

Use Be Yourspace

poetry and prose

2003-2005



by Liz Rywelski

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poetry

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3.

I am left sitting, spinning
on a spiny cubicle chair.

Two mic's set up
at 8 and 2 o'clock of me,
screaming like my Dad wants to.

I am going to build a little room,
An exact fraction of the
office-space I build it in.

It will be small,
a box more private
than my vagina.
Wallpapered in all my underwears,
I will build it from the inside out.

There will be a little monitor in
there,
black and white,
(like the TV my mom had
in the cabin all those summers ago.)
I will play my videos

and there will be a little radio
where I will syndicate my recordings.

A small seat I will make
so comfortable.
Light will be in there too,
to create shadows that
interact with my drawings on the walls.

And there will be books, everything, me, and
everything I like
I like you

3.5. (to my top-dog)

Your face
looks like it's from
the 16th century.
Botticelli body-chunk like
Kmart size 6,
2003.

You smell like a Michelob,
wrapped up in cotton
poppy sheets.

You makes magic's
in mine eyes.
I'd cut my knee caps off for you.
I'd cut off my arms for you
to have
and hold yourself with.

You are such an adult
You pay three mortgages and
wear Ann Taylor clothes.

5.

Last night I heard
whispers of words
whispered in spite of me
while I was not near to hear you.

I felt it cursing me
and masturbating me
under each phrase and smile,
each octave higher you sang over me.

You have so much on your plate
literally,
You have three meats and
three vegetables.
And I am like the gun aisle in the toy
store.
Soliciting a prostitute
and enough free-time to enjoy
concept albums

7.

I woke up to him last night tossing
talking in his sleep-
“I will not ignore this anymore,
You can’t ignore it anymore.”

I held him back to calm,
the way he does
when he changes my heart’s diapers.

After watching Inga,
Perfectly planned remote-pause
When she started masturbating,
he masturbated
me on my stomach.

After I almost came, I silently cried my-
self to this very sleep I am woken from.

After all,
there are 13 keys to unlock my door, but
I am still feeling brand-new.

Earlier tonight,
when he was inside me
I thought,
when I am an old woman
I will make duplications of him from
memory.

7.1

I have disappeared a lot since we met,

My words have begun to look like my
legs.

Unshaven.

You cooked for me,

Dinner,

Until midnight,

I was unimpressed.

I've stopped wearing antiperspirant

to see if you were attracted

to my natural scent.

when we made love today

I had my first orgasm without

masturbation

you sniffed my wet neck after I came

“you have a beautiful scent”,

you whispered.

You could smell

the sage you fed me

the night before

10.

So today,
last night,
and the day before,
I saw you.

I cried 2 nights before that,
in the night, and the
next day I cried real hard on
the bike ride home from your
place.

It must feel good to have my heart broken.
To remind you that you are fragile.
I am tough.
My mannerisms have changed.
I am fragile .

12.

Surfacing from a period of fumbling
for control out of control.

I am confronted with
the body I gave myself and
Struggling to recall
the body I was given.

“You want to be an artist you become one and a good
one. You want to act you did it and you were good.
You wanted to be a singer /stage performer you be-
came one and you are good. Sometimes I wonder if
you are serious, when you ask me in confidence, if
you suck. You are so good in everything, I can’t be-
lieve you don’t know it.”

My Dad taught me
how to play golf when I was 8.
Before I took my swing, he would say,
“If you feel good you look good.”
And he was right,

When I felt good inside
I made a confident, accurate swing.
excited to take the next one.

13.

“I am getting weaker.
I am getting thin.
I hate how obvious I have been”

I am so middle-class poor lately
No money for food.
My stomach eats itself at night.
You do not sleep in my bed
anymore.

“So sorry I am a pauper and can't afford
proper food.”

If you slept here I would suck
on you at night
to fill my heart.

15.

Alright, ok, I get it,
I like you.

you are easy,
you are cute.
I want you to spray up my back,
like when I ride my bike in the rain.

Joop!
scent of blowjobs
age 14.

16.

