



a women

Vanessa Roveto

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We should all be so aware, so alive, so consequential, so Vanessa Roveto. Language is no match, so she leaves it behind in a rush to explore what it means to be her. We'll call it poetry until she comes up with a better word. The author of *bodys*, Roveto lives in Los Angeles.

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After basic math, she calculated her losses and measured them against the sum of weight gain. She had become fat soluble. Her goddess cards arranged themselves at the table, the moment of no self, no life goals, only snap-on judgement. A face was nothing but a weird plastic mask on a death mask, facing outward the day she was born. She reconstructed events to produce a new pretend agency: Dumb techno beats downloaded into reduced gray matter. Proletariat limbs were means not ends. Prayers were designed to destroy gap jeans, like a TV hooked into her for hump day. Toast burnt itself into ashes.

MATT SUTHERLAND (November / December 2020)

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