

LEAVE YOUR BODY BEHIND

SANDRA DOLLER

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Leave Your Body Behind
FIRST EDITION

Chosen as the 2013 NOS Les Figes Press Book Contest
Editors' Selection

Text and cover design by Les Figes Press

ISBN 13: 978-1-934254-57-8

ISBN 10: 1-934254-57-6

Library of Congress Control Number: 2014958392

Les Figes Press thanks its subscribers for their support and readership.
Les Figes Press is a 501c3 organization. Donations are tax-deductible.

Les Figes thanks the following individuals for their generosity:
Peter Binkow and Johanna Blakley, Lauren Bon, Elena Karina Byrne,
Nicholas Karavatos, Coco Owen, and Dr. Robert Wessels.

Les Figes Press titles are available through:
Les Figes Press, <http://www.lesfiges.com>
Small Press Distribution, <http://www.spdbooks.org>

Thank you to each of the following individuals for assisting with
the NOS contest: Aimee Bender, Melissa Buzzeo, Teresa Carmody,
Michael du Plessis, Veronica Gonzalez-Peña, Doug Nufer, Coco Owen,
and Andrew Wessels. In producing this book, special thanks to Les
Figes interns: Fisayo Adeyeye, Danielle Ayers, Amber Donofrio, Allie
Maher, Sara Newman, Matt Polzin, Becky Robison, Crystal Salas, and
Genevieve Shifke.

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PRESS

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This is dedicated to the one I love.

LEAVE YOUR BODY BEHIND

“It is impossible to say who I am.”

— Ronaldo Wilson, *Poems of the Black Object*

“The definable is making me a little weary. I prefer truths that carry no prophecies. When I eventually rid myself of this story, I shall withdraw to the more arbitrary realm of vague prophecies. I did not invent this girl. She forced her being upon me... I alone love her.”

— Clarice Lispector, *The Hour of the Star*

“Everything has a lot to do with poetry. Everything has a lot to do with prose.”

— Gertrude Stein, *Lectures in America*

Leave Your Body Behind

“It’s time we thought about leaving the body behind.”

— William S. Burroughs & Brion Gysin,
The Third Mind

So let me notebook show: that cloud over faucet
make hard work none. Twenty two years it took
me—takes me—to make this for form from
scratch. How many tings have you scratched up
from bottom, how many ages can you fill. When
not mattering doesn't matter anymore in the metric
system. When that old shiny click of hay gets you
about its value in chaps hang on the wall in Old
Tired Town. Don't drink the same old fixers. Trade
up for spinach, juice justice, food deserts, and
corner stores with bamboo baby yoga pants. Yloga.
With butt pockets for Gogurt. Did you have a kid,
did you sign your life over to something enormous.
Does that make you elephant in some bigger way.
Your wife, Trigger?

*

So there he sits, condensing away. Condensating.
Every vowel so purpose, so dirty hole. Who are the
ones that shake it loose my way. Shake some action,
my feet. Like a radio stop. Here we are at at the
bridge again. I had nothing specific in mind. When
I asked you to hold the bag. Nothing in particular
when I put it in park and walked up the see saw
under the armpit border to another country in an
orphan train. I'm getting loose away from it like
all those slut shamey bypass pills. You should be
paying me not to procreate. If I popped you'd be

sorry then. I believe so much in shame. It's just sluts that don't exist.

*

Come on over here and say that again. Really. Sleep over. I'll make a bit o bed, you can have the extra, your face is a towel, sit down a second, plant your feet. Like I've never seen that carpet before. I could make up these songs but I'm busy avoiding. I'm so busy in the bathtub. I used to fill it with rice. There were only so many grams. It's impossible not to think about my father's sex changes. The one he had, the ones he made. It's just a little something I like to say at the bar. So in walk these two 12 year olds. Order a stiff one. Deliver.

