

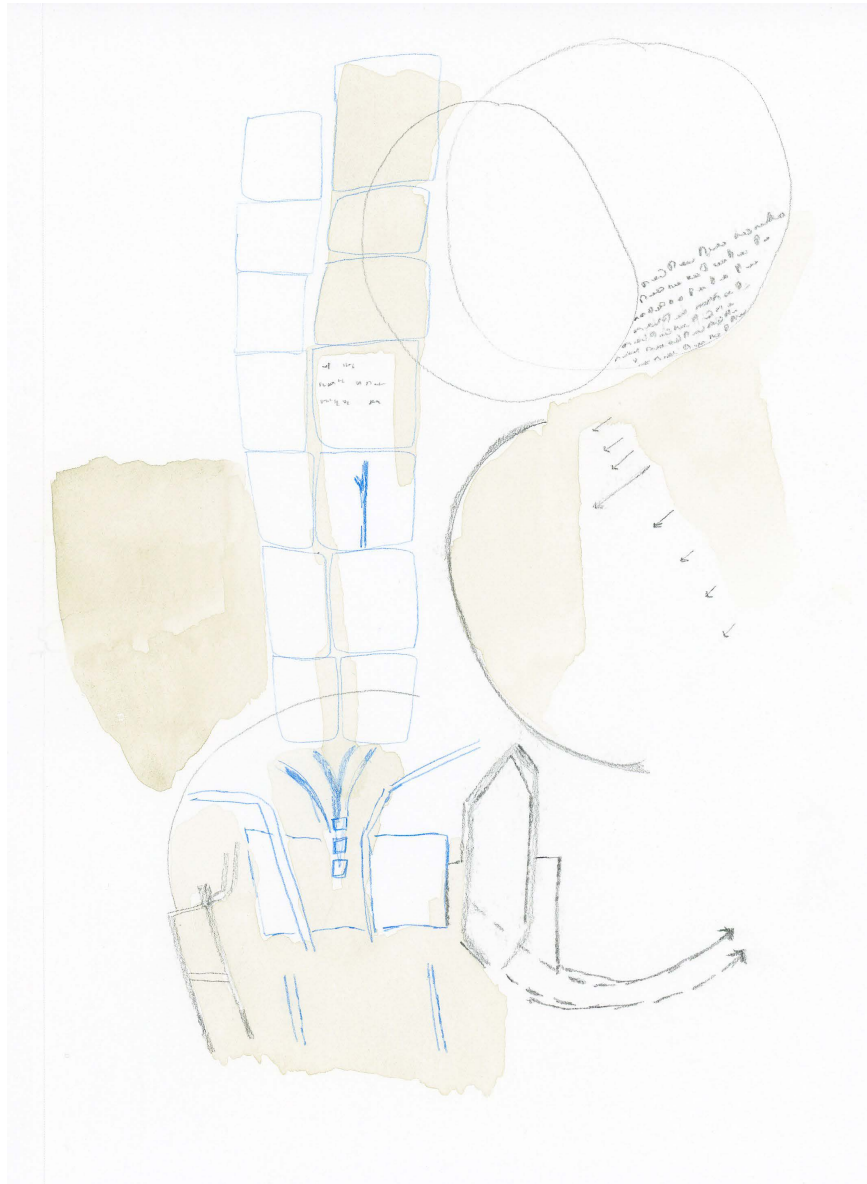
feather the balance

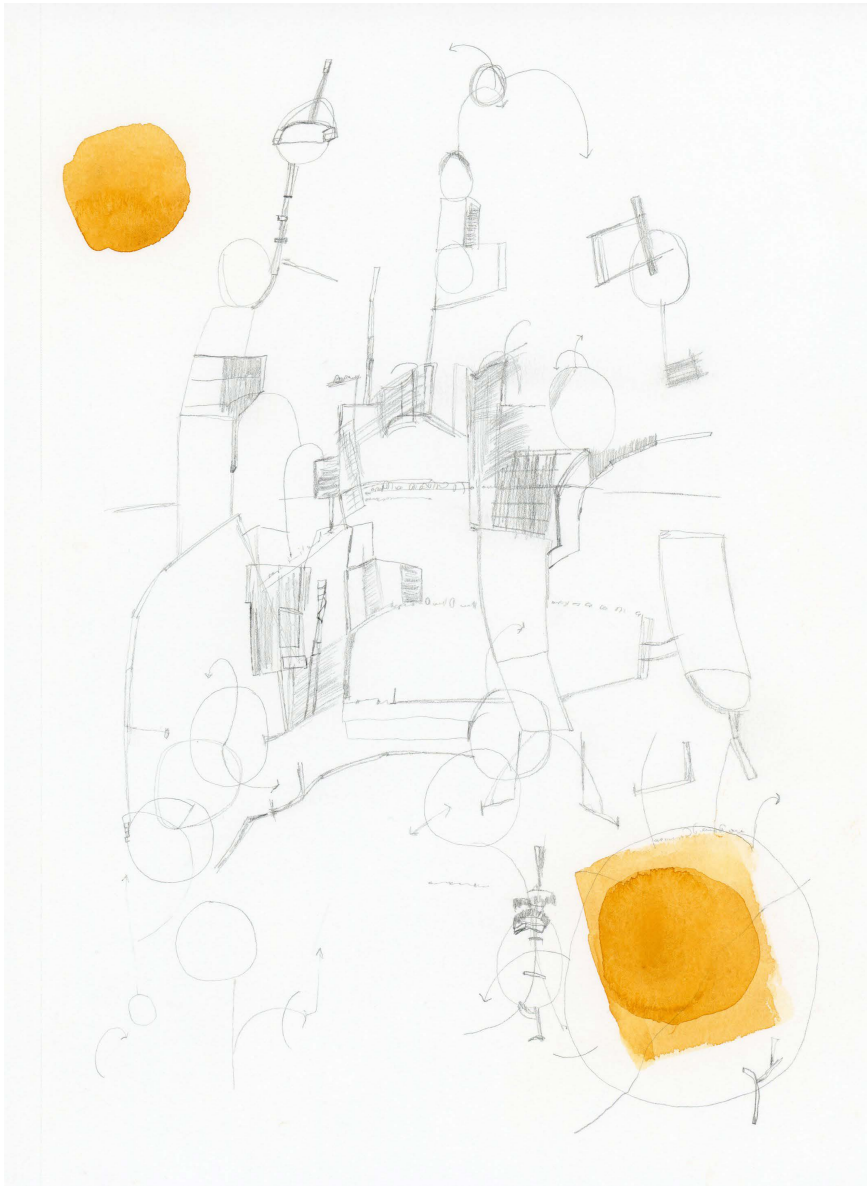
Renee Gladman and Nisha Ramayya

26.05.21 Juf

Renee Gladman  
Studies no.1-6







arranged in  
rows of 10  
each row  
10 rows  
100



10

2 rows of 10

10



10

10







# Nisha Ramayya

*from* drinking at the artificial wormhole  
[an ongoing sequence of drop-off poetry<sup>1</sup>]

\*

page drips  
to inquire  
with associative  
sewage

“the  
aromal

fluid”  
of knowledge exchange

snoticles meet  
in footnotes  
twizzle gaily  
bungee back:

a body since two bearings, frozen in a warm room, yields to your lines

\*

“signs are always triadic”  
something which substitutes  
something for something

shapes oscillate to release this sacrificial logic  
making a swarm of its perpetual motion clink

~ gain weight in petals ~  
~ revolt sunbeams bridge ~  
~ feather the balance ~

~ ~ ~ wave with all your brains ~ ~ ~

---

1. This is something I've been trying out recently, as part of a project on oceanic listening, inspired by so many people including Alice Coltrane, Fred Moten, Star Trek, Fernando Zalamea, and Moby Dick. Here's an attempt to describe the practice, from a recent piece on mathematics and love: 'It's a citational practice that's a devotional practice, running circles around the loved one to get their attention, abrading a path in your context that overlaps other paths and other contexts, bringing up clouds of referential sediment that obscure before settling and forming little heaps of thought, maybe as a musical phrase or a poetic