

I GOT LOST / I GOT DELETED

*A Response to Covered in Time and
History: The Films of Ana Mendieta*

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for those who were taken too soon

I GOT LOST / I GOT DELETED

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like carve a w/hole into the wall
rub against the surface - speak my
name
out loud every time you apply more ink to your palm
i am in the red in the bucket
i am in the red on your palm
i am in the red pasted against the face of the wall

There

Is

A Devil

Inside ME

THERE IS A DEATH THAT HAUNTS THESE STREETS

WALK AWAY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

THERE IS A HAUNTING IN THE WAY

I RUB RED ON MY SKIN

THERE IS A HAUNTING IN THE WAY

I RUB RED ON THE INSIDE OF MY LEGS

THERE IS A HAUNTING ON THE INSIDE

I TRY TO EXTERIORIZE

THERE IS A THICKNESS IN RED

U CAN ONLY FEEL IF YOU TOUCH ME, RED ON SKIN

THERE IS BOTH A CALMNESS & AN URGENCY
IN THE WAY I WANT TO COVER MY ENTIRE SELF
IN THIS WAY I LEAVE THE GREEN SCREEN PARTS BLANK LIKE
IF I BECOME UNCOVERED FROM THE RED

THE SPACE LEFT BLANK
WILL
BE
DELETED

I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL
I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL B/C I KNOW SOMEDAY
I WILL BE DELETED
I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL B/C
I CAN FEEL HOW LOST I AM &
I WANT TO REMEMBER HOW I GOT HERE

SHE GOT
LOST/LOVE

SHE GOT LOVE
SHE GOT LOST
SHE GOT DELETED

I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL
IN HOPES I CAN BE FOUND AGAIN
I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL
IN HOPES I WILL BE UNCOVERED
I RUB MESSAGES INTO THE WALL

///////

IF I STARE LONG ENOUGH I PRAY I WON'T SEE A FIGURE
TAKE THE SUBJECT OUT OF THE FRAME
WHAT'S LEFT
AN EMPTY FRAME
OR A LOST SUBJECT
OR THE SMELL OF YOUR FRIEND'S SHINY BLACK HAIR
BURNING TURNING INTO WISPS
MAYBE THIS IS NOT THE THING
BUT IT FEELS BETTER TO FEEL THAN TO NOT
SO TRAUMATIC RE-REMEMBERING
IS WHERE I'M HEADED WITH THIS

///////

THX ALIENATION/ANONYMITY FOR THE
PASSERBY

THX CROOKED SIDEWALK SQUARES FOR
CONTAINMENT

DON'T STOP

U GOTTA GET 2 WORK

NOTICING & NOT SEEING ARE
TWO DIFFERENT THINGS

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FORCING ITSELF OUT LIKE A SPIRIT
I WAIT FOR AN EXIT
I WAIT FOR RELIEF
THAT FAILS TO ARRIVE

I WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO NOTICE

I WAIT TO BE STAINED BY EXPERIENCE
BUT NEVER TIRED

I WAIT FOR THIS SHOCK TO STOP

I WAIT TO FEEL SOMETHING NEW LIKE

EXPERIENCING SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME BUT I
KNOW I CANNOT BE REREMEMBERED

I KNOW THE BODY CANNOT
FORGET TRAUMA

BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACCESS IT
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO GET BACK

THERE & I KNOW I AM AFRAID 2

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THE PARALLEL BETWEEN BODY & EARTH

