

AGNES MARTON



POSTCARDS TO TRUMP
FROM THE MARINA
ABRAMOVIĆ INSTITUTE

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**Postcards to Trump
from the Marina
Abramović Institute**

Locofoco Chaps

Chicago, 2018

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2018

Nemesis

The boundaries of loss I can't fathom.
Leaking boats slide, my migrant feet
trot the furrowed frost of the sea.
Hell without flames. The egg I plopped
won't hatch Helen of Troy, Clytemnestra,
nor Castor and Pollux, drunken
fists punch away its corpse-like shell.
My cosmic chick is born. All she recalls
is an ungainly hangover. Querulous,
I swallow a blown sense of 'The Right.'
A squeak stumbles through my cliffened lips.
A dream of a fence. The only door I've known
is not to be used as an exit or an entrance.

Evernow, Nevernow

After The Peasant and The Bird by Pieter Bruegel the Elder

You're protected by the frame. You peep in,
surfer as seeker, following the lad's
gloating finger pointed at me. I embrace
the tree, my nesty hat steers the way down.
It's your moment to judge without being
judged, you vouch against me, hardly wait
for me to fall and break my plunder-eggs.
Dusty bark in my once-hero mane, I chortle
at the lad who's just about to flounder
in the abyss, oblivious, and at yourself:
behind your neck doubts lurk in murky velvet,
robbed while robbing the moment, your
colon-soul's dish-watered, greasy grey

with pulp. You're choking on the joy
of witnessing without having to snitch;
you wink back at the lad. I could fly
away to the tiger-striped midriff of the horizon
to shame your blindspot, leaving you
praised, nevertheless, Such an Observer,
yay, good boy. Or I could climb down
treasureless, clean, for you to clap.

*He who knows the nest knows it he who robs it
has it, how urgent it is to find the meaning.*

Not for you, your legs are in mid-air, unforeseen.

The lad? He doesn't count, he's protected
by the frame.

The Peddler

After The Peddler by Hieronymus Bosch

Like the homeless or the blind, I drag myself
from town to town, a disgrace,
heading for neither heaven nor home.
A pilgrim, pushed and pulled by trinket-
collectors' desires. Buyers kick to limbo
through seconds. Bileproof witnessing.
Who remembers more of transit, the unfolding
plot? Who focuses on the body, blowsy
or not? It can't but hurt: cadaverous
skin peels off the bone. Calamities
yet to come, a bridge. In walk-distance
a hanging has begun. No sky to speak
of. Am I the condemned? I've never

munched justice. Ready, steady? A jaded
ladder, non colpa, stands against the beam.

M & M, hurricane

Marina:

Imagine you're a toddler in heels.
A scared tower meant to be sacred.

Melania:

Not my gale.

**Marina Answers a Fan's Question:
'As a Child, What Did You Take for Granted?'**

A four-year-old who can't tell
pear from avocado, sumo from yoga,
I'm burning my palm with matches
in a sitting pose called sukasana.

The upstairs leonberger is in the yard,
I hear his *höh, höh, slop, slop, slop*.
He's ever too king-like to bark
but stretching pleases him. Peek-a-boo does.

What a pain it is to keep a farm dog
in a fifty-square-meter flat,
to leash a dimorphic lion
with a scissor bite and black mask.

*

When they come to torture me,
and I'm sure they will, I can't wait –
I won't even say *I don't know*,
just *höh, höh, slop, slop, slop*,

until they thwack me, the displaced,
to Berlin blue. To hyacinth blue.
To campanula blue. To glaucous blue.
(I know the nuances but not the names, then.)

*

Tomorrow I'll plant pins in my nose
and bump my head to the partition-wall.

I may even nick the corkscrew.

I might be wondering all day:
would they wear smouldering hooves
when they gingerly catch me?
Would it be too late then to slip away?

Professor Arctic Hare Teaches Marina How To Escape

Leave your burrow before you stretch.
Freeze. Disguise yourself
in a sigh snow dress.
Keep your spine straight
or even concave,
wait for an upward hiss.
Push up your body with your legs.
Spring off, pounce, skip,
swinging your claws into the air.
Breathe out as you leap.
Zig-zag, full of zip,
roll back onto your heels.
A clumsy landing can wreck your knees.

