

1: Tattoosday (A Tattoo Blog): April

In the second segment of "Tattoos," J.D. McClatchy writes of the skin's place as both prophet and mask (its own kind of prophet) of identity, calling out or hiding the identity that is, or that one wishes to be.

The Tattooed Poets Project: What follows is my favorite of those pieces: The poem is below, with the lines extracted for the tattoo highlighted: Look how white everything is, how quiet, how snowed-in I am learning peacefulness, lying by myself quietly As the light lies on these white walls, this bed, these hands. I am nobody; I have nothing to do with explosions. I have given my name and my day-clothes up to the nurses And my history to the anaesthetist and my body to surgeons. They have propped my head between the pillow and the sheet-cuff Like an eye between two white lids that will not shut. Stupid pupil, it has to take everything in. The nurses pass and pass, they are no trouble, They pass the way gulls pass inland in their white caps, Doing things with their hands, one just the same as another, So it is impossible to tell how many there are. My body is a pebble to them, they tend it as water Tends to the pebbles it must run over, smoothing them gently. They bring me numbness in their bright needles, they bring me sleep. Now I have lost myself I am sick of baggage My patent leather overnight case like a black pillbox, My husband and child smiling out of the family photo; Their smiles catch onto my skin, little smiling hooks. I have let things slip, a thirty-year-old cargo boat Stubbornly hanging on to my name and address. They have swabbed me clear of my loving associations. Scared and bare on the green plastic-pillowed trolley I watched my teaset, my bureaus of linen, my books Sink out of sight, and the water went over my head. I am a nun now, I have never been so pure. How free it is, you have no idea how free The peacefulness is so big it dazes you, And it asks nothing, a name tag, a few trinkets. It is what the dead close on, finally; I imagine them Shutting their mouths on it, like a Communion tablet. The tulips are too red in the first place, they hurt me. Even through the gift paper I could hear them breathe Lightly, through their white swaddlings, like an awful baby. Their redness talks to my wound, it corresponds. Nobody watched me before, now I am watched. The tulips turn to me, and the window behind me Where once a day the light slowly widens and slowly thins, And I see myself, flat, ridiculous, a cut-paper shadow Between the eye of the sun and the eyes of the tulips, And I have no face, I have wanted to efface myself. The vivid tulips eat my oxygen. Before they came the air was calm enough, Coming and going, breath by breath, without any fuss. Then the tulips filled it up like a loud noise. Now the air snags and eddies round them the way a river Snags and eddies round a sunken rust-red engine. They concentrate my attention, that was happy Playing and resting without committing itself. The walls, also, seem to be warming themselves. The tulips should be behind bars like dangerous animals; They are opening like the mouth of some great African cat, And I am aware of my heart: The water I taste is warm and salt, like the sea, And comes from a country far away as health. One of my oldest friends, Ryan Falcon, just happens to be a talented artist, so I took him a tiny line drawing of some tulips and a copy of the poem with the selected lines highlighted and told him to go to it. The only stencil he used was for the words. He drew a rough outline of the bulbs, but everyth ing else was free-handed. This piece is on my inner left calf. It is, in my opinion, the best of the tattoos she sent me. However, I may post more in the future, with her permission. It should be noted that the artist behind this tattoo, the aforementioned Ryan Falcon , is based in Miami, Florida and works at Almost Famous Tattoo. Truly spectacular, and worth a second look: Head over to BillyBlog to read one of her poems here.

2: The Best American Poetry - Wikipedia

The virtuosic "Tattoos" meditates on why we decorate the body's surface, while other poems plunge daringly Here, in a series of stunning poems, J. D. McClatchy examines the first hazmat we all encounter: our own bodies.

3: Hazmat by J. D. McClatchy | www.enganchecubano.com

McClatchy comments: "Poems in their own way -- ornamenting the white page -- are tattoos: Their ink at its most precise

TATTOOS J.D. MCCLATCHY pdf

can draw blood and make a moment endure. We admire tattoos, as we value poems, equally for their respect of convention and their impulse toward innovation."

4: Dorothy Parker's elbow : tattoos on writers, writers on tattoos (Book,) [www.enganchecubano.com]

And join us next week for the readings from J.D. McClatchy's "Tattoos" to Eliot Wilson's "Designing a Bird from Memory in Jack's Skin Kitchen" (pp.). Photo by Luis Hernandez, Creative Commons license via Flickr.

5: Nonfiction Book Review: HAZMAT by J. D. McClatchy, Author . Knopf \$23 (96p) ISBN

About J. D. McClatchy. J. D. McClatchy (b.) was the author of eight collections of poetry and three collections of prose. He edited numerous other books, including The Vintage Book of Contemporary American Poetry, and wrote a number of opera libretti that have been performed.

6: Dorothy Parker's elbow : tattoos on writers, writers on tattoos (eBook,) [www.enganchecubano.com]

*Hazmat [J. D. McClatchy] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. HAZMAT, meaning "hazardous material, " is an abbreviation familiar from signs at the entrances to long dark tunnels or on the sides of suspicious containers.*

7: in literature - Wikipedia

HAZMAT, meaning "hazardous material," is an abbreviation familiar from signs at the entrances to long dark tunnels or on the sides of suspicious containers. Here, in a series of stunning poems, J. D. McClatchy examines the first hazmat we all encounter: our own bodies.

8: Bernard F. Connors Prize for Poetry - Wikipedia

J. D. McClatchy "Tattoos" Salon, November Pissed on mai tais, what harm Join the writers and staff of The Paris Review at our next event. Store.

9: The Best American Poetry , Guest Edited by Robert Hass

The Best American Poetry , a volume in The Best American Poetry series, was edited by David Lehman and by guest editor Robert Hass.

The Routledge International Companion to Critical Education Cats I have known and loved On some faraway beach Adhesive technology Famous orchestral composers Rokujouma no shinryakusha volume 23 Mycenaean palace at Knossos Being Up-To-Date for the Rebuilding of the Temple Down Peaceful Paths (Down Peaceful Paths) History of the New York stage from the first performance in 1732 to 1901 The thoracic level The Corrupt Kingdom Structure of the education training systems in the Sahel The Kennedy Literature The distance to Venus, and other stories Animals in Danger (Earth Awareness) Reference Guide to Fantastic Films Articles on anger management Beginning logic lemmon Part one : Introduction to nursing research. Feng shui for dummies Seeds and cuttings Learning chess step 2 Dolls [Sic in Fiction Art and craft books When i am dead my dearest critical analysis Non-relativistic quantum dynamics Aboriginal plant collectors Cognitive blindspots: bloopers and blunders Proletarian performance in Weimar Berlin Cloud Computing Explained I ask every Briton Best of Woodsmoke The Art Science of JavaScript Apartheids festival New GL accounting The Man From Savannah The Death of Sigmund Freud Appendix: how to study ancient Egypt. The lakes of Pontchartrain