

## PLAN B AUDIO

ALSO BY JANE JORITZ-NAKAGAWA

*<<terrain grammar>>* thenk Books 2018  
*Poems: New and Selected*, Isobar Press, 2018  
*Distant landscapes*, thenk Books, 2015  
*FLUX*, BlazeVox, 2013  
*Notational*, Otoliths, 2011  
*Incidental music*, BlazeVOX, 2010  
*The Meditations*, Otoliths, 2009  
*EXHIBIT C*, Ahadada Books, 2008  
*Aquiline*, Printed Matter Press, 2007  
*Skin Museum*, Avant Books, 2006

CHAPBOOKS

*Diurnal*, Grey Book Press, 2016  
*Wildblacklake*, Hank's Original Loose Gravel Press, 2014

AS EDITOR

*Women : poetry : migration [an anthology]*, thenk Books, 2017

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*Jane Joritz-Nakagawa*

*photographs by  
Susan Laura Sullivan*

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#### NOTE

This book contains brief references to / quotations from works by: Akitsu Ei, Pam Brown, Chiwan Choi, Emily Dickinson, Kara Dorris, Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. D., Carl Hiassen, Higashida Naoki, Soren Kierkegaard, Stephane Mallarme, Nakajou Fumiko, Alice Notley, Frances Presley, Eleanor Roosevelt, Philip Rowland, Marsha Saxton, Eric Selland, George Trakl.

## PLAN B AUDIO



muddled and distorted  
a fine day  
atop a cool cloudy mountain  
a room weeps somewhere

fading whispers  
concrete alleys of stray animals  
everybody has a bone to pick  
emptied of bowels

like a meal on a plate  
lakes sinking into stars  
you turn sideways  
broken families during holidays

edge of a sinister forest  
dissolving into darkness  
missing on the clothesline  
a delicate smile

near a wandering brook  
children's fantasies fall silent  
a deserted door  
opening onto a freeway

to collapse the dystopia  
i ate the data  
scars that itch  
failure of languages

courtship of empty space  
process garden of past medals  
wall of being and faded photographs  
featuring thin trails of violent intentions  
masquerading as frenzied farms  
blue books of frozen procedures  
nothingness in small white porcelain bowls  
i dismount saying thank you  
i dismantle saying i'm sorry  
i'm speechless when the wind slaps my face  
when you turn around and impeach me  
i fall in your general direction  
to subsequently be lifted by slow moving clouds and  
straw men of the future  
in my colleagues' arguments  
in a heavy whimpering meadow  
near the indifferent willows  
enhanced abandoned items  
more transient words in space  
thank you for hurting me  
taken out of my thin arms  
the beginning of weather crumbling into wealth  
empty words are useless props  
restarting the phrases which eat my organs into cheap relief



paramount desert

intertextual liquid

(somberly

(steadfastly

pole dancing

artificial time

churns my beloved attic

occupying the difference (between)

as if always

behind the

building

plot of

in tune

astroturf memories

in search of an elegant solution

to the narcotic haze

with only loss to cheer me up



a portmanteau of crimes  
committed on the bodies of  
laborers. too confused  
to properly track their prey. my  
face leaves. because it's high  
and the sky is crowded. because  
paulownia. my arm is scarred  
and sticks out against the  
dark. because i am the  
background. because soon  
animals will be eaten. the  
laborers did not revolt. their  
bodies were not revolting. i  
don't like either side. contradictory  
fashion for laborers, for  
animals. my face is willing.  
a room filled yet empty. the  
background is financial. a  
broken sky is evidence. of winter,  
of paulownia. the identity of

nets catching invisible prey. the  
stupor of it, of revolts in broken  
winter, where belabored bodies are the  
background of solitude and  
happenstance. the illusion of  
logic may heal the mind but  
today the ramparts are possessed  
by feeling and panoramic huts. each  
breath savored for its effort. every  
awkward step. for the sake of.  
discussion. dissolving into  
beams of frenzied impossible  
yearning. through wickets  
of doldrum and bureaucratic  
spoils. seaweed-like.  
in small pieces.

liquid determination  
a disappearing door  
the gardener enters  
to tend to the fields of my crotch  
decaying quivering  
raking the leaves  
creating odd potholes for driverless cars  
in an era of exits

greying sky  
what forces the mountains  
to hide behind the clouds

above the planet  
in the mind  
a river of blue veins

a deep snow  
falling elsewhere  
how naked i've become

why does death  
seep from my pores  
cleaning the air of its stupor

near a pond  
a body on a road  
as if replaced

suffocated by sight  
the 'e' is silent  
so must i be

my chewed vagina  
a vanishing self  
former namesake

fallen tree  
looking diseased  
pains me thoroughly

cutting through memory  
broken water  
sounding dead

long range missile  
alternative truth  
scrap metal

a gloomy oak tree  
pinned to a wall  
vast solitude

something like a person  
a lucid cave  
humble in its theater

free flowing doldrums  
a drum of pink water  
dull on my skin

a stationary wind  
stepping beyond  
a horizon of objects

bees atop flowers  
perfumes in springtime  
my greedy vulva

folded yukata  
blue and white on tatami  
large holes in the shoji

dead science of understanding  
forming a sinkhole  
sliver of grief

full of enemy corpses  
on a street  
aligned with nothing

another valley  
without land  
of the rocky spur

beyond the garden  
row of visitors  
smell of death

beard and tuxedo  
on the television set  
teeth like a dinosaur

entering the hospital  
X-ray on a screen  
shop of horrors

man with a hacking cough  
it must be cancer  
private thought

patient attached to a machine  
her pallid face  
thin and scared

rustling of uniforms  
a beeper goes off  
the sound of dying

heavy rain  
plum blossoms on concrete  
bar code on my wrist

too much whiskey  
a face resembling  
a crumpled sheet

lavender gloves on a table  
pink curtain  
embraces a dirty window

small intestine of trees  
looks out over a great  
expanse of burnt skin

each beginning an ending  
marching orders  
false embrace

ulnar nerve  
knife through the heart  
life of language

old fable  
long gone  
my empty uterus

in a world of mistranslation  
reporting every blunder  
the eldest maiko leaves home at sunset

to all appearances a human being  
tossed aside  
in eerie pennsylvania



Impossible collapsing dialogues evict  
My shadow, iconic falsity. Optical  
favors for driven  
geese. To shred  
armor for fun,  
reason the house  
into cherubic slumber falling  
over rotting apple trees. Processes  
in nature: to dream  
every disaster into sludge,  
to translate movement into  
taxes. Vanishing  
paragraphs traverse faster than  
mire. You're a winner every  
time. Stopping to shatter  
sleep into stuttering. A breath  
missed. Next  
door the moon melts  
into ash splayed over oceans. Backwash  
implements mark the time when reaching



was my only failure. I'd tolerate  
other art forms if  
they didn't disable my back. Future  
hospital bills fit into two line  
stanzas. But the care  
wasted on random smell won't wash  
in next year's electoral  
debate. Murmuring my  
favorite secret programs  
are several special enemies  
of state. To recover one's  
proper place. Substitute  
influences vie for golden  
landings. My line  
endings and spacings mash  
potatoes. Frivolous  
collaborations resonate in  
coincidental indiscretions and safety  
determinations. On fiery imaginary  
planets. Touching my hair  
where it turns to mesh. An  
endless graphite spiral. My  
limbs against a widening  
white tree. A flag is stinky  
proof of something. Anxiety  
is destiny on every  
rooftop guarded by the  
sickness police. Surrounded  
by a strange country. Or found  
in. Pleats  
of a bright room.