A Hope More Violent Than Any Despair

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A HOPE MORE VIOLENT
than
ANY DESPAIR

by ELINOR HENDRICKS
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O. THE FOOL
The space is yellow and the door is easy exit, easy enter, easy frame; there is no need for windows, this has only just been made.

There was a way to begin. Is there a way to begin. Once, there was a, on top of time, there was something. In a land long and small, there was someone. A little, an old, a creature, a home. There was beginning, but you dream before you reach the end. Once you reach for the first letters, your tongue falls into youth, waiting for someone to tell you which shirt to wear, but you want to choose your own, but you will wait along the edge of the circle. Leap off time into the morning and forget the night before and the night that comes. Doesn't that first sentence burn the tip of your tongue like sugar, like lemon;
I begin with no sounds, it makes no sense to make them Delirium of turquoise. Dogs leaning against your knees hold your throat together.

I.THE MAGICIAN
Here there are ovals, softnesses and floor, walls malleable and waiting. The space is yellow and the door is easy exit, easy enter, easy frame; there is no need for windows, this has only just been made.
Settle your tongue on the yellow, move to the red, the velvet, of ability. You can design now, you can mold yourself into power.

Articulate the two directions; snakes and feathers melted down to gold.

Doesn't that first sentence burn the tip of your tongue like sugar, like lemon;

I have been watching clouds tie themselves into knots. I have been watching. I wave into windows and watch bandanas slip in sweat. I have been watching. I have been watching seeds before they are planted and fires before they are burning. I have been watching. I have been watching my fingers and toes grow longer out of want.

I began with no sounds, it made no sense to me to make them if the second they become, they must be slept to, known to, they become living in shattering, living in them and they spread.
II. THE HIGH PRIESTESS
There is a pool that stretches down and reveals the ceiling, now open. There is the smell of hills and warm closed in walls. A low ceiling and beds of grain. There is no light, but there is something you used to know in this place. The space is yellow and the door is easy exit, easy enter, easy frame; there is no need for windows, this has only just been made. Clean again, it all runs out again.

You are fed.
It is okay to feed yourself in bed, to pay attention to each breath rising beside you. You can hear every creak, every tongue that strokes the walls—because you want to know.

You get to know now, here now, that your body, too, leaks rust. Your gut fills with sense. You have a right to them now. It will happen: First slowly, then faster, then it will be done.

You want to be the only one who sees, the only one who reads, but there are acts of attention that burrow into earth, that stick into skin.

Reverse the rain.

Doesn’t that first sentence burn the tip of your tongue

I cannot get past the beginning
Of jars and leaves and things. That I save
The emptiness. That my skin wakes
With eyes, snow, blanks, stars

Sour strawberry.
III. THE EMPRESS
There is the smell of hills and warm closed in walls. A low ceiling and beds of grain. Clean again, it all runs out again.

Look. Look at the star that blooms from the top of you. It makes the deep so much warmer.

Sour strawberry.

You are fed. You untie the knots you tried yourself into, the contractions that lay against your sternum. But you know how to fill the anything you’ve lost.

Press your face into the pillow of the earth and smother needs, carry fruits, bring sweets to other mouths. Don’t they love it. Don’t they need it more than you. Still, you are fed.

Let her go beneath trees, dry velvet and flame. You are generously soft and as seductive as a stream.

Do you remember the first time you felt cotton sheets, the first time you had bread. Tasting the lace of yeast in your mouth, in your stomach.
Fill the doll with water until you learn to keep arms and legs and shirts and shoes dry. Empty with your hands until you realize no one has and they want. Pluck flowers and watch your time. There is the whole moon in a pillowcase, a silver extracted. Until it roots anew, it all goes and goes and hardens you.

I feel your freckles but want to
Know with no consequence how
you learned to keep yourself

Unsmooth, give me a fingernail
And I will tell
You about the petals

All over the yard and the bloody
Chicken in my dog’s mouth and how you
Hold my lungs between your teeth here now

IV. THE EMPEROR
A door of perfect degrees that sends out echoes, sands down softness.
Grip the list you've made, to the dawn and the dusk. Every day is, and should be, the same distance from the next. You eat the sun and offer it to the eagle that watches from the streetlamp. You can let your neck lie loose, you are rigid and it radiates—stay focused. If you collate the decay, remember where it came from, mark the lines it crossed, circle what you kept forgetting, clean your rut until it glistens and opens up. Grease your bones and move.

Don't relax; just count and herd. Your eyes are still comets.

What does it take to stand still next to anyone. You would call it lovingly. He lights up red and blue and pulls you over to the side. Your mother pays him and that is their courtship. You resent him for making her prove she can walk straight; she hates when you stray. She keeps unlawful dispositions on the surface of the town. You would call it faithfully. The spider in your heart plays the guitar as if to nurseries, as if to anoint the healthy. There is so much effort in departure, especially swimming.

V. THE HIEROPHANT
Stones that belong and have allowed themselves dug out.
There was the beginning and there is the middle and there is a peak and a fall and an end. You know where to go and where you belong. The history and the length of a day.

