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all of you are here

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ALL OF YOU ARE HERE

by

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BA Literature & Writing, California State University 2009

A thesis submitted to the faculty of the Graduate School of
the University of Colorado
in partial fulfillment of the requirement for
the Masters Degree of Fine Arts
Department of English
2014

This thesis entitled:

all of you are here

written by Rachel Busnardo
has been approved for the Department of English

Julie Carr

Ruth Ellen Kocher

Martin Bickman

Date _____

The final copy of this thesis has been examined by the
signatories, and we
Find that both the content and the form meet acceptable
presentation standards
Of scholarly work in the above mentioned discipline.

Rachel Busnardo, MFA Department of English

all of you are here

Thesis directed by Professor Julie Carr

In a world where verbal communication is being usurped by text-based conversation, *all of you are here* seeks to explore how this way of communicating, and performing, the self shapes and challenges an identity—specifically, how a self is comprised of multiple "yous" and "wes" and how these pronouns compete, consolidate, and perform with and against each other in an arena where the only tool is written language. The speaker remains in a constant state of fear that these selves will be stolen from her. The self in these poems becomes chaotic, confused, angry, absurd, and oftentimes self-deprecating or vulnerable, resulting in chorus of the self, orchestrated and composed by the self.

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phish·ing

/ˈfɪʃɪŋ/

noun

1. the activity of defrauding [you] of information by posing as a legitimate [you].

1.

THIS IS A TRAP, but yr
not mad or anything.
Relaxing on a plate
ready to be consum-
mated or consumed or
both. Yr soul—probably
a fish—would be yrs, if
you had one. For now
you can have it in
writing, you can sign
the paper, but you'll eat
every tender forkful,
noticing the sound
resonating of the por-
celain one ting at a time.

LEVEL UP/DOWN

*"These posts are awful"
said the man to the fence.*

First,
I just don't feel like I feel like you

speech; a river
pulp slick lazes
up against the skeletal remains
of body

I'm stuck here &
It's not laissez faire

“rachel just watched 18 episodes of you on netflix”

& still can't assimilate
assimilation when resistance
is the more fertile ground

come at me hawking towards
the sky, we've unlocked a new
section of map
you & I

running away

from the boulder

towards a valley

towards a cave

towards yourself; crash

you hear a whistle

you think beast or machine?

you lie flush on your face with the best intentions

back story: you're in a parking lot full of paper planes

plot twist: we're on the moon already

FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: <No Subject>

ANYONE KNOW WHY BLONDES ARE SO DUMB? ANYONE?
DIDN'T THINK SO.

Begin Forwarded Message:

three hearts wither with deixis

we are all lesbian vampires
remember this
& if this is not the case then
I'm bored already

here, the pills taste sweeter coming up

The punch-line: it's a lexus not a porch.

YOU DECIDE TO TAKE ONE last look around the house before your guests arrive. The eggs: neatly arranged, supple curve to supple curve, the chocolates & the cheese look “festive as fuck” as the article you read suggested. Toilet paper in the bathroom etc. But you’ve miscalculated and finished preparations too early. You prefer to be bustling about when the guests arrive. Spares you from awkward conversation. You ask yourself to remember to write all this down to avoid making this same mistake again.

HAVE YOU SCANNED YR CLUB CARD?

yr a password come knocking

madison paige, sideline copter, enter geo

logical enterprise, USS electric

captain will you command for commander

the page toe-tipping in clicks, enigmatic

can you command some leather to be legible;

can you summon a sandwich to stand
in the throngs of a narrative?

yr password, did you write it down?

dahvikin yr sack holds the sonic

always hedgehogging an orogeny

symphonic eternal sonata

& socks, thigh high & so sigh we all

another bottle commander, no frag

for chew, no pin for pull

the piss left in this bucket breeds formal beds

& beds of bloom

FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: <No Subject>

DRUNK FLORIDA MAN TRIED TO USE TACO AS FAKE ID
AFTER ACCIDENTALLY SETTING HIS CAR ON FIRE

Begin Forwarded Message:

this narrative doesn't belong
to the narrative network

an algorithm dressed in a teagown bound & rising
a single sound single sound single sound

thanks Gerd

I promise
to stop breaking
into yr home &
going through
yr drawers

AFTER ARRANGING your liquor bottles from shortest to tallest, then tallest to shortest, you find yourself standing in a place in your kitchen you don't think you've ever stood before. You look towards the window to catch a glimpse of the bracketed reality outside and, for whatever reason, your city looks very small and quiet.

FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: <No
Subject>

TWO NUNS ARE DRIVING THROUGH DUBLIN REALLY FUNNY
LOL

Begin Forwarded Message:

one says to the other:
did you pack lunch
or did that girl break
into yr home again?

the diction must be purged
cleansed of germs left careless
in whispers

of the body & nature
I'm just having a little trouble
just a little tonight, please

NEVER GIVE YR PASSWORD TO PHISHERS, PREACHERS,

grey men on stoops, actors, mercs,
mech warriors, administrators,
content managers and designers,
heroes or heroines, composers,
dahvikins, commanders, morticians,
bartenders, butchers, salsa dancers,
yr teachers or yr students,

never give yr password to religion, to politics, to blood

the word gets a pass, permission to incest
inbred to the letter,

hey, ta-boo

sexy lady, yr just a body double dipped & battered
twitter pated & confined, so sing we all.

THINGS YOUR CHILD MAY BE INSERTING INTO THEIR ASS TO
GET HIGH

charitable paper hearts of lyric

mastodon

rain

hook keeper

artisan bread

a ball of yarn

paper cranes

pole

electric fences

exact change

enacting change

choose your own orifice, but choose wisely

IF YOU SPILL YR BEER in
the woods you can say,
simple, yr-in a pool of
yr-in nobody hears the
trickle or sees you on yr
hands digging through
the alluvium. Say there
are whales in the star
ocean or even just space
clams space-jamming
respectively,

a whittler whittling
phallic figures with yr
own knives, a dollop of
blood for eyes this
wood is curvier these
words sound swaggish
somehow, but here, at
last freedom: another
type of room.

OROGENY LEADS TO SUBDUCTION; TAKE NOTES

contains spoilers & spoils

gimmie a gimmick, gimmie more;
gimmie another
dance pants, hot hats in the hamwater
gimmie the password, the command:

gimmie gimmie a yellow merkin

don't accidently attend cory feldman's orgy

WHATEVER PERSONALITY THE SKY EXERCISES TODAY

I've cast a line

open rattles

goodbye the horde confesses
the drip breaks incompetent
mess the hall, commander please
try not to orchestrate

a crime
of hooks pro coined
by anonymous ghosts

outside a shoulder is overcome by music

by the music, wisdom shapes the sound off

sawed off

boom boom boom

bobs beneath the dead, risen

theological snack cycles

gimmie a *boom*, new types of type

tipping over soft screen blink

blurred before burial after

the hit-point

all characters lathered in boss
the together link surfaces
spawns again real-time, reel
lines of open world order

don't hang your hat

not here

snagged back

pop full of pestilence

insect mimicry

a combination metamorphic hip hop

beat em up beat em up beat em up

your in the ring losing

when there were never rules

to begin with

all these
dungeons

look the same—dip the bellow, avatar achieve
each breath with ease, pile up broken
stacks bob away, the shoreline barren so sure
not to shatter the sky rimming suns

dirty cat thief; dirty kajit; dirty dirty hairpin;
beauty up than dirty pallor; papers please

who are you anyway?
who *like* are you anyway?

THIS IS WHY I TRY so hard to not argue with me, ladies and gentlemen, when yr stuck in a glass of dicks, remember to use all four dimensions, remember to wear nylon, that here effect comes before cause, remember physics and time travel, we can all go to the future day-by-day, forget experiment, forget paradox, bring the champagne and the chimps & remember—dammit—we like our dicks shaken not stirred.

THE COLLECTIVE IS TRYING TO COMMUNICATE

Showing 15 of 72 Comments

Borg says: Let's face it, pizza's better cold anyway. Who cares...

Borg > Borg: THANK YOU! It's so much better cold! That's what I keep telling my husband, but the jokes on him when I'm already sitting on the couch, biting into a delicious piece of cold pizza for breakfast, and he's just all sad waiting by the toaster oven.

Borg > Borg: Maybe when you're hungover...

Borg > Borg:: If pizza were served better cold, than it would be delivered cold. I've never understood this argument.

Borg > Borg: Right? It must be a Millennial thing like the reason for all things.

Borg > Borg: Why is everything a Millennial thing with we? I'm a Gen X, if you. Because. Us.

Borg > Borg: Enzymes are what gives the sauce that tomato-y flavor. Become in temperatures too cold. They become. (btw your comment name made me lol!)

Borg > Borg: Thanks! It used to be something else, but I had to change when the system switched system switched system

Borg > Borg: My wife tells me I'm crazy, but I know the language jokes after my stuff.

