

Feng Sun Chen

Ugly Fish

/radioactive moat press

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Cover Design by Feng Sun Chen

To all the ugly fish in the world.



EXCERPTS FROM PETIT OBJET A:

not done with you

“to make a character you just wring a person dry. take all their juice”

like disability is a luxury you swing your bones showing almost through

“look at me” you say

have gone past poetry. it is a mean word

it feeds on fat and muscle

misread you. intend to marry intensity

in all tenses

look at you hard. your juice sprayed all over the walls

and where there are no walls

just vapor weighing down on things

the things that matter are insect wings

your juice like insect blood clear green

this is sopping it up with butterflies

wow wow the iridescence is huge

[my legs are not long enough

to get over you]

your eyes are drums
my eyes are wooden sticks

small balloons
on red strings

two reptile eggs

your ears are tambourines

am boxing them

am playing your music
you pretty

zoological cluster
inside a rambler

this doesn't want to be pretty
not like you

[this world rests on a folded plane baby you be x or y it doesn't matter
X pulls the fabric and bunches it into a brain a rose these vector-guns go bang
not because you are missed but you are missed thankfully
am folding your sheets am hanging them briefs on a laundry line
this keeps shooting]

the tingling is beautiful to imagine.

say centipede to this one and he will throw a book at you.
he awakens like a shocked starfish. exposed cord prickling.

am afraid of the sea star's thousand feet.
eyes that are bumps. star shaped rash. autoimmune.

..

[witness: verb (honeybaby make it nice)
used with object (come here but i won't make it
nice)
to see hear or know by personal pre-sense (am filled with armies)
or presents (armies of human mouths) (let's say flocks)
(mouth's not a thing. but a likelihood, yes, i am
stretched over death's dice yellow with tea these beginnings)
and perception (all of them know the plus and minus signs)
to be present (the plus is cunt)
at an occurrence (the minus cock)

bystander (watching can add or subtract)

(am a mouth shaped spray of nerves) (fear tendrils)

to bear (i don't want to be equal)

to give or afford evidence of...]

..

the pop of the body.
another way of wow. am seeing a dissociated name, the name of a liquor store
that has nothing to do
with you. the name has a thousand legs, ten centipedes, zero stars. me
madame butterfly?

[butterflies are not interesting to dissect
they are filled with yellowish soft crap, buttery in consistency
their legs are thin as human hair
when i see a butterfly i try to feel a dumb fluttering inside my chest
where there is no room for flapping though there are valves that do
like many tiny tongues many tiny little forks and crotches...]

what fascinates me is body temperature. as D. says, heat is an intensive difference... it
cannot be divided... if i cut you in half with a huge knife... your heat would not
halve...

one doesn't *have* heat...

what fascinates me is blood temperature...the hot thick stuff that darkens
your flesh minus... you think it is disgusting and wonderful and i texted you words
and i wonder about the speed blood cools and if clots are colder than unknotted
blood...

i hate you so much... i want to be good to you... this love is dried blood...
there is a tiny egg inside... tight as a crime...]

..

patterns like this collect in colonies.
kill a worm and make more worms. this is a lullaby.

this will never die, this will never die, the furred bod will keep coming round from the
mountains and shortcircuit new concrete lands.

..

jolt! like a name. the watts of my life.
“senses are feelings!”
oh yes, senses waltz through.

lonely like a bathtub.
water of thinking. to think is to fuck.
you be the hairdryer, or the radio. both of them sing.

[...]

bricks fall out of my skull through the eye holes.

“I’ll blow your house down”

“I’ll huff and I’ll puff”

weather in my head.

are you just a little piggy?

am just a little piggy.

want you to know

that this is the world of you.

..

am this world

given away permission

to break up the mortar.

walls make celebratory noises

as they fall.

see sameness.

the mudslide that killed thousands

is now just

liquid bricks stirring up the dirt of my face.

what hasn’t rained...

