

all the boxes are empty

sara uribe

translated by jd pluecker

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all the boxes are empty

no writing ourselves without bodies we do not write without bodies no writing ourselves without bodies we do not write without bodies no writing ourselves without bodies we do not write without bodies no writing today without bodies no writing you no using you no saying no doing no being no uttering your body without the body without my body without bodies without heat without the breathing bodies gone missing without sound and words without fingertips touching our bodies

[now i am going to use both hands to put pressure on each of your joints: shoulders elbows wrists hip knees ankles — do you feel it?]

[now i am going to give you a piece of writing telegraphic made with my feet pivoting and stammering

firm steps and fake steps]

[that poetry is inoffensive and ineffective¹ = that poetry is the most innocent of all occupations² vs that language is the most dangerous of possessions³ ∴ that language is that event which disposes of the supreme possibility of man's⁴ a person's being⁴ = that only where there is language is there a world and only where world holds sway is there history⁵]

poetry is memory-world-becoming we are re-writing and over-writing on screens and windshields and rearview mirrors today we are offering palimpsests^{2x1} one day

only because the future is a thing that perhaps the future does not exist ergo the past is made of [and it is my] language and i am going to speak myself and speak you and unspeak myself and unspeak you in

all possible aesthetic forms at point blank at close range at the greatest provocation i am going to recycle all the detritus of language

[and voice? what about guttural language what about echoes and reverberations? what about in situ recordings and resonance? (of course and additionally i am left with that moment when with eyes closed the score of an uttering the loop's sonority) a choral language thus a language made of fragments of all our voices and their repetitions]

¹ heidegger

² hölderlin

³ idem

⁴ heidegger

⁵ idem

live what is written as uttering and record *i don't "begin" by "writing" i don't write life becomes text through my body i am already text*⁶ to practice forms of writing as archive-devices and destabilizing strategies: a hand or many hands raised to ask a final question that challenges all the discourses a lazy hero who shows up late to his date with destiny a destiny that is non-existent an idea of a fractured history rhythms and meanings that stutter that stumble that doubt — did i already mention that poetry is failure? *why am i always forgetting that i can't drive that i don't know how to drive that the highways and i have no history?*

work with and out of language codify recycle and generate signifieds deconstruct meaning continuously renew meaning *what we do is suspend loss for an instant what we do is plant our faces in front of the mirror and wait to see ourselves there what we do is believe that we are more than works-in-progress something something like an attempt to save ourselves from the unavoidable catastrophe what we do is await undaunted the bursting of the cloud of ash from the volcano we are that kind of imminence what we do is* resist

⁶ cixous

poetry is rewriting
poetry is history
poetry is failure
poetry is fiction
poetry is world
poetry is territory
poetry is archive
poetry is body
poetry is memory
poetry is machine
poetry is story
poetry is record
poetry is desire
poetry is political
poetry is becoming
poetry is margin

[as a teenager i kept a record of what i read all those library books were indexed on yellowish sheets of cheap recycled paper on my typewriter i devised a card: title of the book publisher year of publication number of pages date began and date ended summary of books impressions from reading i don't know why i started to make that archive we were reading six to twelve books per week maybe it was the need to leave some proof of the trip of the transit from one world to another from one era to another from one detective to another what i remember is that it seemed like that was my real life recording my readings was assembling a kind of family photo album it was taking a picture of myself with each book in order to say: i was here literature was my home]

*writing is my father, my mother, my endangered nurse*⁷ it was the books all the literature i imbibed from them as a teenager that showed me that everything that seems impossible is in fact possible that we can move beyond ourselves beyond the borders that others use to hem us in that all those other worlds that arise when a person writes are interwoven with this one and for that reason sometimes i can't distinguish anymore between invention and reality poetry and fiction writing and the present moment

*i live in writing i read to live i was reading very early on: i didn't eat i'd read i always "knew" without knowing it that i was feeding myself with text*⁸