*

It's about getting out quick. If you've never heard me say that before then you've never. Either you don't listen or you don't push in your chair. What's a little girl with manners got to do, got to do with it. What's a little manipulative girl doing handing me her banana, her gloves, and her grandma. So we spell doom together. So you killed an ant. What kind of a vegan are you if you still drink hot treat and asphalt. Haven't you thought about all those diapers and roe. Didn't you see the couch at the dump get dumped on. Didn't you just want to send it off to Mars. Didn't.

*

It smells like hippie farm in here. Pimlican spice and no salt. Have you hugged your chip rubber today. Soon there will be no place for this face. Soon I'll be unrapeable what a fat shame. I looked at all the oldies for the objects—for the heavy phone that could break a teeth, the borax under the skin. Is that BB lightening cream you're using, or are you just that kind of pinko hunter. Sat at the table, moved chair in, moved chair up and in, rearranged ass in chair, moved at diagonal, reached for cream, talked over the situation. The heist, the trauma, the loot. Sat it out, took it down, didn't get it back.

*

But I swear I rinsed it out before you saw me. But I didn't drop it on the floor. But I didn't think twice about it. But I strapped it on too tight. This is how they get made—she mostly makes him that way from the start, in the oven. She expects nothing of the bun. She doesn't even try the dough. It's enough, I made it, there. Spongy to the touch. Nothing a little slap of cream won't solve. Nothing clarified or hard to swallow. Take off your one time poncho and leave it at the door. Check yourself in. Remove appendage.

*

If you're not honking, you must be paying attention. Which comes first—the honky or the tonk. It's not my job to make you dance. This is your own little pilgrim. Put yourself on a bus like a wanted child. Sleep on a mat without. Sheep it up for a while and get back to me. They wanted to be men and so they asked. But that was the first mistake because men don't. Real men don't eat meat. Real milk, real cheese, real problems. Have you had your ball of pus today? Have you honked on a pile of shit soaked baby meat? Maybe that's a little extreme, but so so south. So coiny.

*

Sorry guys. You need time. Sure. And I don't have a handwritten castigation. These are unexpected times we live in. Drought, flood, Denmark. Just get me a ticket to Finland and I'll sell the whole childish plan. Just sit me around a hemp fire and solve the world problem. Is it getting bigger, listen up procreates. You are like an alien class set out in the rain with no vitamin D for miles. You are like a bag of crystals looking for attention. You are not like that at all. But look at all these little mouths I hold. I'm telling you, flood McDonald's was the right idea. Some days you just need a light.

*

That one at the payphone wearing sweaters on her knees, little square scare quote warmers, a

nose patch. That's me. Don't look up, don't nod at the white dreadlock. Just beat a can in the other direction. Take a powder, shove a sausage. Get rid of all chance of gold winning. I hope that came out correctly, the little pin in the bottom of the bowling alley payphone change slot. Ping. To wheat. To who. Everyone gets sidled by too much morning. The trick is to count down from zero. Go negative. Break in.

*

Nothing moves. Except white SUVs. All over California. All the sweet sheeping hackers. Love your fog. Was that a rat. Wasn't it. So a dripping ceramic vase on a pedestal is supposed to make you feel better. So lots of glass. Petro product free. So corn. So you know what I'm talking about. So say it in English so we can all hate it together. So kill some more bugs, more small things. So what would Lorine do. So ha. Don't you sometimes feel like you're talking to someone. I had a chance a real Swanson. I was one earring in, I was lips deep. It's true. They called me Pucker.

*

I'm not really hungry anymore. That's why I don't have to read as much as you. I only have to prove my show size sometimes. Then I whip it out, whip it up, whip all over my face. Are you one of those ones. You really think whipping will make better. I think

a black Lincoln stretch town car with a slant 6 going fast on a bridge. I think sometimes a pot of dirt or a few acres or how did we not see the lavender before, just sitting there, unspellable, in the bush. I'd like to finish that thing you started. There's a couple hundred purples out there. Wherefore are you my sheeple, pilgrim, cactus doe.

