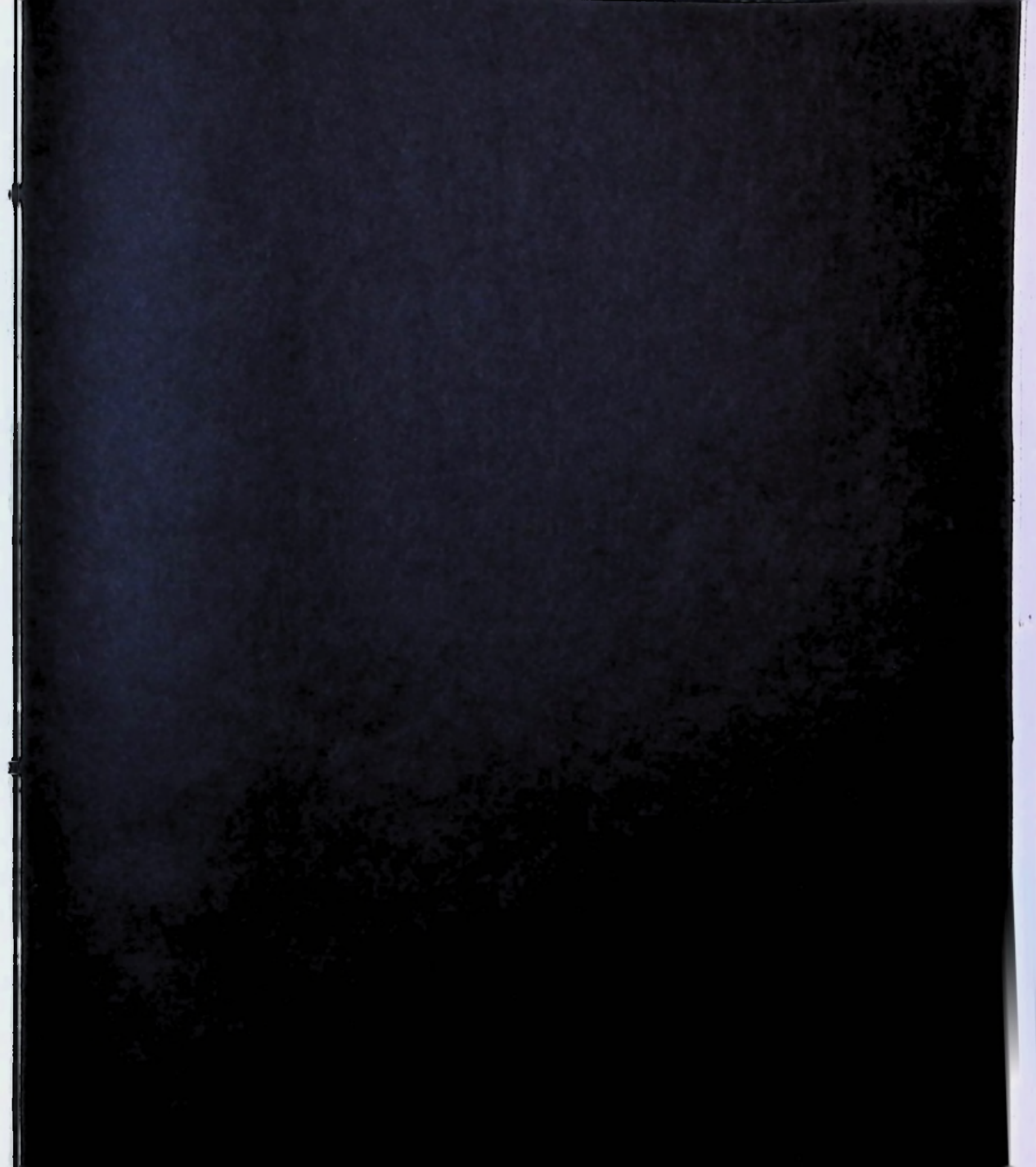


P I N





PIN

FRANCES KRUK

“With his *promising* hands and his *drones*, he would set up a manufacture. What, then, shall this manufacture be? *It may be this, and that, and t’other thing*, says the hard-labour bill: *it shall be anything or everything*, say I.”

