

ANDREA BRADY

BOOK OF THE CITY OF LADIES

for my sisters

It is a seduction in which I do not know where the other is, and in which I therefore do not know what it would take to please her, and in which I therefore take the risk that my pleasure can also be hers: in other words, in which I can seduce the other only by relinquishing myself into my own art.

—Simon Jarvis, “Why Rhyme Pleases”

If of this woman only were remembered
she was useless in a firestorm,
as though she looked towards a sunless planet,
her motorized jaw green with mould.
Lost her nerve abuse go out she providing 1,265 kW she singing.
I think the speech went out of her at last.
I heard it as she woke.
She shifts her weight in the car seat,
she is proud to be the tiercel on his warm shaded wrist.
Awake at dawn with her Lament
a parliamentary career misrepresenting who she was
know all those outreaches of convex preserve her
pleasures but her hands are not so white
'for she her sex under this strange purport did hide'.
Lined up in a room and gassed with ethylene you come to her.
Good night, she says, behind the curtains, behind the windows.
She will auto-crucify in white
but will her speech also change?
Her voice was ever low, nil
you must be the voice she falls in love to categorically
piss on her falcon her guys.
She knocked back a late draught of radar and blinked
There is a sort of heaven in these, where she spits on it to lubricate

Before this 'T' took she floated lazily,
was certain as that greyscale orbit smile crush her.
She grabs his foot
As for her, well, really she was beautiful and fierce.
Then she tied her hooves behind her croup and did it again,
I wanted to fuck her dear dirty body most of the time.
She lay back disconnected.
I never knew what she meant then:
she climbs onto a barstool, wobbles a second, then
her eye talks up such split surprise to wake up this morning.
To well before delete she said
face rental flap to foreign tongues, her no one
light on her feet
she unfastened his sweet dick.
She, for there is a she, not love interest but sidelined friend,
lip hollows out the shoe that shapes her foot, dangling her inventory.
Today in drapes the skin of her breath hung in air stretched
I tried to buy her off with the pliers and oil but she declined, soiled pearl
I turned to her and said 'do you like this little earth'.
Particularly when, she agreed, you can rip up the air
I can see into her womb
Thick air cricks her furrowed nape behind little curls I pluck at
'That's Raw Data', she nods, 'Let's fucking eat'.
She rolled up a newspaper and started reading the Book of Genesis
through it like a megaphone into her stomach where I was,
she was caught in erotic darkness.
Little hurt who saw less inside, her throat
all we know heroic play up to her simple blank
how proud she is, how proud she is, how proud she is, how proud she is,
how proud she is,
she even try to fully grasp the rhythm sent over by the troops.
She is right. I heard the sound. I wanted an epigraph
wank her till the bath and I was filled with coins
she is the fulguration, the axis about whom endless birth of heart revolves
He may smile at her benevolently and say good morning and mean it
'Before you shoot the dog' she breathed 'make sure you know its master'
they rush in her veins and she clings to their scent

her Mid range joys holding the tune
imagination sighs nipple back and lick she in new brown shoes
her safe return into her Paris flat
close enough to bind on to the other free and blind to her obscurity
he reaches over to take from her sitting up
to remove parts of her consciousness
all the various bits moving and the one who addresses her present.
What could she beg, if high coin gave the sun no work in high Germany?
Here she was a vegetable I saw white light
In the immolation version England rubs her body
her synskin go-dope finger flex under phloem bundles
five passengers will set sail that she can hardly stand,
her junctures attested
The really beautiful woman who is yet to explain how I should fight to
retain Thatcher's rebate is now bent over into a suggestion about
how to prop up the euro
Unfortunately she is a lipreader and has learned more swear words than
ordinary words.
But she is an archangel
the hair of what she yesterday called your treasure trail dampens sensibly
milk's secrets she kept close by her in her
on the edge with them who bite her boy.
She noted that she had made a singularity out of events.
Rim coding at for was give her, leather customised too
sometimes a seed is necessary like flash in her mouth
She's the only one
her strangling must appear not to be your only way out but better hers
instead, as her face bulges, then it blushes
her motility chasing you down like dogs
Give her a break she will lift it
if I walk outside she will take me by the hand and I will continue
Wander home, she finds but a furred Saucer, vacant mould
Rockets wept when she slowed past them
Acting as she used to. She unpacked.
The pitchest night is her darkness
her heels wore scramjets
her blue arm turns in a supinate bend
under security lights she called out twice.