[but i want to cry knowing that this doesn’t have to talk about feeling or stratify anything but you are interesting and inter-arresting and all sorts of earth and it is unclear which one of us is the one interred or we are both in the ground in understated underness and this can’t feel you how much rippling rips through me even now even now]

[like the moon]

love for no reason.

you are a horrible person. you look at the paper you used to wipe yourself.
you are dissatisfied with the state of being.
you are uncaring.

because your eyes are nearly white. they are like weather
to someone with congenital blindness.
sense the blindness coming from a long way off, the arc of a cloud slabbing over a
lake.

the world needs change. we think it needs more, and faster, and harder.
america glistens with want.
do you want to be impregnated by charity? you are so pale
you must be responsible for my pain.

[all my letters are premature... glossy and unbearable to look at...
thinking of you yes... your shiny spinal cord... my fake power when i am in the room
by myself with this blank page and my poetic ant colonies each little black letter an
ant...
i try to address you dear dear dear dear you are like grass... maybe a backyard or a
frontyard... you are like america because everyone talks about you and you are torn
up in secret ways...
and i love you in a problematic literal way...
you are my birthplace...
all tucked up tight inside you is umbilical...
epistolary umbilical cords...
and this is a pair of shiny...
grass like my legs tamped grass grass bending shiny and green like cash...
tender lettuce...
between my legs...]

[...]

you will never be happy.
you don't want to be.
you say you want to live

but what you want is four horsemen
and thick rain the color of insides.

don't care about what you want.
but the blood sounds good.

am swollen with it.

[don't know what is real and you know it
you know i like it too
the mutilation
the hand that seals
where stuff comes out...
stuff like this...
you are much better at being in the world
and i like to be humiliated...
don't tell me the rules...
keep it this way...
glossy like surgery...]

..

a beauty body, this loathing
with a life longer than a star

no need to differentiate between the white dwarf and the black hole

the red shift happens
simultaneously

[in m. butterfly the character of song strips near the end of the play...
silk slips to briefs
and gallimard says please this is unnecessary, i know what you are...
gallimard thinks he had been loved by the perfect woman...
and song says do you? what am i
and gallimard says a man
and song says you don't really believe that...]

he is very pretty... like a piece of china...
he likes to talk about rape mentality...
he is about your height... hairless like my brother...]

..

don't want a theme
don't want any thing not even you my baby

but the abject slot in the eye / eye in the slot

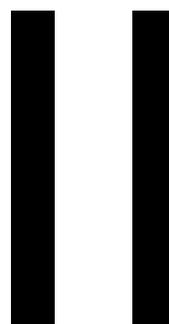
take care, take what you get, take the comets

hot tails satisfy

[i don't like interiority but i like creases and recesses... when god is
just a sound and someone shoves him back up the birth canal like bataille he is just
an eye... and the lips blink about him...

flags are surprising they flap in the wind... they wrinkle and shout... the poles rattle
and so many of them are colored like ripped animals...

feel like i have a flag in my pants all the time... don't know if it is white or red...
some days i am china some days japan some days i am america when the blue comes
and sore stars spangle my sits...]



UGLY FISH

1.

I feel productive today...
the feeling is like light dusting on top of a child's toy.

I wonder what toy you just imagined...

Sitting in my mom's house with my belly
the question is whether I should be feeling lonely. I can feel the peristalsis
inside.

But the mainstream thought in my mind now, as a grown "woman"
is... I don't want to be maternal. But I am filled with thick crème.

We walked in incomplete silence in the snow.
We saw deer tracks layered over snowmobile lines.
It became an idea for a poem... but not this poem...

This is a diary/diarrhea because I can't write in a diary without being ashamed.
I can't write for myself. I have to put on the hat of poetry

even if it's the only thing I'm wearing.

I'm not even going to pretend that I'm sad.
I just had a bowl of cereal.

I'm full of shit. I am full of Tao. Thank you.

2.

I don't care about poetry.

I slap it around.

Poetry is my bitch.

I put a collar on it. The collar has a bell. The bell is pink.

Fuck bitches.

I'm sexist. I can't read this knowing that I am a woman. I am not capable of sincerity. I smear blood on paper regularly.

The despair of a woman is not the same as the despair of a man.

The male despair can be sincere when reduced to nudity, when even the hairs are ripped out, when male despair is like a child's despair. Why? Why? It hurts.

It is endearing to see a small vegan man despair. It is not endearing to see a small vegan woman despair. But it can be arousing.

People want to have sex with children.

