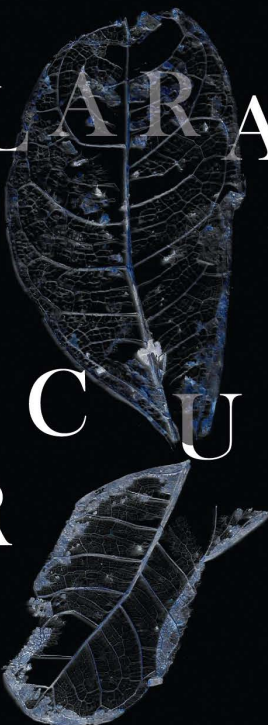


the
TE L A R A Ñ A
C I R C U I T



LUCÍA HINOJOSA GAXIOLA

the
TELARAÑA
CIRCUIT



for the vestiges, and future memory

TENDER BUTTONS PRESS,
NEW YORK CITY

Founded by poet Lee Ann Brown in 1989, Tender Buttons Press publishes experimental women's and gender-expansive poetry through innovative forms that play with the boundaries between life and art, generations and generativity.

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LUCÍA HINOJOSA GAXIOLA

the
TELARAÑA

& OTHER POEMS

CIRCUIT



the TELARAÑA CIRCUIT

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TENDER BUTTONS PRESS
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The text is set in Cormorant Garamond & Nexa Pro

A handbook, a neuronal pathway, a dual-lingo friction, a telluric descent, a crystal ball, a “listening in,” a performative drift through tentacular animalia, an analogue of query, of hallucinatory talking body parts, a construction manual of naming, of eroding for the act of breathing inside structures for a future tactile, cinematic poetry. I felt silken, I was entranced, I studied my hands as I glided thru this seductive journey, a mapping beyond conceptual “book” into lucid dreamtime. *Telaraña* is a stunning debut for this brilliant archeologist of morning, noon, and deepest night.

—Anne Waldman

For Lucía, the poem manifests in an astounding array of media and may take the form of pulsating, handwritten notations; heirloom archeological illustrations; and wordless, faded slides. Behold the celebration of the mind’s ability to perceive the infinite interrelations between the animate and inanimate realms, the vibrations resulting from the friction between the two, and their convergence onto printed matter. *Telaraña* is alive and radically open. Enter the book and synchronize your breath to the rhythms of its ongoing motion; it’s a standing invitation.

—Mónica de la Torre

Neither the rot of earth nor its rotation will keep *The Telaraña Circuit* from multiplying throughout the expanse of geologic time all the ephemera that inscribe the body into greater cosmic relation, until the language with which we track this transmission of history—like the equally gentle and horrific vibrations of a spider web—enunciate yet another instance of consciousness. It’s in this instance, which is *scored by* political violence, knife-like, and also *scored for* identities at borders, cornered, that we become a vessel, voicing the resonance that wells up deep inside us as a memory of re-marking, or re-making. The attendant rituals laid out in *Telaraña* and their largesse show us that poetry is still one of the most frictive acts of thinking, one which maps new patterns to get back to where we are now.

—Christopher Rey Pérez

Lucía has a gift for the visual molecular embodiment of what poems can do, and I rejoice. What is a poem, she asks, and answers in generous multiplicity: It is a “leaking process,” sometimes “without written or spoken language,” a “fieldwork of the seed syllable.” Between these covers sleep the manifestations of possibility, and with her guidance, you will wake them. Let Lucía show you how rot is in earth’s rotation and roots all living things, how our bodily elements are vowels that might be sung.

—Eleni Sikelianos

In this book, listening is an elemental act taken to an exponential degree. We a reading collective of a vast and stretching horizon are invited into the ongoing poems of this writing and its afterlives of germination, exchange, and performance—Lucía takes seriously the possibilities of language to collaborate with soil, air, and body, and in so stirring transform us and unbridle. This book changed my sense of what reading is. Something opens, radiates, and continues.