- Jeremy Bentham

The thousands of spiders came to attack the sandwich factory, the hospital, the seamstress and the issue and concept that are called 'house'. Spiders do not live in houses and do not have the responsibility of shutting off the lights, shutting off the lights, shutting off the lights. Cream suckers, chinless experiments secreting the dead. Mouths a-grin from the notches on their spines. They spread into their privacies, set upon their seats. The names they take. The clotted property nests.

reflection on the Chair / side talk pt. I

It begins with the phrase machine
tells of tensions between the making
of pins and the mashing
of potatoes.

It tells you
about the world
as if you weren't
already in it:
This, or this.
Rhetoric of spectral choice.
and behind you
a sprawling hatch.

But it is also a nidget.
sees not how it traps
itself so, Alright the pins, please.
yes yes we'll eat the pins

and polished with teeth
we prepare gifts between shifts.

tour de Chair

Here where cluelessness is made system
the filament winding is a map of hair
fussed as a birch broom in the fits,
a noise nerve in which the pills are grown
tiny makers of the quiet.

You will be interested in the stinging hairs
you will notice abdominal nests
the thousand lights breathing

Then you're among them
pinned eggs
Mouth Muck Nothing
and a wordless string arrives to tell
you are so many for making.
You get fitful, you are angry

WE will now describe a little party we attended



[Clawed ones]

representation
at the party was immense.

It is perfectly tame, and will only attack human beings when it feels like it. I will now proceed to exhibit this extraordinary creature, requesting you only not to run pins into the animal, as it does not like that style of thing.

in the corner I was fairly informed

I sent another note

I held a special meeting

*I swivelled and scrabbled my fingers – three
tarsal claws at the end of legs of spiderlings
grasping knobbed barbed hairs on dorsal
surface of abdomens of wolf spider mothers, yes, yes –*

I laid out the situation

I gave the orders

I crawled to the ceiling and suspected options

I condemned poorly-drawn circles

I did not discuss

I sent another note

I requested

I had to make sure

(I had to re-kill mothers)

I ensured a solution

I held them personally responsible

I grafted my face to the wall, sucked, withdrew

I ate a cream cake

I went to the glass

*I investigated the carpet and I
decided*



the Chair: its legs are eight

what about the Chair thinks
it's a spine pathetically mimetic and all
empty we are sure a demon fills it
when it sits there middle-roomed
solitary. creaks
for protection the Chair should
be occupied at all times suffocated
by the body colonial
and the body may stay
and the body keeps guard
and the body makes lethargy ok
in the name of filling the Chair
forever and ever, it
etc.,

all the hands are there –

Note:

the noise they make on paper
when the head gets removed.

with cotton
our practical use as Hell

The actual purpose of work was never clear.

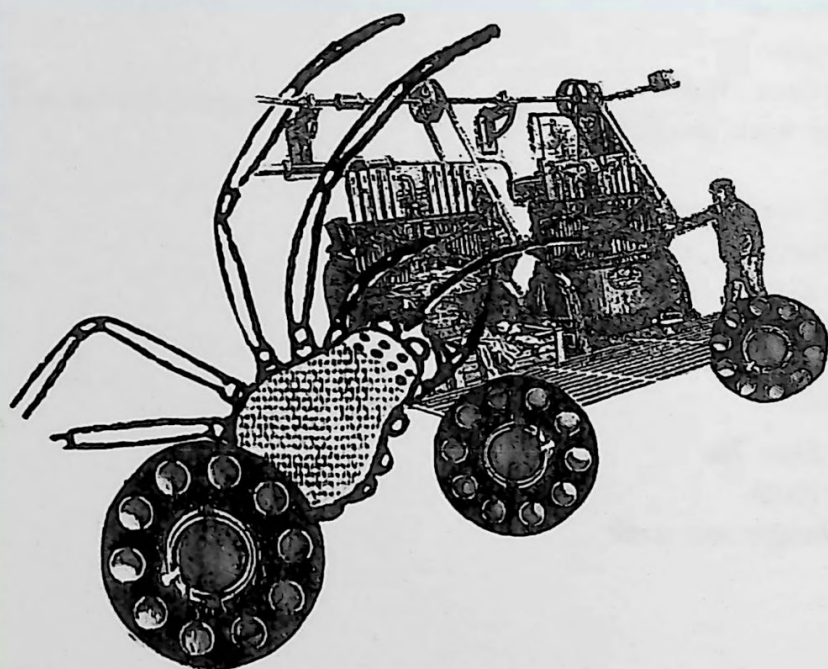
here we have scenes that
would startle geometry

the House
the Spike
that place that
comes with staples

:

gruel, soup, potatoes, coffins
of good elm, each
according to size
specific bottoms well-pitched.