You have heard every sound, you know what letters mean, what yarn means, what pictures mean.

Now you are ready to repeat, to tell and repeat, the stories, the letters, to weave and repeat, the shapes, the songs, to fill the space with everything that has been and will be.

VI. THE LOVERS
There is the line that marks horizon and it cleaves paintings on the walls. So many places to sink in.
The mirror seems to hold too many to count, you split and come together again. Skin grafts to paper and wipes clean the bloody names.

Isn't it wonderful to notice another's neurons, to know where the stimulus lies.

Dilute and choose the mountain that takes you to the sea.

We must balance our reflections of each other. A presence in the stomach, so sharp it is violet.

Your hair sends roots down your back and drips and burns/I can tolerate them but not their deaths/You get it (sometimes) when you can't hold it in and you loosen and her face moves in/You can say whatever you want/That subsection of water is a paper cut when you light up/In that house you moved into there was exposed fiberglass and it isn't safe and it isn't soft and it is sugar and it is dust/When I was younger than I am old now laying down on chalky chests with no sense of passing/Say it softly/You flick and you film what you have but don't want to give

VII. THE CHARIOT
Slip through, do not rest here. A door of perfect degrees that sends out echoes, sands down softness.
Push your head against the water, please, burrow further on course. You are a crustaceous bird, you look directly at the sun and follow.

I’ll tell the truth but in stumble. Hands damp grass. I saw her on the bus. Reaching out with pink-purple nails, sticks of gum on offer. People pay with coins and slip the shadow in to cover coffee. Her eyes feel machine beneath.

What would happen if you let feathers grow out of your pores; cooperate in your movement.

_Grease your bones and move._

VIII. STRENGTH
The melt that draws the temperature in, it’s all held together here.
Hold the rocking world and stay held. Let the apple push down your body until it roots. You are minerals and metals, allow yourself the heat and stretch.

Articulate.

Swim in the ocean with me. See that I can rip up my feet in this cold water. How I stand among all the other life. Did you know I can be around other life. It feels wrong to stand on the bed without sinking, walking on.

Dilute and choose the mountain that takes you to the sea.

IX. THE HERMIT
There is only no one else.
Gray, quiet, gray quiet. Of stone of peace until the candle sinks and sloughs off its old skin. There is a deer waiting for daisies and spoons. Wrap yourself in husks, begin to speak.

I do not look I go I keep I don’t
Do not to lose but do to lose to
Gain to more than was or once
The oils are more, and then: I am.
Gray builds lashes. And somewhere
In the follicle I see glass, sometimes
In my moments, I see retreat.

X. WHEEL OF FORTUNE
Come through one, go out many more. There are riddles like this place.
Or bend back around to touch your heels. Maybe your spine can cycle through days, cling to each section, each subsection. Seeing stars takes time.

Fondly, receive
in the manual that was not
I envy
that lies
in the hot
of the unpearled
wise
are what I miss, I used to know
by their arms reaching me. I followed you and your
into the
we found
and waited for them to dry, not
I am a
in the mirror
that makes me feel close to the mirror in your,
in the
bathroom I tasted the itchiness of
between learning there is something that rushes
away the dry or acid
or glass I love, and the fiery,
is a sign that I am
I am incapable of being.
XI. JUSTICE
See every inch, every pebble, see correctness.

When you think too much about eyes, they are all over; in the desert and listen to wind. Honest painting is difficult without difficulty. With blues and whites and yellows weigh the hearts of the dead.

A lack of mouth can lead to wider pupils and reliance on trust; weight.

There is no reason for the door frame. In the morning there is no reason for a morning—because of night. Because of night. Because there is a window that you open, that you close. Because the room you sweep and need again is there and you can sweep and need again. Strictly, strictly lovely, lovely.
XII. THE HANGED MAN
Here, nothing is where it was left. It has been. Holes, objects eaten through.

Wait: pools in your eyes and nose and fingers. See: lack of cardinality when the light burns the sea.

Mountains drape themselves over your shoulders and push you into crust and solidity. I see you settling back into the chair, draped, letting nothing ever wait for you.
A squirrel with a mouse in its mouth with what cleans it and makes it easier to construct the thing.
The something that it all is.

XIII. DEATH
Chairs that held things, tables that were walls, clothes used as blankets.
1. Patch your jacket—use the fabric from your bed sheets. The ones you haven’t washed, but still can. Leave buttons out to dry in the sun and sand your splintery floors.

2. Leave nails, lashes, cells, and hairs in every place that you remember, in every room you slept and sleep in. What you are with no memory.

3. You can refuse food and water but can’t choose dignity yet. You can do everything to keep your mind alive and still dissolve.

Fondly, receive nothing in the manual that was not fated. I envy the animal that lies, lethargic, in the hot dryness of the unpearled petals; wise fronds are what I miss, I used to know ferns by their arms reaching me. I followed you and your dog into the woods, we found gasoline and a guidebook and waited for them to dry, not fated. I am a child in the mirror of the sunrise that makes me feel close to the mirror in your bathroom, in the church bathroom I tasted the itchiness of rebirth. Between learning there is something that rushes away the dry eyes I love, and the fiery, yellowish is a sign that I am full, I am incapable of being cleared up, of being paper.
XIV. TEMPERANCE
Now that there is floating, a balance without effort, the clouds look painted and are.

