

OUT OF (or into) the mouth of the donkey (or horse)
Athena Farrokhzad's Year of the Donkey (2022) states:

Oh proletarian of the animal world [...].
and the horse's equal you will never be (p. 10).

Here all species boundaries are dissolved
There is a path between heart and brain
but everything has become a donkey inside a donkey (p. 23).

I hear Athena's voice at a reading. The sound of "and the horse's equal you will never be... a pathway between heart and brain, but everything has become a donkey inside a donkey", echoes in my head. I have for years

year after year I have read about, written about, horses. I have read the horse books, the genre that is a subgenre of the girls' book

of the girls' book, which is about horses. It builds its dramaturgy on the (girl) reader's ability to knowknowknow with the horse - with the horse that is tormented by animal abusers in the capitalist society (e.g. Black Beauty) with the fictional girls who SAVE horses that are tormented because they-we DON'T stand for this disgusting injustice. I hear: "and the horse's equal you will never be" and a layer of shame is placed over my missionary work, the one that has been about raising the status of the horse book

(thereby, the status of the horse, the status of the animal, the status of the girl, the status of popular culture), the one I write

about together with Malin and Katja on our blog BaraHästböcker:

We are talking about horse books here. We only talk about horse books.

Few literary genres are so widely read and so loved. Generations of girls and women have grown and are growing up with horse books. Horse books teach us about life, about literature, about literature, about language and the world.

Yet the horse book has been surrounded by silence. If you talk about the horse book in public and the adult world, it is often dismissed.

It's just a horse book. There are only horse books.

We demand that the silence be broken. We are breaking the silence now.

We say the silence is a betrayal of the readers. It's time for more adults to start taking young girls' and other horse book readers' reading and lives seriously.¹

And now. There is a donkey.

I have repeatedly read Over All Obstacles. En civilisationshistoria (2000), in which Moa Matthis, Anne Hedén and Ulrika Milles write about the history of the horse (in reality and in fiction) as precisely a history of civilisation. It is through the horse that human civilisation has been built up. It is the military structure, it is agriculture, it is also: Art. It is the feminisation of the male domain in the 20th century and the Swedish welfare society's investment in riding schools that give "everyone" access to

that gives "everyone" access to horse riding, that enables the existence of the horse girl, the one with utopia embroidered in her heart.

heart. I have read and I know it is true. And now I hear, through Farrokhzad's poem:

oooo oiiii iiiiii o ii (p. 46).

The sound of the donkey. How it comes. Matthis, Hedén and Mille's book is called OVER all obstacles. see in front of me the donkey's body, the one who slips under the obstacle, who has to work to rebuild the

demolished obstacle, the railway worker.

I am shocked and in this feeling I google "horses in literature" (which I do from time to time):

Horses were often associated with the Underworld and, by association, with dark primal forces (including the beastlike energies residing in humans). Pegasus joins this symbolism with divine and skyborne connotations of flight and the heavens. Pegasus represents man's ability to rise above his base origins and attain creative and imaginative flight. Indeed, the winged horse is often used as a symbol of poetic inspiration.

And I think:

WHAT INSPIRATION DO YOU CHOOSE WHO HAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO "RISE ABOVE"?

WHO HAS ACCESS TO HEAVEN AND THE UNDERWORLD?????

Maybe it's not the donkey.

It's amazing that something so derided can be cast in porcelain [...].

In Persian, I explain, there are two words for donkey

both of which are an insult (p. 7)

Writes Farrokhzad. The donkey becomes here, THE ANIMAL THAT IN HUMAN FORM IS LESS THAN ZERO.

And it becomes so painfully, painfully clear that: THE HUMAN class hierarchy is leaking.

CLASS HIERARCHY LEAKS, RIDES, INTO THE CLASSIFICATION OF NON-HUMAN BEINGS. Mumbling to myself: CLASS, CLASS, CLASSIC (horse book),

CLASSIFICATION, ETC. When the words for donkey become an insult, it means a way of ASSOCIATE THE DONKEY WITH MAN. But it is obvious, that this is about

some people. Because some people are more human than others.