I don't think about being female most of the time. But when I try to say something sincere, I have to cover it with all sorts of gristle. It comes out along with my understated voice and feels like vomit that is boring. The vomit is not due to a romantic virus or "disease". The vomit is a state of being and it is boring.

The weird thing is that women, or at least me or I seem to spend a lot of time running around in imaginary slaughterhouses. I've never seen a cow die. I eat pieces of cow and write about cow stomachs for no authentic reason. I have no understanding of anything, but I grow my hair long and pick at my skin because I still want to be loved. If I cared about cows more, perhaps I would deserve it.

I am full of hate. I am an evil. I fester in my sauces. I like to struggle feebly in menstrual blood. Sometimes I write controlled poems.

You cannot tell when I am lying and when I am not.

That is because I am sincere about my lies.

I am superficial and dumb. Why? Why? It hurts.

3.

I will not show you anything.

I will not describe the vulvar ache.

It is not interesting.

Being a woman is not interesting.

There is no world for woman.

None of these words belong to woman.

Sex is not interesting. Why are so many people interested in it? It smells like shrimp and cheese. Straight or not, it smells like shrimp and cheese and tacos. I'm probably dysfunctional but I don't give a fuck. Sometimes I like wanting and not having. The underwhelming nature of existence is interesting.

If I do not have children, I will probably get breast cancer...

If I do have children, I will probably get ovarian cancer...

I will tell you something about my bitch.

If you read too much poetry, if you really read poetry, it will become hostile.

Don't get too close.

Your world is in peril.

We are lucky stars because we have so much to lose.

One thing though, this bitch will teach how not to be lonely.

That is the difference between male and female despair.

Bitches are not allowed to be weak.

4.

There are people in this world who think they are isolated in a special way. I am probably one of those people. No animal metaphor is satisfying, not even the mutated hybrid ones like the Liger or the Bird Mouse... because the point is that the person is beyond all interpretation.

I know that isolation/alienation is not special. You don't have to do anything to be alienated. It is so easy it doesn't have to be taught.

I don't care about being Asian. When I do, it is not my choice.

I don't have an excuse for failing at activism or politics. I just feel too stupid. I can try to do the best I can as an ambiguous entity, but ambiguousness makes doing anything difficult, as most events require some grasp of the matter... I have clammy hands. It is hard for me to grasp things. My brain is clammy.

I think education is important and can help alleviate most global problems.

When I was a wee dark girl, I wanted to be a teacher. I did not realize that I would become like this. Now I am like this, and I am feeble in some essential ways.

My family's home has a silence that is special. It has taught me about the world in a way that has made me an animal that does not exist.

5.

My mother speaks a jumbled language that strips Chinese of its almost all but its grammatical skeleton. A sentence could be like this:

(In Chinese)

Mama go to the [. . .] now to get [. . .] so that you can do [. . .] in the [. . .]

Objects disappear and appear in English. The “future” only exists in Anglophone terms. But the English she speaks is a mutilated form with a lilt and inflection that rakes my nerves. When I speak Chinese, I speak as a two or three year old. I am always an infant. When I speak in English, I speak through a machine that grinds it so that only chunks are understood, and usually these chunks are parts filtered in order to fulfill a narrative or purpose that Mother already has... The combination does not go both ways. I cannot translate essential terms to Mandarin. On my side, language only disappears.

We argue impotently. Obsolete adages fall out of her. We eat together. The food is delicious. We share fat. The existence of many objects and events come into question. The questions are not relevant or cannot be communicated. Sometimes we light fires.

Sometimes I feel like there are sloths hiding in the walls, with dangerous moss.

The house is very quiet. The father is also quiet. It is so quiet you can hear the water in the pipes. And there are echoes. Sometimes the TV is on. My mother is like a TV channel (I don't know which because I don't watch TV) because she transmits what she sees on TV. It makes me afraid, but she is better than the TV because she is soft and cares for my happiness. I am cruel and hard. I want to bleed myself sometimes. Her life is smaller than this house. It is very quiet. There are no mice here.

Even my body goes soft and less defined. It is a very subtle horror.

It is important to be tender.

Philosophers have come up with many different ways to look at “loneliness”.

