

Becca Klaver's *Ready for the World* is a dazzling, brilliant spellbook for femmes, witches, and bad princesses, a survival guide for our gross misogynist times. With poems created from FB girl party message boards to tarot cards to selfies, *Ready for the World* is major contemporary while still paying honor to feminist conceptual art foremothers like Yoko Ono, who taught us the power of words, of wishes. "A wish is not a luxury," Klaver writes, "They will tell you you can have no more wishes / And yet we wish well of course we wish." Klaver's spells and wishes give me permission, give me life.

—Kate Durbin

"A reverse exorcism," *Ready for the World* is on the astrological cusp of Cancer and carcinogen, analog experience and clickable fantasy. With her selfie timer set, Becca Klaver takes our hand and skips us through an Insta feed looking-glass into an introspective grimoire. The girly spectral speakers of the "pink geometry" mapped in these poems stake their own subjectivity in packs, through ritual and performativity and raucous laughter. Whether your own adolescence was blissfully full of besties who Ouija'ed yourselves out of the patriarchy or not, you can "get that teenage feeling back" with this tricked-out book. Call in the four elements and stand by for the headrush of magic.

—Arielle Greenberg

Well, right away it's clear that this is about a witch who's trying to reestablish the connection with nature the lack of which I feel as I'm writing this. Then she joins the chorus of girls that in a previous time might have hopped around a Christina Rossetti or Austen churchyard that are now the self-subjects of selfies and visual autofictions on social media. There's something about the flow of it that reflects the movements of nature. Maybe that's feminine attraction to digital flow. Yeah, I said flow . . . The witch melts and she's reborn in the flow of knowledge. "I am the motherboard of artifice./ I am, like, too close to nature." Spells potions and posts, there's something to all of this applying that equals prayer. I remember seeing a girl scrolling down her feed on the subway while next to her a shawled lady prayed the rosary and how they were the same motion. Also the woman in *Ex Machina* walking away into nature that is her birthright. Is that what happens or did I wish it? A modernist and Romantic heritage peeks through like the first flowers of spring . . . I'm feeling along with everything, and I have a spellbook just like what I saw in *Teen Witch*. I hear "Violet" by Hole . . . Can you read this book too and can we talk about it on a full moon?

—Ana Božičević

READY FOR THE WORLD

Becca Klaver



for my girls

... many feminists... have cast the project of “becoming woman” as one in which the woman can only be complicit in a patriarchal order...

—J. Halberstam, *The Queer Art of Failure*

oh each poet's a
beautiful human girl who must die.

—Alice Notley, “World's Bliss”

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The Woods

I never go to the woods anymore
But when I go to the woods
I remember
How to burn things at water's edge
If I never go to the woods again
I'll live to die another
Die to live another day
In the woods I just fan myself out among the mosses
Place my laptop gingerly on a stump
Set a timer for the webcam
Hug a tree and
A squirrel comes to visit me
Could I ever really live and love in the woods
I muse
Grinding my cigarette beneath the bower
What is the sorrow sound of this wood
The creak or the crickets
In the woods I see my sisters
They are there and there and there
Walking in figure eights
With their hands full
I dance around them
Little pyro with a lust for making
Lugging logs to the fire

Manifesto of the Lyric Selfie

Our "I"s.
They are multiple.
We shuffle them
often as we like.
They can tag us.
We can untag ourselves.
We've got our
to-be-looked-at-ness
oh we have
got it.
We peer and cross.
Go lazy.
We're all girly.
We're pretty selfie.
We write our poems.
We write our manifestos.
While sitting in the photo booth.
While skipping down the street.
We think: If only my camera
could see me now.
There is a tranquil lyric
but we recollect emotion
with the speed of the feed.
We pose to show
the spontaneous overflow
of powerful feelings.
There are no more countrysides.
There are no more churchyards.
We smudge our vistas.

We flip the cam around.
What is burning in our little hearts?
Hashtags of interiority
licking like flames.
We had been reflective.
We have been reflected.

Spell for Good Weather

please don't rain
on our yonic
pyrotechnics

our wingèd
pink park
smoke

check the internet
against
the perfect skies

why do I have faith
in the lightness
of the drift

when the only thing
they've ever been
is changeable

Performativity

Stand on the widow's walk and watch the ships come in

Wait for you around every corner and boo-ya

Eat poison candy and barf a debutante barf

Wear my girl gang jacket in the style of Kris Kross

Dye dye dye my hair the color of my bleeding heart

Be the bedazzled bully on your block

The giffy troll in your comments feed

Put a hex on your IP address

Teach a class in black magic at a for-profit university

Play a teenage witch at an open mic back home

Play myself / with my real heart pinned on

Bad bad bad as I never was

And when the last sad song plays through my head

I'll be crying

I'm melting, I'm melting!

Swimming in a sea of so long

And you'll be feeling all my feelings

Anagnorisis

On the internet it is easy to love you

On the internet it is easy to love me

We let each other off the hook

We get to it when we can

We won't become known unless we tell our secrets, and we won't

Yet some days I feel recognized in the Greek sense

You know who I am—maybe even better

On the internet there is a scene

I am a player and am found out

Recognition not only of a person but of what a person stands for

What is the true nature of my self and my situation?