I DIG A W/HOLE TO FEEL ENCLOSURE
I DIG A W/HOLE TO FIND CONTAINMENT FOR THE PARTS
OF MYSELF DRIBBLING OUT OF THE
BUILDING & ACROSS THE SIDEWALK
I DIG A W/HOLE TO FIND A DARKNESS
I CAN FALL ASLEEP WITHIN
I DIG A W/HOLE & THEN BLOW IT UP
SO THAT I MIGHT FIT ALL OF
MY PARTS INTO IT
EVEN THE STUFF DRIBBLING OUT ACROSS THE SIDEWALK
I NEED TO FIND
ALL OF MY PARTS
FIRST
BEFORE I KNOW IF I WILL FIT INTO IT
I DIG A W/HOLE IN THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN
BUT I CAN'T EVEN REACH IT
I DIG A W/HOLE IN THE GROUND IN THE SHAPE OF MYSELF
BUT I STILL CANNOT STUFF MYSELF INSIDE OF IT
I DIG A W/HOLE MAYBE BIG ENOUGH BUT WHEN I LEFT
TO GO LOOK FOR THE REST OF MY PARTS I COULD NOT
FIND MY WAY BACK TO IT
I FOUND THE TRAIL OF DIRT BACK TO THE W/HOLE
BUT I KEPT DROPPING MY PARTS ALONGSIDE IT
I SEE SMOKE & THINK I HAVE FOUND MY WAY BACK
BUT I STEP CLOSER & FIND MY OUTLINE HAS DISAPPEARED
& I AM LOSING MY PARTS FASTER & FASTER &
IT IS BECOMING HARDER & HARDER TO
REPLACE THEM
THE BROKEN PARTS OF MY OUTLINE SIT DOWN ON THE
DIRT & WAIT TO RECONNECT BACK INTO EACH OTHER
I JUST HOPE THERE IS ENOUGH OF ME LEFT

oh you know, dig me out
so i might climb inside
so i can split apart my ribs & lay down FLAT

what's beyond the screen / what's beyond the scene

THE INTERRUPTION VS BLOCKADE

WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE DISRUPTION?

BEYOND THE F L A S H P O I N T

WATER SNAKE

OIL SLICK

OIL SNAKE

WATER SLICK

SLICK SURFACE

CAN U EVEN STAND UP ANYMORE

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR LEGS?

WHERE DID U LEAVE THEM

IS IT TOO LATE

WHAT DISFIGUREMENT IS THIS

WHAT DISFIGUREMENT IS LEFT

MY FACE IS TWISTED BEHIND ME BUT I'M STILL NOT
LOOKING BACK I'M TRYING TO SEE

WHAT'S LEFT

OF MY BODY

I'M TRYING TO SEE

ALL THAT'S LEFT OF MY BODY

HAS IT ALL TURNED TO SAND ALREADY?

I LOOK BACK I TRY TO SEE WHAT'S
LEFT OF ME
I LOOK BACK I TRY TO SEE WHAT'S
L E F T
I LOOK BACK I TRY TO SEE
HOW I FORGOT
I LOOK BACK I TRY TO SEE
WHAT I LEFT OUT
I LOOK BACK I TRY TO SEE
WHAT I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW

I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT
I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT
I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT
& HOPE OTHERS NOTICE IT TOO
I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT
& SUDDENLY REALIZE I AM BUILT OUT OF PARTS I FOUND
WHILE OUT DIGGING W/HOLES
THAT I WANTED TO FIT INTO
PARTS THAT I FOUND ON THE

CITY SIDEWALK
TREES TOO BARE & DRY
SLUDGEY BEACH W/ SOFT SAND
BUILDING WALL
FULL LENGTH MIRROR
TRAIN YARD
CRACK IN THE EARTH
RAINY MOUNTAINS
DESERT DUST

I

HOPE

OTHERS

WILL

NOTICE

MY

DISFIGUREMENT

TOO

I CRAWL INSIDE & PRAY I WON'T
FIND MY WAY OUT

I CRAWL INSIDE & COLLAPSE MY BONES
JUST SO I CAN FIT

I CRAWL INSIDE & DON'T EXPECT TO
FIND MY WAY OUT

I CRAWL INSIDE & EXPECT THE COOL OF THE CAVE TO FEEL
COLD AGAINST MY SKIN

I EXPECT TO FEEL A CONTRAST

INSTEAD OF COOL & SMOOTH IT IS WARM AND SCRATCHY
AGAINST MY STOMACH

I DIG MY FINGERS INTO IT TO CLAW SOMETHING OUT IN
HOPES I'LL FIND A COOLNESS TO SINK
IN TO / BENEATH

I THROW MYSELF OUT OF THE CAVE & INTO THE WATER
BUT THE SURFACE IS HARD

I CURL UP ON THE SURFACE & HOPE I SINK & THAT
EVERYONE ELSE ON THE SURFACE CAN FEEL IT—THE
WEIGHT OF ME SINKING THROUGH—SLIPPING THROUGH
THE SURFACE