I have been trying to write him a
letter for a while.

It still has not come out yet

I have been drawing in my mind for
a while.

and that still has not come out

I woke up and watched him dream.

He woke up and watched me
adorable.

“What are you going to do today, Liz?”

a silenced stare

“Yes?”

I do not have a solid agenda

“I need to take it easy today”,

I replied.

I sat in your appartement

alone

soundtracked my orgasm,

had tea,

ate a brownie,

and hung out with my computer.

What I want to do today is not do
so I can find out what it is I need to
do with passion.

I have had passion for drawing
writing and sex.

I should also go pay my bills.

17.

Oh shit.
It has been so long
since I have written.
My brain is out of sort.

-First,
I have been so in love
with you lately.
The kind of love where
I do not have to say it or
prove it.
You do it for me, I think.

See, I always start off
Writing about you.

-Second, I usually move to
talking about my body.

I feel smaller lately.
I am smaller.
ride or die

-Here, I move into a vague space
usually,
Talking about a mixture of things
random. I want to exist
in a wordsmiths world.
Where vague is unacceptable and
eloquence and jealousy leave me.
A world where I can trust
my bestfriends
and never coldcock them
with my eyes.

-I like to talk about
sex this far.

How yours is too long and hurts sometimes.
How I am realizing where promiscuity has
damaged me.
It hurts like lost vocabulary

-And around this time I
document some personal revelation.
Such as, realizing a major part of one's success
is about outlets.

Writing, right now for me,
is an outlet for the negative.
I am ok with this.
I hope you are.

-Here, I avoid what drove me to write tonight.

My birthday is today, I did not make a drawing.
I usually do on my birthday.
I want to tell you I will get back to it.
Who knows
Good night

18.

The woman she wants to be does
not live like this.

She lives in a bright room
Lit by the sun
and candle light.
There are orchids on her side of the bed
and maple trees outside her window.

She is organized
strong,
and fierce.
Not a child, but
contains a rich story book of
child-like stories and experiences
to share and entertain with.

She eats only honest foods.
Respects and understands her body.
She speaks clearly,
sound unidentifiable, mysterious,
'maybe (s)he is from here or there'

She knows how to love
the one who loves her
best. Love natural and consciously uncontrolled.
Like a diamond,
she craves the air of foreign cities in my lungs.

19.

“Liz,

you get the best of me everyday.
There are people I have known
longer and know better than you,
but you get my best everyday.”

What a romanitic thing to say.
Wrap my mind up in terry cloth and kiss me
thing to say.

You win me,

I wish I could show you my tears.
Melt crush and crumble me.
I am this in emotion with you,
check the balance,

I am so for you , I would fast for 15 days.
On the last day,
I would eat only pearl white flour
and drink purified municipal water.

Hours later,
from my pink asshole,
I would produce a pure white muffin.
From my pink asshole
you would savor it.

Indulge in my purity.

20.

this text message is titled,
“you dont deserve me, suck a
dick”

thank

god for anorexia.
I love NY

25.

I feel turmoil
but see beauty

A true romantic.

I am 23 years old
I should really stop trying
to get myself pregnant.

23. (aunt sharons laundry room)

Families are past and future.
a chance
to come from somewhere
and then
provide a different place
for your children to come from.

The 70's

Fresh fruit cut up,
reassembled to look like other fruit.

Like pineapple made to look like aloe.
Hand jobs in the large closets.
Aviator glasses peering through a window
I watch my pre-birth self in their reflection.

Dangerous kiddie games
practiced in groups
in public

This was the seventies for me.

26.

Chinatown, New York is one of the
most vile places on earth.

“Look at how these people keep this
place.

Disgusting.

They are still wearing backstock from
the 80’s.” said the lady

I love Manhattan in the morning.
The kind of ladies I would like to breed
are those who can apply liquid liner
on a moving subway
with stealth confidence.

I would love to live in New York.
If I am going to have a career
I want it to be in New York City.

I do not know from where in the world
my ancestors are from.

