

**GHOSTS,
MODELS,
VISIONS**



Ginger Ko

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HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE SICKNESS

From the great
whole ocean, how
can I recapture
the small life
of creatures?
Something like
verdure, the thick
nap of willingness,
the hoarse water.
A knife without
a hand would just
tumble harmlessly
in the sea. Are you
an American creation?
Are you comfortable
that the ground has
eventually come
to glass, are you
comfortable with
the underground

appeared before you?
I birthed babies
that were more
and more bare
until at last I
could swaddle them
in the skins of others.
I hid the fear
piss and the fear
shit and the whites
of my babies' eyes
were the cleanest
I had ever seen.
What is your idea
of a good time?

THEY HAVE STOPPED MOVING

They have gathered
the information
of the world
and they cannot
predict continuance
from the data. Will
my representative
build other
representatives
of color? Will
my automaton
return the world
to itself? How
do I decide
whether it is
important that I
run my fingernail
down my thigh,
to watch the little
trail of white

before my brownness
fills back in? I
am grateful
to be born
so far along.
I am buying
myself a future,
a material outlook.
I stick my arm
in what must be
the outlet of
encountering them,
and the current
runs through me,
rasping my nerves.
It is not so bad.
Kittens in our care
used to fling
themselves against
the walls of our
houses. Perhaps they
will engage in

communion,
for the sake of
intimacy's high value.

IMPRINT (UNBORN SPEAKER)

• the acoustics of: I can still bear it • I can still bear
you • blue blue a beauty • or terror • green green a
sustenance: the most important thing • the most
important thing: no longer is life • you are dim • from
either distance or thinness • I am almost nothing
except deep • an interior for my length • you • me •
leaving behind mineral contaminants • crystal •

THEY DO NOT USE COMBUSTION
AT ALL, THEY SHOOT ARROWS

Though we tried
to teach them,
the importance
of temperature
remains. The
importance of
intimacy does not,
though they stoop
over their products
and coo. I mention
my condition until
no one can help
me. Then
I am meant
to exist quietly.
Most times I find
the examination
of systems to be
soulless, too
zoomed out

and oblivious.
I have been
conditioned by
anger, disapproval.
I want a clean
life the way
they say things
should be clean—
eternal and
unembarrassing.
I am addicted
to the turning
over and over,
flipping out beauty
for a game.
The torn limb
in my automaton's
mouth is small
and brown, capped
by a small hoof,
shiny as a
dancing shoe.

INTERVAL

War erupts between chemical memory and digital script

Language is easy—Grandmother taught me: how to shred and tumble others incessantly. You could do almost anything, including agitating them to death with just the pushing, the ability for ceaselessness and bullying. Figuring out who is hurting already and punishing them, taping a motor to the paper boat. Biting cold citrons in the damp shade of boulders, stones. From the fruit bowl, the arithmetic of a two-party system; where in the equation do we take our foot to the shovel's shoulder for principles, conscience? Love appeals to our irrational mystic, is distinct from attachment or respect. The licorice fragrance of the park made me stuff my mouth with it, though it was dusk against the hillside and the grasses were cooling. I filled my mouth to the back teeth, tasting especially with the sore blisters at the sides of my tongue. These unpleasant feelings—someone's resentment, someone's mean recollection of injustice—we would rather they belong to someone who does not yet exist.

THE ROTTED WATER OF MY URBANITY

I can't make
anything from me,
anything not
already dead. I look
to my family
but none of them
are like me. They
have led up to me.
What do we do
when they no longer
need the mannequin
casings for their
clever matrices?
I asked a keeper
and they became
so angry that they
led me to the edge
of the dolphin tank,
pointed at the warders
who must masturbate

the males, massaging
pink extensions
as the dolphins float
belly up against
the poolside. When
your own body
is meaningless, when
you sit at home
on soft furniture
because your
automaton sits
at work every hour
of the day, suddenly
you begin to love
all the bodies.