But then, what happens when I read THE HORSES, is that something in the attention shifts, from the human to the horse. It is a reading that slips into the theoretical perspectives of animal studies and ecocriticism.

Amelie Björck reflects in "Zoopoetic and metonymic readings" (Bruhn, J.,

Wingård, R. and Brudin Borg, C. (2022) Ecocritical methods) reflects on the possibility of reading literature in

relation to animals. She defines two different kinds of reading: 1, the metonymic, which studies the proximity of the

between the human and the non-human animal, and 2, the zoopoetic, which examines the ability of (human)

human) language's ability to depict non-human life at all. Björck writes that:

"It can, for example, be a matter of studying how socialising or transformations between animals and humans are portrayed in a novel, or investigating literary forms that, through poetic language, stretch the very idea of species categories - as well as reflecting on how these representations ethically and culturally interact with the reality of the surrounding the imaginary world of the work [...] questions of power and representation (2022, p. 91). 91, my italics)

Is it possible to do justice with a human language to a non-human being and world and world - or does it always imply reduction, negative anthropomorphism or even abuse? How does the language of the work under study work to avoid putting the animal in the "symbolic service" as a metaphor for the human (Driscoll 2015, 213) (2022, p. 92)?

92)

The answer is that the overarching phenomenon that literary animals and humans in many literary representations is vulnerable life, that is, being fragile, sentient beings subject to the specific beings subject to the specific conditions of fiction (2022, p. 100).

Language is thus more corporeal and affective than we usually think - and it is part of a more-than-human web of meaning-making (2022, p. 105).

What these reading species (oh, but, sticking to the term reading species, of course, class-class classification) entail is thus an investigation of the conditions of non-human animals in the neighbourhood of

humans, and in relation to human culture and representation. Such a reading forces

constantly forces a questioning of intention and what the reader is TRYING to do: for it is so easy to reduce the

to TRY to reduce to a symbol, and at the same time the symbol is not a reduction, because it places the

the individual in a larger spiral of (violence). Reminding people of the vulnerability of non-human as well as human animals also animals also refers to the power structure that colonialism and patriarchy exert on people, which leaks into the

humans, which leaks into the relationship with animals:

Smart as a girl, stupid as a sheep, all years are donkey years (p. 58).

Mulatto means mule, they explain

and since our fathers are as little horse stallions

as our mothers are donkey stallions, we are embarrassed by the term.

Indeed, not the slightest trace of sisterhood among these radicals (p. 60).

Writes Farrokhzad. And I think of Farrokhzad's poem as so much language, but is it a human language?

Human Language, and what does this language do to the Donkey. The sonorous parts as a contrast to the intellectual, reference-heavy poetry, add in the word-twists (nimble-girl, sheep-year, etc.) like a reminder that it is a continuum in which all layers of meaning can be accommodated, what Björck calls, "a more-than-human web of meaning-making".

Yes. Thinking:

WHAT OPPORTUNITIES DOES THE DONKEY HAVE THAT THE HORSE DOES NOT. CAN I ACCUSE THE

HORSE FOR CLASS SOCIETY OR IS IT JUST MY SHAME AT BEING PART OF THIS INVOLUNTARY

OF BEING PART OF THIS INVOLUNTARY VIOLENCE THAT YES, YES, I WANTED TO WRITE

ABOUT THE HORSES. I WANTED. WHAT DID I DO WHEN I READ HORSE-HORSE-HORSE.