*writing is a gesture of love: the gesture*⁹ that's why we'll steal time from office hours from the scheduled workdays of capital if you are my boss listen up: like an ant i'm going to rob you little by little i'm going to pilfer minutes to read or improvise or write a verse and then another and another and another and another we'll steal hours from sleep we'll read creative commons books as pdfs if you are an editor you should know: we'll upload photocopies of your books to circulate them without your permission if you're a librarian pay attention: we'll steal books paid for with our tax money when you're distracted when we don't have money to buy them

hey public institution! we'll take the grant money you bestow on us money that doesn't belong to you that you simply administer that comes from and belongs to citizens and we'll write whatever we please we'll write even-also-additionally against you you won't have bought anything because we'll only pay it forward and thank our country the people of our country that make art possible like agriculture health education microenterprises receive a stipend and so we'll teach workshops we'll do readings we'll share everything books and writing have given us we'll try to get someone else to fall in love with language

geographically i no longer write from tamaulipas and as i type this as i accept this fact it hurts it throws me off it undercuts my identity as a norteña: i was born in the central part of the country but for the last two decades the north adopted me and now i don't know how to think or to write except from the outside from the borders from the edges from the north or from the south or from the east or from the west or from above or from below at the margin and the shore at the perimeter and the emergency exit at the ledge the backstitch and the backdrop i don't know how nor do i have any desire to speak from the unmoving center of a stage or a country or what we have left of our country writing is also tracing a map a cartography that's why i

⁷ idem

⁸ idem

⁹ idem

am intent on bringing the north with me my tough staccato way of speaking the melody of my speech my carne asada ^{oh yeah vasconcelos wherever i go it goes} my norteño boots this knowledge ^{that i arrived at late} that mexico is many mexicos and that we have to learn to think of ourselves to live through one another to recognize ourselves in the faces of all the other people who we are

_____ : can a machine create-manufacture poems?

_____ : the remixing platform of the lazarus corporation is very simple it's a way to cut-mix-post-produce something like putting language in a blender

_____ : i think that *the dishwasher drama*¹⁰ is a refresh button a taking stock the beginning of a poetry-mechanism an other-kind-of-poetry-machine

_____ : can a machine actually write poetry?

_____ : a poem is a writing machine

_____ : we are desiring-machines¹¹

[a way of pushing back forgetfulness of never letting oneself be surprised by the abyss of never becoming resigned consoled never turning over in bed to face the wall and drift asleep again as if nothing had happened as if nothing could happen¹²]

write poetry to converse with every other thing yes to intone it but also to unspeak it to speak against it and appropriate it for myself to lose it or lose track of it and then find it again and return it to its otherness having disrupted something definitively to shift to another place to rearrange the furniture in this house of language and rearrange everything to *deconstruct dominant language practices and to call them into question*¹³ to pursue *the disdained multiplicity, the despised heterogeneity*¹⁴ to write poetry to overwrite memory spaces the present in order to rewrite myself with others to realize displacements and juxtapositions of meaning to write poetry to construct out of words and in words what exists and what does not to write poetry *so that everything that is and everything that is not is able to be*¹⁵

¹⁰ tiselli, *el drama del lavaplatos*

¹¹ deleuze & guattari

¹² cixous

¹³ perloff

¹⁴ zambrano

¹⁵ idem

a poetry that calls into question the existing order a poetry that questions the status quo through a textual density that inquires more than it answers a poetry with writing neither linear nor transparent but rather *prismatic intricate turbulent and dense*¹⁶ a poetry not dominated by a pious and sterile i but rather *a configuration of many choral polyphonic voices*¹⁷ a poetry that is unafraid of waste detritus or trash a poetry that never depicts reality in black and white that zigzags and dizzies as much as the gunshots of the present moment

when i say there is enough poetry about snowflakes i speak for all of my i's and my other i's and all the other i's of all of you i grant myself the legal authority to say enough! to the impeccable precious poetry with nothing happening with everything perfect and absolutely tidy limpid crystalware on shelving closed off with doors shiny new flags on burnished and untouchable masts pages and pages bursting with undefiled well-behaved nonsense internet links that lead to docile and perfectly-groomed poems with permanent braces no more poems about snow and god! i mean enough of those same poems about the same snow and the same god enough writing without running the risk of _____

