

Entanglement and Being

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Annex Series



eohippus labs

Entanglement and Being.

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From the Editor

The dandelions are prophesizing.

What are you afraid to see, in the tenuous space you are being given? For you, what is on the other side of the portal and what pain do you have yet to experience? What more can you learn from the geese, the moss, the dandelions, the mushrooms, the concrete beneath your feet?

How can you orient yourself differently from within, to not see the world as broken—as something to be fixed or saved—but as an entanglement of becomings and worldings of which you are a small but integral part?

What is it that you are trying to protect? In your silence and complacency, what is it that has really been at stake for you? What have you been guarding, protecting, keeping close to you, keeping distant, what struggles have you avoided your entire life, what struggles are you avoiding still? In protecting what you have felt like you have earned, in caring about those in your immediate view, in using exclusivity when it comes to compassion and awareness, how have you contributed to everything that you can so easily criticize in language but have yet to understand your own intimate relationality with these so-called broken systems? How have you contributed to the environmental degradation of this planet, to systemic racism, to the real harm against black and brown bodies, to civil wars and genocides, to the violence in the streets and all over the world, to this pandemic, to all of the suffering in this world, to all of the imbalance? How have you forgotten that you are not an individual, not a self-enclosed ecology but part of a global body, connected to every other being, every other atom on this planet, all of the energy of the cosmos and the universe, of the past and present and future, how have you forgotten what you really are and what change you are truly capable of instigating?

- Janice Lee

Will Alexander

"...I stress as vocable
hounding isolation
as if each lunar shell were compounded
as depth by inverted spectra

say
3 magenta italics
burning
as blackened germination throughout a species of light wafting
from enigmatic suns

at the same time simultaneous with a mongoose
a hawk
or a vapour

those aggressive occupying vapours
alive as anarchic

then
those implicit scaling realms
like an aleatoric vector known as turiya*
which include the blindness that I grasp
the rays that live with optical instability
their codes
their marshes
their emblems

pointed
towards an emblematic deafness spinning
with ophthalmic tendrils
with invisible squirmings on Venus not unlike an empire of microbes
no longer bound to barriers that feign reversals
causing each cell to subdue according to random teeming according to barriers that ignite
reversals
giving them the illusion that emit lines as rays
as erupting photon gardens
or a cloudy phlogiston motif
or a barren axial trail
without causes

without a sudden incendiary surface
such as that which spirals or deracinates itself
diminished in its power
by curious algebra or nutation

no
it carries a sense of omniscient vertigo

omniscient with both vertigo & nostalgia
that adds that adds or burns itself via paradox through liquid
as though our one Sun
with its blackly created moon became barbarity by index & phantom
by mountains that circle themselves baffling
the thrust of their physiognomy
their strength as sabbatarian fulfillment
as vitreous arsenal ballet
like & unlike floating methane above Neptune like & unlike the Hirayama asteroids **

in their colony of vacuums destroyed
as if
in a suffix of declaration
analogous
in purifying dharma

these vacuums exist
without diagram or projection whiteout collocation or boundary

I have not created their witness sent their calescence
their supernal thermodynamics their shift in combustion by anemic because
I

I the Hillstar
as force from the Andean substrates
am not a logistic operator
but he
of ventriloqual stamina
of convexity electric with voyage

nautical with invisible agoras
alive
with pre-existing obscurity

shadows that pre-exist by quantum nomadics
who exchange their central essence by ambivalence

so that nothing ever accrues ever in itself
all the time
without answer
without growth that exhales
all the while implying
the curious mathematics of stony oregano & skin

if I exist as curiosity by technique
it is true
I still exist as presence
an equation traced by blizzards
by an action absolved of the hyper-dimensions of brooding
absolved of one simple dogmatism as status
of embryology that ignites by commandment
no
not religious deliverance gregariously instilled by abstruse misnomer
by wretched clinical incitement
but by osmosis
by a template
appearing & disappearing without any known origination in austerity

neither is it the quest for annihilation
or for dogmatic catalogue only quenched by catastrophe
but by nature
I am inclement
I partake of air before the Sun exudes
quaking
in my present double form
I exist without advantage
without a sense of lakes forming in my region

invisible
yet verbally visible
I speak
so as to detonate winds
to take by possession an anti-nuclear form
thereby
withstanding edicts
as if my wings were great clairvoyant equation

& this equation exists at the source of speculation
in an ecology that generates incalculable sorcery by verb

yet I cannot advance creation

nor give it protracted neurological invasive
that with one dimensional vibration parallel by counted activity darkened as separate illusive

this is
the serial persistence
by which deductive prowess is founded

I can say that all separations exist by lower ingestion

that unity is avian in form
is totalic as suggestion
because
it evinces height
it is empyreal scintilla
much like black rotational invasives

& these invasives
non-detectable
like darkened radon soaring insidious with that which obscures & re-angles anomalies
according to eclectic gravitational criteria

& all the
all their various equational instincts in motion
throughout fissures in the proto-implicate
throughout great mangers of fire
& these mangers are suns

suns struck
with darkened cellular nomadic
with perfect occult saturation
that hyphenated the power of spells..."