On the internet it says:

For author Jeremy James, "men without horses are nothing" and his book *The Byerley Turk: The Incredible Story of the World's First Thoroughbred* centres on the special bond between horse and human. Tracing the story of one of the three founding ancestors of the modern thoroughbred, the book begins in a remote Balkan village in 1679 and charts how the Turk was captured by the British while being ridden as a battle charger and ended up back in Britain with Captain Robert Byerley.³

This quote shows: Man-Man as constructed by the horse, i.e., the horse as a building block, which through its role as a building block gets the status of the creator of Man-Man. And the the slide of genetic vulnerability into nationalism; "thoroughbred" is translated as "English thoroughbred", an

thoroughbred", a breed of horse, according to Wikipedia, entirely bred by man,

4

and descended from three

"oriental" stallions. Here, the genes, manipulated - the horse as in its smallest component, DNA (or well, I don't really want to write my text-thought-feeling into this scientific paradigm that reduces body to gene, but yes, I see no other choice for the visualisation of violence?) - together with nation building. The horse's status as a civilisation means that the horse as a body and being is, as it were, written off, bred off, loses its body, becomes a cyborg body, created by powerlessness. WHAT A LIFE THIS IS.

It makes me think of the vampires. Maybe it's far-fetched. But, the vampire is a creature created by another vampire, by bite, thus saved-doomed to eternal life. Salvation and judgement, are thus the SAME THING. Gull Åkerblom's *Silverkniven* (2010) combines the vampire and the horse book genre. Ying Toijer-Nilsson writes in her review of the novel: "A vampire book that that culminates in a beautiful vision of stardust rising in a cloudburst towards the sky - who else but Gull Åkerblom could give this new subject such a poetic turn?"

5 Here are the horses,

like the humans, are vampires, which makes the (full) BLOOD so very important. The means a negotiation between the terrifying and the fantastic. The plot of *The Silver Knife*

is as follows:

Edit finds an advert for a riding camp in Råkekullaborgen. Her mum hates horses and protests strongly, but Edit adores them. With the help of her grandmother and Grandma and Grandpa, she goes to the camp that will change her life.

Edit and the four other girls who have been admitted are welcomed by the castle's owners, the mysterious and beautiful Maximilian and Rebecka Vinter. They seem familiar somehow and Edit feels a special attraction to Max.

The riding camp is like no other. They ride at night and sleep well into the afternoons. But soon the spooks begin to pile up. And one morning

Katrin is gone. It all culminates in the castle suddenly being set on fire when the other girls return from their nightly ride.⁶

The negotiation is a navigation between WHAT IS (NOT): Truth, lies and knowledge.

knowledge. Finding oneself. Belonging to the horse also becomes a dangerous symbiosis - for the horse (and man?). It is HARD TO KNOW WHAT IS THREAT AND WHAT IS PROTECTION.

PROTECTION. The allure of the dangerous, the dangerous is your father. INTERTEXTUALITY: The horse book as an extremely intertextual genre, which builds its own subculture by referring to a tradition of

work after work referring to a tradition of horse books. But here we are talking about horror novels.

And the fact that the vampire thing is also an extremely intertextual thing - remember, for example, the episodes in

Twilight: If Only I Could Dream (2006) where Bella spends a lot of time researching vampirism through fiction. There are these similarities between the horse book and the vampire. It's the closeness, never harmless, always full of DESIRE (a navigation between a reproduction of the horse girl as the sexually compensatory (riding the horse as the man will be ridden) and the recognition of a (semi-sexual) desire that is not exclusively human and thus becomes radical). Quotes from the text:

This is how it always began, their conversations in the wordless language that they did not share with anyone else. (THE CHOSEN ONE!!!)

Edit suspected what it might be. She let Lulu be a horse, and Lulu let Edit be a human.

They didn't try to change each other (my italics because...): THIS CENTRAL BECAUSE THE WHOLE VAMPIRE THING IS ABOUT TURNING)

(Max says:) The basis of all human interaction with horses is that we have to learn to trust each other, learn to understand each other. When you ride, there is nothing but you. and your horse. And it is a wordless communication. It's an ancient language and you have to learn it.

They have to become worthy of these marvellous animals.

What was strange was that it both horrified and delighted her. As if the worry was the very condition of the joy.

Tenba responded with his calm. He infected her.

(Max says:) Tonight you will ride blindfolded. You will prove that you now have absolute confidence in your horses. You will be able to see with your inner eye, don't be worried. It is only if you hesitate that things will go wrong.

There was something about the ancient language of horses that could travel long distances. (THE MAGICAL COMMUNICATION!)