today i choose poetry as a place to leave a record as a site where memory is a form of oblique naming allegory as an undulating and slanted path against silence and forgetting yes i do choose to continue to speak about the war about the damage done and the wounds of war about all the empty spaces left behind by the war and all the other kinds of violence wielded against the body that are not the war but still eat away at us destroy us wear away at us beat us down break us because it is important to say it right now in our current moment because it is urgent to name it from within poetry i choose to keep repeating over and over again what is invisible in official discourse: that my country is still at war that in my country both bodies and language are subjugated by the violence

¹⁶ kozer

¹⁷ idem

because through writing we construct the present¹⁸ and i cannot and i do not want to construct a present that leaves out the pain and the absence of so many that doesn't reflect the fact that the war here is still going on

i'm a woman i'm bisexual i'm brown i'm norteña i'm middle class i'm right-handed
i'm an orphan i'm a freelancer i'm overweight with crooked teeth gastritis and
panic attacks i don't have my own house or social security or a retirement fund or
plans for retirement

i speak myself i unspeak myself i antispeak i underspeak i nospeak myself i pre-
speak i inspeak i withspeak myself i hyperspeak i afterspeak i postspeak myself

i am not pristine i am not original i am not consistent i do not want to write the
greatest masterpiece ever written i do not want to spend six years polishing a poem
i don't want perfection or self-absorption

i want to produce the present with you because writing is my way of letting you know
that your body is an extension of mine¹⁹ that our words are confused are reproduced are
mixed together

what this is about is the bewilderment of vanished tracks and the erased traces of palimpsests yes of things that despite being the same are other
what this is about is a metaphorical and metaphysical parachute a spot for forced landings also perhaps a fire
but

at its root it's about you and me building a *place where what doesn't exist might exist*²⁰

january 23 2017
san pedro de los pinos mexico city

¹⁸ ludmer

¹⁹ bifo

²⁰ pizarnik

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san pedro de los pinos ciudad de méxico
23 de enero de 2017

20
contigo un lugar donde sea lo que no es
pero fundamentalmente se trata de construir

quiero producir presente contigo porque escribir es mi manera de hacerte saber que tu cuerpo es una extensión del mío¹⁹ que nuestras palabras se confunden se reproducen se mezclan esto se trata de un paracaidas metafórico y metafísico un lugar de acertaje forzoso un incendio acaso también

no soy pristine no soy original no soy congruente no quiero escribir la obra total más grande jamás escrita no quiero pasar seis años puliendo un poema no quiero la perfección ni el solipsismo

me digo me desdigo me contradigo me sobredigo me bajodigo me nodigo me antedigo me cabedigo me condigo me hiperdigo me trasdigo me postdigo

soy mujer soy bisexual soy morena soy norteña soy clase media soy diestra soy huérfana soy freelancera tengo sobrepeso dientes chucosos gastritis y araques de pánico no tengo casa propia ni seguridad social ni fondo de jubilación ni planes para el retiro

porque a través de la escritura fabricamos presente¹⁸ y yo no puedo ni quiero fabricar un presente que omita el dolor y la ausencia de los otros que no dé cuenta de que aquí sigue pasando la guerra

elijo hoy la poesía como un sitio de registro como un lugar donde la memoria
 como una forma de nombramiento oblicuo la alegoría como vía ondulante y esgada contra el silencio y el
 olvidado elijo si seguir hablando de la guerra de los daños y las heridas de la guerra de
 todos los vacíos a causa de la guerra y de todas las otras violencias contra el cuerpo que no son la guerra pero que igual
 son minas nos aniquilian nos desgastan nos arrastran nos doblan porque es importante decirlo en nuestro
 ahora en el presente porque es urgente nombrarlo desde la poesía elijo seguir repitiendo
 una y otra vez lo invisible en el discurso oficial: que mi país sigue en guerra que en
 mi país hay cuerpos y lenguaje avasallados por la violencia

