Jill Magi’s text-image projects document border-crossings between the body and public space, and between ideologies inscribed and experience as it is lived. Her projects combine research with the following forms: poetry, fiction, the essay, drawing, photography, and collage. She is the author of SLOT (forthcoming, Ugly Duckling Presse), Torchwood (Shearsman), Threads (Futurepoem), as well as the chapbooks Furlough/Die for Love (Ed. Press), Poetry Barn Barn! (2nd Avenue), Cadastral Map (Portable Press at Yo-Yo Labs), and numerous small, handmade books. Her essays have been anthologized in The Eco-Language Reader (Portable Press/Nightboat Books) and Letters to Poets (Saturnalia Books), and visual works have been exhibited at the Textile Arts Center, the Brooklyn Arts Council Gallery, the International Meeting of Visual Poetry, apexart, and Pace University. She is currently an artist-in-residence at the Textile Arts Center in Brooklyn, New York, and was a writer-in-residence with Lower Manhattan Cultural Council in 2006–07. Jill teaches at Goddard College and runs Sona Books, a chapbook press. For her small press work, she was recognized by Poets & Writers Magazine as one of the 50 most inspiring authors in 2010.
Cadastral Map

Jill Magi

Shearsman Books
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This book is for my mother
Cadastral Map
shadow cast by text
or shadow-text come to light

pushing our paved roads
through the last silence then

What is Missing in the
Picture?

a whole world lying outside
the brackets returns to

haunt the narrowed
page
a white thin cloud
at both ends of the book
numbers of pages have been
cut or torn out flying
sunshiny shower my heart
originally
our hearts
and interleaved
thin pink
blotting paper still
there eighteen times
in odd spaces the word amen
Dear Sir,

The tree nodded to its fall
and the bird was flung from

her nest; and, though her
parental affection deserved

a better fate, was whipped down
by the twigs, which brought her

dead to the ground!
(Letter [   ])
foreboding dark melting
the mind produces

movement at the wildlife
viewing area over meadow

soft is the songbird
foregrounding a pregnant

forest (dusky conditions
being best)   Why Look at

Animals?   our wild mirror
nature written never

to return
to the soft illegible
[ [         ] ] initial letters of

seventeen lines left on the stub of the cut-out page

[[         ]] substantially used

D.’s night-sky description in his poem [[         ]] & [[         ]]

two or three preliminary amens to test the sharpened end of her quill pen
timber vs.
trash-trees

roots
thatch

underbrush
vs. balance sheet

bedding
vines

row crops vs. weeds
saps for resins

kindling
hop poles

prose map    many pages
cut

a door and window tax
leads to fewer openings
a word
drops
to the bottom
into the central fold
of her notebook beneath
fodder mosses
Waldsterben he has
omitted this phrase and
the entire entry
if possibly I could escape
all other animals

I could not those of the
human kind

not knowing the way I must
perish in the woods

thus was I like the hunted
deer

hearing frequent rustlings
among the leaves

I at length
quitted the thicket
Dear Sir,

But the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it, and is touched with the feelings of gratitude!
(Letter XIII)
for fructification
havock among you

a border life
rabid and howling

cleare sunshine
of the gospel

fiery
flying serpents