No, Råkekulla's horses had not been ordinary horses. They did as their riders only because they themselves wanted the same thing.

In the black earth, Katrin rested intertwined with her beloved horse. This was what he had not wanted, this is what he had wanted their help to escape. [...]

But how could they have understood something so incomprehensible.

Edit felt a disgust begin to grow inside her, a disgust for Lilian and for herself, for the person she now herself, for who she now realised she was. Like flashes of lightning inside her forehead, she saw all those who had avoided her and the bully gang who had shouted at her that she was a

freak - they had been right! She was a monster!

(Edit says to Lilian:) How could I do the right thing when I knew nothing!

Their whining sounded like icebergs breaking up, thundering into the sea, roaring with grief at their misfortune.

roaring with grief at their doom, and then the waves crashing onto the shore and drowned everything in their path. [...] The horse harbours down on the ground and instead of the two, shiny silver stallions, Max and Rebecka Vinter now stood before them.

She had thought she knew. Now there was only knowledge left. She was a baby vampire.

Å. THINKING ABOUT THE LEGACY. THINKING ABOUT BEING INHUMAN. Thinking about language.

The fusion of horse and man. A fusion that is wonderful and dangerous. For Farrokhzad and the donkey it becomes clear that it is a position of risk:

I am half mule, half human [...].

Am I woman or monster, myth or matter (p. 21)?

Here it is done: THE DONKEY AND THE OTHERS: WHO CAN NEVER FULLY BECOME SUBJECTS

BUT IS ALWAYS BOTH MYTH AND MATTER AND IS REDUCED TO ONE OR THE OTHER OR OTHER AND NEVER REAL BEING. It reveals a (non) privileged

position and a total vulnerability to the empowerment of humanity. For the vampire-horse-girl, it is also also dangerous but perhaps more affirming (?). To dissolve as a subject (OR?

will return to this), in the way that Vinciane Despret describes in the article "The Body We Care For: Figures of Anthro-zoo-genesis" (2004):

Unintentional movements of the rider occur [...] when the rider thinks about the movements the horse should perform. The horse feels them and, simultaneously, reproduces them. A careful analysis of these unintentional movements made by the human body has shown that these movements, in fact, are exactly the same as the ones the horse performs. [...] Human bodies have been transformed by and into a horse's body. Who influences and who is influenced, in this story, are questions that can no longer receive a clear answer. Both, human and horse, are cause and effect of each other's movements. Both induce and are induced, affect and are affected. Both embody each other's mind (p. 115).

It is thus: A relationship between horse and human that goes both ways, that contains a language that is not a language.

a language that is not a language. I think it says something about LANGUAGE. In the poetic and critical movement called

critical movement called ecopoetics focuses on LANGUAGE and (NON-)SUBJECT. Peter Degerman Degerman reflects in Speaking for the Green in the Leaf. Ecopoetics as aesthetics and activism (2018). the concept of

A common poetics, a particular stance in relation to the subject [... It is] a particular particular ecopoetry and a particular ecopoetic position that [Rebecka Kärde] refers to, in which one "constantly wants to step back as a poetic subject, to make room for the material, the non-human, that which is outside the traditional domains of the poem."

[...] A body among other bodies. (2018, s. 19)

And I think: BUT, THAT ATHENA DOES RATHER THE OPPOSITE - TO ASK: WHO CAN AFFORD TO RENOUNCE THE SUBJECT? AND: ONE NEED NOT

EXCLUDE THE OTHER? Is it possible to be a subject and still question it? Is it possible to allow a self, and yet say that it is not a self but that my self is rather my selves and that I MUST BE I and MUST BE ME and I must HATE & LOVE me me me me. The reflection becomes both

(language) philosophical and political. And the political becomes central to Degerman's account:

Michel Serre's concept of parasitism [...] Even if a rigorous understanding of the

concept does not serve any real discursive analysis of the relationship between aesthetic and activist aesthetic and activist tendencies in ecopoetry, it can be used to show how ecological issues are

be possible to show how ecological issues are implicitly present in poetry (pp. 33-34).