Yes, it's a see-saw trap, so what?
High time to play hide and seek.
Stand on your hind legs to peep.
Search your tunnel like a rat.
Above there's a sloping lid,
one end is open,
the other is sealed
but lets the light in.
When you scamper past the pivot point,
blinded by the uncanny sun
or the stars,
so sly, supported by the moon,
the gentle ramp rises,

touching the roof.
Rest a while in your coffin.
Don't doze off in the damp.
Ignore the itch. Sniff.
Don't squeal, start digging.

Ingredient

Punch some butter in my dough and bake me.

The butter must be unsalted,
diced and chilled.
I'm all flour, lard
and sugar.

Glad you don't go for the lazy way,
I couldn't stand a food processor.
Punch, punch,
pulse me until you have pea-sized pieces.

Define me. Please don't say *pie crust*,
today I feel I can make it
to *vodka pie*.

What do you mean you forgot
to sprinkle vodka on the flour?
Never mind, we'll take a shot.

See, you were capable of it.
Let's face it, you're a born baker.

Now you should burn me
before somebody could wolf me down.

Never Standing Hill

It has always been like this.
Unclimbed so unclimbable.
Don't dare try. So steep
it's vertical. Don't.
What do you think
you are doing? It's ours,
don't make us hit a woman.

You are up. Jeez, hero.

Stay, stay, stay still,
wait until we shoot.

AGNES MARTON

Hungarian-born poet, writer, librettist, Reviews Editor of The Ofi Press (Mexico), Fellow of The Royal Society of Arts (UK), founding member of Phoneme Media (USA). She won the National Poetry Day Competition in 2017 (in the UK).

Recent exhibitions and art projects: 'European Sculpture: Methods, Materials, Poetry' (Sweden), 'Guardian of the Edge – Visual artists respond to the poetry of Agnes Marton' (Luxembourg), 'Poetica Botanica' (UK).

Recent publications she has been involved in: 'Exquisite Duet' (USA), 'Alice' (UK), 'Human/Nature' (UK), 'Not a Drop' (UK), 'Umbrellas of Edinburgh' (UK), 'A Face in the Mirror, a Hook on the Door: An Anthology of Urban Legends & Modern Folklore' (UK), 'Write to Be Counted' (UK), 'Anthem: a Tribute to Leonard Cohen' (USA).

She participated in the Disquiet International Literary Program (Portugal), and residencies at the Scott Polar Research Institute (UK), at the TGC (Ireland), in the Arctic Circle, at Gullkistan (Iceland) and at La Macina (Italy).

The opera duet based on her poetry collection 'Captain Fly's Bucket List' was premiered in London (2016, composer: Vasiliki Legaki).

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Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*
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Names
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Tom Hibbard – *Memories of Nothing*
Kath Abela Wilson – *Driftwood Monster*
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted, Number 3*
Maria Damon, Adeena Karasick, Alan Sondheim – *Intersyllabic Weft*
Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted, Number 2*
JJ Rowan – *so-called weather*
Jared Schickling – *Donald Trump in North Korea*
Eileen Tabios – *Making National Poetry Month Great Again!*
Allison Joseph – *Taking Back Sad*
Nina Corwin – *What to Pack for the Apocalypse*
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Steve Abbott – *Kicking Mileposts in the Video Age*
Randy Cauthen – *Wall of Meat*
Serena Piccoli – *silviotrump*
Matt Hill – *Tertium Quid*
Eric Allen Yankee – *Bees Against the War*
Agnes Marton – *Safe House Compromised*
Patrick A. Howell – *Resistance, Renaissance, Revolution, and Evolution.*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Vagenda of Manicide*

2018

Eileen Tabios's *Evidence of Fetus Diversity*

Romeo Cruz's *Cal Exit*

Patrick A. Howel's *Blue Ink Trees in the Bay*

Agnes Marton's *Postcards to Trump from the Marina*

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