How Dare You
prefer death
from hunger over work



what's with them in the yard
reeking of generations and plastered
thick with boodle scum and sucking
something sucking through that thick and
what's with all the broken and
the other our bodies spun
into the bluntwire heated
for to dig through
hair
dandruff
nits
scalp
tendons
skull
dura
brain
nerves where we feel shutting
off the lights
shutting of the lights
shutting off the lights

behold the hands
disappearing there
is no conjury

it was
as if everything
was

(The hands that make the heads
the heads propped up on chairs.
The chairs are made by scalps
the scalps creep cross the floor.
The floor is made of moisture,
moisture wets the soul,
the soul dies of water,
water's a night-howler.
night-howlers empty nothingness,
nothingness contains it all –
all the night, all thick night.
here a bloody head comes up,
there a phantom goes,
and there some more night like
what's in every single eye

Its skeletal Trap

ah the Phossy jaw
at our other job

Spark-scared
the Chair, It will not enter
such words aglowed in dark:
the Is it only strikes
at us. I
suck myself back
to "I can't flare this
place of working girls:
We burn – he lives.
We rot – he lives.
We occupy – we burn.

how we crack
in this potential
bone or soul decay
It's *This, or This*.
Rhetoric of spectral choice
means jaws drop off, no
words but sound not heard
outside of Here. earless
blissy
mangiacakes outside

of Here
the Floor
our house, the Floor

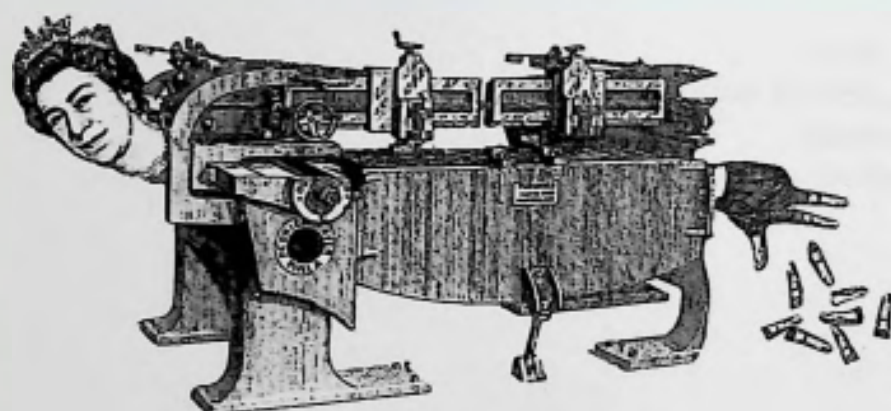
the understated incalculable
the under spine
the making of my thick house and its
essential lethargy corner

and I of the factory
embroidering grubs
stupidity pins
piles and piles of pins inserted almost
flies almost barbed
masses
pupa in the Chair
potatoes on the table
forks & plates be chained down

where are the nail-guns use them on everything

how tongue, black, whips round
the chair Its legs crack
and how tongue, black,
wiggles that wound round

it's done.
Accidence imposed
it's done
silence



reflection on the floor

you are afraid of cloth
because it came from somewhere
and smelled you had to
touch it and when your finger
soaked up the pins
and a lady made purchase
of the pre-stained –

Well done, for it matters not
the lace always already fraught
with snow your callous-tops
your dander crisps
texture for the chinless
blissing on their gloves
silk sucking cake eaters
above the common purée.

Yes, do red slip on the sharp, do
sign it, this that you have made

side talk pt. III

Spinning Jenny
the spider wants a web.

Itching Jenny
the Queen has ruined your Name.

