

**WALE;**  
**or**  
**The Corse**

**by**  
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Open your lips; don't open them simply.  
I don't open them simply.

A book might spill out, desperate, moody  
and savage, spouting off white characters,  
until death do us part. She cannot open her  
lips purely because it would be heroism.  
The words caught in her throat and the out  
pour when and if it came would leave a  
pale and turbid wake.

(A toad stuck on scotch tape.)

She drinks water. Open so that she may  
enter. She wanted to step into a world  
of walrus and whales, but the war stopped  
any further plans from forming. She asks you to take care  
of the gift of her abandonment.

Alone at her table, lips pressed together,  
the writing shuts us out and brings her in.  
She asks us to be a dream which cracks open.

I

knots

knew it

came

critiqued

I

starved

in one place

wore the same

thought that

woeful way

lost

*Whole world seems against me if I could  
just explain. Man I love has left me because  
I called another man's name.*

Dust on the window. Blue light catches  
the red of the lamp (turned off). She claims

her ring another time. Woe. Woe. Woe. Woe.  
Woe. Woe. Woe. This man interested her

at once. Translating all things to numbers,  
the cat waved. He came over after playing

the set and asked, are you in my distance?  
Did the man know that the call caused

bombs to drop into another child's backyard?  
He took delight in departure.

driven

Smoke moved

crated

different

grew In many

an ignorant whim

to please

She gives deeper joy, consumes more swiftly.

She eats as though she was starving. Hair in place. Her mother associated all that was ugly with what was hateful. She hated her stomach (which “She” do you mean?). She sat in the corner where we put her, facing a wall. Your friendship was her sorrow. Pain went both ways. The stolen, stolen was the measure of grief. Her house was bombed in half. Had to run. Had to run. Had to run. In half a person cannot be. Not fully be. No fill. She asked if she could eat more. (Again which “she” do you mean? Make yourself clear.) She said yes — sausages, eggs, toast. Disgust. The Rise was reflected in all these eyes that stared. Took sides for survival. The glass is empty and being filled was never understood. SATIATED. The woman dressed in tattoos said that word, said there was nothing like it. She held the girl in her arms. You can't white that out.

a whole

occupied

I watched

a travesty

trea

ted



To be furious is to be frightened out  
of fear.

How many more until we begin  
mourning? She bleeds into her Thai food,  
into.... Her breasts swell slightly.

They were associated by color; a paper  
clip holds them together. The air weighs,  
weighs heavily, and whether it is reality  
or not, she can never entirely settle.

We insisted on a gate. How could she?  
Leaves were pressed in a thick book, and  
later she drew them with children.

The sun shines in at the window and  
women were open (soft skin easily bruises).  
How much longer will her father continue  
to shake her? She can't listen to doors  
slam. Slam!

The bar was crowded, cramped. People in  
leather jackets. The man never returned the  
ring the woman lost (though they laid down,  
laid down — not standing, as to kill time —  
and he hurt her). Fortunately pain lasts only  
a short time and Civilization is what was best  
and most suitable for all.

Out

side

pressed

worry molded

pain

I

late

lament

Her cry silences whole vocabularies of  
names for things.

There is no access when the destruction  
is so great. Only leisure will bring you  
towards the knowledge of who you are.  
The shade is half open, just enough to brighten  
the room so as to not need a lamp. Craving  
will manifest itself in arranging and rearranging (enters  
ghost). You did this to your children.  
She does this to her compositions. Will you be  
her audience if she promises to be soft  
enough, smell good enough, curve her body  
into yours enough? The woman “sold her soul”  
for attention (she must resign her life into the hands of he  
who steers the boat). A mouse is ineffective, especially  
when still. Strum your guitar and you’ll hear in it an echo  
(with hands that steer). Perhaps, she wets her hair so that it  
will bounce back.

tape

book

letter

candle

wail

pen

log

saliva

sheet

radio

knife

The woods chopped down describe  
seduction to the lonely.

The audience which we are becomes  
that leaf and then falls into waterfalls  
(or something else) flakes off down  
the highway.

A pregnant lesson in solemn tones.  
The continual tolling of a bell in a ship  
that is foundering at sea in a fog.

She is still (still, still, still)  
and puts herself into seclusion.

aim at

tender

timber

Fall into

gallows

tight

I am tormented with an everlasting itch  
for things remote.

She struggles with the scales on his back,  
licks the betrothal clean. Water in a long  
stemmed glass beckons the plunge, perhaps  
a projectile. She searches for a vision in his  
eyes though he turns away. Magpies stop the  
penetration. He only goes half-way then decides  
he doesn't like his part in the last act. She  
slides down to the bear who would be her mate  
(tiddely pom). Across oceans the situation  
shows its face as performing (calling itself)  
nicely.

in

a

falling train

I

trail

towards

the street

curious sight



Meditation and water are wedded forever.

