

## The Grimoire of Grimalkin

Sascha Aurora Akhtar was born in Pakistan. Since that was obviously a mistake, she fled as soon as possible to an environment where women could be wacky. What was born was a hydra. Each head a different medium, via which to transmit her wyrd and whimsical witchery. She graduated from Bennington College in 1999. She has written all too many poems, out of which some have managed to become titled collections. Her films include *Ana-el-Haqq* (2002) and *The Sea and Medusa* (2006). In 2003 she received a fellowship from the Creative Writing department at UMASS Amherst where she worked with James Tate, Sabina Murray and Peter Gizzi. In 2005 and 2006, she performed in Butoh-based dance pieces at Chisenhale Dance Space in London. She recently was part of a year-long initiative by the International Museum of Women in San Francisco, exhibiting work by women artists from around the globe. Her photographic work was on display at Gallery 27 on Cork Street in September 2007 and an exhibition of her works is upcoming in Spring 2008 at The Commune in Karachi, Pakistan. She spends her time in London and Pakistan and is the co-producer of the successful La Langoustine Est Morte reading series.



# The Grimoire of Grimalkin

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CAMBRIDGE

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## *To You, Of The Blue in Red*

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## Contents

### MOVEMENT I

Immerito Meo	3
Urban Sojourn	5
Enueg	8
Marasmus	11
Liverish	18
Cathexis 1:1	20
Cathexis 2:1	22
Cathexis 2:2	26
Tribunal	27
Sirvente Mot	28
Subfusc	31
Soeur	33
Frere	34

### CAESURA

Amidst	37
What A Ruckus	38
Physix	39
Foul Play	41
Sable Poem	43

### MOVEMENT II

La Peinture	47
Eastern European Egress	48
Abacus	54

Stew & Yorkshire Pudding	56
Beignet	59
60 By 120 Km Ellipse	64
Valhalla	69

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Special thanks to Annetna Nepo in which Cathexis 1:1, 2:1 and 2:2 and Abacus appeared in May 2003 and to *Skald* magazine in which Pretty Foul appeared August 2007.

movement I



# Immerito Meo

An erratic locale  
in which to sell myself  
to Asiatic emu farmers  
&  
Visigoths

Tell me the wind

has wound

its way through

my  
carte  
blanche

I am not

an erosion of semi-soft  
Appalachian cheese rind

muck-raker you

a muck-raker

till the dénouement  
of the tale  
unravelling

in a language of love  
baked into a brié  
of hate already cold  
in a box on the bus  
from Hades

I talk of null

& flavourful  
trysts

with acquaintances,  
belongings that belong

to no-one.

Bearer of chance  
my criminal propensities  
must pay for

to please

me/you

kill it off

barely contained

in this space, in this time.

Lend me a glen  
for every pretty girl  
out for the night  
during the day  
la langoustine est morte et  
la bouche quand elle parle  
dit: *au moment du sommeil*  
*nous ecrivons dans le caboose*

*d'amour pres de la mer.*

## Urban Sojourn

I

She calls severance, fatal  
altruism won't help now

Bedded a black wager, won  
wined & dined till the cows came home

Let them fall where they may, the cows  
like cursed hair off a fallow baroness

My restraint comes like a constipate  
trying to pass a bowel movement.

*Oui, oui j'entends*  
Why do you bellow?  
Why do you blush so?

In the woods  
hunters sit & long for the mark  
to make them men.

Smooth the smell of gunpowder  
sweeter than you who puts the dog out,

yanks him back in

When it becomes fun, cruel actor  
committing this felony with an amiable smile

Patting his head good boy, good boy  
good milk turns sour in your wake.

A single fluke worm  
assiduously burrowing  
sticks his head out

An unwitting mouth bites it in half;  
neither one knows what happens next.

II

I saw a portal into the future  
on the cobblestones  
exchanged saliva

Brain dipped in ink  
stamps over, over & over  
your name.

With cigarette fingers  
roam these dark streets dressed  
in case I meet el Diablo

Look up everywhere  
there are crows  
perched on the fingertips of trees, solemn  
conference, realm of senses  
that lies where, who knows.

Vermouth in a tall glass, white  
sheet taut clutched over head, crave  
the dawn  
crystals crack in nose, liver  
laments at the tenacity of the unexpected

to have it's way

whilst in feather boas, I dance

the ice

*You runnin' away from home?  
want to put your shoes under my bed  
your coat in my closet?*

& I think

why

the fuck not

why the fuck

not?