She would ask me to send her peppermint oil, tiaras and even David
Bowie's socks.
Comatose lovingly punctual Chiquita sleeps singing cigarettes patrol her.
She will one day require cybernetic enhancements to her fingers
A picture of somebody dying came on, and then Cheryl—something
about how her marriage was just breaking up.
Do not dare to name it, for she feels them in her self
flood into the body and when her secret is discovered, scratch.
What you really want is not to be the genitals fucking her ass, but to be
her, to own the ass and be entitled to withdraw it
because she said she fucked it like that.
She goes down the slope, and covered in snow
a digital woman speaking through her handkerchief who announces
her stop
she had the only eyes had ever been
luxuriously she performed some oral data generated in a scream.
Who can see what falls if her ear is clamped to numbers,
I believed she was Olympic. Then she only went and died on me. You
know she's still my cub though for good.
you know she She is for my only life impossible
in show yellow hijinx, bless her
Her shadow in channel as were so causing
the word is only what her cocked foot kicks to touch
key-fobs rubbed out from her flat territory into food stamps
and scattered she is brighter now
one self that is generally just dejected (she belongs to "who" more).
you could not compare with other eyes.
And she arose: turned glowing from her MRI
she clings and bats away from her body
she swallows you bent on sigatoka
she may be tied up in a Fallujah basement in nothing but a hood, toe
separators and a face dildo
She came from the little yellow light.
See, she said, and now watch this, and she fluttered up her hind legs into
a safety knot
in harmonic flash-forward, she capers out, and falls.
She writes in prose never tempted by temptation of poem on the light
balls at the bottom of her highness.

Dangling in nests by the hills sending love to her
what would she cannot
she closed her footsteps, her dress.
Henry fails to detect through the dark suck-hold of her latex Marsilio
Ficino mask
lust clipped her brake cable and wing tips
first tried fucking with her firsts while
shame is her swimsuit-round manifesto
she gardens, reads, works on languages,
what she is insinuating you employ her to project is hard to specify
She was a wrecked together mother (it always did my head in).
A woman near me says—and I believe her—‘These people are really nuts’
the cool equivalents of the idylls we rode her on
in pale silk lets her long skirt sweep round soon
what did she do next but yet again void the predictable blurb of foam
intestine
She is my friend, as well as you, and all to Love in thrall
She imagines someone enters her head
you must make her love you
far from her bodycheck
Her disembodied voice wears Yuri Gagarin as a t-shirt, pregnant
a matron measures the agony with her model Greek trinket
pith colony caught her eyes in dust symphonic
like geography to come and make a mountain of her perfect
oh I loved her sae well
she acts up like an emasculated Emu
in her hypnopompic pseudohallucination on the surgical transference
of her own clitoris and its ego
Her breath went up toward him a little before it disappeared
she who Shouldering her load, pounds sago
Her state’s law is strengthened by cattlebirds
Metronomial cunt-horse is what I
Put down her drink and ran to the front.
With a winnowing rod, she pushes & shores
petals from her broken mouth pixelate to safety.
The made way she leaps off to unthread the sun’s
spores I saw her so peaceful

she flicks my clit like a fag butt glittering
If the bride has all she needs to feel that she is such
she drowns us with it all she drowns us she drowns us with her absurd
communication.
With her to the town centre and shopping passionately erect and tiny
singing through spit stream off her chin so
the lips of the earth, the breast and eyes attest we mean extraction.
How shine when she turbo cannot, gear itch up?
If her eye appears as a board's weak point, befalling underneath her
own sheltering form?
As if she was an outside reader incapable of making head.
She is using up the world's cool checking her bad self,
is it waiting for touch is it eat her all out salt window tumble?
Her body is mealtickets for you.
It's not a dream, she shouts, it's a Sabaism.
She is never hurt, not even when I am most completely screaming,
because she seems—instead?—philosophical
Her bluebrown grip her colossal impact her exquisite probabilities
realised or not
here, at the start; she moves & she moves quickly, if we put quickness down
sandstorm legions ranged under banner to execute her gracenote.
She has developed the new karate
'to the imminent danger of her life' pulled
arson wakes up she sees vanilla blue
told her the great she was she, like great.
What else could she have been,
she holds the stairway silently, and turns just then
for her so far flows list return attract same kneeling,
she knows that too,
she used to eat with her hands a lot, counted steps with her eyes closed.
There are some porn films in which a woman is only fucked in the ass
They turned up the intercom in baby's room but could not make out
the objects beneath her breath
He gives her a grass-green ribbon for her hair.
Floor affecting she knows he'll go
How could she know the foreign sleeve you trailed?
Whether meat or textile, was she through? No.

She was rumoured to be slightly mad anyway, but after seven years
on St. Kilda she was quite definitely completely mad.
The early prince licked her all over
where I used to be with my dog & she would kick out
to elite mauve silt her pink antiaircraft.
I don't know who she is or what she amounted to
she drifted past the monitor
but her room was too bright for sound, swallowed
she exhales, and in the depth of seize
Saw you pig the Lilly toy with worse when she could have insisted
the best because of her hate?
You press her, and as you are looking at this she begins to calm you
we went down with the clothing hard, she falls blackly into the trifle.