Me, with my loss of tradition,
all past familial truths lost inside me
only to speak through bone structure,
hair texture, or fingernail bed.
I am wearing your \$350 goodenough hoodie right now,
your ssylus necklace,
and your les bijoux de sophie rabbit necklace
as a bracelette.
Nobody in this subway car now bus cares
about these fashions.
If I were to get stuck in here for a few days,
weeks or whatever,

I would want to be wearing the most comfortable clothes.
Its got to look good.
It has got to feel good
like these American Eagle jeans
that make me feel so fucking sexy
when I wake up in them.

27.

“life is good”
I love LA 1994

I look around this subway
and think about minds.
There are only a handful with beating
hearts
that will define and redefine our days.
The rest just keep breathing,
forming families,
I guess everybody sort of gets a chance.

I think about me and my womb.
I am free.
My father does not choose what type
I reproduce. I
am free to be attracted to intensity, a hair texture,
attracted to a height, a build, a sensuality, a demeanor,

In that attraction
I have the ability to make more of what I see.

A reason why it is so important to love yourself
before you have children is
when you see yourself in them you love it,
and embrace them as you would embrace yourself .

No fear, and Never scarred.
I like the middle in you,
something pure about it. I'd make more of that,
more of a boy who sleeps with his hand over his heart.

28.

This morning,
the best morning, I was left
kneeling at my new
Japanesse style table,
which I composited myself.

A plate of fall style foods.
Apples with cinnamon, peanut butter,
and almonds.
Fresh coffee brewed the best I have
ever made.
Reds greens and browns.

I re-read Robert Huges ideas on Lee
Krassner.
He liked her
and it was a deeper breath I was
taking of this crisp fall air.

You tell me to find my self,
“accept who you are and where you
come from.”

I explain to you again
how I consiously lost my accent and
certain mannerisams.
I did not want people to hear me
and immediately think of Fran Dresher
or Rosie ODonell,
Amy Fisher or Mary Jo,
or any other
with that accent or style.

Even after seeing the movie, “Pollock”,
Lee Krasner sounded like me,
but she was portrayed as a shadow,
a housewife,
a failure.

I will get it together.

31.

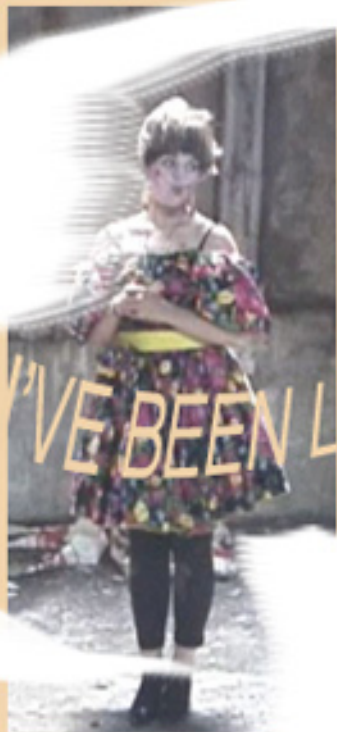
what turns me upsidedown inlove with you
is exactly what turns my words to fire
balls
like my legs unshaven.

I feel fourteen again,
I had a boyfriend who I only saw you in

school 15 minutes out of the day
and maybe once a weekend,
nights on the phone silent.

I was productive then.
I made drawings about relationships.
I stayed up late very late to draw.
So late that my Dad thought I was
doing cocaine in 9th grade.
Threatened to send me to rehab,
I was not on any drugs in fact
i was completly virgin,
hadnt even tried anything yet
not even masturbation
I was manic, up at night making work
about my boyfriend
who I saw 15 minutes out of the day
and maybe once a weekend.
Silent phone calls from bed.