cuando digo que hay suficiente poesía del copo de nieve hablo por todos mis vos
 y mis otros vos y los otros vos de ustedes me adjudico la potestad de decirle ¡basta!
 a la impecable poesía preciosista en la que nada pasa en la que todo es perfecto y
 pulcristimo cristalera limpia en estantes cerrados banderas relucientes en bruidas
 e inasequibles astas páginas y páginas rebosantes de impoluta palabrería bienpor-
 tada links de internet que conducen a poemas bien peinados y dóciles que llevan
 braquetes permanentes! basta de poemas sobre la nieve y sobre dios; es decir basta
 sobre los mismos poemas sobre la misma nieve y el mismo dios basta de escribir
 sin querer correr el riesgo de

una poesía que ponga en entredicho el orden una poesía que cuestione el *statu quo*
 a través de una densidad escritural que planteé más interrogantes que respuestas
 una poesía cuya escritura no sea lineal y transparente sino *prismática intrincada*
*turbulenta y densa*¹⁶ una poesía donde no predomine un yo lírico sagrado y aséptico
 sino más bien una *configuración de muchas voces polifónicas coral*¹⁷ una poesía que
 no le tema al deshecho al detritus o a la basura una poesía que nunca presente la
 realidad en blanco y negro que se mueva tan zigzagueante y vertiginosa como los
 disparos del presente

10 tseili, el drama del lavaplato
 11 delenze & gnattari
 12 cixous
 13 perloff
 14 zambrano
 15 idem

escribir poesía para conversar con todo lo otro si para enunciarlo pero también para desdeñarlo y apropiármelo para perderlo o extraviarlo y luego reencontrarlo y regresararlo a su ortedad habiéndolo trasocado algo en forma definitiva para cambiar las cosas de su sitio para mover de su orden habitual los muebles de una casa hecha de lenguaje y reconfigurarlo todo para *desmontar las prácticas de la lengua dominante y ponerlas en crisis*¹³ para perseguir *la multiplicidad desdentada, la menospreciada heterogeneidad*¹⁴ escribir poesía para sobreescribir la memoria presente los espacios para reescribirme con los otros para construir desplazamientos y yuxtaposiciones de sentido escribir poesía para fabricar desde y en la palabra lo que existe y lo que no escribir poesía para *que todo lo que hay y lo que no hay llegue*¹⁵

[para hacer retroceder al olvido para no dejarse sorprender jamás por el abismo para no resignarse ni consolarse nunca para no volverse nunca hacia la pared en la cama y dormirse como si nada hubiera pasado]¹⁷

_____ : puede una máquina crear-maquilar poemas?
 _____ : la mesa de mixtura de *the lazarus corporation* es muy sencilla se trata de cortar-mezclar-postproducir algo así como licuar el lenguaje
 _____ : creo que el drama del lavaplato es un corte de caja el arranque de una poesía-incanismo una poesía-máquina-otra¹⁰
 _____ : puede en efecto una máquina escribir poesía?
 _____ : el poema es una máquina escritural
 _____ : somos máquinas desearnes¹¹

llevar conmigo mi norte mi hablar recio y golpeado mi cantadito mi carne asada mis botas norteñas este saber que tarde he abrazado que México es múltiple mexicanos y que hay que aprender a pensarlos a vivirlos a reconocerlos en el rostro de todos los otros que somos

ya no escribo geográficamente desde ramallipias y reclear esto asumirlo me duele me descoloca restereca mi identidad norteña: nací en el centro pero desde hace décadas el norte me adoptó y ahora ya no sé pensar ni escribir si no es desde las afueras desde las fronteras desde los bordes desde el norte o desde el sur o desde el este o desde el arriba o desde el abajo donde el margen y la orilla donde el perimetro y la salida de emergencia donde la cornisa el respunte y la bambalina no sé ni quiero decirme desde el centro inamovible de un escenario o de un país o de lo que nos queda de nuestro país escribir también es trazar un mapa una cartografía por eso decidido