*turiya: In Hindu philosophy "pure consciousness."

**Hirayama asteroids: an asteroidal that share similar orbital elements. Named for the Japanese astronomer Kiyotsugu Hirayama.

Brenda Iijima

Sensitive Histories

The wind rushes forward relentlessly
You are feeling sleepy
Your eyes feel heavy
Slowly the room is darkening
A feeling of calm is settling
A commotion of butterflies flicker through space
So that the atmosphere tastes of cherries and smells of cream
And all edges evaporate
Breath moves from the navel to the forehead and back
Relax yourself noticing and observing
On the third breath close down your eyes
Something you were told not to do you went ahead and did
Questions of futures bloom, dahlias are blooming
She hesitated and then speeds ahead
Now that the lights are off the night stars assume their brilliance
Lightyears in the distance
First responders arrived at the scene
They we us are already present, engaged
Does it seem like a good idea to build
Another monolith in the shape of a pipe? No,
Categorically no. Someone thinks it is feasible.
The data suggests cataclysms, plural, totalizing

In winter there was confirmation

Superhero characters proliferate, as do subaltern communities

Pushed to the furthest margins, fleeing

To motivate the subplot

Endgame scenarios

Off-planet escapades

Forms of evasion that are the opposite of refugee status

Scenes in thick concrete bunkers and bottled water

Farmers are calling this year's corn harvest a train wreck

Where will an election cycle get us?

No to racist tyrants!

No to racist systemic violence!

This is the uprising for transformation

Each breath takes you deeper

By imagining your eyelids lakes of shimmering grasses

Relax now and go within, internally supple

Joy is apparent

All share an ardent reliance on candor

As the carnelian liquid is poured

Take yourself there

A state of initial failure

Surreptitious scions, all those feelings

You can see yourself

A fable-like tableau of destruction full flame

Please do not touch them

Yet they do

The river was redirected to the data center
 To cool the archive, inordinate power is supplied
 A dog and a falcon become best friends
 A cat defends a human baby from a dog
 The images lose physicality
 They were the butterflies' passionate allies
 Systems operation relies on rare minerals from war-torn countries
 Electromagnetic waves may cause brain damage and psychic confusion
 The bone structure of the skull changes shape
 Active wars the nation engages in...
 Habitual detrimental systemic hegemonic whereas...
 Kittens are incredibly cute
 Lots of things happening to bodies
 The planetary reality
 The world
 Why go there?
 In a car
 In a plane
 On foot
 There was admonishment and shame
 Alas, inequity becomes ever more monstrous
 Astonishing differences of access, mobility, safety, health
 Propelled from every corner
 Cornered
 The flooding continues for another day
 The river and the lake and the ocean merge

Polemical aversions, ecology favors anarchism
 Buckled bloodied history margin stratum deep Earth
 A new stretch of the pipeline
 Is constructed
 It immediately failed
 Spilling oil into aquifers
 Damaging sacred lands
 We collapse in a meadow
 We gaze at Mars and other sparkling off-world regions
 Five senses, the participatory public
 Cognition, emotion, will, desire, purpose, intention, and belief
 All conventional attributes of the traditional liberal humanist subject
 The right to happiness
 The right to food and shelter
 For humans animals?
 For other than human persons?
 Flora and fauna? Mineral entities?
 Communicating
 They we us pledge to be proactive
 They we us pledge to attend to suffering

Surface currents, coastal currents, surface ocean currents,
 waves, longshore currents, longshore drift, rip currents,
 upwelling, downwelling, Coriolis force, trade winds,
 westerlies, gyres, gulf stream, global conveyor belt,
 thermohaline circulation, tidal currents, flood currents,
 ebb currents, the ocean is our muse, wind is our muse

A person straps themselves to a redwood tree to protect
the tree from chainsaws, a person kills his five young
children inexplicably, a person makes it their life's work
the protection of wolves, a person sets a church on fire
in an act of racial hatred, a person brings water and food
to migrants who are crossing the Sonoran desert

Fragmentary dispersed echoic epic displacement

Performers readers first responders

The environmental and racial justice demands of:

