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## **Mount Mound Refuse**

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I've invited a film crew to break into my parents' house and tear down a wall in the living room.  
I only wanted a piece a small piece to  
test.  
A sample so i  
Dug my back  
Took a skin took the stone Left the wall, called  
a lab.

Sort and lot, come on in, bring It on,  
We'll make furniture out of your ragged  
Shoes and clothes, workers expired smirched uniform  
Yellow uniform turn into  
Blue, fire but do not smell, red  
Uniforms turn into black, sell, we'll  
Pay the money if you take what we expel.  
The way i looked at her and told  
Her i am so many things not so human at all that my hair  
Is a scion of vine, jeans, and wind swat, a wall  
That when R\_\_O steals my face my glottis  
Glides in, thrusts up rocks my neck like a tumbling bell, a herald a wolf steals your face and sings aa a aaa  
aaaa in your head .  
A triangle enters a circle and breeds.  
It will not stand still it  
Will not stand still. I am looking for  
Words that do not function in stones  
Extracted, buried and  
Turned. Into buildings highways  
Fantasies of a city reconstructed  
After war, dirt, a forest is  
A factory of dreams of halted witnesses  
Dead from material for  
Money distributed near friends.

From the depths of this vast yet finite forest I saw us  
Coming.  
I, Little Arsonist and R\_\_O in  
From the depths of this vast yet finite forest whose limits  
We Have noted before coming

Here but have in this moment forgotten, the rattling sound  
 Of beasts, of our feet the soft thuds and whispers  
 Could be heard. It  
 Accelerated, stopped then relapsed in all directions. Was  
 Little Arsonist murmuring or was it R\_\_O? I  
 Strangely could not discern between  
 The two voices i was most  
 Familiar with, or perhaps my own? We were used  
 To being alone together, but not in a  
 Forest, not in this one.

this is the Arabic title, you could now write poetry. حقل في أكوام القمامة<sup>1</sup>

HCBD HCBD  
 Hurling Calmly Between Dirt  
 Hamstrings Climbing Barrels' Debt  
 hello Come Baby Dance  
 hello Come Baby Dance

All the chemical formulas we turned into poetry  
 Hurling Calmly Between Durt

It will not stand still it  
 Will not stand still. I am looking for  
 Words that do not function in stones  
 Extracted, buried and  
 Turned. Into buildings highways  
 Fantasies of a city reconstructed  
 After war, dirt, a forest is  
 A factory of dreams of halted witnesses  
 Dead from material for  
 Money distributed near body and friends.

A thirsty hunter stood beneath a hole  
 A wolf glanced at him and never passed  
 Black rendered blue barrel fat

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<sup>1</sup> ḥaqlun fi 2akwam el qumamaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

لم تكن تستمع<sup>2</sup> Little Arsonist

Waste installed on stone

The Lebanese Forces stood beneath a hole  
A route of beautiful wolves glanced at them briefly

A صياد said

"we are not a secret"

it 2it tit it

Missing Mountain blared

Black rendered blue barrel fat

Little Arsonist

"Why were wastes installed on stones?"

A forestslept in a hole

Hyenas glanced at us tautly

Little Arsonist

Don't think we were waiting for

Something else to be filling our words in this forest

Arthritic roads

Dioxins sulking under soil

In concrete

In buildings

Reconstructions

Beirut

My parents' house

Hurling Calmly Between Dirt

AgCN

Now we knew that

These militias even feared

Music

HAH

Our words remain

As silts of toxicity and song

For instance track #13 was far

---

<sup>2</sup> was not listening

From the house which we pretended  
 To be in  
 At night while sound  
 Clinged into our hair  
 I banged my head so many times  
 Reeled my mouth loose  
 We did the same  
 In crowds and intimacy as you  
 Rolled and asked me why are  
 Words set apart by  
 S p a c e s  
 Remember when i fixed your keyboard  
 ٣مرارا that  
 When we would lie awake the next day  
 Our necks remembered  
 Dance kiss throe  
 Do it again and  
 Move to the  
 Antipodal side  
 Now walk  
 This place could kill you  
 I took hands and plucked the ground  
 Xylene

calm carpets citifying corpses casting creeds horrifying having held her coming home hurriedly habitually  
 coming home hurriedly habitually

From the depths of this vast yet finite forest  
 I will be kept  
 Under in a place  
 I have never walked  
 On still  
 Revolting against sleep  
 Until they do not  
 Excavate me to build  
 a state of affairs and flares

---

<sup>3</sup> so many times

تأرجحي<sup>٤</sup>

I stare and

Enter the strata while  
I want to fuck this place  
Fracking you under your nadir  
Aaaaa your legs like stars  
Relapsed in all directions  
Botanical marvels scatologies  
Under infrastructures built  
Apartmentheid walls  
with wastes i did not know  
Of.

From the depths of this last yet finite forest  
I imagined the places you arrive  
To  
When you come.  
In chemical violence  
-s

From the depths of this last yet finite forest I remember well when  
I was born on the  
Internet  
As when someone told me,  
"I have a camera"  
But I love  
You in many  
So I want to lock myself  
In this room  
And a forest  
Be with you forever on  
Glass, mathematics and paper  
Buried in light digital form.

From the depths of this sad yet finite room  
My screen abducted our solar complex  
Impersonal sloven connections so

---

<sup>4</sup> make me sway

Slow they run and turn  
 Me on at night Little  
 Arsonist heisted my dangling  
 Locks in a left hand  
 She wrapped the curls around her neck  
 Incandescence  
 A word you repeat until your tongue  
 Burned.  
 We wished we could look at the same screen and talk to each other.

From the depths of this sad yet finite forest  
 My breasts flew when  
 Little Arsonist asked me to  
 Commit sardonic murder with  
 4 lips  
 a n d 15 fingers  
 I went on my knees  
 Ate her nails  
 Blinker  
 On a weaponized earth dredged  
 Up, down, mucky  
 Architecture, love and intoxication  
 I spew words ay  
 Abolish text  
 With  
 Invisible friends.

Hamstrings Climbing Barrels' Debt  
 A Film Crew and a Family  
 Girls, hunters, wastes, wolves, a missing mountain, many forces  
 Political lingo very global, envyrnment versus tourism  
 Why were wastes - secretly - installed on stones  
 Pronouns are assigned interchangeably ii iii iii ii

Dead form material for  
 Money distributed near friends

To you  
 i <<<333 wonder  
 Will i be

As cinema toxic  
When dead and  
Buried in  
iTALLY ??  
Or would  
I have  
Abolished language  
With justice and invisible  
animals.