

EDITORS' NOTE

Mourning Tent is a response to the paralyzing division of human concerns into two opposing sides. How can we see the gradations between? With the resourcefulness of poetics, is there a way out of the news?

For *Mourning Tent*, the inaugural issue of Pinsapo journal, we asked our contributors to consider the current state of the world with reference to the question “how do you mourn?” It was the term ‘yas çadırı’ (‘the mourning tent’) in Selim Temo’s “Deep Freezer” that sparked our interest in a poetic investigation of mourning practices. Recalling Beckett’s Vladimir and Estragon, Temo narrates an exchange between friends—Selim (the author himself) and Weyşî—punctuated by long silences on a single day stretching itself to eternity. Unlike the Beckettian characters, Selim & Weyşî are aware that Godot is not coming, but “are never afraid.” Temo’s resilient refusal to comply with the gag order placed on his people’s long history has guided us into the mourning tent. Like Selim and Weyşî, we may be “feeling blue” in this time of crisis, but we, too, are not afraid.

Sahar Muradi’s “Mourning Notes” attaches the private soul of the mourner to our collective experience of loss with an embodied language that transforms all performative aspects of mourning into an open field of intimacy and lived experience. She simultaneously writes and translates the world of “the orphaned adult” into “the nearest language.” A very fine one, indeed! The Iraqi scholar and critic Kadhim Jihad once said,

“every text remains in mourning until it is translated.” Muradi takes up the challenge and translates what is otherwise an untranslatable and/or illegible text of our human condition in mourning.

William Camponovo’s poems render a tragicomic metropolitanism in which human crowding produces both ecstasy and filth. They look on the present as if from a future remembering; from a posthumous or postapocalyptic after-world whose pervasive nothingness affectionately recalls the old muddle of being a person among people. Challenged to look inward and then outward, piecing together the mutual logic of self-care, filial love and political responsibility, we see a species held together by “municipal mobilization” in a city that “will outlive us both.”

There is something quick and rustling in the way Iemanjá Brown’s “We are So Full With it” thinks, as it ducks any claims to cuteness. With a frank and pragmatic cosmicity, it informs us of the dance creatures do as they witness the disordering of the seasons that had supported them. Faced with large-scale environmental loss that demands intelligent reparative action, this writing is a takedown of God, because how silly is it to place all things under the protection of his unresponsive front office.

An evolving subjectivity narrates Zaina Alous’ “Portrait of Spatial Growth,” inspired by a time of expedited dislocation and accelerated grief associated with an identity predicated on extreme violence. She reminds us that even

non-Black people of diaspora, hunted by the state, are never simply victims or heroes. There is an assortment of blooms even at the sites of trauma, and this piece honors them by investigating methods of refusal—of being known, conquered, territorialized.

Claire Devoogd's lyrical essay "11.2016" illuminates the particular danger posed by accounts of the world that claim to be airtight, to hold water as they hold a reality too wayward and conflictual to be held by anything at all. Her warning against description—the means by which events are strung together after they have already passed—seeks a way out of the paralysis of reflection upon the world, asking that we instead humble our words before a present that is rocked by unrelenting change. In the descriptive sentence, Devoogd finds "a measure of nonresistance, merely the keep necessary to sustain the world in the world while awaiting its end." How to shake ourselves out of this re-iterative mourning?

In "Domestic Violences," Iris Cushing's documentation of a personal history amounts to a search for the body with and despite words. As her narrator voluntarily befriends difficulty, suffering is found to be sharper and more proximate than poetry, and so direct speech is taken up as a vehicle of mourning. Cushing commits to a language of accuracy, and imagination lurks as a luxury afforded only by the absence of difficulty. After all, living does its own work of imagining the inconceivable. This writing wonders: how is it that my hapless, contingent life wields the power to determine another's? What happens after a life ends? Like the woman who survives the

death of her own body parts, we find we are living in deaths, only partly here.

Ariel Abrahams invokes the peculiarities of Talmudic form in “Dropped Acid on the Couch and Cried When My Grandfather Died” so as to illuminate a certain productive failure in the activity of writing. Why commit to the labor of using words when it is certain no voice is there to answer? Why drape yourself over the white void of a page—an antiseptic tree-corpse—where no one is available to touch your body? But the archive of ongoing rabbinic debate figures the poet in lively conversation with the dead. Here, questions posed to the voiceless accommodate a perpetual influx of phantom guests. Love talks to us without answering.