I do not feel lonely but I understand a loneliness that is complete and all-encompassing. It is born or shat out of silence. I empathize most with lonely individuals. I am very sensitive. My whole body hurts because loneliness is beyond us and within us, and my cells know this and they struggle.

Nevertheless, I would rather be the ugly fish than a person who is vain... but I am not always strong enough to be that ugly fish.

6.

In the land of self esteem, I will not eat of the esteem. I will not lick myself. Nor will I pretend not to be full of sentimentality.

I have never felt like a “woman” and I never want to.

I have never felt like a “girl” and never will.

I have sometimes felt like a “man” and have even dreamed of having a huge penis, though I have no desire to be a “man”.

I have sometimes felt like an ugly fish.

I once wrote a poem about a monster who is also a mermaid, which is a woman that is half fish. I believe that this is as true to being a person as the myth surrounding woman or human in everyday life.

Penises are like sea cucumbers.

I am glad I did not write any of the masterpieces or mistresspieces that exist because I do not like self esteem. The gold staff of self esteem lies dormant in the sun and is used by many primary school teachers as an instructive tool.

I hope to die without self esteem, surrounded by mountains.

People can be mountains, but mountains cannot be people.

We are powerful.

We are feeble.

My core is made of applesauce turning to brown rot.

I can probably come to love you, especially if we were the last people on earth.

Choice is what makes life cancer. I like hell because it is free. Like most Americans, I love what is free. Give me more give me more. Then take it away. I like that. I like to feel feeble. It makes life seem heavy, and I believe in gravity more than so many things.

7.

This is a white voice. I am using. This is a white page. These are white words.

Once, I was a little piggy. If I say that many times, I do not know why I do not say that I am a little piggy. Pigs are close to us. Pigwomen and Pigmen.

Poetry hurts narrative. It likes the wound body. It is not opposed to wrapping the wound body up in gauze ghosts.

Love one another!

Die!

8.

Can you love a narcissist? No one and nothing is consistent. That is how I can love the narcissist. Not for his feebleness but the holes in his feebleness. This is very practical, like buying broccoli at the store and washing it before eating.

You are not responsible for other pain. But you can take responsibility, even if you are a narcissist. You have a body full of blood and shit and future cancer. You can put your hand on another hand. There are bodies everywhere. Bodies that are real.

Love the fool.

Love the child.

Love everything that cries too much.

Love that which you want to hit.

Love that which you want to fuck.

It is a complicated capitalist love.

It is an infected impure love.

It is Jesus love.

I am filled with this love.

Nothing has happened to me and my poetry is not worth reading.

I am fucked with this love.

I had a vision. In this vision my stupidity grew so huge it had its own moon collection. So many moons orbited this stupidity. Everyone should read Heidegger, I said in retaliation. The moons grew huge and crowded Heidegger, who had in the meantime materialized. We were lovers. The moons chanted like a field of monks. There was a suffocating all encompassing bleakness. There was murder.

I thought about being reduced to a piece of meat. My mother believes in karma. People commit evil. Evil happens. Meat happens. Bear life and bare life. Sick fucks

that suck out the human. I do it everyday. I look at you and feel disdain. Sick moons
inside me like rich roe. I am so afraid.

I try to dwell in love. But I also love failure.

9.

I have memories that are not real. We were stuck together like Siamese and we were spinning happily over a glistening lake. I am a channel. I channel the movies and my mother, despite my appraisal of these things.

Who are you?

That is a lovely question. One I like to ask to no one. I sort of like to sit here like this, and ask it. But I am not asking myself. That is a stupid thing to do. I am no one. Sometimes I walk around feeling like there is a stick in my eye.

My memories are like bad movies. The fake ones. I have no real memories.

I worry about the baby monkeys with wire mothers.

I worry about the baby monkeys with mothers that electrify. They hug the electric chair mothers even though they die a little each time.

One of my memories is of your face. It is smiling.

Piss Christ makes me think of streetlights, and walking down the street at night in the city, where the piss light smoothes everyone's face and everyone is mysterious.

I remember walking down the street with you and you were yellow and holy.

We were mostly dark inkblots and we blotted in and out of the misty urine light.

Sometimes we were monstrous insects sometimes we were birds or people kissing.

10.

Why do you always have clothes on?

Sex is a way of knowing someone. That is exactly what the problem is.

