

# MY LIFE A BOOK

Anne Waldman

*If I say I am the little woman of the Book, that means that a Little-One-Who-Springs-Forth is a woman and that she is the little woman of the Book.*

—*María Sabina (translated by Henry Munn)*

Trees gradually become alphabets & suggest words, peripheral, ephemeral, then take on greater namings in human hegemony.

Sound & ink. Beyond culture. The neurons display little spines that branch out in language.

A baby, a body, a book, abode.

*Lontar*: the palm leaf you scribe upon.

*Pecha*: holy texts. Rectangular pages stacked & wrapped in sacred cloth.

Tripping, you emerge from the book. Whose poem are you dwelling in?

Within rocks, water, hidden dakini scripts in cloud formation, in dream.

Book from beech from oak from birch. The child looks up, reaches, a tree comes down to hand.

Papyrus fugue.

First ubiquitous pine as in "pine for love," the romantic fugue is never over.

Eyes in the wood, cryptic code in grains of wood, scripts go prancing there.

Trees read landscapes encoded for the traveller and for when the traveller exits, what trace?

Runes of turbulent meaning ride across winsome galaxies.

Cosmic mirages. Universe is a telescope. The woman is a book.

Language over meaning assembled frontally. & lifted & held, eyes open. Look in the book-lens.

Breasts = book.

Trace your name. Meaning: Anne. Named grace, named other. Named "mirror."

Shapes mist over a sexual lingual imagination.

Stir hand toward a physical turn, tremble toward solid compatibility of what's at hand. Turn.

Child makes marks against her void. Bricks, tablets, scorings for music, objects with sense & sound inside.

That's a record, that's a map, that's a guide no that's a holy book.

No that's a body of contents, a table?

No a tablet.

Le livre est sur la table.

A throne.

You sit on the encyclopedia of all there is to know, and lists of names & numbers of all they are to know in New York City.

Don't get lost out there dangerous out there, come back inside & read.

Open by hand.

Your world hovers between seductive covers. True tragedy. False tragedy. Mixed tragedy.

What genre are you if you were literature.

If you were a formal composition.

If you were a constitution.

If you were a priest. What gender are you?

If you were a scholar what kind of book would you be?

Gnosis, a concept. Literature, a concept.

Bad books.

Criticism, a book.

Epic, a song.

Art, a book.

Art, a concept.

Book, a song.

Ideology, a book.

Science, an art.

Politics, a song.

Occulist witness witnesses a stream of character.

Vocabulary, a gnosis.

Tree, art.

Character, a book.

No need to move from this tree.

Or stay inside with a good/bad book.

Create your text out of the first oral moment after you have been outside to live.

They throw the book at you.

Politics, a book they throw at you.

Lock up your sex in an art-tree-science-book.

Revolution, a manual.

Vegetable, a page.

Law, a code.

Staple, a spine.

Ink, mineral.

Imagination, animal.

Vox, animal.

Glue, animal.

Oral, moment.

Flesh, woman.

Some girl in a dark wood in the dark wood moment.

Trees at every turn in the wood in the dark wood flesh moment.

No light to read by at any turn in the wood in the dark wood moment.

Torches? Intellectus.

A book of the wood imagination all lit up.

You master the word hobgoblin.

You drink the elixir of gnosis.  
Hob gob line in the dark wood turning to a dark wood book instant.  
You go inside, a different book, a light, a place to sit down.  
Lexicons live there.  
All the testaments including oral titanies & hagiographies & cosmographies  
live there.  
Various books of various gods live there.  
Sacred substances live there.  
"With the mushrooms I see god" (Maria Sabina)  
Human, a book.  
God, an art.  
A book of hours & the illuminated numbers to live by live there.  
Manifesto, a claim.  
Cultural identity, an art.  
Enough to go around, a fact.  
Structure of wave, of young star-forming blue galaxy both live there.  
Application, memory, dream, data across the impulse-micro-chip-night  
live here.  
A word was beginning in a wood & more important than god it seemed the  
word in the dark wood comes to light turning in the dark wood neural spine  
hand ritual book taut instant.  
Abstraction, ghost books at hand.