tactic or a socialised tic. Sometimes I feel like a barnacle attaching myself to influential writers and texts, clinging on for dear life because everything depends on them, from a single poem to the futures we're conjuring; once attached, we might radiate. Sometimes I drop a quotation into a poem to watch my words and obstructions change colour, scatter, get drunk.' The quotations above are from Charles Fourier, Fernando Zalamea, Ellen Fullman, and M. NourbeSe Philip.



\*

say that you are here  
your feelings over there

to “navigate through  
pitch relationships”

you might establish  
an observatory of licks

flang sibling moons  
eggs moulting in space

shmooshy, from a time before survival,  
it’s still playing out here

unfolding jellyrolls  
flux stars with wet noses

your feelings respond well to noodles

\*

worming against ideas  
“legal language that compels” – magically  
to cast horizons

take the algal superhighway  
city elbows waterline  
a try where you expect a cloud  
loop back from duration

*snip!*  
*snap!*  
*snorum!*

\*

**Renee Gladman** is a poet, novelist, essayist, and artist. Her numerous publications include a series of novels about the city-state Ravicka; a book of essay-fictions, *Calamities*; a poetry collection, *A Picture-Feeling*; and the interdisciplinary artist monographs *Prose Architectures* and *One Long Black Sentence*.

**Nisha Ramayya** grew up in Glasgow and is currently based in London. Her collection *States of the Body Produced by Love* (2019) is published by Ignota Books.

[jufjuf.org](http://jufjuf.org)