Borg > Borg: That's true for *raw* stuff already destroyed when stewed.

Borg > Borg: Lay off the Millennials! People are always saying how “lazy” we are or how “stupid” we are but a short skirt still smites a crazed monkey.

Borg > Borg: Spending the evening burning miscellaneous prayers for fear of choking.

Borg > Borg: Retired sacrifice here. Prefers cold.

Borg > Borg: Then a pet originates out of a sexual cuckoo with me and the misses.

Borg > Borg: It will be very quiet when all of you are gone.

[Click to read more from Borg](#)

DID YOU FORGET YR PASSWORD?

srsly, memory
of the sisyphus
those rocks
change: heat
& pressure
head &
process: presents
a gift
the neighbor
upstairs, a stomper
srsly,
who walks that hard?
paradoxical practice
the way
to sink; sometimes
to write oneself
into the silt
before it is watched
& washed away.
So sing we all.

Are you sure you want to leave this page?

2.

NOW FRANTICALLY WRITING

articles about my horrible habit
of looking for you

a poisonous look-alike
fickle beast this is

the trick is not getting one to see
it's getting one to stay

ON FISH

As a child, I was never allowed to cast my own line
fish have senses too.

SIGHT

Perfectly round.

Color: which is why lures are of every one imaginable.

If you can see a fish, it can see you too.

SMELL

Fish can smell the water they were born in, even when it's
hundreds of miles away.

LATERAL LINE

Thin canal that runs alongside the fish & allows her to *hear*
and *feel*.

TASTE

Catfish can taste through their skin & whiskers.

IF IT CAN BE WRITTEN DOWN

it must unfold
so lonely is the sisterhood of the cursor

owns these shapes a runway, runaway!
the dress fits even after all these years

I am open hoping

hopping on club toes

COLLECTIVE DISFIGUREMENT

The center is made up of unity.
All of you, all of me, collectively

a word. I'm wondering how to get
this beat out of my head, noticing

how the pencil strikes hardest
on the I. See the screen? How
it filters the light?

letting in just a little wattage at a time;
letting in just a little bit of vitamin.

you trip on the stairwell

you dance in question or in knowledge?

you purchase a wet dream and some peanut butter just in case

back story: you know all about tectonic plates

*plot twist: Captain Jean-Luc Picard will be joining you for your
birthday party*

OF REMEMBERING TO WANDER

The nature of consciousness is still a mystery
and together we still don't know.

I'm over here guiltily admiring the dexterity
of my own fingers—look up, bend these

constellations over the edge, hand picked,
worlds inside periods, words orbiting lines,

find a place to group; find a field of quiet—
boom goes the discourse; break goes a finger.

Inside a body there are calves and sunders.
Inside a mind there is a filter that is utterly fucked.

A SENTENCE STRAYS

into the objective

a manifesto of misprints
where do we put feeling
when the lyric is broken

a sentence strays
into an algorithm

which one to listen
pick one to mimic

one bobber bobbing
on glass slick

we surf on crowded limbs
trying not to touch bottom

YOU THANK THE
ACADEMY. You thank
mother & father. You
braid a lyric in your
cerebral cortex; you are
mother; you are father.
The light spots your
skin & moves with your
movement. You are
warrior and voyeur. You
are fitting together like
thread through a
cannon. The audience
stands inside you. You
are fishing for yourself.
You are a series of
shapes performing a
selfie. All of you. Look
at you: & you & you &
you.

FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD: FWD:
FWD: <No Subject>

WATCH THIS IMPORTANT VIDEO BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT
REMOVES IT FROM THE INTERNET FOREVER

Begin Forwarded Message:

<error>

ONE PLATE SLIDES DOWN

under another, then another

toto take me to bowie

& dance

with me

rooms built for emergency

one

more

layer

& the cake is the wedding

such emergency,

ecstasy: where do my hands go now?

where do *like* my hands go now?

birde can wear yr princess; what yr birde wants,
is not in this castle

spinning over I was told
I wouldn't *have to* eat myself sterile
don't wash before eating; don't watch after
stop clotting things from washing.

defined buttons control the tulle machine

these waffles are totally inedible

sweet Vs dreaming of plasma

oh, honey,

nutella on toast

just it

EACH QUESTION MEANT

to remain unmatched
like each vessel weaving
through a network of water
of flesh, here I am, here
I am again packed
into the meat train en route—

what are you reading?
can I have one of *those* chips?

your voices echo
refracted about by the meat

drunk in the company of guts
this sea is wet and I am here
to perform the wettest blanket
plumped into fissures seeping

there, the continental divide
reminding life no matter where
we are, we're on a plate

a horizon where skies turn
a new shade of shade sweet
lick of each eye taking the shot

someone said I am like a fish
though I cannot swim though
everything from this mouth
is just another bubble floating upward

welcome to the fade

do not press back again

here I am.