She shies away from your scrutiny. Bring  
her your treasures beneath the ocean and unveil

your secrets, but do not take away from  
her the combustion. Seduction is best left at

the entrance (or would it be simpler if  
she used different words?) She will be able to

speak (inside an/other). Expansion through  
the foundation of Americans still fighting. She

desires your shift. A move towards an unremembered  
chair. Simple on the surface but

beneath? Simple on the surface (she wrote  
the history) and the difference was perceived

with downcast eyes. Nothing will come of  
(simple on the surface) Nothing will come of

where are

the charts

drawn

up

for this

relation

in transit

how will it

The sky isn't up there; it's between us.

She expands into whiteness, not knowing how to touch you. It is her history. She knows that green leaves are also a part of it. What color a country is really depends on the map. Who chose orange for Russia? The color of Lear's shadow? She feels water fill her as she expands. Round stomach. Would you take her part? (Moves center stage.) Dignity is difficult in sandals and the dictionary only turns with the help of her hand (having left the chapel before the benediction). She turns away, hears but doesn't listen to a language remote (moan). They were but butterflies and died. She pierces and cracks and colors. They were her heroes and fell.

fast

funeral

no

time

for the

fiddler

to steer

and form

our finest

The plot has thickened, a twist of fate reverberates, seals their death.

After three years housekeeping on the wide ocean, the sun-lit room was now wrapped in darkness. The bed sealed with stitches loosens though it likes to be private when sleeping.

A good laugh is a good thing and the story could have been a virtuous one but she interrupted it by reading *Hamlet* for the second time. What is it but to make thy sepulchre and creep into it far before thy time. A full stomach weighs heavy upon the spine who breathes the energy meant to continue, continue. Rest not upon my soul, thou might discoverest that thou art dead. Ahhh... (pause) Ahhh... (pause) It can't be possible. Oh man, oh man (turns towards the audience) that is her tale in three acts.

Goodnight pious folks, a mild voice said with unassuming authority and ordered the scattered people to condense, the machine will rebroadcast this violence tomorrow.

distort

the bend

in the house

plant which

grew unreasonable

when I went out

of town for a swim

more and more unfolding its noiseless  
and measureless leaves

She pretends and inside, a hollow ring —  
strikes paralyzing, strikes dumb, strikes the  
senses numb. A smile will not satisfy a heart  
which is distanced by onslaughts of Northern  
winds. Try to ring a bell while trumpets  
blow. The big band plays over loudspeakers  
as the world and its details pass. She admits  
the rage and hatred in her heart to no one,  
not even herself (this is a dream) refusing  
to be comforted. She walks down city streets,  
a yellow light (pause). Should you ever be  
athirst in the great America the fire-hydrant  
will only extinguish street fires. The silent storm though  
won't reach inside walls to drown  
out all thought, all delusion. The woman bends  
over and feels the folds weigh heavy on her.

the grief

bent

in a small

scalp-knot

was not

felt by

fingers

in my hair



A loud animal sob, like that of a moose.

She saw a stripe in the wide blue sky.

Bridge the gap with suns and moons, or  
cover it over with an essence of whiteness.

Her heart will not be quiet, quiet girl.  
She said she longed for some awakening  
through memory but no one understood.

Who would understand a closed book and  
looking at its size, give up that sail  
and stare out of spotted windows.

She watched the trees bend in the Pacific  
wind (trees in the background sway).

She asked, and wondered why she felt, the language the  
man had written as her own,  
as the rhythm of timed lights.

She opens to the Pirate who caught her.

Coming back

already

com

ing

back

plunged

into

the

mute

bir

th

I

In narrative writing, always indicate the transition from the general to the particular.

The next morning, breakfast. She gets out of the shoe. He makes love to her. She wakes her laugh, separately. Silence pushes down as she keeps rising to put away pots and pans. The white smell plays the violin as she picks at her fingernails, touches her lips. At the entrance a birthday cake is interrupted. She gets sick again, hated to share. Her lips pressing themselves together felt the beat through wood floors and cement walls. Change from one form, state, subject, place, to the specific. Her nose had an itch and she desired to touch it. Moved to the other room, the dining room. A hand has fingers; they all move, but not all together. There ARE differences. She now prophesies that she will dismember her dismemberer. A few were left behind, that is what happens to children. Generally though an ice cream or cake or candy is used.

the flight

froze

be

sides

fuchsias

dead

in the water

The whale cannot digest me.

A step into unknown territory, exploring  
space between skins.

She heard the voice from the other room, remembering  
familiar ache, familiar house.

Please play, she asked, not knowing to  
ask for what she needed. Only able to lie  
beneath the heat and be penetrated. There  
were steps taken, for everyone knows this  
earthly air is terribly infected with the  
nameless miseries of those who died  
exhaling it.

I

rise

ridge

glide

re

dry

She

swam

one

place

you

read

NOTES:

Page 3 “Open your lips; don’t open them simply. I don’t open them simply.”  
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Page 5 “Whole world seems against me if I could just explain. Man I love  
has left me because I called another man’s name.” Ma Rainey.

Page 11 “Her cry silences whole vocabularies of names for things.” Susan  
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Page 15 “I am tormented with an everlasting itch for things remote.”  
Herman Melville, Moby-Dick, Penguin Books, London, New York,  
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Page 17 “Meditation and water are wedded forever.” Melville, Moby-Dick.

Page 29 “The whale cannot digest me.” H.D., Trilogy, from The Collected  
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