So: WHAT IS VALUABLE (world!) AND WHAT IS PARASITE OF ACTIVISM AND POETRY? WHAT IS THE "ORIGIN" AND MEANING/PURPOSE OF POETRY? Does the angry grief in Farrokhzad's poem:

What kind of greedy animal is man [...]?

How can a body that will decompose itself
refuse to embrace finiteness (p. 17)

Degerman writes:

Regardless of whether the environmental political action is perceived as something textual, something which can be reflected mimetically or communicated thematically through literature, or perceived as internal to the text, where the literary text itself constitutes an environmental political act, the term activism is thus problematic. [...] a literary activism interpreted in this way interpreted in this way, is close to the pejorative meanings of agitation and propaganda, agitprop, where the aesthetic elements are completely subordinated to the message, where no where no room is left for ambiguity or differing interpretations [...] Such an extreme view of the view of the function of art is of course impossible, and it was impossible already under the the Soviet proletarian cult - ecocritical activism should therefore rather be understood as a particularly close

close relationship between literature and political activism (p. 61).

And I think: PROXIMITY IS NOT THE SAME AS REDUCTION! TO ALSO READ POLITICS AS POETIC? And I think: WHAT TO DO WITH UTOPIA???

Degerman:

The "age of the water man" so cherished by the hippie movement can thus be understood as a parasitic process in which the "green" penetrates the "grey" of civilisation, into the grey of the city's grey, and changes it in an uncontrolled way, but in a definite direction, from culture to nature. - from culture to nature (p. 78).

And I think: PERHAPS THE TEXTS I AM WRITING ABOUT DO NOT REALLY DO DO THIS, BUT RATHER POINT TO THE VULNERABILITY OF THE GREEN THAT IS NOT GREEN THAT IS NOT FULLY ALLOWED TO BE GREEN (BUT NOT GREY EITHER). GREEN). WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE VULNERABILITY OF CIVILISATION???

THE SYMBOL OF CIVILISATION AS A HORSE... And the civilisation that damages everything that...

Since women and ethnic minorities have already been deprived of the ability to speak.

to speak, one may assume that the difference here, between postcolonial gender studies and animal studies, is a difference of degree rather than a difference of kind Being part of the the hegemonic research, the established disciplines, is already a way of practising what Spivak calls 'epistemic violence' against the marginalised and subordinated (p. 133).

133) The criticism of the way in which early regional ecopoetry, as well as the Beat and hippie movement, held up the Native American way of living close to nature as a model and a nature as an exemplar and correlate can also be quite reminiscent of Claire Colebrook's Claire Colebrook's critique of what she calls "normative bodies" in the posthumanist strand of of posthumanist thought that has been labelled the affective turn - namely, the turn - namely the "child", the "Buddhist" and the "animal": The animal is nothing more than orientation or potential action for the sake of ongoing life, not yet burdened by the lifestultifying questions of the intellectuals (2014, 136) (p. 138).

the Buddhist can perhaps be said to constitute images of the wild - not as normative bodies in the neo-materialist sense, but as tropes, as symbols, as totems.

for all living beings it is just as much a matter of recovering a sense of place,

[not] a ready-made "home", a natural oikos, but rather about settling down outside the established, civilised, outside the systems - to put down roots in a place "outside" and branching out there (p. 143).

And I think, in a sense of madness, trying to sort out, the sense of, the guilt of, the sin, the god, the language without language - excuse this dissolution of the arguments but it's as if the text can't take any more now!

manage more now!: THOSE DEPRIVED VS THOSE WHO NEVER HAD - BORDER OR NON-GRÄNS? WHAT TO DO WITH LISTENING? PLACE THE VOICE OF THE PERSON WHO

HEARS? DOES THE AUTHOR BELONG TO THE ONE WHO EXERCISES EPISTEMIC VIOLENCE AGAINST

THE ONE IT SPEAKS FOR? THINKING OF ATHENA'S DONKEY AS REALLY NOT NORMATIVE, IN THAT IT HAS A VOICE? BY BEING FORCED TO BE

HUMAN? FORCED INTO THE METAPHOR? NEVER INNOCENT OR PURE...