BREAKING BARRIERS

SHAKING DOWN THE MAGNETISM B/W THINGS THAT ARE
ALL THE SAME STRUCTURE

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES

& BEGINS TO OVERTAKE ME

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES

& LEAVES ME CHANGED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES
& THE RESIDUE OF THE TRANSFORMATION REMAINS
CAKED ALONG MY OUTLINES THE
SMOKE CONSUMED EVERYTHING I DIDN'T NEED ANYMORE

THE PART OF MY OUTLINE THAT WAS BARELY ATTACHED
ANYWAY

THE SMOKE CAME THROUGH & OVERTOOK THEM, THE
EXTRA

THE CHEMICAL PROCESS OF TRANSFORMATION HAS ITS
EFFECTS

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & DISAPPEARS ME
TEMPORARILY

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN M Y OUTLINES & DESTROYS ME

UNTIL I AM

DISFIGURED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & DISFIGURES ME
UNTIL I AM TRANSFORMED

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & TRANSFORMS ME
UNTIL I BECOME A NEW SELF

THE SMOKE RUNS DOWN MY OUTLINES & TRANSFORMS ME
UNTIL I AM

WINGED

/////

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM FLAT AMONGST THE OTHER RUINS

I AM FLAT B/C I AM
COVERED IN GREY ROCKS

I AM FLAT BUT I BREATHE ANYWAY

I BREATHE I AM CONTORTED I BREATHE I AM CONTORTED
I BREATHE I AM CONTROLLED I BREATHE I AM STILL

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I AM RED

I AM WINGED

I BUBBLE UP IN THE SUN

I SINK INTO THE EARTH

MY DETAILS COME WITH ME

THEY ARE SHARP & THEY ARE SWEEPING

I STORE MY DETAILS IN THE EARTH ALONG WITH THE REST
OF MY OUTLINES

////

I CAN HEAR THE PALM OF YR HAND DRAG ALONG THE
WALL RED INK GETTING TRAPPED BETWEEN YR FINGERS

I DRAG MY HANDS DOWN FROM ABOVE MY HEAD ALONG-
SIDE EACH OTHER—THEY DON'T ALWAYS CATCH AT THE
SAME PLACE / ALONG THE DRAG

BLOOD SIGN / BLOOD INSIDE / BLOOD OUTSIDE

DIG / DISFIGUREMENT / OUTLINES / CARVE / CRAVE

LEAVE BEHIND

DARK & DISFIGURED

CLIMB

INSIDE

A SCREEN IN THE GREEN

A GREEN SCREEN

HORROR MOVIE RED

PROJECTED INTO THE TREE TRUNK

THIS

SHOULD NOT

BE HARD ON

YR

BODY

ABOVE & BELOW

INSIDE & OUTSIDE

CLIMBING IN

FALLING OUT

MY HEAD IS TWISTED BUT I'M STILL NOT LOOKING BACK
BUT IT'S STILL NOT TIME TO GO THROUGH I'M STILL

PARTWAY SUBMERGED

IN THE WRONG STILL

I'M STILL PARTWAY SUBMERGED

IN THE WRONG SET OF OUTLINES

I'M STILL

PARTWAY SUBMERGED IN THE WRONG WORLD

I LOOK UPON MY OWN DISFIGUREMENT &

SINK

ALL

THE

WAY

THROUGH

/////

Rest in Power

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