

## Altitude X2

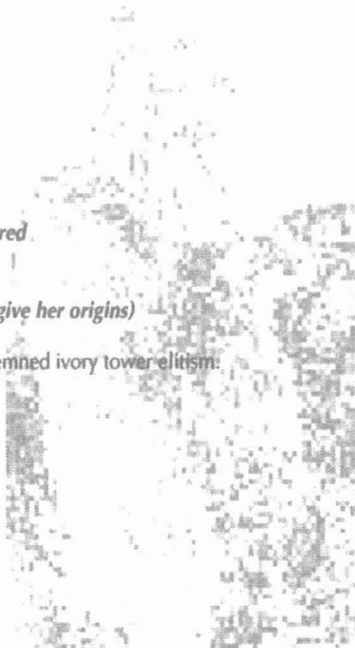
*Janice Williamson*

*turdere* to push, thrust

- 1: an expression of intention to inflict  
evil, injury, or damage
- 2: one that threatens
- 3: an indication of something impending  
< the air held a t. of rain >

*later she got a good education  
a job with promise  
a title with privilege  
in spite of her denial, all this mattered  
she moved across the country  
gaining altitude in flatland  
(her new community could not forgive her origins)*

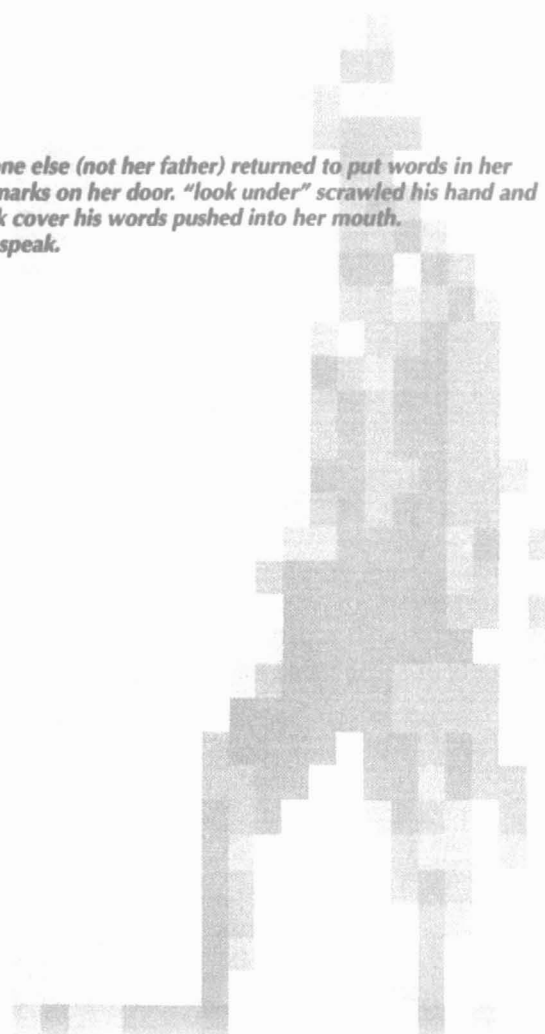
at every turn, she condemned ivory tower elitism.  
she gained altitude.



*<the air held a t. of rain>*

*(death threats would bring her down to earth*

*one night, someone else (not her father) returned to put words in her mouth. chalked marks on her door. "look under" scrawled his hand and "under" her book cover his words pushed into her mouth. she could barely speak.*



(he wrote inside the space of her imagining)

KILL THE FUCKEN ~~feminist~~†  
NICE SHOOTING M\_\_L\_\_  
KILL THE SLUTS AND ~~feminist~~†  
UP YOUR DIKES

X KILL WOMEN

*in the classroom, he said it didn't matter. he knew who they were and who they were not, his lists of women belly full of bullets wore the hairline fracture of his sight.*

the target was moving.  
she could take her pick. either this woman or that feminist. lesbian or straight. pink woman or not. one at a time or all in a bunch. her body, this body was nothing more than an internal passageway of arms legs loathsome torso.

the closer his words came to her body, the higher she climbed. switchbacks were arduous and long; her legs grew heavy as snow crowns, the bend of supple firs. at this temperature, her body too numb to feel, she craved higher ground somewhere above the hoodoos. she might have climbed outside her skin were she not intent on establishing a point of view.

*(the threat is the expression is the one that threatens)*

*he took a step back to examine his work  
wiped chalked hands on his pants  
he smiled at his verbal puns  
the play*



*the threat is not (yet) his body*

the threat did not name himself  
the threat is his body's script  
the turn round his vowels  
his writing marks his absence

*erasure, the source of his power*

he pushed and he pushed  
she was sure she was dead  
though she could still move her lips