WHAT ABOUT THE HORSES? THE RELATION TO THE ACTUAL HORSES??

THE COLONIALITY OF THIS - WHAT ALREADY EXISTS IN THE PLACE WHERE ONE DRIVES THE

DOWN THE STAKES - THE COLONIALITY OF LOVING NATURE. IN WANTING TO BE OUTSIDE. THE IMPOSSIBLE POSITION. TO ACCEPT (ITS VIOLENCE).

I want to write about two other horse books that deal with horses and the world and the host and the parasite and the genes and the blood and the civilisation.

the parasite and the genes and the blood and the death of civilisation(s): Maja Lunde's *Przewalski's Horse* (2021)

and Katie Cooks (text) and Elli Puukangas (image) *Song of Darkness* (part of the series *Star Stable*.

The Riders of Destiny). While the former is a dystopian adult novel that depicts generational conflicts and consistently read as an eerie climate horror, the latter is a comic book for children and young people, part of the

of the fictional universe that the books and the game *Star Stable* represent (this universe represents a capitalist dream:

Since its inception in 2011, *Star Stable* has built a whole world of horse-related entertainment around the fictional world of Jorvik. Alongside the main game, *Star Stable* also has two companion apps for slightly younger

slightly younger users. The largest of these is called *Star Stable Horses*, and involves the user taking care of a foal. There are also chapter books and some of the characters also release music.

The game is available in over 180 countries and has been translated into 14 languages.⁷

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Genre-wise, and ideologically, they are in opposite positions. Yet there are SO MANY SIMILARITIES. I read Lunde's novel and take notes:

Thinking about the economy.

Thinking about zoology. Breeding to preserve.

A new meaning of Save the Horse (which is a very common motif in the horse book genre): Breeding, prevent the extinction of the species. To save the species. The extinction. But for whose sake do you preserve.

The dystopian.

The myths. The stories of horses.

How horses are connected to the world.

Quotes

Isa also forgot the animals, they were not for us, we were just as much for them. them.

A tarpan, it must be a tarpan, the wild horses that used to live in freedom on the Prussian steppes and east of the Ural River [...].

Prussian steppes and east of the Ural River [...] It was small, dark and shaggy, heavy and tired, not at all like I had imagined wild horses - galloping across the steppe with wind in its mane and tail.

"He has found the last true wild horse," said Polyakov. "It must of course be given a

proper name now, a Latin name, one that honours its discoverer."

(NAMING: LIKE CARL VON LINNÉ, LIKE THE BIBLE.)

The wild horses have not lived, not as it is in their nature to live, for more than hundred years. They have lived in zoos and sanctuaries, have been dependent on human help for their survival. On help to avoid inbreeding. Survival of the fittest, even in captivity.

Your horses, as if he said your teddy bears or your dolls.

"They're not mine," I say.

"No, sure," he laughs.

"Why are you laughing?"

"They're yours, Karin."

"But you know why we are here," I say.

"To make them their own?"

"Yes." [...]

"You call them wild? They're not really wild if they live in captivity, are they?"

Captivity. Some people used that word for zoos and enclosures. In the past zoological gardens were prisons for animals, but in Heiane the animals were fine. And without us without us they would not survive.

WHAT DOES GRIEF MEAN

WHAT DOES FREEDOM MEAN

WHAT IS LIVING

The text navigates between the position of power in OWNERSHIP, and powerlessness in disaster. The abuse it means to save. I realise that my reading of Lunde's novel opens up questions, while when I read Cook's and Puukanga's book, I immediately go into a critical position, taking notes: Thinking about how the text continually repeats the situation, insists on what is happening. Thinking about the fact that the

"evil colour" is green and purple, and I think of H. P. Lovecraft's short story THE COLOUR OF Outer Space, which was staged as a theatre production at Backa Theatre in 2021, where the colour is something

alien that causes all vegetation to die and all people to go mad.

