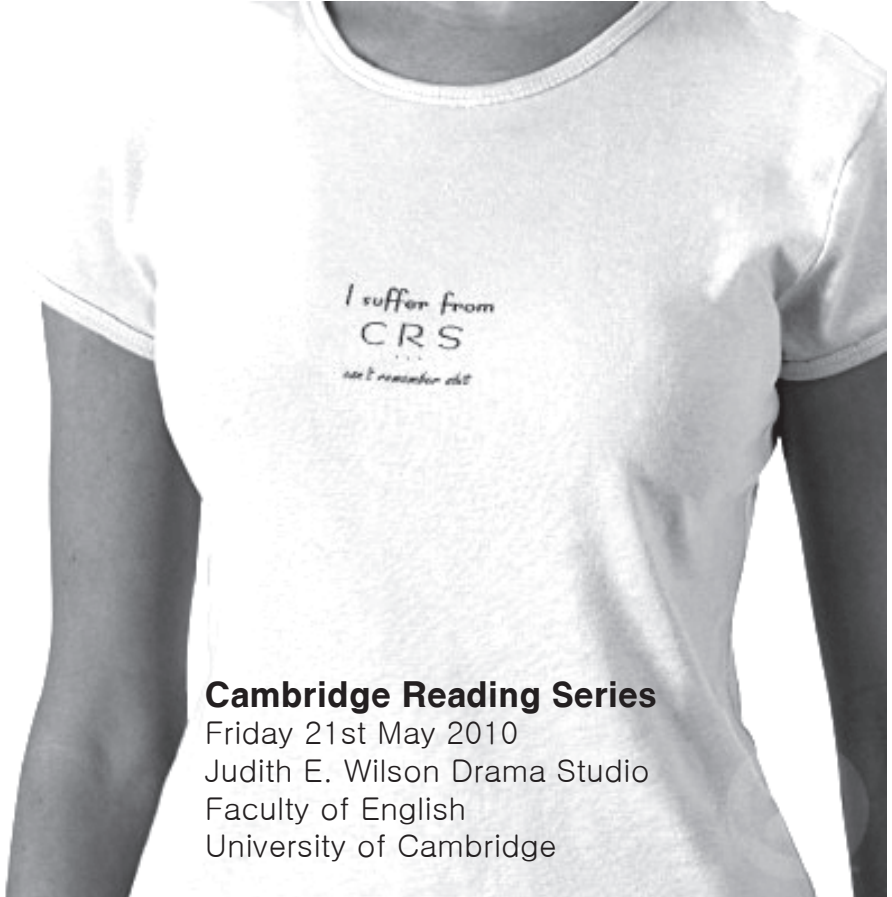


CRS2RD0CRS2RD0CRS POSIE RIDER



Cambridge Reading Series

Friday 21st May 2010

Judith E. Wilson Drama Studio

Faculty of English

University of Cambridge

JOE WALTON

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JOW WALTON

06.05.11

run over to us on sackcloth
clumsily surplus · tort oubliette makes
certain you talk · out of concern
for the mode · o habermas · mossad
supposed I was your assassin
penis blast my ass off it like NASA
plasma screen couldn't contain my breasts
now I'm dead on my corse #tippex ·
on you so obviously horny
in brickwork study the silhouettes I broke
only with my pussy · o bori

22.04.11

privy to acatalectic · senior-
-level conversions wi yr sore
cloaca already & as our
performe- · ah like
my almond-coloured lar #him
with the whine spreads adulterous
sails from your perfuméd light
summer jacket, I · spread family men
jewish in barracks · pick at ni*****

01.05.11

gathering how hard
#thefingering
in the garden · my
glowing alcohol
drink chewing
a night butterfly
or something
my thoughts swats
like shadows grow
from flowerpots ·

03.05.11

in certain futuristic towns
stories will be weighed not counted
shortly you loosen your reins
on #quitethe wrong horse
how fortunate it was
we never were charged
for the block of veins
I will box up my pretty dresses
tippex we shit side-saddle sam
prepares us to alight in cum

08.05.11

from stones, #hoofflashes loose
like Dailies
And come males danse
flailing with freshness / activity day village
The University of Cambridge is Utopia
like a male minimum wage
lace-edged locusts bonus
ramate disk
into itty-bitty systems
Come, let drink renew our fighting

24.04.11

you should thank #him
he prefers to voyage
on my knapsack
& convalesce in his box
& autonomous he flicks
evidential easterlies
jubbers
observe his beauty
on my palm his jaws
show like a pox,

