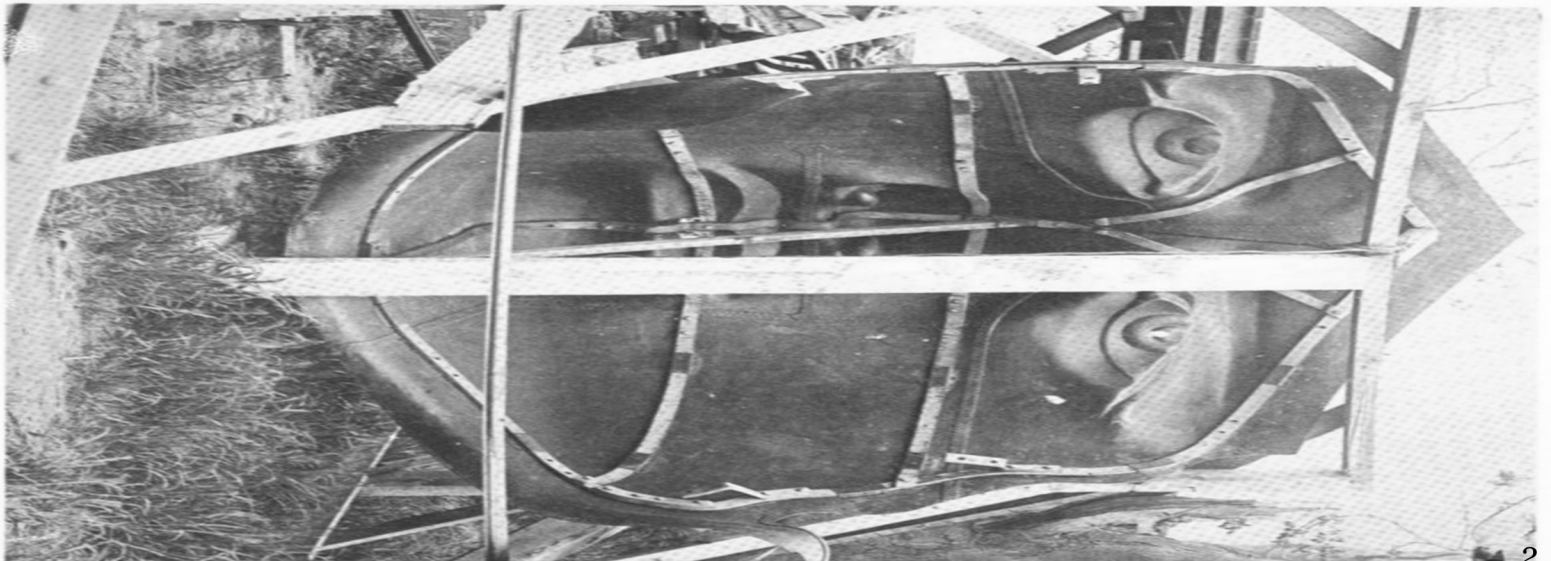


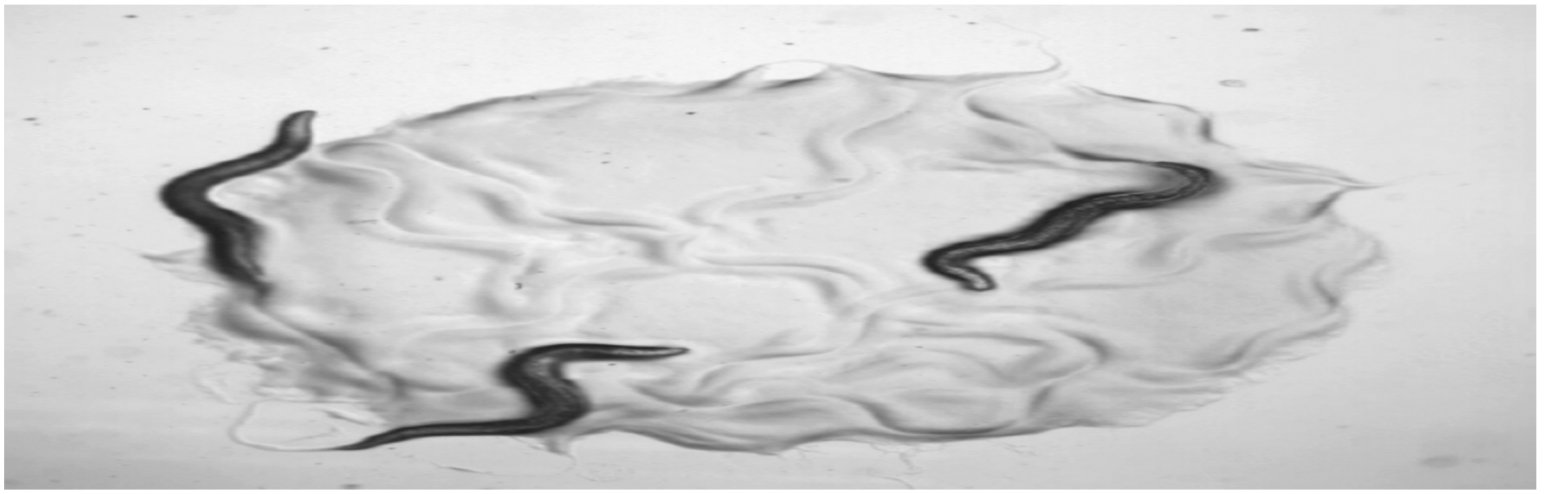
Hannah Rubin

“GHOST ARCHIVE”