¡hey! institución pública! tomaremos el dinero de las becas que nos otorgues interno que no te pertencece que sólo administras dinero que proviene y es de los ciudadanos y escribiremos lo que nos venga en gana escribiremos incluso-también-además contra ti no habrás comprado nada porque únicamente redistribuiremos y agrediremos a nuestro país a las personas de nuestro país que hacen posible que el arte como el campo la salud la educación las microempresas reciba un subsidio y por eso daremos talleres haremos lecturas compartiremos todo lo que los libros y la escritura nos han dado a nosotros intentaremos que alguien más se enamore del lenguaje

comprarlos
por eso robaremos tiempo a los horarios de oficina a las jornadas programadas del capital si eres mi jefe entérate: voy a hacerte un hurto hormiga voy a susstraer minutos para leer o pergeñar o escribir un verso y luego otro y otro y otro y otro robaremos horas al sueño leeremos en pdfs libros con *creative commons* si eres editor sabelo: subiremos a la red fotocopias de tus libros para circularlos sin tu permiso si eres bibliotecario pon atención: robaremos libros pagados con nuestros impuestos cuando estés distraído cuando no tengamos dinero para

7 Fueron los libros toda la literatura que abrevé de ellos en mi adolescencia quienes me hicieron saber que es posible todo lo que parece imposible que podemos ir más allá de nosotros mismos de las fronteras con que los otros nos sitúan que todos los otros somos unos que surgen cuando alguien escribe se entretengan a éste y por eso a veces ya no distingo invención de realidad poesía de ficción escritura de presente
8 vivo en la escritura leo para vivir *let myny pronto: no comia leña siempre "zap"* sin saberlo que me alimentaba de texto

[en la adolescencia llevé un registro de mis lecturas todos esos libros de la biblioteca que let quedaron indexados en amarillentas hojas de papel revolución en mi máquina de escribir elaboraba la ficha: título del libro editorial año de publicación número de páginas fecha de inicio y de término de lectura resumen del libro impresiones de la lectura no sé por qué empecé a hacer ese archivo leíamos de seis a doce libros por semana quizá era la necesidad de dejar constancia del viaje del tránsito de un mundo a otro de una época a otra de un detective a otro lo que recuerdo es que me parecía que mi verdadera vida era esa: la que ocurría en los libros ahora sé que mi verdadera vida fue esa que registrar mis lecturas era integrar un especie de álbum fotográfico familiar era tomarme una fotografía con cada libro para decir: estuve aquí la literatura fue mi hogar]

poesía es mundo

poesía es cuerpo

poesía es deseo

poesía es registro

poesía es devinir

poesía es margen

poesía es ficción

poesía es archivo

poesía es máquina

poesía es fracaso

poesía es historia

poesía es política

poesía es territorio

poesía es memoria

poesía es rescritura

vivir las escrituras como enunciaci3n y registro
 6 ejerce las como archivos-dispositivos y estrategias desestabiliza-
 doras: una mano o muchas manos que se alzan para hacer una pregunta final que
 pone en duda todos los discursos un h3roe perezoso que llega tarde a su cita con el
 destino un destino que no existe una idea de historia fracturada ritmos y sentidos
 que tartramanudean que trastabilian que dudan? d3e ya que la poes3a es fracaso? por
 que se me olvida que no puedo manejar que no se manejar que las autopistas y yo no tenemos pasados?

trabajar con y desde el lenguaje codificar recitar y generar significados deconstruir
 el sentido renovar continuamente el sentido
 lo que hacemos es suspender por un instante la p3rdida lo que
 hacemos es plantar la cara frente al espejo y esperar vernos ahí lo que hacemos es crecer que somos algo más que obras negras algo así como
 intentar salvarnos de la insoslayable catástrofe lo que hacemos es esperar impávidos el estallido la nube de ceniza del volcán somos esa clase
 de inminencia lo que hacemos es

RESISTIR

todas las cajas están vacías

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