

HOLEPLAY

DAN SCHAPIRO

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with HOLEPLAY
in the subject
matter.

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here is one
here is one

this is not rage. (I am not that beautiful!)

Amiri Baraka

*for beauty is nothing but the beginning
of terror, which we are just able to bear...*

Rainer Maria Rilke

birds operatic in their broken circles

Zamaan Hashmi

(POSTCARD)

Should I leave New York in search of disease: IBM, Chanel; the kinds of rare melismatic insomnias one only picks up in Tarifa or Tangier. Then I must have stood under a terrifying whale screaming about Nostradamus or testicular hair. My mother always slept at her mother—once it was revealed to her in a dream exactly when and how her childhood house was to burn down—so “naturally” it became imperative for me to sleep at mine in return. About dreams: I once heard about a man who worked at a sheetrock factory overseeing a large kettle which was wont to clog & overheat whereupon all workers would hurry to remove excess material from its mouth to prevent an impending explosion....

One night between shifts worker “X” had the pitiful luck of dreaming—pitiful since there wasn’t much to dream about besides the factory—so he did just that: he dreamed of the smell of stucco & the clanging of the conveyor belt & the dry heat of the kettle as it clogged with debris; he dreamed with the same impulse the same imperative the same gravity he wld in waking life that he **MUST FREE UP THE KETTLE** or it will **BURST INTO FLAMES KILLING EVERYONE ON IMPACT** reaching frantic to grab all objects in sight desperate to hurl them far far away from his person as quickly as possible to—

Worker X awoke. He rubbed his eyes & gathered that in dreaming he’d sent his sleeping wife sailing across the bedroom. She met the floral wallpaper w/ a soft thud. I come from two psychics who are my parents one of whom wakes nightly between 1 & 2 AM crying for her mother & my friends are all lost like breath.

Seeking absolutely no pity—if received, it will be promptly returned to sender.

Lov,
(sic)

i. water sports

water

was

as

water

-- was

pix of bloody rivers, boyfriends

Hang from my wall

At night, all birds become fish
For indefensible reasons
I used to hold a camera
Pointed at my friends
In the sky

the hole in my sky_the sky in my hole_every thing hurls everything
my boyfriend is a hurtful bird_so beautiful he burns
an image a hole in me

I fear all images might still
conspire, breathe
together to make a sick
salvific sense into me-

petrify me in the stone
cold light of your cock



(then came)

TERRIBILITY

y should eye slash u

tell u slash me about a pain that i slash u can just hurt u slash me about?

They always said / I was terrible in bed

Marilyn Monroe

(Poem)

the work is cold::the cold in turn works
us, each turning turns us once more to the
left
here::right, now
left we have but a finite a
mount of wonders

Victoria being one of the tallest
and quite possibly most beautiful
water falls in the world, of course

Everyone's friend is beautiful
but I am not everyone's friend

brilliant
but not so
Beautiful

Greco
Giving
Head,

I'm laughing
In the ocean

I feel like a nomad...

You would fuck me for this (tell me)
You would.

I do breathe my friends
truly so it sucks when you
just go, take my breath away



I tell them it's like driving fresh flowers--

I tell them it's like

driving flowers

fresh into skull.

“ manifesto”

I tend to

take a shower

they say

asmr

you have the plague

auto-immune disease

music falls

away like

water

quarantine

I want you to go

get your life together

I recommend you lie

manifest

manifest

cough drops

I am good at being sick I am terrible at being alive

at night I am better at lying than I am at being lied to.

~~lying awake~~ ~~lying asleep~~ ~~lying dead~~

They always said I was in bed.

moonlistening, do you hear the moon(g)listening to 22nd ♢ by Nina Simone?

she sings of a great, sweeping imminence, which is ironic, knowing that imminence is not possible, only its negative: an overwhelming sense of It having just before you occurred though what It is remains indeterminate, a little jewel makes no sense, tag It

there

awl

]

At night, I grow closer to Nina

-I grow closer to the window.