I WOKE UP LANCED IN THESE BIZARRE DREAMS that felt pokey, like shards of wood. I think because Emma woke up around 6 to go to work, I spent the next 3 hours in that dense limbo space, where I was about to wake up, about to wake up, continuing to sleep, about to wake up. But less physically so. More that there was a sense of urgency and schizophrenia to everything that was taking place, as though it was happening, but at a rapid pace that was close to a kind of annihilation. The characters in my dreams took on this shape—this shape of annihilation. I didn't see Antigone and I'm disappointed. It's hard to make time for greek tragedies.

THE POINT BEING TO WRITE EVERY DAY? MOUTH spicy from two potato tacos, Taco Bell in Santa Clarita. I'm sitting in the restaurant portion, sun casting long slats across my neck and table. I could move, to be less uncomfortably blinded, but I'm too tired. If I was honest I'd say, it's time for me to go home. But I want to stay. Not at taco bell, but at school. I want to see the performances and feel loosely sparkle apart. I could eat another taco. Would that equate roughly to one twenty minute nap? Writing everyday, really gathering the scrim. And is that worthwhile? “20 lines a day” versus the many fragments texted, the journal I keep in different spots in my bedroom. Which is the “good” writing. The shareable writing. Why shareable. That word been butchered/taken completely by bizarre marketing slang. The manuscript sits in my backpack. Needs a few more screws tuned in and I can't choose right now to work on it. The whole thing's been re-written. Regret? Who gets to say which is better anyhow? I guess the loose desire would be to capture myself more truthfully. Writing so connected to that sense of having something to depart. To say. I do. I do have a lot to say. Mushy melting dance body. Linguistic laguna lactase lunar elliptical. I keep wanting to get to the word cactus. As though it starts with an L. Contentious Cavalier Creepy Cactus Cocteau. Cocktail. Parakeet. Verklempft. Cactus. Linear spine tower collapse applause clap. Cucucko clock. Cocktail cadaver. Caboose peruse deduce spit juice. I will get a third taco.





I'VE BARELY SLEPT the last four nights. Stomach bending twist growth pain. This morning, diarrhea shooting out of my anus every 25 minutes for 5 hours and counting. The body insisting upon itself. Hey hey! Look at me! The desert yesterday was beautiful and so delightfully colored— the soft greens, blues, yellows. White poofs with red stalks. A hike at magic hour when the sun golds everything. I'm too tired even to be dragging this pen along the page. Finger cramps and bad posture. A belly that is eating itself. All my boring art about making a boring book. So leashed to what's going on in my life. Things I'd like to do if I didn't have this onslaught of classes and sick fragile body: clean my studio, scrub and paint the walls, lift everything up and mop. Bring in a big shelf, reorient the space. Finish the desk. Paint out the word piece. Animate the Home Depot paint chips. Eat bone broth and cover my skin with clay beads. Rehabilitate my mother. I am so sad, lost, devastated, scared, freaked out, confused, unwell, scared, devastated, sad, lost, freaked out about my mother. Renee to me, finish the mother piece. All I can really visualize at the moment are chunks of poop flying out of my anus, a watery ride. This is gross and I don't want anyone to read it. The depression is large. It's getting what you want and not getting what you want. It's sheer exhaustion. When there's so much to do/ so much you want to do. It's the feeling of a stomach pressed against something, making a painful sensation. It's a wanting and a not-wanting to make sense.

TODAY IT IS NOT COMING TO ME. This writing business. I had a rush of conversations. I spilled an entire cup of coffee in my car and it seeped into the carpeted flooring. My neighbor is fighting with his daughter and vacuuming his room. The timer for my potatoes just went off. I watched a video of Noam Chomsky talking about politics and then we critiqued his blindspots. I carried a couch from one room to another, via a car. I wore the same outfit as two different people. My hair cut made me feel silly. I ate four matzah balls and started to sweat. I said some things and feel regret. I looked at paintings and felt immense pleasure at the blobbiness of the paint and the bodies depicted. I speared the potatoes with a fork and turned off the stove. I looked for the colander and could not find it right away. I was trying to make mashed potatoes but realized I had none of the ingredients other than the potatoes. Now I have a pot full of boiled potatoes. I look for a container to put the potatoes in. Everyone says I should go to the doctor, but I won't. I will eat potatoes and drink sauerkraut juice. I will force my gut to heal through sheer desire alone. I text Emma back. I move the wedge of clay into my room. I eat a little piece of potato as I am moving it into a tupperware and then I grow desirous and eat some more, then I feel sick, because I am full. I sweat some more.