There is a magical bond between horse and rider, but horses have no personality, except that it is described as somewhat anthropomorphic, like (the horse) Concorde is "worthy". It is said that the bands are magical, but you never know HOW they are magical. Would also have liked to see it more in pictures?

I think it's a kind of quest, a hero's journey into the darkness with a mission to save.

That the whole of Jorvik is dependent on the tree. How the tree infects with its darkness. Also how the horse and

tree are connected.

The horse that becomes a monster.

The evil that is based on a desire to let the horse live.

That the horse is called Caliban:

Caliban, son of the witch Sycorax, is an important character in William Shakespeare's play The Tempest. Shakespeare's play The Tempest.

His character is one of the few Shakespearean figures to take on a life of its own "outside" Shakespeare's own work: as Russell Hoban put it, "Caliban is one of the hungry ideas, he's always looking for someone to word him into being ... Caliban is a necessary idea."⁸

Thinking that there is so much that relates to fairy tales and myths. Sacrifice.

Mörkrets sång works with a fantasy environment, which builds the relationship with nature around its own logic.

The logic is based on a romantic idea of similarity and difference, of the wild and the tame. Thinking about

that all three of these books are about SPECIFIC HORSES (The hillside horses are not domesticated, Starbreed horses are magical, Przewalski's is the primeval horse that cannot be tamed). Could the donkey could have been special? I keep this specialness in mind when I read Erik van Ooijen's "To read natural poetry without nature" (Bruhn, J., Wingård, R. and Brudin Borg, C. (2022) Ecocritical methods), here the idea of Nature collapses into an in-out-boundless world that through POETRY questions both the possibility of care and the belief in naturalness.

However brief the experience may be, this collapse of the subject-object dualism spontaneously gives rise to an ever so faint sense of warmth towards our world, of which we are a part in which we ourselves are included. This world, which includes everything, is a world without a centre or external limit. The poetics of the environment allows us to sense this world by undermining what Jacques Derrida has called the fundamental metaphysical distinction between inside and outside (2022, p. 55).

In (Timothy) Morton's work, there is a clear critique of ideology that first and foremost focuses on the concept of 'nature' itself. Nature stands in the way of ecological thinking. Even for the nature lover [...] nature is something separate from us, which is worshipped in a fetishised form. Morton draws a parallel with the male gaze [...].

Is there not something sadistic in Bellman's life-affirming nature worship, which alternates between voraciously devouring one species with his eyes and another with his mouth? (s. 57)

Each reading opens up more questions than it can answer. Above all, it opens the poem to a series of contexts that suddenly appear to be relevant even though they are beyond its apparent boundaries [...] "good" ecopoetry is not necessarily that which necessarily the one that explicitly calls for care of nature, but rather one that that questions the idea of Nature's naturalness (p. 60).

I think: OH THIS SO EXCITING: IN-OUT!!! FOR THE HORSES. WHAT DOES THIS. THE DISSOLUTION OF SUBJECT-OBJECT!!! THE HORSES. BUT THE DONKEY'S POSITION

OF ATHENA IN THIS?? YES, TO BE ABLE TO AFFORD IT. OWNING EATING! THIS MANLY...???? THE NATURALNESS! WHAT TO DO WITH THE FORM OF POETRY - WHEN THE DONKEY SPEAKS ?????? WHAT DOES IT DO? TO MAKE VIOLENCE IN CARE VISIBLE???

My mind wanders into a series of question marks. I am getting tired. Still trying to further understand what is happening, through Ann-Sofie Lönngrén's "Power criticism and anthropocentric leakage" (Bruhn, J., Wingård, R. and Brudin Borg, C. (2022) Ekokritiska metoder.), where the anthropocentric is compared with the patriarchal and heterosexual:

In literary texts produced in patriarchal societies there is, argue (Sandra) Gilbert and (Susan) Gubar, there is a feminist subtext that is overwritten by a culturally more culturally accepted narrative. The term they use for this subtext is 'palimpsest'. (2022, s. 143)

[According to queer theory, heterosexuality is thus] socially constructed power order that must be staged anew and anew in each given context, yet it always "leaks" somewhere. "leaks" somewhere. (s. 145)

This also applies to human bodies, which are both surrounded and permeated by by non-human forces (p. 148, see also Bennett, Jane. Vibrant Matter : a Political Ecology of Things. Duke University Press, 2010).