Somewhere a man kisses me

and I am not there

The sky is a picture of being sorry

the sky is a picture of being

“Sorry”

I take it,
ill take it with

my_hole

My whole being
sorry

mom the-light.
asks me to close

Mom, i cannot close the light the window the flowers
as flowers hole in the dead as flowers bore of our dead,

Deep deep lossive holes.

Hello. I am Ms. Walker with the health department and I need to reach you regarding a confidential matter, please call me at [REDACTED]

> Hello, I just tried calling

I was calling out. I will call you now

> IMG_8610

> IMG_8609

> IMG_8599

> IMG_8606

> IMG_8611

> IMG_8601

> IMG_8605

> IMG_8600

> IMG_8598

Thank you. Which one is your profile image/logo?

> IMG_8597

Ok, thank you.

IMG_8601

What is the profile name of this person with the sunglasses and hat on?

> He doesn't have one, he's DL

Ok. Thank you.

> Also my ex's number is [REDACTED]

I need the date of birth and other details, just like the same questions that I asked you earlier.

> [REDACTED] he's Latino, idk DOB but 21, lives in the city, 5'6ish

First and last time that you had a sexual encounter etc

> i think first was august 2018 last was december 2018

Where does he live, did you use condoms? Do you remember all of the questions that I asked you? Please be specific in your response if you can

> We didn't use condoms but I think he was tested afterward and was negative, I topped him, he probably lives in Brooklyn now

He speaks English, correct? Were there any domestic violence concerns?

> He speaks English and no DV concerns

Any facial hair, etc

> I'm not sure anymore, he couldve shaved

Good morning Daniel. This is Mrs. Walker, we spoke yesterday. The person who goes between the two names (Korean guy), what borough does he live in and where did the encounter take place?

> the encounter was at their apartment in brooklyn

Does he speak english?

> they do yes

Ok and the other people were met on the site called grinder, correct?

> Yes

Ok, just wanted to clarify. Thank you for your cooperation .

Linen closet Hamper
Nichole Ramsey im sorry guys but i know this is
fake but i always stick to the safe side i know im
weird. If you stop reading this you're gonna die! My
name is teresa fidalgo if you don't post this on 20
photos I will sleep with you forever. This girl de
ignored and 29 days later her mom died. I am real
you can search up on google

all scars 18.5 wide

Act 3.....

HOLEPLAY

(but what could be more xtian zionist than self-harm i.e. what other gesture could so ritually convey that i alone choose slash am chosen slash burning slash sorry

(March 27)

I have not eaten so drinking is the most efficient
route to terror

Standing outside the cock
& he is smoking a wet cigarette.

ohbythewayi'm
positive I could've fucked his silence

I am at the cock &
I will not be getting cock to
night -- bouncer calls me

babe & sends me off into the negative
night_dirty cold tired the weather is a police

dog i saw die once_ funny how february choreographs
this ritual agony despair eventual " willful dependence " etc.

such that one is surprised to rise anew each day
simply like bread Paganite no death mists
my foggy little head

It is not even March 27th and I am already worried. I once

Fell in love with a boy simply because of the way he would piss

In public parks.

in math in lov a demon
has no figure i find it hard to have a dad
I find it hard to have a fist
to have a hole aa flower

a diamond hears¹ my mirror
image glancing² along³ water

¹ (holds)

² (bracing)

³ (against)



[all flowers in time by elizabeth fraser and jeff buckley]

blowing you is like oh,
blowing the loneliest parent
-hesis alive jerking off 2 funereal
flowers plugging my hole
the 1st song you ever
heard sung was
pink
no, really
all tops are sad sic
(sic) bastards it's
true all tops* (
sick sic
COPS**)
can fuck
off to hell for all i-care
time,,same difference

[this isnt to say i do not hold a deep ad-miration for the reticular mesh

work of the Venus flytrap--

i always will..
your cock
2 fill—————(allill, allsick)

w/ blood.