—Kyle Dacuyan

... in silence

un familiar recordando

memorias perdidas

meditacion del recuerdo

value

the production of forgetfulness

pedirles que recuerden en silencio

space is the stage to write

to remember is to forget

to construct
deconstruct

Suspended memories

poetic

sound

not evidence

the act of disappearance

the act of disappearance

"El valor del olvido"

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five
thousand
years have
passed since
the first /
inscription
of gesture

The Telaraña Circuit opens with a video still of the poet's hand performing a ritual at the mouth of a cave in the archeological site of San Martín Huamelulpan. In the recording, we hear rhythmic scratching on the site wall as Lucía's fingers transcribe the bits of tepalcates, ceramic and rock patterns from an archeological illustration and text her aunt, Margarita, produced decades before. A disarticulated kinship story told in palimpsestic time, as they both, years apart, inhabit the same slanted light hitting the wall in jagged angles. It's an ancient music, the *scratch-scratch*, recorded in these poems. We also sense it in the scans of her handwriting, the crisscross back and forth of the eraser, the hand impressing itself on the page. "Every mark on paper is an acoustic mark" Susan Howe affirms. Lucía's work itself proposes that to listen involves the whole body.

this paper /
is a field

These are glyphs to decipher: x-rays of the chest cavity, a warm impression on a pillow where the elbow had been. We learn to read anew, to turn our heads slightly and study the page as a field, and the field (excavation site, river, dirt plot) as a text. In the poem "mantra" the person becomes a document that can be translated into a list of the elements that make up the human body, elements shared with other mammals, insects, plants, geologic matter. Telaraña is woven with an ample notion of connection, wide and deep. The poet discloses the surface of the page as a meeting place for vital ancestral relation, a nowhere, a now here.

wind hitting
stone / how
many years
of / anti-
monuments

Poetics of friction, then, arrives to a mystical zone, which for her is the zone of socio-political possibility. A memory dis/membered and re/membered through body-memory, nerve-memory. Un registro escondido en la cóclea. "Olvidar 1993 / Forgetting 1993" archives the recording of silent remembering in the environment of the present, where each frame holds time. NAFTA changes the sonic architecture while bringing back memory through listening. In "tallar o llorar / wipe or weep" we hear the political soundscape of artistic creation in public space. The hand intervening, painting the statue, the monument, the hand of the state that scrubs off the protest.

a fossil like
a dead wave /
at the shore

Lucía's oracular work touches something fundamental about poetry as it moves through language, the way a wave moves through water. Poetry animates and roils human speech. And how that churning language moves through our bodies, animating, displacing, roiling us. Mouth to ear to mouth to ear transmissions. Poética de susurros. The reader must lean in closer while she makes a net. A whisper net work.

translate the
mechanism
into / micro-
prophecy

A poetry that is investigative and ephemeral, it necessarily relies on documentary methods. Telaraña gathers several projects using poetry, archive, sound art, field recordings, visual poems, often in collaboration with the elements and erosion—wind, water, and sun over time, become poetry moving across the page like an animal trespassing / transmuting the tongue. It transgresses the page, it trans-graces.

—Carolina Ebeid

(poem: voice over)

(poem: radio)

radio = waves of the sea

radio = match hitting asphalt

radio = distant cars

radio = tunnel, dream

radio = overexposed film

radio = weather report

radio = coffee machine / espresso

radio = stimulation machine

radio = crickets having sex

radio = caressing your sheets

radio = low frequencies

radio = drone, elongation

~~etymology poem~~

etymology poem

Root poem (your own etymology),

punctuation (solstice)

what are punctuations?

how do they shape / impose language? (notation, musicality)

If they were flesh, fauna,

mineral, what would each be to you? what's their motion?

, : % " " ; ! | ? ; ")

. = jaguar tooth / colunillo

: = seed

" = cavity, a tree "hole", above

VENATION PATTERNS

open language
pages (leaves) oscillate
in tandem
archives threaded
by the wind's pulse