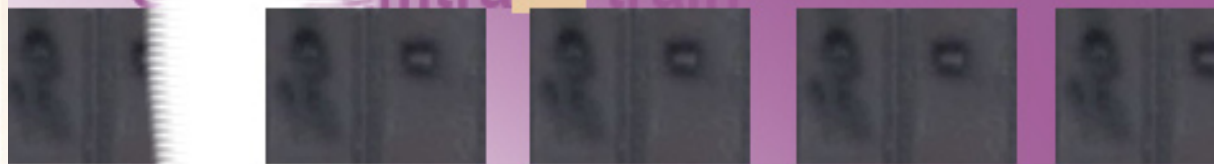
Tonight I chose to ride my bike for an
extra hour
so I could sing as loud as I'd like in
the rain.
I live the life music videos are made after.
You would also like to live that life
You have been working all day
You deserve a walk in the rain



three weeks ago I left my poems
on the amtrak^k train



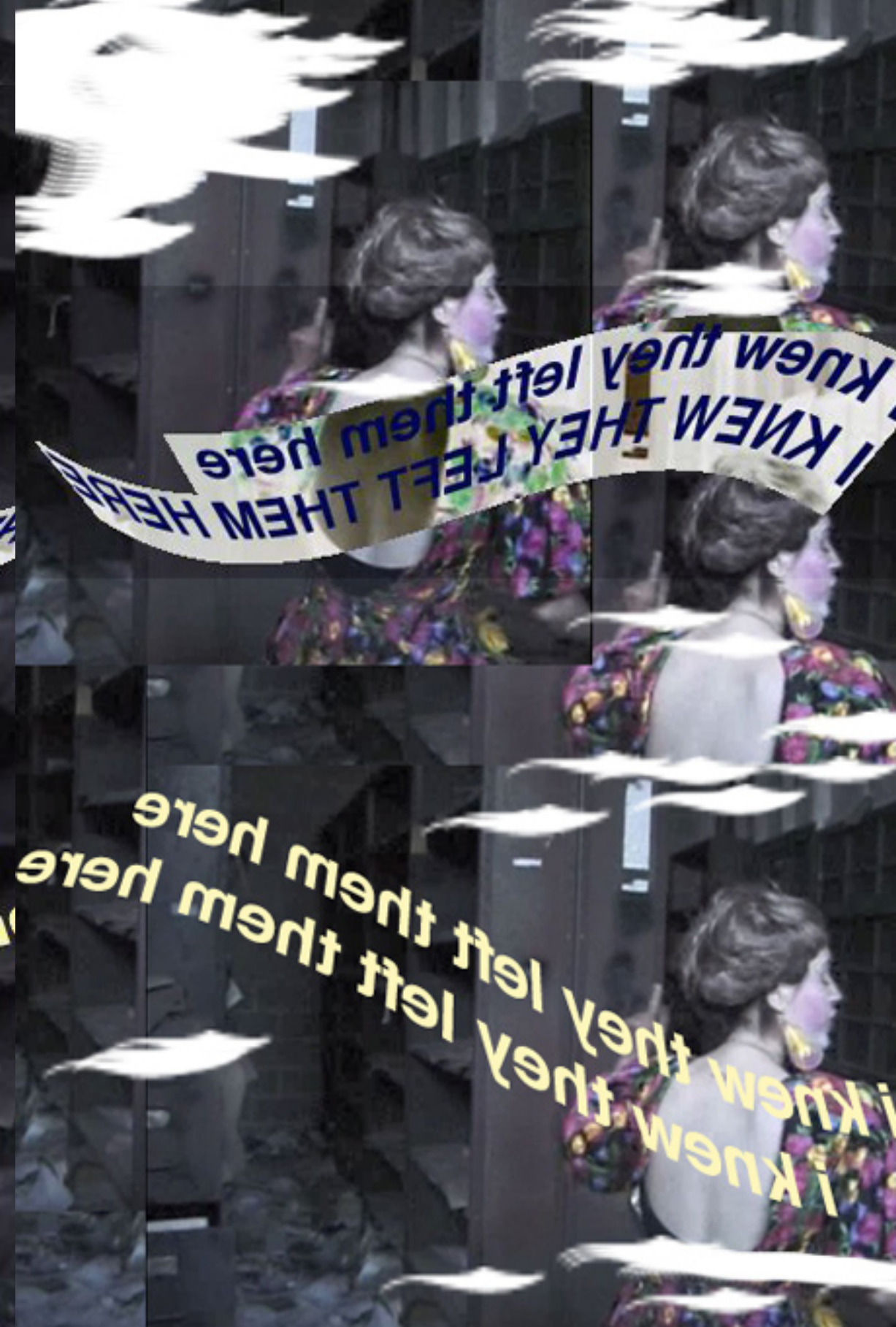
three weeks ago I left my poems
on the amtrak^k train