<error>

you go to france

you choose cape or plane?

you go with assless chaps and some mexican fighting chickens

back story: you are the australian who sawed off his own shadow

plot twist: I am the scientist covering the sun in mirrors

LOOK, SHOES, I'M NOT A JOKE WRITTEN ON THE SIDE OF A
COFFEE SHOP

who wants to wear kitty
pizza skin hello
banging on doors labeled *fuck you, fuck you too*
don't come in

no, come in, don't

for such supple ass
subtly clenching

If they don't suck, they're not doing anything important,

I'm going to pee myself and yr gonna watch
& then

I'm gonna to eat yr soul!
I'm gonna to eat yr soul!

Ohmahgerd! Such wow.

Such a bunch of unsynchronized cars we are,

wash yr car, wash yr language
hide yr wife, hide yr kids

this is not the book that explains everything & the people
are satisfied

My eyes are periods & it makes my world look weird.

Words looking weird?

Try autocorrect—see the beautiful.

I can't think beautiful and not see a round ass, the body of a poem, by nature, has a very flat ass.

Ass feeling flat?

Try pizza.

Grease makes the pages all transparent and not at all legible or appetizing.

Want to snaz up YOUR sex life?

Try coating your body in honey & lying naked in the woods

Organic Honey ON SALE @ your local King Sooper.

I'm allergic to bees.

BEADS?

No, Bees.

PAGE NOT DISPLAYING CORRECTLY? CLICK FOR
INSTRUCTIONS.

sparrow

penguin

sanguine rose

plucked

bareback

don't remember john wayne's

saddlebags

one flopped on each side

hallowed prickly pears in the sun

bella luna, I think I might rather just think about you

we're all packed
into the midnight meat train

what is a duck?
that's where one of its feet are both flat

come home with me
I own a replica broad sword we can both use

the electric fences have malfunctioned
all the velociraptors are escaping
nature: it finds a way
to stay here a little while longer

3.

ALL YOUR FRIENDS BAILED SO YOU DECIDE TO GO CAMPING ALONE.

When you got there you set up your space. You left to go catch some dinner and, while you were gone, you came back and rummaged through your own shit, probably searching for secrets, but everything seemed just how you left it.

You're collecting wood as fast as you can because you know your sneaky ass is back at the campsite going through your own shit. You want to get back before you find all those secrets you were hiding.

It's getting dark and you decide to go back to camp. You're really enjoying this hike and you really wish all of you were here to see it. All of you watching while the sun sashays into the soil. All of you keeping each other warm, questioning the formations in the distance.

You don't see the sun
and you fall. The sun's
behind the mountain.
It's so smooth and cold
in the shade. Your leg is
broken, you think. You
can't move it; you don't
know what a broken leg
looks like. You hold
your leg in your hands
and brush the hair from
your face. It's your
favorite time of day, you
think.

SO SING YOU ALL

We're languaging ourselves
under the covers

under cover the wind musicing
through a cracked door

you can coven here
this time

but I can't hear you.

The word hangs interrupted
who are you, we ask

pick a card

the truth questioning
its truth

the truth always within
the chalk outline

answering what is the stuff
of we

& I
can't hold

not this time.

I am an essay
of many paragraphs

that chapter hides
the comparison

but the tongue steals
a chorus

& we steal
everything else

every a zebra has its you

speak now these voice; this voices
tell us what you should say to I

& I
to I.

Anxiety stomps above,
below a sunless garden:

ambition; ignition; perdition

no, just yes

you've killed too many trees
writing poems for each of you

& me.

So many here
yet nothing gets done

It will be very quiet
when all of you are gone

we're slipping
underneath
our disclaimer

& I'm just an argument.

the word gets a pass
permission to incest

inside a vocabulary
collective disfigurement

yet the outcome is acoustic

I do not wish to speak
for all of us

I speak for all of you

& me too.

Little crushed flower
divorced from the hedge

to be concrete
in every changing environment

I'm wearing today
against my skin

it smells like us

you walk a fragile thirst
where our frown is still legible

in which the concerning day
shadows our afternoon.

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