(Traitor.
creams it up in chairs squirts
eggs down on the Floor)
It makes you for to make.
you're not for her, don't make.
your lace is not for her
your blood is not for her no
he cannot have your face he
cannot have your face

(Instruction
in the Floor,
the hatch the pins the wires,
ingredients for fire for

what you make is yours.
Its carcass, it is yours

because I work I am
nobody I am
absence I have
come here to unlearn what

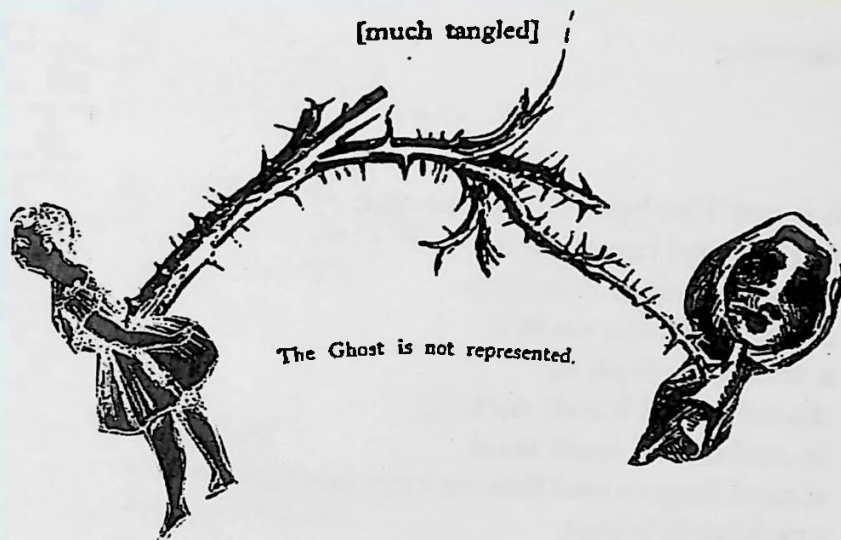
am Here to work I fear
the floors, my shoes, the table
wooden Flash
The Wood the Trees the Mud I have

come here to unlearn what
I cannot Disbelieve
no Darkness Blacker than Bright Light
no blacker light
no blacker light

or because I don't
work I am
every thing I am

every where I can't
be seen, diatomaceous mist and all
particulates that eat
the lungs

there is no choice:
You breathe you
die you breathe you
die



haunting

it is not The Spectre we imagine
not tall and raw-boned
bloodless wired reflection
of human form no It is
a writhing glyph of
disembodied hands sucking
in and out of itself mud
sprawl fingers and fists melting mashing
cracking It brings
no hope it is
not kind We know
it by its traces for
they fear it, hide it, fear it, hide it.
The hands the heads the chairs.
The legs the jaws the webs.
the hands we do not see the hands we do not see

imagine if it found you
caught in the sewing machines
your payslip embroidered in your cheek:

my thing, Nil, you vandalised it.
peering your shoddy-hemmed lip,
abdomen a-squiggle as broken
englished mop his floors

well you do it
everyday collecting pins
thread, wire, Sparks
for the Chair is feared of fire.

a hate so huge
there is little room to harbour
it except that building
that pit of floors.
you line the seams
run the wire
slow toward the spider

the everything knives we
have them Metal
on which the gross quiet shall occur

break

The 1860s and the fucking top
hats. la.

Drinking 19 alterations of milk
In the boiler room
Under the stairs
Anywhere dark
enough to see
the sheen of black
dyed white,

a choking dirge.
the weapons I
have for lunch
I share we crouch
coax the pins
from lip to floor
(purr, stroke rust,
mutter Grow,
steel, may
your roots
skulk wide for
our storage mouths
shrink)

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR REGARDING THE
CONDITIONS OF EXISTENCE FOR THIS TEXT.

PIN has been and is ongoing. This edition includes some of the earlier parts of the project, which have made appearances in recent years in *The Paper Nautilus* and *Half Circle*. It also features a broad selection of newer work produced during a writing residency at The Guesthouse, Cork, arranged as part of the 2014 SoundEye Festival. The manufacture of poems and collages during that time involved extensive the use of raw materials procured from books at the LFTT Library installation at The Guesthouse.

Thanks are due to Helen Horgan for the opportunity to interact with the library, and to Irene Murphy and Mick O'Shea et al for their hospitality at The Guesthouse. Special thanks go to the SoundEye organisers (Rachel Warriner and James Cummins, Sarah Hayden, and Trevor Joyce) for inviting me to participate in the festival as its inaugural writer-in-residence.

Mechanical access for the production of this smashing 3rd edition courtesy of unrecognised labour in an undisclosed location in Calgary, AB.

PIN

© Frances Kruk

yt communication 2014, 2015, 2018

YT COMMUNICATION
2018
CALGARY

