

statement of poetics

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write:

from the space ~ the ocean ~ the one maria speaks of... from the body that lies spreads
cries fucks loves loves loves

the eye that sees closely the kitchen with men brown who see me
closely

holding the tip of my tongue with two fingers and talking to see
how they words sound muffled and muffled the words how they sound muffled
from the words i say to you marla, that seem so centered on them, but girl we are talking and it
is something

knowing that it is something ~ not knowing any truth about anything

i like that one ~ not knowing anything

loving beth and her words

from reading mothers journal ~ the one she took to cuba and crying out
of fear that the dance is real and will always be...

claiming the very trivial ~ the specific

Just Art, Robert says ~ it doesn't matter what the fuck you do, just do it as if the
words matter ~ these words they matter

the words i write mustn't lay down and rest

but only of that constant dance

afraid of the dance of writing of the brown that fucks me sucks me
nurtures me protects me puts me up on a pedestal and all at once throws me down

sitting in the room with carmen and denise and noni and women and
women and women

feeling the heat on my fingertips as i turn the bread the flour the food
that feeds them

my ob li ga tion continues to get more blurred and less
focused all the while...

writing our stories as one continuously
never holding my tongue

writing what i saw while i do not speak

knowing i do not speak when he is occupying my space
swimming in this brown circle of blood and hating and loving them all at the same time do i
take and take from my people i do

carlos says get to the point they need the point read zeta that brown bull and just
overlook the heavy's sexual attitude

rejecting zeta fully and completely

knowing that color matters it just does it really matters

letting my fingers go ~ closing my eyes and touching myself to hear my

stories to hear the
sounds
letting
fingers
closing eyes

touching to
my to the my go my and myself
hear stories hear sounds

i have included this in my statement of poetics. i am twenty three years old, i have died red curly nappy hair, acrylic nails, brown nipples that are not perky but like my mothers, and i say that my statement of poetics will always be one of transition and movement and travel from one form to another, but most importantly movement within one border to another and then, probably always, back again.

i write in order to represent over and over again the signs of my poet/lit/ical world, a world with mothers, and women, and men and food, and fear and sex and bodies, changing, with text everywhere, with art on all of the walls, this world

oh yeah, space, i love space - i can just think of how to travel in my story, movement through space by jumping, twirling, yes, my text often refers to dance and this dance is the way for me to describe how my text my sentences one word travels to another,

i write in order to explore different ways in which to represent/construct/speak/utter the structures that structure me politically, culturally, physically, intellectually, creatively, so on and so on

time/temporality - i do not ever worry too much about this - i think of "we smile" and the story absolutely covers about 100 years - any of the many events could have been told by any woman in my story

i write in order to participate in a conversation with mis hermanas and others, too.

i am interested, always, in meaning, i mean really, not when the text is processing itself, if i thought about meaning while i wrote down words, i would probably feel very insecure about myself - but i do enjoy when people read my stuff and have a million versions, different, of what the story is about, what it means, that is kind of fun, but not what i ultimately want from any reader

i write in order to tap out a text that will be liberating for the reader when the reader begins to read/write/ this text

when i decide i needed to finish this mother story thing i am doing now, i started thinking about character, and that is how i began, there was the writer, the narrator, the mother, the daughter, and one more, hard to name, maybe the language, so that is how i deconstructed the story of my mothers life, i have been trying for years to approach it and this began to work for me. i am thinking about most of my writing and for the exception of one play, i never have a character with one name, one set of definable characteristics ~ i have used character like i use a word, or a sign, i absolutely dive into the sign (character) and then let the text go

i write to write my mothers stories over and over again, for the women in the family, this is important, to me,

i don't think i ever really understood narrator, i mean who is this supposed to be, 1st person 3rd person ~ i mean, how can you ever really think of narrator realistically, how does the narrator even know anything and sometimes i don't care to think about it ~ i guess the problem is that the idea has never been very fixed for me, so therefore it doesn't pose a problem

i absolutely write because i love to travel on the rhythm of language, this is connected to the metaphysical me

i really have to think about image, i think in my earlier work, i really did write from image, i really would, i remember, closing my eyes and i would think of something, some image, like the ocean and dolphins, and i would try to write, and obviously these images were totally constructed, i mean i think i once saw a beached shark in Venice, and it was later that i began to explore the language that could textualize the women i had in my head, bodies, neighborhood stuff, and these "images" opened up and i began to write the subtexts of these signs and stories, well anyhow while i write i do not think of an image i may be creating, but i am intrigued by the images i explore during the reading process, the images created as a result of the language

when you reach a point where the words just kind of tumble out, or you are moving through textual space in new ways, this is exciting, for the reader writer both

well, if your saying this one word is symbolic of this this this ~ what i will say is that, what is interesting, is how after the process, unplanned except for structure, but how after ~ there may be so many symbolic connections and why wouldn't there be, i mean we all share a certain set of signs and then there are the signs of my particular world and the telling process will only show connecting symbols through our signs, sometimes particular

i write in order to keep moving, this is my activism, this is what i can do

i use, sometimes, methods, in order to write, one of them being this idea of supplementarity, and this works for me, it gets me going, i would say all this is, is starting from either one sentence or one word or one sign and supplementing the "meaning" continuously,

i write to understand living the mestizaje way - one might ask me to explain it - i cannot - therefore i write it, i most definitely believe i am living in the lonely lands of the border - i have accepted this mythology as my own.

i have thought of voice for a very long time, i have tried to politicize my work through the use of voice in the past, really, that caused problems, barriers, walls, and now when i look at some of my more current work, the concept of voice is utilized in a way, well simply, the texts i write have many voices, overlapping voices, sometimes distinct, sometimes not, at any given point one should be able to ask, who is speaking, and this is not something novel, but real for me, this is the way i hear things see things, this is how my history exists, my family stories are tellings not by any distinct voice, my tias speak all at once, my story my narrative self is really, sometimes literally a repetition of my mothers and my grandmothers, and i used to feel wierded out by this, freaked, but i am starting to accept the normalcy of this truth, the voice just is so much more beautiful this way

i write to explore theories of thinking and language, this exploration a cut and paste from theory to theory to theory to theory to theory

i have tried to answer some questions about narrative, i don't know the answer's, because again, this statement of poetics is absolutely in transition, i am right now in a border, but stuck to the walls, so what i am saying is absolutely questionable,

i write so that my people, and others too, will be able to create, not regurgitate or memorize, but create in a space that allows them that strength

this idea of my people, my my my my people, i write in order to sustain some kind of relation, this that i do is totally self serving, i think, i am talking about my sense of community of belonging, i write in an attempt to construct a community with women, Chicanos, people of color, otherwise i truthfully feel foreign absolutely all of the time

i write and write, sometimes, always, but not all the time, you know what i mean?