ON JOE WALTON

Not only always a little more and a lot less of description before us we're after those throes of jelly in which the writer glamourizes the act of the victim's nonchalant futzpah, drooling off the mezzanine some stage of dreamland narcosis, a toilet project, a modular skull caked into the adjacent vintage pastoral massacres the ignorants; but, *this* will not deploy its antecedents lightly on a clown buffet, and what gets me hot under the dermatitis is that I'm a fool for eating there in the first place. The quaff-bag of chivalric polity is a ruse of power and wrongness. If to be wrong is in dark conceit to be no good, which is to abide to the spontaneous light not to pure tones, perhaps as well to share the bad, and to spurn the offer of tragic earnestness, micro-phenomenology, genuflected playtime, Gothic urbanity, abstract mystery within secular holiday, you go straight for the model of the brain-animal which is unfitting, unattributable, androgynous, polyethylene, catty, full of rotten myopic dodgers, the tragedy of corpulent white blues, the ecstasy of pretentious detachment. It remains to see if limpidity will move the personae ahead, or if the gaps of self-control on auto-habit seething with inscrutability and ardor happen to shape up when it is wrong, but that flavor of dismissive torpor objects to the attitude of violent dismay, as when writing and speaking stop fucking in the distance and show me how my life ends. The melodrama is tacit in the cultural posterity, and the shining grudge of quantity, can it muster its fury to anticipate and ward off its own self-history? Wrack out of the reportage of wish-fulfillment and devalue the encyclopedic as misinformative? Edit the moments which confirm themselves, but whose bathos effectually covers out of its oppositional agreement, so that deflationary causality is instead the uncomfortable stupidity of reading?

— RD

POSIE RIDER

Some love
My chaoplexic heart is hereby yours
I channel you to the charnel house
I'll make a cottage for your bones & with your lips
I'll brightly snip & bind and strip &
clip your limbs to totem stack
or pile as logs to burn & make the keepsake hot
invoke a shush & ash my blush
& heap in fronds a fossil calm
for dreary dregs of sod & loam
to battery charge & distribute
to light callipered hours
of wastrels
horn-eared cuckolds
spiral-wankers
& the lost-at-sea
call me
x

Oh dear oh dear oh dear
I see she is made of cut glass and you are her apothecary
there are carts scheduled to tip me out heart first at 5, 5.15, 5.45, 5.58
and at the same minutes past each hour thereafter
anthropology quakes at her as yet undiscovered native virtues
she is democracy's undoing, she is the determined swing voter who
forbids us all to hope for better lovers
this most fragile angel, this mesmeric punch, this cyphon this treachery
this bitch in the ballot who with her box still lights our fucked-up ballet

peachy
lackodaisies smeared across
condensation bloats ejaculates
on itself frosted
on glass
outside the grass prostrate
with metric bends
wind caressed undersides
of an emptied pulsation
lovelessness of bark
grown & interrupted
in the opening, the cleaving off
ivy's not the only chastity
boughs, here, are ashamed to rape
why, an orgasm rattles
the panes of this socket
i will not go out today, for fear
not for myself, but for the soles of my feet
& what their pretty eyes might see

An excerpt from *A Year Off The Ward : a psychosis memoir (2010)* by me, Posie Rider.

From 'January', during which time I battled with Anorexia Nervosa, a common

✂✂✂✂✂ disease amongst women nowadays. ✂✂✂✂✂

One week in and it still wasn't working. Try as I might to spurn food, everything was against me. It was January and it was very cold outside. In the kitchen the congenial warmth of rustic game pie with orange festive muffins called out to me, like the essential Mother's bosom. Then, to make matters worse, I was invited to a glam literary book launch, a.k.a. a canapés and nibbles session with Melody and Lara. Temptation would be all around me and my reputation was at stake; this would be the perfect opportunity for an aspiring anorexic to reject even the most diminutive of snackettes and revel in the whispered concern of her compatriots.

Was I up to it? I consulted *Neris and India's Idiot Proof Diet* (Penguin, 2008) wherein the sassy authors advise women in such dilemmas to pick the fillings out of sandwiches and discard the bread—undoubtedly embarrassing, but nowhere near as embarrassing as being fat. I resolved to have a hearty supper before I left, and just prayed I wouldn't get hungry again before I got there.

Of course things went terribly wrong. Far from presenting myself as a waspish poetess capable of fainting from the faintest whiff of champagne, I came across as a dangerous glutton, and rather stupid. Lara Buckerton and Melody Wittgenstein are now also my sworn enemies.

I will explain. We arrived together, Melody looking rather pale and Lara anxiously chain-smoking, which meant they were already on the one-up woman ship. The booze started to flow and we were more than happy to swig at the free wine, but everything fell apart when I moved towards the buffet. As if I had undergone ECT, or was being moved by a will not my own, my valiant-asceticism was cast aside in favour of food.

"Why should I deprive myself in the hope of achieving an *unachievable* body shape?" I thought to myself. "*I will never look like Edie Sedgewick*—I'm too Conservative to take smack. Besides, where would I get the smack from?" (I haven't had a proper dealer since second year when Calvin finished his PhD and left Cambridge. Unless you count coca tea from the farmer's market).

The hunger protest suddenly revealed itself as merely another form of power over women's bodies and seemed immediately less compelling. So I plunged forth into the spread fired by my starved brain's possessive individualist rhetoric.

I ploughed my way through that buffet like a woman, a proper woman. It was like the charge of the Light brigade only instead of Turks there were cocktail sausages, bread rolls and mini-quiches (honestly the things were the size of chocolate buttons)..