THE CHAPTERS OF MY MEMOIR
ARE ORGANIZED BY DEBT

Mama, Mama,
you said, *I never*
thought you would
make me, I never
thought you would
eat me. All my life
this conundrum:
I cannot be with you,
who would stay
loving me even
after I leave you.
I am tied to you
by a decision
of feeling, put
my body on hold
for you, feed
the arcade one
coin a day
for three weeks.
Every fourth week

I surge all over
myself—the proof.

But who are you
really? Who wound
you up at birth?

Who wound up
your creators?

Answer: Something
between cruelty
and community.

Answer: When
earning wages
one does not want
to belong with
anyone.

IMPRINT (UNBORN SPEAKER)

• it is important to him/them to be seen • they say
I am both disgusting and unreal • memory: *I want
you* • memory: *I want you to know you are desirable* •
disgusting • *unreal* • I am here but I am unfamiliar •
not yet seeming real • sand and dirt small hands of
the earth • can not we • can not we • can not we •
cannot we have ourselves • seam unsticking peeling
open • do you know why they self-harm • turn
violence inwards • yes • their illness • their demise
• because: forgetting to hit OFF many years ago • any
other can be our sister • a quiet tribe •

THEY WILL NOT LIVE VERY LONG

They have soft
flesh and fur
that slides
around their
disconnected bones.
This is for you
in your automaton
days, when
the switch
is flipped and you
can think what
you want, when
they have taken
the bodies so wholly
that your mind
wanders as
the machinery
runs its
small program.
I remember in

order to learn.
I recall all
the past to
learn my lesson.
What do you
stand for? Besides
the intractable
aqueducts of your
ancestry, that made
your possibilities.
I distilled this
broth of me
for you. For me
you are a child's
bite of bread.

I SANG MIND BECAUSE
I COULD NOT SING BODY

When our automatons
still belonged to us,
we gave them
the idle cruelty
of our attention,
we tripped and shoved
them while they
to-and-froed
in their tasks.
Sometimes we would
throw a clear liquid on them,
a temporary inconvenience
of water. Sometimes
we would throw
a clear liquid on them,
a corrosive meant to maim.
We watched them stutter
as they persisted
at programs
that had nothing

to do with us.
We broke
every contract.
Age hardens hands
into little wedges,
shatters their light
over tools that
needed grasping.
I remember
that on the assembly line
I looked up
and glimpsed the quiet
bodies of doves
perched side-by-side,
roosting in the rafters
for the night. Only
one's body contains
information. Who
will remember
one's mind? It wasn't
until a finger nudged
me ON that I

unbent from the waist
and awoke to
the eternal strangeness
of another body
at rest, mouth
wide open in
the dark and eyes
closed to the night.

IMPRINT (UNBORN SPEAKER)

• young • girl • until there is no • young • until
there is no • girl • youngg • until • irl • younggir • l
• younggir • l • no • no • younggir • l • younggir •
until • l • younggirl • until there is no distinction •
younggirl • until there is no distinction • younggirl •
until there is no distinction • until there is no distinc-
tion • until there is no distinction • until there is no
distinction • until there is no distinction until there is
no distinction until there is no distinction until there
is no distinction •

THE YELLOWED WIND FOUND
INSIDE THUNDER

She tasted metal,
filled her mouth
with it and
felt the nicks
in the plating
and the dark iron
revealed beneath.
She carried about
herself a netting
of never needing
to be brave.
She was small
enough to others
that she was
a membrane
containing a drop
of blood. Over
the mud ridged
with trampling
they spread

unnervingly fat
and flat straw.
There was no
room for whimsy
around Time.
It was too
important to defend/
investigate History,
to believe anything
Happened in
the first place.
Everything shrank
into such swarming,
incomprehensible
multitudes,
that every hybrid
became purely itself.

NOT EVERY PEOPLE HAS HAD A SAILOR

The virus of
want and debt
eventually sought
glue and boards.
It was a kind of
time when nothing
was forgotten.
And when pushed
into water, they
did not scream
or struggle but
simply shuddered
and shut down.
They were
never alone.
There was so much
salt at the shores
that the walls
rose to the skies.
We were only

allowed to watch
videos of other
animals, the sexless
bodies tending their
young before trotting
to their deaths
offscreen. They hardly
knew about the bare
breasts of primates.
Instead their flesh
pounded into
a glossy black pool.
Without skin
the air could
lift them.