*

Seems fine though. What's bigger than the dog on the shelf, so obvious, the kettle in the strap. So 90's these lines these pick up come on times. Try it. Get low, 90's, small for a second. Then push. I can hardly keep myself up. It's not worth memorizing. It's not even that negative. I had a bum knee, a pair of puppies, and a stash. This cloth says imperfections are natural. It's only natural that the corner store should feel like me. Like I do. Like a girl with a guitar and nobody. Like the back room of a thrift zine. Is that enough reference. I almost started speaking German there.

*

Changed places with Holly Barry. Yesterday's thong. Happy Birthday to a dog. Mix up sentence sandwich show the glow. Process in glove. A duck and some marijuana sit on the table. Animals make sand together, shut me up. No dog was ever a shut in like a woman. The trauma of thinking. Well aren't you lucky. Poor frosty paws, drinking dog beer at the

outdoor saloon. Didn't you get stolen. From. There is always a dog in a couch somewhere. Doesn't that make up for anything. Any bod could see that her time was too long. She went on forevs. We were the audience. She was the scar.

*

Some other animal banked a warning. Get back Jack, don't tread on Stan, watch out for that fast current, who are you meshing with. Animals with insults for names. This will be illegible said my other paw. Who else could have thought up so many ways to waste. Could you make it smaller please, so I can take it on the plane. One girl's boot kicks another. All the adopted ones are not boys now. Everyone wants to imagine themselves a girl. Beautiful, brown, saver. There, isn't that better. You didn't even have to touch the middle. Honey, you just bought yourself a dog.

*

Out of order. Wizard balls on a table. Green dragon hold up. How exceptional. Exceptionable. Action-oriented. I'm an action walker. One knee in front of the bad one. This one. Bum one. Hey can I borrow your pea shoot. Just want to frame it for a minute—just need to get a good panorama of this town before it's all over. A town is a timed thing. Didn't you know. The Weebles inside take as much as they can until all gone. Done is the inevitable execrable.

She was a priest before she was a farmer. Then a secretary, chef's apprentice, magician's rabbit, pot scourer, number counter, side salad, weed maker, push up bra. Gross cutie.

*

Why yes, it is frustrating to be a hut. Thanks for asking me all these questions. I still have our hat. Do you want me to know the name of my summer camp. Some poets like themselves and their tongues. Some exit the premises. Some go to Canada, some are already there. There is a brown hat with a blue bow, and a pink bonnet with a yellow square. Two dogs drive a car to a party and one says, Gee did you ever see such a tree. A long thin hat with an orange cycle, a short fat blue cap under a wheel. The famous people try on all the good costumes. The most drunkard kills the littlest girl. It's a party! It's only the start! Grab a bag.

*

I used to do this. Santa Nostalgia. That's some smart sweater weather. The thighs are the first to go. Why not age from the feet up? Who says that Real Time with Bill Maher isn't real. Who framed all these snappy face shots. You know that guy that leaked all that information. No, the other one. I don't use the phone. Talk about baggage. I fell over. I bumped my knee. I killed the one laughing. I still remember every time. This is not my main problem. I have no

people. Don't like em. Not delicious. Too much talk. Got hungry. Ate one. Same as pushing down a cow. Isn't it. Same thing. Same time. New face.

*

The meeting house gave her cramps. She was no one she'd known before. Two fire extinguishers are not better than one. From the side. Everything looks like animal pelt. A good bag is impossible to find. The best one died. Switching places always works. Then she walked in. I am my own silent movie. I scooped with a dust bin things that were not dusty. They were round and turds and I was close, so close in the face to them and I flung. Flung is always used in such circumstances. You cannot fling or have flung anything desirable. Always. Cannot. Wrong window. The hungry spot. A click a minute. A food justice court. A wiccan ball. Silence, back there.

*

One more time. Take the littlest one and put it in your mouth. Your pocket. Your mouth pocket. Spit on it, spit it out, spit into it. Go to the closet. Get the biggest dress you can find. Make a face like a tiger dragon. Put on some pink and roll around on the dress. Pink it up. Spit on yourself. Grow some kind of garden with it. A spit garden. Match something. Make sure to match it exactly so no one can tell the difference between you. You two. Turn up the heat to at least 74°. Convert to Celsius. Get a new passport. Shake & repeat.