

# **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