# Enueg

I

Keel over & die

Nothing will happen  
no one will frame it  
for posterity, regress  
a summons keen & crisp  
to get your attention, fraternize  
with the neighbours; that old woman  
named Dodo in the red barn.

A bat fried on the electric heater  
starts to stink up the place

Can you hear it? It's bliss.

Egalité sounds like a burp  
I am here, nothing clicks  
but my clackity click fingers, lick  
toes try to drink flesh stop me

if you've heard, the gruesome display bride  
with a bullet-hole  
through the centre of her head.

Put it on the death-wall, where else can it go?

In avoiding the pull of gravity

there are only two possibilities: A or B  
*don't know* is not an answer, *must go*  
not an answer, too slow  
not an answer, down low circumstance



They try & try, like whistling like  
whooping, like wanking, like  
waiting, like winning. Like  
writing, like wailing; seasickness  
I surmise it was whilst on land  
& motion sickness whilst standing  
quite, quite still.

Collude with the day,  
it has made provisions.  
Basking in air shine I grasp for it

& it grasps back for me.

# Marasmus

*After O. Mirbeau*

I

& in this room  
is a geriatric  
    in a wheelchair  
that she has sex with, then leaves  
his body in another room  
where the dead man & girlfriend  
    sleep  
    girlfriend moans  
    dead man asks her  
tenderly  
    if she's okay.

Girl feels the bile  
    rise  
    in her mouth  
Back  
Beat  
a hasty retreat.

There is a moment  
    between deaths  
when you meet  
    the homunculus  
& he tells  
    you all your secrets.

This is not one  
    of those times  
all is not well  
    & ordained  
    this is a time

when all  
are fraught  
with Obsession  
Upon my wit,  
I have not an ounce  
more to give  
my obsession.

II

She loves him  
this dead man  
girlfriend tells  
stories in French  
subtitled in Vietnamese  
she sees none of it  
only eyes  
burgeoning into bloom  
like lettuce on the streets  
in November  
& savage nosebleeds  
with no end  
pouring  
onto the pavement  
side skip  
step miss  
umbrellas collide  
unless  
you raise  
one higher than the liar  
who escapes by telling  
one truth.

III

We roam the wilds  
unto no end  
    if we should get lost  
No one  
    shall find us  
I promise  
    just keep  
walking  
lift the trees  
upon your shoulders  
    show the eaves  
    your laughter  
        just walk with me a while.

IV

& in this deciduous well  
we fall prey to freebooters  
& magi of make-believe,  
who take pleasure in sowing  
us like arable land in this dwelling

of hindsight.

Suggest another season.

Buy some time with all that trust  
you have in your brother's keeper.

V

Garbage & entrails  
follow  
me like flies  
some would say  
she is possessed  
by another  
some

would say anything  
to make a quick buck  
fuck  
shit out  
of lacrima.

The most voracious don  
she ever did try  
to resist  
smarting at the seams  
of treason  
&  
sclerous  
will to control  
the comma,  
the period,  
the cock.

VI

Sullen, the processional  
cracks its whip  
    into the salt mines  
    we climb  
Shiftless  
    wake of living exile

She beseeches  
    the priest  
to hear her confess  
from behind  
    the wailing vault  
he is reading  
    a requiescat  
for the dead man  
    who still roams

    Spending  
his seed for salvation  
he thinks  
he will be forgiven.

*The dead man is my father*

Hear me now  
& I will forever hold you  
with contempt.

VII

His breath blows  
like a scirocco  
through my blood  
girlfriend rolls her eyes  
succumbs  
to the narcolepsy  
bestowed upon her  
petaloid lips shut  
scarlet  
& sound  
the dead man  
claws  
clutches  
at his cage  
the girl stands there  
watching  
slowly raising  
one  
hand  
as if to dance  
he snarls & shivers  
she runs the tip  
of her tongue  
along the cold  
steel bars  
tasting  
his  
sweat

*Please help me.*

VIII

Gallstones & haemorrhoids beleaguer  
my physical being, in the bestiary  
there are thorny rose bushes that provide  
some relief from the pleasure I take  
in your enjoyment of my torment.

In frosty nooks I conceal myself  
from the men in sombreros  
& serapes.

She hears his voice talk  
through the rabbit holes  
in the field & replies

*Give me pain.*