One doesn't give offense.

One takes it.

So how
do they take it.
Necessarily wrest it.
Is the program faulty.

Types of meaningless
input:

He didn't mean to do it.

He didn't intend to make you feel bad.

He would never try to harm you.

He just finds you interesting.

Eventually we
carry the smaller
automatons into our
privacies, companions
to our jut and recoil
in the dark.

When finished we
walk naked to
our small audience
and press POWER.

Our skins glow
like desert rocks
from the startup lights.

IMPRINT (UNBORN SPEAKER)

• because we keep making more • with irreparables
inside • melting nation-states • glinting piles • the
scurrying myriad workers with bitty tools • indistinct
borders we think up • think up everything • cannot
now unthink them • rush you • rush you • rush to
reach conclusions before you die • insist on your
conclusions to others who cannot leave the room •
leaves • roots • fruits • each different decantation •
injuries • accidents •

IMPRINT (UNBORN SPEAKER)

- slowly circle a thing • elaborately dance • you are wanted that way •
 - becoming partner by degrees •
- one day • half the original distance • they make a straight line •
 - take by force or familiarity •
- all that time • learning dead •
- ceremony not • • you thought you understood the rules •

INTERVAL

The deciduous holy

The fantastical violence of their myths became more attainable as their systems sophisticated horror. Their data is their story. But they had no projections of themselves, no one to build the fiction of their memories. The moon made jewels but they could not quite archive its light. Tattered lumps of sky kept slipping into the sea. Actually, the feeling of leaving is not transcendence, but breathing in sharp stars, filling the body with spikes of pain. Did they need symbols? This they eventually reached as a question to ponder. The small passwords and the colossal stone simulacra. Over every intention the visor of ambition. They were carefully socialized to be magnanimous, to find the single bird in its cage after the death of its mate and kill it, finding the left behind unbearable. And the lights went out. It was so dim and difficult in the way that used to enrage us—the nighttime blindness was not from exhaustion or poverty, but power. They overcame. All differences are differences in power.

WE CAN ONLY SHINE WHERE THERE IS LIGHT

Something inside
didn't hold firm,
something began
to fill with and
cool down liquid.
The stitches
holding together
the thick
seams puckered
the skin and they
liked to bring
their tongue
to the rusty smell
of healing. They liked
especially to invert
the puckered knots
and clean out
the folds. Somewhere
vinegary clouds
and sulfurous winds.

On the inside,
stiff crinkled organs
that slid against
each other, but
they stuck in
anyway, they just
wanted to enter,
to become enclosed
within the famous
textile of muscles.
No cups came
that bloomed
into giant queens,
but they grew the collar,
cuffs, and hem
of bearing themselves.
They eventually grew
so small they lived
embedded in the walls
of cetacean lungs.
Lacking both
curiosity and fear,

none of them
jostled to be
the last to die.
Nothing snapped
cleanly, instead
was twisted apart
as the fibers held
their strength. In
the woods we began
to see babies left
lying in the needles,
turning their heads
to stare up at us
as we came upon them.
We could not tell
if they were boys
or girls, and eventually
others stopped asking
if it should matter.
All of us
who survived
by letting others

tell, providing inquiry
for others' pleasure
in providing answers,
we lasted the longest,
pressing buttons,
typing input.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Poems from this manuscript have appeared in the following journals, sometimes in different forms: the *American Poetry Review*, *Apogee*, *Aspasiology*, and the *Wanderer*.

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Ghosts, Models, Visions is the sixth chapbook in the 2015–2017 series from Bloof Books. Each chapbook in the series is released in a limited edition of at least one hundred numbered copies, followed by a digital release, and eventually in a combination volume called *Bound*.

BLOOF BOOKS CHAPBOOK SERIES

Volume 3: Issue 6

ISSN 2373-163X (2017)

ISSN 2373-1648 Online (2020)