"This is species-being!" cried I. "C'est libération!"

And did it make me feel good? Of course it did! But the same could not be said for Melody and Lara. Their disapproving looks were quickly followed by raised eyebrows and finally I managed to emotionally bully them into telling what was the matter with them. Lara explained that she had very low self-esteem, that she was grotesque, unlovable and skips meals because if she ate a mini-quiche, even just the one—may I remind you they were the size of chocolate buttons—she would *hate* herself. Apparently she suffered from mild depression, although not as severe as my own of course.

And just when you thought things couldn't get any worse it turns out Melody is bulimic. Buleeemic! Naturally everyone was bulimic in school, there was precious little else to do, but how anyone could be that bored at her age was a mystery. I am still not convinced: you have to eat something in order to throw it up and she didn't touch a morsel. I suspect she either had a gastric bypass or ate before she got there, like me.

Where, you may rightly ask, had the Feminism, that had helped me battle through November like a young shepherdess dressed in armour to fight the French in 1450, gone? Thinness and a revolution in female manners seemed a million miles apart, with me in the middle, half a million miles away from either. Could Feminists even *be* anorexic?

That night I went to sleep with the profound sense that, far from establishing myself in the arcade of glamorously troubled women—high-achievement anorexics if you will—I had committed a grave error against my image thenceforth. Melody and Lara had impressed everyone with their self-denial, and what's worse, I was still fat. 🍷🍷🍷🍷

ON POSIE RIDER

[A] what do you think of ‘horn-eared cuckolds’ then? [B] well, they’re either being distributed to or themselves distributed. . . and they are in a class of other nogoods: but not just the guilty, also the more randomly ‘lost at sea’ [A] ran-o-dom like cha-o-plexic: where’s the distribution here? [B] the stress IDST? [A] ...but that’s what ‘i wrote a poem about a fucking river’ pushes you towards, right?: cuckold hearing [B] cook old leftovers... [A] epyllion. eh-pillon? that ‘posie’s riding’ moment. [B] for mechanism (puppet) pathos (violins) the heart of the matter (sinews) [A] ...there’s a sense in which allowing a poem to sound itself out is careless, but you can care too much: so you let the sounds do the work FOR you, then love expresses itself... as in anon anon. no strings attached. [B] posie/poesy. except for the last line: attachment to strings (could be a motif) [A] ‘So be drowned or drown over exposed leaves shaking’. is it possible to wank spirally? [B] last time they were in cambridge, jow and samantha gave an account of the then topical news of spiral-fucking in the duck kingdom... maybe it has to do with that? [A] so we’ve got cuckold ears like duck gang rape. [B] i think the cuckold angle is useful. and goes with the strings attached stuff [A] explain how I am all ears [B] it’s the suicide of sincerity gone hand in hand under the waves w/ insouciance [A] but whose fault is it? [B] it’s the times [A] Oh IT’S ALL IN THE TIMES ...or it’s language’s fault. no what you said was better [B] no language is just the tip of the zeitgeist [A] can we edit out zeitgeist for weltanschauung? [B] i can’t help thinking of the whole thing as an outfit...a grafted (worked) persona. [A] agreed. [B] but then whose is the new seriousness? And does it have shares in iambic cosplay? [A] supine [B] i would add that ‘some love’ and ‘i wrote...fucking river’ seem to be equiv. mechanisms as opening gambits. aggressive-defensive [A] sarco-vulnerable [B] but i wonder about the side-car element... [A] so is this gonna work as a dialogue? [B] as in cleopatra: COME RAM THY FRUITFUL TIDINGS IN MY EAR!

— IH & LK



POSIE RIDER: I started writing poems as soon as I could write ... I began writing songs, plays, and novels around age 10, and still have many of those things. Although I continued writing novels until I was 15 or so, and I still dabble in prose fiction, I decided at the ripe old age of 12 that I had conquered all forms of writing except poetry and that my major energies would focus on that genre. Find me at ladiesalone.blogspot.com xxx

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JOE WALTON a grandi en Afrique du Sud avant de s'installer à Édimbourg où il travail en tant que secrétaire dans la finance. Il anime plusieurs blogs : **Everyone's Cup of Tea** <<http://josephwalton.blogspot.com/>> et **Crot of Shit** <<http://franciscrot.blogspot.com/>>. Son travail possède des thématiques variées (amulettes, chagrin etc.). Son prochain livre paraîtra chez Veer et aura pour titre **MELÉE DANS LE SPERME ET AUTRES CHANSONS ET LES POSITIONS DU STRESS**. Il est l'un des éditeurs de **Bad Press** <<http://badpress.infinology.net/>>.



As part of their reading, **Posie** and **Jow** read from Joss Whedon, Armando Iannucci, Wilhem Richard Wagner, Yannis Ritsos, and Adrienne Rich. // The **Cambridge Reading Series** is generously supported by the Judith E. Wilson Fund and organised by English graduate students Ryan Dobran, Ian Heames, Justin Katko, Laura Kilbride, and Mike Wallace-Hadrill. crs0hq.tumblr.com