

Oed is Dead

by Ann Bogle

Oed is Dead almost about to ...

I feel sick from alcohol but that is not all. I will not fall down from alcohol but from something more piercing and not self-hate. I am dizzy from trying as you will see.

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There are "N" words that are my first choice: NO, never, neither, nor, not, knit.

I reach for these words automatically every time I pick up a pen. They are the first to appear. Always. And sometimes, I think of flowers and green plants early in the writing process.

Today—with the present crisis—I will resist "N" words or follow them to unnatural conclusions.

I COULD always sleep. Go "home" now and sleep. My body and my fetus—who complain of this torture—would appreciate sleep. I have something to do that is not sleep. I have something to do that is not sleep. I have to try to wake.

Over and over I am under.

Under the weather. Underweight. Untergedrückt ("pushed under"—depressed).

Under. There is an impulse with under not to rise. It is like sleeping but with humiliation. Sleeping is not humiliation but a release from humiliation.

Over and over I am under.

And then I sleep.

But sleeping is not humiliation.

It is a release from humiliation.

Today is an opportunity—among many—to not sleep—to not say NO to waking. It is only hard to say NO to "N" words—or to SLEEP.

Now—and "now" is also an "N" word—I am realizing the potency of sleep, and how I must and will sleep soon.

"Soon" must inevitably be an "N" word as well. Like Ann—and damn. Or Dawn. "And" is "N" too.

N

is like "Nevins"—Lori's name—and "never", like "Name."

N is not in lake nor in water but in everything surrounding like nuptial—like nascent—an archaic word.

To Be Born. With or without "N"—a line, to learn.

Orange. Oran Je—as Cixous (Hélène) and orange—benign tumors growing in my leg and breast and arm and in my—NOW—womb. Orange.

Santo. The flamed Saint. Santo. Dying in gasoline flame amidst guilt over sexual duress. Dead.

"N" is Sun and Sand. as well __ __

Three Studies with Can Contents: —this is a poem of mine. There are Can and Content words entirely composed with "N".

Something women and men have in common, that is Woman and Man, have in common: the simple, the Ur letter: N