SCORE FOR LEAF

map the sound of life
embedded
in the memory of this body



PATRONES DE VENACIÓN

lenguaje abierto

las hojas oscilan
en tándem
archivos tejidos

por el pulso del viento

PARTITURA PARA HOJA

mapea el sonido de vida
integrado en la memoria
de este cuerpo

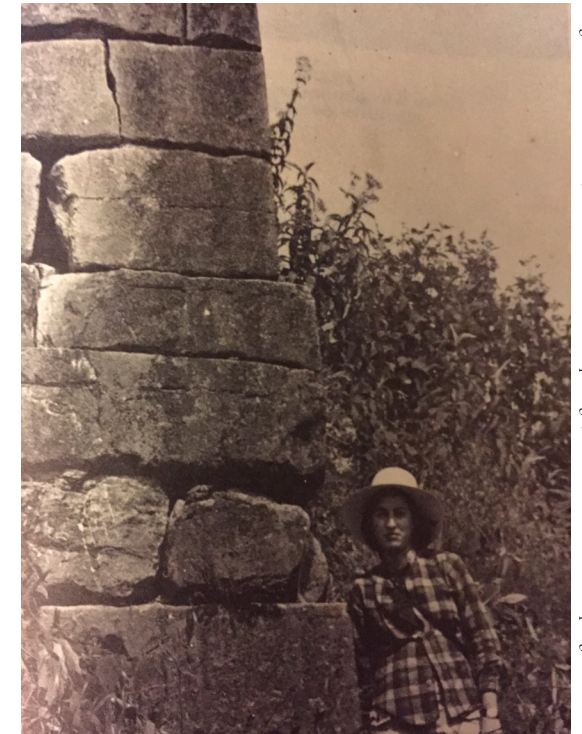
CAVITY AS EMANATION



This book is dedicated to women archeologists, to the meticulous, sensuous act of unearthing as a curious listening, where methods of excavation transform into a haptic process involving affection, care, re-cognition. Archeology as a catalyst to speak with other temporalities, a place where mind is constellated in a system of active forgetting and remembrance. An action of interrelation, ecstatic awareness, where archives-in-transit expand within a tectonic identity, dissolving scales and tensions of time.

Some of these works were triggered by my aunt's archeological investigation from 1974. Margarita Gaxiola González. I spent time with her as a child and some years ago after she died, I found one of her books in my mother's room: *Huamelulpan: Un centro urbano de la Mixteca Alta*. It was one of her first research projects at the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia. For several years, she lived and worked in the site, driving back and forth from Mexico City to Oaxaca. Her investigation became a map of intimacy, a generative symbol of fragmented memory (both intimate and historical) locating an impulse during my poetic/somatic research. I translated some of the book's archeological illustrations into scores: a notational method to create and reimagine her exploration as sound, as open energy, as continuation. This document transmuted into direct experience as I started working with the tracing and erasing of memory, and simultaneously working on other projects, using poetry as a fieldwork method. I am interested in the suspension within intervals of marking and absence, a force used to explore the friction of material and immaterial data and intrapersonal relations to other bodies including leaves, insects, water, bones, edges, breath, language, minerals, atoms.

When I visited Huamelulpan, the site where she worked (founded between 600 and 200 BC), it was all covered in wind; in rituals performed by unspoken calendars of wind and time. How archive and erosion commune, how they listen to each other. But how to preserve fragility, and where is it located? I relate to language as an antimonumental archeology, situated somewhere between flux, current, word, empire, failure and soil, but it is neither. Is there a hiding tactic of memory in its fold, a negative space where it finds shelter as a form of resistance, or in its persistence to forget, in its apparent immateriality?



Margarita Gaxiola González, Colección Científica de Arqueología, Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia.

I've gathered here residual traces of performances, ephemeral actions, notes, experiments, and poems from the last few years. Sound, listening, and the instability of analog film are a constant thread throughout the book. I have a particular affection for film and its metaphoric mechanisms and idiosyncrasies regarding memory as a transitional state, the life and degradation of its celluloid, the darkroom as a practice where touch becomes a mnemonic device in order to reveal. Some poems and texts were originally written in Spanish, others in English, some are translated and some not. I am equally interested in a poetry without written or spoken language, its physical and emotional topographies, a counter-mapping of language or its extensions, its possibilities.

Our opacities, deeply embedded and traversed by others, inhabit immeasurable perceptual relations. While paying attention to the practice of memory and its inscriptions—psychic, ideological, temporal, political, molecular, sonic, immaterial—the notion of borders, bodies and limitations develop into a process of *frictioning*.