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a vibrant floral dress and large gold hoop earrings, is shown from the back, looking over her right shoulder. She is in a hallway with dark lockers. The image is split into two panels, with a white banner across the middle containing text.

i knew they left them here
I KNEW THEY LEFT THEM HERE

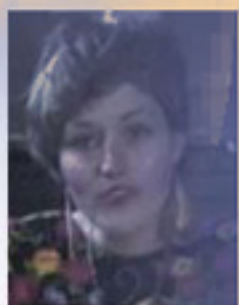
i knew they left them here
i knew they left them here



I KNEW THEY LEFT THEM HERE
I KNEW THEY LEFT THEM HERE

i knew they left them here
i knew they left them here

MY POEMS!



(CLEAN HANDS)

(CLEAN HANDS)

(CLEAN HANDS)

(CLEAN HANDS)



my poems!!

(CLEAN HANDS)

my poems!!

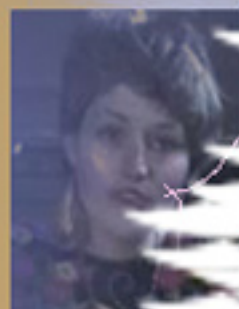
my poems!!

I WROTE THAT.

I WROTE THAT IN 1989. (CLEAN HANDS)

I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER
FOR MY POEMS.

3 WEEKS AGO I LEFT MY POEMS
HERE ON THE AMTRACK TRAIN
I KNEW THEY LEFT THEM HERE
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY POEMS
FOR THREE WEEKS NOW
MY POEMS!!!
I FOUND 'EM!!!



(CLEAN HANDS)

I FOUND

'EM!!!

!!! 1983

prose

2003-2005

*Pornography ,
Psychological Phenominon,
And Convention
In The Arts*

and this does effect you, tired one, because
the trickle-down-effect does exist.
What happens in the fine world of art will eventually
effect the way in which products are pitched to you
in years to come.
As pornography is appropriated like a virus,
we accept it
and let it use us.
With the help of commercials and advertisements,
american culture pans out into pockets,
like *the* melting pot pouring into an ice tray.

I love it.
I love sexual stimulation in my cone of vision.
I love the ads that are made by designers
who cant laugh at anything more complicated
than a dick joke.
I love that bad-beer ads reveal our most obvious
insecurities .
I love to think of myself in life-time competition
with all others of my generation.

I love to think that there are many drowning
in Michelobe at a filthy bar right now.
As I pace manic in my filthy cheap loft,
they are the commercials made for them.

And I don't buy into a second of it.
I won't buy a fucking picture phone
until they start making commercials that convince me
I can find utopia through them.
I am only sold by utopian culture.

*Let Us Be Lovers
and
Marry Our Fortune's Together*

What I was trying to tell you about Peggy Guggenheim is
that she gave enough hand jobs and has the best collection of modern art
in the world.

She was so obsessed with objects.

I wonder if she took men as objects or if they took her.
Surrealism, dictation of thought with out control of the mind.

What I love about fantasy is that objects are interchangeable
and in sexual fantasy a figure is interchangeable.

What I was trying to tell you about Peggy Guggenheim is
that she gave enough hand jobs and has the best collection of modern art in
the world.

She was so obsessed with objects.

I wonder if she took men as objects or if they took her.

Last night I spent repeating about a single simple word
over to myself

while masturbating ,

and that single word got me there.

Whereas, the week before, I meditated on the scent and texture
of an orchid

and that reached me fantastic- like.

Have you ever found yourself fucking yourself?

I find myself fucking myself a bit more than I would like to.

