EURYNOME’S SANDALS

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Part I – My City
WHEN YOU ARRIVED

The immigrants arrive, grave and with torches, a billion of us. In dreams you’re compelled to be in the drama you’re in. I was sleeping with him at his desk, each had our own greyhound. His desk was a bed, the dogs were asleep at our flanks. O savage and tender achings. The immigrants mean to escape his parchment breakfasts, his rococo edicts, his bloody fingertips. I left because I was sad. I thought, What part of the world can’t be mine? I am an earthling, aren’t I? Why can’t I live anywhere? The immigrants try to escape their hellhounds; side effects are unclenched. I have the identity of wrath. Where does it come from? I am inconsolable under water, under your ugly armature. We need protection and soldiers — oh no we had those at home it doesn’t work, we are roaming the globe to get away; they keep coming after, plastic cops not smart enough to be bitter, or sit down with their dogs and smoke. No immigrant makes sense; I don’t — I wasn’t born to make sense. I remember a corpse without interest I am the living present no one knows. No one greets Welcome to the living present, to your infidelity to the past I’m adorned with my nightmares to please you: what else would I have? You once did this too, remember? When there were no maps and you walked changing everything This trauma kept in a medicine cabinet: I heal myself with it I use my motion to correct my regret: I open the motion to behold you, send postcards, play the tune of bravado. I rub motion on all my wounds. Is no one in love with me? Billion immigrants have each other. What will we do with our mirrors blackened in fire?
HOTEL ROOM

I crumble and hide a paper to be read later keep it from you. We the two who trust each other we say, but we don’t know each other well and in intensity char. Your glasses are an older man’s now. I want to be you, the wellknown film-maker, your mainstream face its light towards me, meaning you love me. What am I hiding? We’ve made love in this hotel room but I can’t let you see my poem Of course, you’re leaving me here today — Goes out — and now I can read it again. We’re secretly married, but more secretly this poem’s mine:

The soul submits to no one, thus is often denied by its face. This sonnet as if by you, in its earnest convention might sell a million if filmed. I’d say I love you. But more than that has happened If you are like my people, are you faithful? If you are my audience will you return my love, even if I change? If I changed my manner, my love wouldn’t falter The soul submits to no one though my face submit to you in instants of passion. Should I continue to love you, not leaving this room till you return? Should I continue to sound like you?

If I show you the paper I admit that I have changed to your style; to gain favor; but, who has
changed? Can you hear that I will never betray myself? It’s in the way I say anything. I would imitate something of merit; I enter a country, a room, to do that Watching my dissolution, rejuvenation from a lucid cell within: that eternal intelligence. Remaining the same; my secret, never yours.
PREVIOUSLY

What you gave to the others.
The people were litters, magnets, and tentacles.
I call to you from the pierced cabin, as silhouettes of birds.
A man happened and gave a look, I am animated life
He tried to slow it down to define but couldn’t stop breathing.
I have given you my breath.
I have given you concerns and named junctures
The people produced honey, the national economy,
seeping out from under the dawn horizon
The people used to be savages, now they are cows:
I give you my flesh. The people are impressionistic
they accuse each other of treason and exhausting the soil
This gift is a fatal period piece.
The people accuse each other of predictable cadences
like those of birds, those of the bird people.
I have given you my time. I have given you my chagrin.
You are endangered but I am not; I’m not afraid.
The people are urgent informants.
What you gave to the others was underscored by the fact
you couldn’t get away. No one can get away
except for religious contemplatives, who are a people.
Lightning surrounded us, comprising the four walls of the desert.
What are you allowed to see in the exposure of opaline cracks?
You think your character is misdetermined
home will never shed you, morning always comes caring
Nothing will happen; this isn’t a theater
the people polish their episodes and clean their shrines.
These archaisms will be around for a long time.
Everything is here to harrass you with its vicious beauty,
its testament to chastisement, unexpunged
manacles silver and sullen everywhere you give.
And everywhere you give, you give everything to me.
THE BEADED HORSE

A small white horse from another planet wishes to talk to me.
It is only a few inches in length. Its skin is composed of white beads
White-beaded it speaks, hesitantly, in English
It has vocal chords. It has a pink mouth and tongue.
Heavenly seedpearls for horsehair? Try not to reach a rationale

Only to myself on welfare and in public: for I came to you
when you least expected new knowledge in your candled reality,
frying squash blossoms dipped in batter, on the courthouse lawn.
Leave this town. Oh one cannot go back on a planetary promise.

You never promised the earth your skeleton, it assumes it
I hate this cajoling universe, these passionate black-winged moths
telling my eyes to perceive nothing but their sisterly claws.

Can you find the Law in this town? An infidel possesses my voice.
Who are they to degrade me, they so easily imagined?
Only a dream could make them be of interest.

My sister the Fury had told me, I couldn’t get over heartbeat.
Or break she said heat of the orange rift, chimera of our alphabet
The girls fly screaming above the moving walkway.
Listen to the horsie — too white. You’re painting the walls of heaven
too white, says the African dropping his teacup I catch it

Where are you going? Anyone? Stop telling me things, staging events,
trying to focus on agreement, in our corner of this constriction,
room of no landscape and filthy apron. This is what I have against heaven.
The desert of minutes remembers us well, so do We have to? The people whose care was enslavement. Your drug addiction in my kitchen? A haunting tenant plots to take over a street gang in this afterlife; and her passivity and nicer still, his manicure flashes dutifully across the skies. I took a bullet for you. We are the reminiscing convicts — One way or another, one would kill that was our ideal. Our desperation, our incarnate bread. Some people are called perverse for the audience’s pleasure. I just don’t want to be here, though you have lovely qualities. The horse isn’t of this nature, being magical struggling to speak to us; hasn’t it come from its own revolutionary land?

The superior man had said, Look at these white walls we’ve painted.
   I can’t stay, I said, I have a problem. Effects, he said. Yes, effects. Personal and consequential. But we’ll meet in the living room again, to look at the flawless drawings. I awoke and remembered my own priceless art work was ruined. Where grace overdue doubts you generations of satellites clank above the trees, bringing satisfaction from the vacuous regions Out of the dark confinement, out of the more moneyed arts.

The horse’s tiny tongue is working again Twisted to shape you, tulip of assignment. It could be about heroin or shamanism. I could sing your ravenous adherences