Fortune, love, or knowledge

After much pain, sometimes death or a wedding

Other times the stage just gets cleared

Sharing Settings

I began to worry that everything I wrote, I wrote because someone was listening. *Poetry is overheard. Eloquence supposes an audience.* The feed demands one. I tried to keep a diary again, to get that teenage feeling back, but I could only write about how the internet was the best and worst thing that ever happened to me. The internet stole my brain. Told me to share share share. But what if the only things worth sharing were the ones that languished for months, even years? I thought about Robert Duncan and shuddered. What about the need for feed my need to feed my need for feedback? I pressed the fucking lever. Over and over. Give me the pellet! Like like love! I tried to write into my dreams, to tell a truth I wouldn't dare post to the feed, but everyone was there, too—the ones from high school and from right across the street, faces in a book I turned in my sleep. If I didn't tag anyone, could I get away with it?

Spell for the Future

swipe a time machine

instaconjure a feeling

“look, I made my day
so old”

that it’s already over

once you make it real—

polaroid-vinyl
nostalgia-
for-nostalgia-itself
real—

does the wish to be “in life”
reappear?

want to move to

Detroit? Milwaukee

Escondido

Like Machine

I am a like machine.

I do so like.

I press and click.

I am a like machine;

I know power makes me.

I am like a machine,

silent unless turned on.

I am the motherboard of artifice.

I am, like, too close to nature.

Witches of Space & Time

When Caolan commented to say she was at a rest stop in Darien

my first thought was *upon a peak in Darien*

and the second was *Historically—or was it geographically?—inaccurate*

but when I turned off the footnotes of my mind

*I realized, I, too, am near a peak in Darien,
which is to say I am also in Connecticut, on a Greyhound bus heading back
to New York,
and if we time this right, we can wave across I-95*

For a while I stared at cars in a carsick way
latching my vision onto license plates

Soon I began receiving updates via text message

We told each other what we knew of our coordinates in space and
time—

milemarkers & marinas & Burger Kings & Chinese Buffets
food gas lodging & scenic overlooks

Meanwhile
my feed fed me
Wangechi Mutu
National Coming Out Day
the zeitgeist of witches
and tips for making your skin look less tired

When Caolan texted *Hoot!*
I swiped over and typed *SUCCESS!*
on the thread we had going

I thought I had missed her

but when I asked if she had a busted front left fender
indeed she did

For all the looking down and typing

we miss each other

but I saw you on I-95
with my own two eyes

and told you the traffic
would clear up on your side

we used our eyes
and our tools

our tools and
our eyes

to find
that flash

overlap
of space and time

or what they call
coincidence

Spell for Actualizing Art

be a child
before the internet

make

need not be material

try beats on wall
conversation
arrangement
or

delay

Space or Time

When it was a wall, it was like writing on a whiteboard on a dorm room door, or the way Ashlee's parents let us paint the walls of her basement lair and even keep the turtle we caught up north, which we named Jack Deveraux. Those were the days of our lives.

Then they started calling it a timeline, but it was a lie: time was a math problem; time was a scheme and a scramble. The days all out of order. Whose highlights? A robot's theory of our desire.

I'm saying all this because I'm embarrassed—because we're not even that close but I really like your posts, I mean I "like" them a lot, so you're always at the top of my day.

They can't keep a tally of the inky bloom of my blushing. (Can they?)

Hey, you would love this.

Have we met?

I want to give you something real, but we live here now.

Spell for Lost Things

because you stole her phone

I lived in another decade
all afternoon

ring doorbells
walk long distances
discover bookshops

whoever you are, thief

you are scum
&
stumble-upon
&

changed
the time
in my day

Disney Princess Pageant

*Saturday, November 19, 2011 at 9:30 PM - 4 AM EST
Brooklyn, NY*

10 Went · 0 Interested

I'm Snow White.

We're telling the truth.... On the Internet.

This is the best party I've ever been to.

Fur. Fondue. Sylvia. Tangerines. High pitched cat's meow. Yeow. Lace.
Vaporizing and a cheerleader almost saved by technicolor Indian chief.

This is my last birthday.

This is a slumber party. Without sleeping.

This party is a scam.

lets see if i can really post from my kindle. then all forms of internet will
be represented

Girl plus

Is this party on google +

If he really likes you he's Facestalking you, so he knows where you are.

I'm going to need some more cheese.

Who's your rising princess?

Dildos!

Spoiler alert!

I wanted to have a lot of food in my mouth when I read this line.

This is very serious. It's a diptych.

"The Hills" is universal. Like Michael Jackson.

first ten bars of the original 90210 theme song, GO

still contend it sounds like "a little bit dangerous"

shocker fave 90210 character is andrea.

Saved by the Bell: The College Years. That shit was hot.

--- we are quiet because the reading is now taking place ---

Breaking Dawn was trash. I'll stick to the books.

so many fantasy references from supathroat

Wonderwall singalong!

I'm totally still partying with y'all post party. While flossing. Removing contacts. Looking for sleeping socks.

Were Pocahantas and Mulan princesses? This is a hot topic right now.

You girlz and guyz made my bday perfect. Thank you.

This virtual party is still raging! even in the spaces between physical parties, where the wind is kinda cold (important part of princess [hero[ine]'s] journey.)

last guest has now left kate's last birthday party, thank you for joining us for this meta-pageant, much love, night night! <3