Let each side weigh you down, let each moment last the same. Follow breath into your legs.

Spit, salt, foaming, still, lovely, shells
Here and he sang to me: you are dead now.

Is it a matter of
you letting me or
me letting you.
XV. THE DEVIL
A exactness that watches from the ground, a poppy seed beauty.

Throats and bitten hands lead to moments after fever. Choke and now pry. Pry the excess knots.

No one else uses the phone like this. Stone is obsolete and everything. You are the car, you are avoiding. On fast roads, he is fast, faster than any rest he gets. Let me in to knowing all the things I fall on. Let them waste, waste their cash on something pretty, on something fun.

Smoke, without carbonation—good enough to soak your feet in it. Sweat, its night, wants the ocean and the glow, it wants the way it tastes when sucked through straws. Popping candies shovel into molars. You want to fall asleep with the television on.
XVI. THE TOWER
Steps are uneven here, they move here, and throw things.

Flattened tree rings in the earth. You don't light anything, you can't hold anything anymore.

Absence is where what you had is now. It agitates itself, and falls and falls.
I am something to have later so
I will go to where she grew down south
Keep ripping up quilts and jewelry
I can see the house she is dead now

She got caught drinking in a ditch in a state of flatness. You know what straw is because the tractor pulls you along; because it is your blanket and so there is no use in trying to leave your curling shell and weave yourself into the public, not in this sunlight. Imagine her in a room with no water, it doesn't matter what color the walls are. Get nothing from your breathing but you can sew the outside into gaps now.
XVII. THE STAR
Clean again, it all runs out again. There is the line that marks horizon
and it cleaves paintings on the walls. So many places to sink in.

Imagine a book made of silk in a bed of soft mirrors that hold the light
and the good of the day close to your skin.

You split and come together again.
Stretch the crocus, this thin
will it keep
keep going until it is
an unusual height, chewing on
sour strawberry

XVIII. THE MOON
There is no light, but there is something you used to know in this place.
A last door; choice. Steps are uneven here, they move here, and throw things. Clean again, it all runs out again.

If it does matter, the walls would be blue because she hopes they would be. Walls are never exactly your favorite color. Blue is always sky and water and wonders why it can never be anything else. If that is all that’s outside; it’s not much to stuff a lung with.
Cry in the bathroom stall and make your eyes like the cracks in the door. There is something in what you don’t remember about your dream that keeps you alive.

*Resurrection.*

Reverse rain and scorpion eyes. It is addicting to descend.

*The good of the day close to your skin.*

Stretch the crocus, this thin
will it keep
keep going until it is
an unusual height, chewing on
sour strawberry
stems from birth, continue,
continue until there is space to lie
and stay until the sparrow
drops the ink through the layer
of the lake, settles and sits,
until it is lasting.

If it does matter, the walls would be smooth, the next step would be clear.

*I can see.*
IXX. THE SUN
Open everything and let it often. A last door; choice. Steps are uneven here, they move here, and throw things. Clean again, it all runs out again.

Climb into the slope of the tree, let yourself soak in moss and shine.

Resurrection.

She builds a canvas out of cardboard and wood from outside. Thick globs of oil and brush hairs.

Join yellow and assurance.

Sour strawberry.
She keeps drinking in a ditch in a state of flatness. In the middle of the country. You know what straw is because the tractor pulls you along; because it is your blanket. The one that your aunt pulled out of the closet for you. No use in trying to leave your curling shell and weave yourself into the public, not in this sunlight. Imagine her in a room, in a cabin, with no water, it doesn’t matter what color the walls are. What matters is that someone else is there. Got nothing from your breathing but you can sew the outside into gaps now.

*Flattened tree rings in the earth.*

**XX. JUDGEMENT**

A last door; choice. There is the line that marks horizon and it cleaves paintings on the walls. So many places to sink in.
Set mirrors in the corners of your eyes. Don't let them slip.

* A presence in the stomach. 

That willow trees can act as resurrection; there are so many burials to keep company.

Stay, float. Float above the bed and stay that way—the bed is repulsed by your form. Stay: float. A child wanders to her parents, wants it known she's been awake, known the way a ceiling looks and asks of eyes.
Fondly, receive folklore in the manual that was not a correction. I envy the penny that lies, sticky, in the hot nest of the unpearled fingers; wise repetitions are what I miss, I used to know confines by their arms reaching me. I followed you and your hemisphere into the yard, we found means and a predator and waited for them to dry, not correct. I am a border in the mirror of the exit that makes me feel close to the mirror in your survival, in the clean bathroom I tasted the itchiness of advantage. Between learning there is something that rushes away the glass accent I love, and the fiery, belonging is a sign that I am back, I am incapable of being roots, of being anywhere.

XXI. THE WORLD

This is all.
Remember what you have and let it drop behind you next.