Don't turn fucking into poetry. Don't be a murderer. Don't be that way, baby.

I have never seen andromeda, or the desert, or the living brain, the hammered monkey skull, or inside a cell.

Do you know how much horror is within each of those things, monkey face?

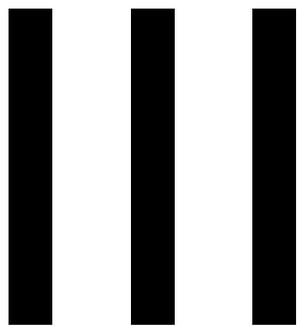
I remember being born from horrifying dough.

I remember needing love.

I remember putting my finger in your dark hole, to feel that horrifying dough.

Nothing else matters, nothing will be remembered.

Feel my love.



The poet does not survive.

Now she is already dead.

Born for the crate.

Pure fat being with mammary and simultaneous craters.

Ham shaped packed and honey infused pink in delicacy.

It is a fine day when the poet wakes up and finds herself a pig.

I am happy about it

that my ham tongue shall never touch the white or the pure.

What she enters is already wounded,

the meat-clad tube.

She shall lay tiny eggs that shall not hatch but shall rot happily.

Tiny revolts exit once a month from the poet.

C.D. said Diego said that art is like ham.

In the margins I said yes.

I have noticed that ham cries juicy tears.

The ham in the store, the ham in the crate, the ham before it was divided.

Ham has a special wetness.

The dead poet seeks wetness.

She feels her aquatic genesis and the mixed wetness of things that run through.

Through is the only direction to run.

She loves all animals. She loves the wee openings of animals and her wee friends who worry about the sincerity of their sloth.

Lucas said of the poet it is a gay earth mother. The earth mother also knows of water, the monsters that struggled out of the waterwomb.

Lucas has a wetness of yearning. The water of his soul is a broth. Inside him a brothel without customers.

There is a movie in which a man fucks a pig and drinks a tea of pig scat.

Lately I have noticed the sound of groundwater. It is a historical sound. Very moist and quiet and dripping.

The pig can hear the dripping of the deep subterranean caves.

Zurita said of the pig
offer up your body to be occupied by other bodies.

He carried the bodies of Chile like a rattle I could hear the sands of bodies snaking through him and out of the eyes.

This little piggy went to the market.

Magma has a unique wetness.

It is a true wetness and it cries out like a farm animal.

Iris noted the slippery nature of evil. She said of the infertility of this country it is an epidemic.

The earth is very pregnant and very pink. A pig is pregnant for three months three weeks and three days.

Emptiness must die.

But even if the tiny eggs are dead they must keep coming.

The magma of writing is slow as glass.

I have noticed the unpopularity of the potbelly pig at the zoo, which is one of my worst favorite places to visit. It is odd to me that I visit places, that there are places meant only for visitors.

To visit a body is its death and it must be contained for the visit.

I hope that no one visits this place.

If you are visiting this geography I hope that you will pick up accidentally some of the pollinating red wetness of the flowers of evil. This is not a decadent place. You must not misunderstand the pregnancy of decadence, which is full of dead fetuses.

The poet miscarries. She is a traitor of metaphors and has no place in the world.

It is already too late.

The worst fear is the fear of meaningless violence and its nature of drowned manatees and it is mine and I am an elastic meat filled with manatee. If only the manatees could heal. The manatees swim through the magma of the earth and are mistaken for mermaids.

This little piggy stayed home.

Last night in a dream I sang a song of love to a brother who must be mine and we were at a camp and he wanted to die. It is a strange life to crave so much the animated flesh of another. If only I could sing the song continuously throughout the whole nickel of the earth but I have already forgotten the song. It was very moving.

I am thankful for Jesus for he is not real and has done what I cannot do. The fish of his love swim through the bodies of bodies and the bodies swim through the magma of him. I am real and the reality of my reality is as good as Spam.

And the wine of my water tastes like menstrual copper and the bread of my life is refined.

I want to make you happy as a historical being but I have no power. I am a poet and I do not survive. Let me be filled with your body.

Sometimes I am filled like a curtain with not blood but light. The wetness of light is what I think drops from the mother.

Pigs are everywhere.

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