I go mad_at the blood /
red river red
river goes
mad at me

40 days on this boat
& now you're asking if I think
we're fools 4 lov. What a goddamn oxy-

fucking moron
fucking moron

[U=U]

Ungovernable, Unmotherable

my mood
con te
partiró is just this
popera, what'd you expect
moms to "do"
post lab
or /
or care
post crying
emoji
post any
thing other than
be my guest
as cipher for
be my victim--

how to cite wind, cite closeness?

spirit

-ual closeness

It makes me go so eventual
ly mad. Yes march flowers

& flowers march right back like

duh .we've arrived at the impossible
op(era)tics of guesthood, this awful reaching for

[- *I'm Not a Boy, Not Yet a Boyfriend*]

My boyfriend is an HIV positive river His beauty hurts a bit
Like shit You don't have to worry about bleeding a little while
You're swimming with in me I actually kind of
Like it He says Pushing my head back under the water
How to gather the breath the breath To tell miss Walker this



[POEM IN LANGUAGE OF BIRDS]

“...so they finally arrived
at the gates of Heaven,
and the Lord says—
‘are you bleeding
or are you just happy to see me!!!”

[i know

my poetry

like my sex

needs work..

but what is the point of Poetry-

If not to Infect -!

yes i cannot go where everyone goes after me
it is impossible to know what comes after me
tarrying in gallery turning to image after image—

[BUT WAIT! THE POET HAS A TRIPARTITE THEORY]

i. a pinhole camera eats indiscriminately All light bleeds Into its hole
all loads accepted anon preferred we say *photon* when we mean lump-
sum cum-dump of FLASH can u take it or not 0 or 1 what Emily always

wanted
was 2
words, 2
wounds 2
work /

utter(ly) the same -- burning.

ii. yet anguish; an an
-xious restless flute

-rring persists.. Zamaan / you tell me the Urdu “iztirab” اضطراب
comes from the root ضرب: “to strike, hit, multiply,” the selfsame slab
from which the Al-Andalus Arabic المضربة *almdraba* is cut: “a place to
strike,” which came to signify the ritual hunting of tunafish in the
Spanish *almdraba* and Portuguese *almdrava*.....

at night, I watch 360p footage of Italian men harpooning tuna on loop

....
..

iii. Then again, fuck the theory—just know there’s quite an impressive &
rational logic behind my def[to bore a hole thru my skull]cision.

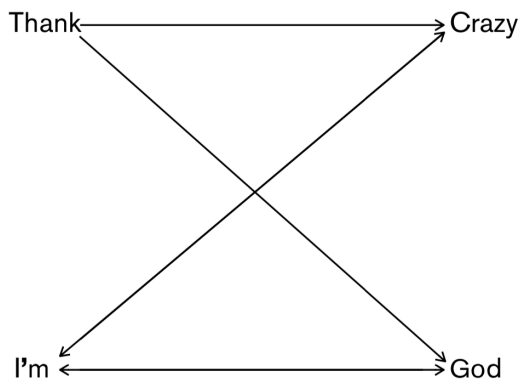
[I am perhaps stupid not to desire

fascism_the force of beauty_all the time_

If Y is equal to the unholy quantity of ma(i)nly men in the world
and f(X) equals the sum of X minus the sum of Y
w/ X standing for the general pop-
ulation, then the function must be
allergic to some dis-
crete volumes of
love or beauty.

Then the chorus (be)comes
A metonym for the sororal
Mode of tragedy that almost pre-
Dates “man” Inviting the wronged
2 pluralize & partake In unending plosion of pain,
Joy and faggotry
Pop music slash math tells us that
a Diva Always Gets Hurt-
& I listen

to Mariah Carey every day.



(GRAND CONCOURSE)

what was it an old architect said everything we breathed was wrong the was was wrong
the story too tall or remembered its limbs like being that kind of old new
york paused in rings of light that orb
you in a dripping blue permanence, "all flowers in.." "all flowers in.." how to in-
complete the endless facts of us & light & knowing that we'll never be that kind of
(c)old, never quite so shivered, fluent in the silent stilted tragedy of it.

but still i pinion a glance to the white entablature of the sky. a wing aches to open
an other wing, or we can both be screams, scales scars I don't care a
drop dreaming a line across the grand extinguishing face that is our Sun.

warm regards
sincerely yours
daniel

“ As It Was For the Hittites and the Assyrians; the Phoenicians and the Persians, And Ever Shall Be Writ- ”

Water

Keeps

Being

Here



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Thank you for reading this.