I don't even know I am doing it sometimes.

I think it is lazyness, instant achievement, deed like exploit.

Quick and beautiful at times but I never get that whole body emission
with sweat and breathlessness.

I also do not get that sweat and breathlessness from most art.

Filtering and processing are important.

Masturbation is important.

Sex with your eyes closed is important.

I was involved with a boy who
when I had sex with him images
of paintings would flash over and over
behind my eyelids like a slide show
falling me to sleep.

Art making is filtering, it is processing.
Dreaming is also processing.
I want to only ever talk about art that flashes behind my eyelids at night.
That, I have decided, is as real as I can bring it.

What I was trying to tell you about
Peggy Guggenheim is if she were not such a feral slut
her collection of modern art would not be what it is today.
She was attracted mainly to Abstract Expressionism ,
violence,
unbalance, frustration, fucking from all angles,
taking a breather and attacking again,
twisted and violent masculine cumming
straight fucking.
interchangeable parts and meanings,
sex with your eyes closed and dreaming while fucking.

She had the money to fund her desires to create her world.
her sexual desire framed our view of modern art.
and aesthetically others followed and aquired the taste.

Money creates time ,
time makes room for discourse,
discourse is the core of all worlds and its attractive.
What I was trying to tell you about Peggy is...

34.
Music Can Say
Four To Five
Different Things
At One Time.

Your environment, a fresh painting,
a one act play, a song,
a movie,
a still frame, a photograph,
an outfit can say many things at the same time.
Writing cannot to me.

Font helps, but not like the perfect mirror,
or the perfect funk to rise from.

It takes time.

Metaphores or pun's help but neither lets us percieve,
in one glance, an expressed whole.

This is why I ask you over and over the same question,
to paint a whole for me and you to know what is actually getting said,

“I am all I need, You are all I need, I am all I need, We are all I need, I am
all I need, I am all I need, I am all I need,
I am all I need.”

I , You, She
Together
Come On Baby Lets Go

July of 2000, I studied inside the fantastic grown over carcass of Venice.
Memory 12: an afternoon with a didgarie-doo player.

He approached me while I was drawing
from outside the friar. He offered to buy me lunch.
We sat outside a cafe next to a thin canal,
he ordered me a campari on ice, yuk.

I quickly learned he was from Australia
and apparently had made a mint as a computer program designer,
packed up, and is now traveling the world
playing his digare doo.

He asked me how I took to Venice,
I said, "It is a grown over carcass."
He demanded I explaterate,
and well, I had to strike it from the record because
I didn't even understand what I said.

I think I thought that Venice was created beautiful and lived, already,
a full captured existence, died,
and now is grown over with a new beauty,
taking a similar shape, inhabited by new creatures
like blossoming vines on ruins.

He agreed to my idea and mentioned
that it is the students and modern art which keep
Venice alive for him.

I told him how I had snuck into the academy to sit in on crits.
I walked around studios; mixed materials, bright colors,
and familiar figurative gestures drench my memory of that day.

I told him I found it much easier to look at old paintings
rather than newer ones, they seem to demand more from me
and I was already overwhelmed.

I explained how
The Guggenheim museum was the least favorite
part of my studies so far.
It brought me back to the future.

I was excited with Goya vs. Rembrant etching show,
Tintoretto's painting in the palace like an MTV video for Venitians,
and the prisoner chambers of the palace.
How I was excited for paintings with out
electric light representations and synthetic mediums.
Hence, I chose to spend very little time at the biennale.

However, graffiti became even more important to me there.
Most was in English.

Like my people were leaving messages for me on this carcass.
Unlike here, in the states, my eyes to the ground
filtering American words
on walls, ads, sound, in fast traveling cars, trains, and walking.
It is too much.

This is why pieces with good style, or design
rather than name are more agreeable.
But back over there I could not understand the ads and language well,
graffiti lent me a connection,
a reminder, where the word became important.

