

title hanging

* you may choose
to press (gently)
on turquoise words

I. morning

up at seven

it's been twelve years and the brain -unconsulted by the rest of her- still weeps most mornings

this is the time i naturally go to bed

the feet take her straight to their room

no matter how horrific last night's **dreams**

she always feels better by the softness of their curves mocking the covers
rise and shine

she's hungry already -is it hormonal?

or, has the total collapse of her normal

-up-in-the-afternoon-coffee-smoke-read-alcohol-out-sex-scream-write-lifestyle led her to saturated fat?

it's nine fifteen and she's finished three days' **household** load

tea & inbox break

the eye catches a playful dictation: *γεμνιστικά*

a sudden rush of adrenaline for no apparent reason

file downloaded

utter silence

it's twelve fifteen and she's finished **volume 1**

crashed, envious, touched, enraged

this scholarship has always played first with the gut, then with her intellect
(cartesian, yes!)

lost in this volume, can't find herself entirely in any of the works

an acute desire to **become** one thing in its entirety

radical, rather than the other way round

waters are fighting inside her

they are pouring down and dripping out of her

ancient waters of joy and affliction and decay

feminism has become mostly about sm lesbian anti-all q-trans subjectivation

she longs to be it

examines the crises inscribed on her body

traded her passions for some work, unnoticed shifts that turned her estranged
from her very own **-isms**

an odd cell, alienated, queered by her kind

she hoards a thousand swallows in her pockets

they have **nowhere** to go

work work work

trifling miscellaneous tasks

not me not me not me

possessed by the zestless of thoughts

dis/possessed

wires and veins blossom out of her chest in equal proportions

once in a blue moon a wild flower

II. midday

her sister wakes at two, loyal to the family disdain to daily routines
comes down in the kitchen for a ginger-carrot smoothie
her sister has MS
she didn't even know *nightingales* could get MS
the injections right next to the butter
she didn't even

it's three fifteen, they are back from school
her stomach still a mess
the feminist inside her -tired of footnotes, scared of half-read piles of
other feminists- she bursts
i too belong in there

non-binary is my middle name
a middle aged straight mum

who would have thought? a sour surge of feeling
all her alarm clocks buzz at once
i need to stroke the birds that hold my hammock

her therapist these days is a *man*
so is her lover
years and years she still feels out of sorts

happiness hard to bear

pay the bills, make them safe, tidy up, play it safe
keep it up *vs.* fuck it up (nanosecond dilemmas)

math test tomorrow, volley practice, shower, quick dinner
favourite tv series on
(how is this different from plastic soccer moms?
does sheer reflection make it any better?)
help me recognize cozy from hypnotic

she feels her gender becoming somewhat dull
she has surrendered all its glossy, sharper traits to these two
-unsuspecting yet- fleshful *citations*
the questioning, the anger, the desire
hey, still a woman?

four luminous young nipples have begun flourishing in the umbrella of her
arms, under her goodnight kisses
rustles of bones and lips and toes cracking up graciously to *welcome* all the
bleeding
how do i bear the beauty? the loss of full command?

III. writing

midnight fifteen

can't sleep

i need to write this down

now

now!

or else

this too will slide down the red hatch of her unused *delightful thoughts*

the fever is milder again, the breathing easier

call it auto-ethnography? mid-laundry poetry?

is this what gendered writing feels like after all?

and does it matter to those outside oneself?

i need to get going, the light is up

their warm breastfed matter will be awake(ned) soon

just leave the title hanging?

may i? I'm out of time

ok then

you decide

let's leave it open to you

you, the *other* feminists

**for mother
my crazy goat who broke her leg
again*

Title hanging: external sources

dreams	printscreens of word file “Dreamz” (dream diary 13/2/2012 – 13/5/2018); dreamt and arranged by Anna Apostolidou
household	collage of 1950s advertisements; arranged by Anna Apostolidou
volume 1	Online journal <i>feministiq</i> , volume 1, DOI
become	Williams, M. (1922). <i>The Velveteen Rabbit</i> . New York: George H. Doran Co, p.56. DOI
ancient waters	‘quotes bricolage’, quotes from Anzaldúa, Butler, Derrida, Foucault, Lorde & Yalom embedded on painting by unknown artist; arranged by Anna Apostolidou
-isms	word compilation; created by Anna Apostolidou
nowhere	‘birdy’; sketch by Frida Kayali (2018)
dis/possessed	Butler, J. & Athanasiou, A. (2013). <i>Dispossession: The Performative in the Political</i> . Cambridge: Polity Press. DOI
nightingales	Video clip ‘Lamma Bada’; performed by Despoina Apostolidou, DOI
i too	Virginia Woolf [2015 (1929)]. <i>Mrs Dalloway</i> . Web edition, Project Gutenberg Australia. DOI
who	Collage of 1) Installation view of Betty Tompkins, WOMEN Words, Phrases, and Stories at The FLAG Art Foundation, 2016. Photography by Genevieve Hanson, ArtEcho LLC, DOI and 2) mobile phone selfie; by Anna Apostolidou
man	Video clip ‘I’m your man’, performed by Leonard Cohen, DOI
happiness	Audiovisual version of the poem ‘Because it’s’ by EE Cummings, DOI
vs.	Women word #7 by Betty Tompkins, DOI
citations	Butler, J. (1997). <i>Excitable Speech: A Politics of the Performative</i> . New York: Routledge. DOI
welcome	Mead, M. (1920). <i>Coming of Age in Samoa</i> . New York: William Morrow and Company. DOI
delightful thoughts	Pin writing “Courage in women is often mistaken for insanity”, phrase attributed to psychiatrist who examined Alice Paul in 1917, after she was arrested and imprisoned for protesting in front of the White House for women’s rights. DOI