Perhaps it is precisely when an analysis reaches unreasonable, unbelievable results that we should consider it particularly carefully, because it then points to something new, something that was not generally accepted and that we did not already know. (s. 152, my bold, pga, affekt)

So: THERE IS - SOMETHING HIDDEN... THE NON-HUMAN IN HUMANITY. & THEN THIS!!!! THE UNREASONABLE INTERPRETATION!!! HOW TO REACH SUCH A ONE!!! IN WHAT

WAY UNREASONABLE??

And I wonder: Is unreasonableness accessible - to everyone?

In *When the Wild Heart* (1943, 2012), Clarice Lispector writes:

The horse from which I had fallen was waiting for me by the river. I sat down on the horseback and flew over the slopes where the shadows, already cool, began to spread. began to spread. [...] I felt the living horse near me, an extension of my body. body. We both breathed young and with beating hearts. (s. 83)

A horse was then running freely across the silent plain, the movement of its legs barely visible. see. [...] Shaken, she had thought: everything, everything. (s. 236)

... and then nothing will be able to stop me as I walk towards death without fear, from every battle or rest I will rise strong and beautiful as a young horse. young horse. (s. 244)

I'm thinking about the IMPOSSIBILITY of letting the horse be EVERYTHING. That's exactly how it is. I think of the

the donkey. Never, Everything. Farrokhzad writes:
and that I ate a donkey of sorrow (p. 22)

And

Donkey: And if there was another reality [...].

Do you never measure the distance between
your head and my hooves (p. 24)

IT'S LIKE, A THREAT OR AN OPPORTUNITY.

It is not for me to make myself less of a donkey than I am (p. 27)

TO ASSUME THE ROLE OF THE STUPID, REFUSE TO THINK SMART, ETC.

Mulan, writes the father of evolution, is a surprising animal

That a hybrid can possess greater sense, memory (p. 30)

THE HYBRID'S FORCED MEMORY

That's right, she cries, the legionnaires patched up the
the donkey and named it Bambi.

Have you ever heard anything so bombastic, a donkey named after a deer (p. 40)?

THE NAMING (again) AS IF THE DONKEY HERE IS DREAMING OF
VINDICATION OR REVENGE? THIS IS ANTHROPOMORPHISM BUT IT IS MORE
THAN THAT IT IS THE ANIMAL MADE INTO HUMANITY. THE METAPHOR THAT
COMFORTS AND KILLS. INTERSPECIES POWER A WAR OF THE SPECIES.
VIOLENCE.

HISTORY...

The global trade in donkeys has exploded

Skin is boiled into an ointment that is believed to slow aging (p. 65, my italics, due to OMG)

THAT MATTER BECOMES ONE, BECOME THE MATERIAL FOR ETERNAL LIFE

There are other animals than donkeys, says my friend (p. 86)

THE NERDY READING, TO READ THROUGH A SPECIES - IS IT A
ABUSE OR NARROW-MINDEDNESS OR AN OPENING.

I have read in shame and guilt and violence. I. Harm. Trying, trying. My humanity in this
nation in this time. I have to write my self to, mark that my self is, divided, CAN

YOU CAN LOVE BOTH DONKEYS AND HORSES, can poetry be a place, can it hurt in a reasonably
reasonable direction, can it eat hay and oats, can it eat calibanic, can I carry the narrative in a sound
which is not a word, can that non-word save without saving, be afraid without god, be sad. Of
sadness. Writing out of sadness. Wanting to say sorry. And yes:

There is a path between heart and brain

but everything has become a donkey inside the donkey.

/ a horse inside a donkey, a donkey inside the Trojan horse, a furry mule inside man,
inside, outside, the direction of words in the mouth, in time, in space, carrying it