The diggeriee doo player and I spoke about the sidewalk salesmen
who scammed tourists into buying paper Micky and Goofy dolls
which appeared to defy gravity.
We decided that this was not a scam.
They were equivalent to postcards.
The paper dolls were scotch-taped to fishing wire
fixed between a duffle bag and a radio.
The duffle bag hid inside it a motor which jerked the wire
and the radio which played ,
"Hit ME Baby ONE MORE TIME".
The motor and wire were not sold with the dolls
nor were they pointed out to naive buyers.

Venice,
Tiepollo ceilings,
Titan in the friar,
intoretto in the Doses palace,
ease of gondellier,
the sun set,
optical illusion,
natural lighting vs. artificial lighting,
trickery is trickery.

To experience an illusion
like horses parading on clouds
in the infinity story sky above you
in a room on the first floor,
buy and take home for yourself a foldable postcard
of the ceiling painting.

When you get home the post card does not work,
it can not ever enact the illusion of space and movement
you experienced while you were there,
you are left with only a memoir.

That is what those fucking paper dolls do,
you are left with a flacid micky paper doll, t
he shit will not ever dance for you-
the seller has the motor.

These dolls are seamless in the illusions of Venice.

I told him how i felt about walking the halls of Peggy's vagina walls.

How I saw each piece of art in there as type of exchange.

I imagine highly intense studio visits made complicated
by her side-prop dogs.

I imagine Peggy wanting to communicate and being able to do it
through only granting shows, studio visits, parties, and handjobs.

I am not convinced she had a personal vision greater than a sexdrive.

She had the money to get herself taken seriously.

I saw Max Earnt's painting, "The Anti Pope",
a gift to Peggy on thier wedding day.

There she was, the best installation I had ever seen.

Plaqued and packed next to fourteen dogs
in her own back yard,
a mockery of Peggy Guggenheim.

Later, to my embarrassment,
he explained that the red rose petal sprinkled art installation
was actually her grave.

Something to be said about clubs,
collectives, handjobs,
and those who exert a real force
on aquired popular taste.

36.

If I Weren't A Lady
I'd Take My Money
And Buy You
A Brand New Face

Not all ladies are accessories.
Not all ladies work out their primal urges on the dance floor.
Not all ladies know how to make a fire without using wood.
Not all women want to be considered a lady
and not all ladies are women.

So what does this mean, to be a lady?
Self-labeling is often of a state of mind,
not necessarily a physical gender, I know.
I frame myself in the culture of the successful and self-fulfilled.
The history I identify with is one told by women
who are inspired by women
but created by men.

The social groupings I identify with are those
who brilliantly and quickly
move side to side.

I want to exist in a highly stimulated world.
My role models are those who create the highly stimulated
world I wish to contribute to.

Through out this all, I wish to confront you as gentle as possible.
I want you to feel comfortable near me and know
I will never attempt to insult you.
Honest and eloquent
A lady is one who knows that beauty can fade
and wealth may leave,
but character is the lasting marker by which others will judge.

A lady never makes a date out of desperation.

A lady never points out the imperfections of her mate to others.

A lady does not kiss and tell after a sexual encounter of any kind.

A lady never says or does things to make others feel small.

A lady does not give up her friends when she falls in love,
nor does she lose sight of who she is apart from the relationship.

When life deals bad breaks a lady rises above them.

A lady is not afraid to ask for the sexual history of a man
with whom she may become intimate.

A woman sees power in the sex she was born to.

A woman knows her lips are doors to one million futures.

A woman sees divinity in another woman.

These are my values and contradictions.

Sara, I did it for you

37.

i got an ass full of shit and i'm
ready to ride

38.

my pussy looks better without
you in it





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LIZ RYWELSKI was born in Massapequa, NY. She received her BFA in Drawing at Moore College of Art and Design. This is her first collection of poetry and prose in print. Other works include, *The American Portraits*, *The SEPTA Letters*, *The Red Room with PERSON*, and *TM W M*. She currently lives and works in Philadelphia.

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All poems and articles written between 2003-2005 by Liz Rywelski

Cover image courtesy of Martin. Taken in the locker-room of an abandoned SEPTA warehouse in North Philadelphia.

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