Grey Grey Cloud

Winona LaDuke

Severn Cullis-Suzuki

David Archambault II

LaDonnaBrave Bull Allard

Bernadette Demientieff

Dallas Goldtooth

Princess Daazhrai Johnson

Lisa DeVille

Dr. Margaret H. Redsteer

Faith Spotted Eagle

LaDonna Redmond

Dr. Robert Bullard

Tyrone Hayes

Bryant Terry

Rose Brewer

Tonya Fields

Rose Whipple

Eriel Tchekwie Deranger

Davi Kopenawa Yanomami

Firmino Guajajara

Raimundo Guajajara

Mati Copeny

Autumn Peltier

Helena Gualinga

Xiutezcatl Martinez

Leah Namugerwa

Artemisa Xakriabá

Ridhima Pandey

Maria do Espírito Santo

Chaitali Shiva Gavit

Chico Mendes

Nazildo dos Santos Brito

Maxciel Pereira dos Santos

Zezico Guajajara

Paulo Paulino Guajajara

Raimundo dos Santos Rodrigues

Dilma Ferreira Silva

Change into something on fire

into the fold as inferno acceleration conflagration

baby each other

baby the world

heartbreak wonder chamber

water, water

Plant, evaluation, mass migration, explicit multispecies emergency

Pier, fire, fragment involuntary livable immediate siren siren

Rhino rhino elephant mouse tick ear worm

Dolphin bear squirrel squirrel

Back to neutral each time we do

When world told tell shall bold be

How heard call front rear roar have

Moon and Sun

Venus, Pluto

Cosmic orbs

Whirring within

dark energy fields

Over millennia, everyone just imagine

A primordial feeling atmosphere evoking a state of waking

being born and coming into consciousness

Spinning

Spinning

Rocío Carlos

despedida

the song describes the beloved as various plants. the cotton, the rose of castile, the green of laurels. the throat of the song opens to mourn the summer on saplings. alas, the trees are betrothed already.

to care for a yard is to look into the future, at ghosts of things. autumn

in the chaparral, a red-tailed hawk crosses the 110 freeway. that is to say the dry creek bed flanked by the dry sycamores. nothing has its own name here.

july on its last leg, the leg of the stray feral a stiff weight. he is standing under the elm in the little breeze. on his last day, i want him to have that, the breeze in the fingertips of the elm.

counting: three, four baby elms, enough to *fill* the gap left by the executed bay trees.

look at me, at my sorrow, rose aflame, our hearts entangled.

*

the house my mother left was not the house in sonora which received her swaddled. a house full of aunts of the old mysterious order of babies but no husband. or babies but drunk husband. or babies but duck, its husband.

the word "husband" here is optimistic.

in that brief kingdom, she was royalty, only the third child. the third is still charming, when you consider it will become eleven.

the house my mother left had a mother and father in it, but they were leaving too.

the house my mother left had two brothers in it just last monday. the eldest and youngest, two brothers like book ends of the end of our family in the place where the water goes away forever.

when my mother left, she dropped broken beads to find her way back through a broken fence.

when my mother left, she brought me with her to remind her to never return.

*

*come water war, come green spring, to the hillside, to the white sage and rosemary. a daughter is on her way.
It is a bad omen to name her after you, a rose in the desert, needing care. hurry. here comes fire season.*

*

fires behind us, before us too. the chaparral holding its breath until november. we shall see, i say into my glass.

and isn't every house a murder house

joye hanged his prey from the bigger citrus to beat at like a piñata. i take it from him to bury under the peach. all of my children's sins will grow into fruit. the word "children" here is generous. the people of macondo could not belong to it because they had no dead buried in its soil. all of my people are *over there*. in the Land-That-We-Left.

which land is that? the one before this one? or the one before that? or the one before that?

*

you, cotton-in-its-cradle. my father stole you from a field that did not belong to him. fair as pearls, but difficult to smuggle.

the song regrets the loss of its heart to one who is spoken for. and isn't the land spoken for?

my ruin, blessed are you.

[in case you are all wondering, this is the correct way to speak to a fire.]

the song says farewell without allowing the beloved to clarify. and in this way, broken beads are louder than a broken daughter. my mother looks over fences to the house she left. i am a thief, like her husband. the word "husband" here is a punctuation. it ends the sentence. i too am the end of a sentence. we all waited too long to write ourselves, didn't we.

*

i wonder what the trees think of the names we name them. my father calls the oleander *laurel*. the bay tree is also a laurel. the difference between them is sorrow.

do you ever forget english? do you ever remember the other words that don't even make sense in the Land-That-We-Left, but in the one before. i am fighting with a bird with the oldest kind of name. from that before-place. the hillside green with risk.

(when the drought ended the world was ending too)

*the house without a beginning, what is a book end without its eldest anyway. I could never do that to my only,
i say into my glass. the risk of fire only one thing on a long list.*

*

plants must love language. together we bicker about what to call the hours. madrugada and crepúsculo. every morning i train the passion fruit vine through the diamond shape of the chain link fence, as if it was my daughter's hair. a daughter i would have, with long vines to braid.

come little ghost. i too need something to cry about.

after the ballad Los Laureles by José López, in memory of Santos González Valdivia, eldest of eleven children, casualty of the Covid-19 Pandemic.