

♡
tina

wasn't was

It was not a pilgrimage.
Or was it.

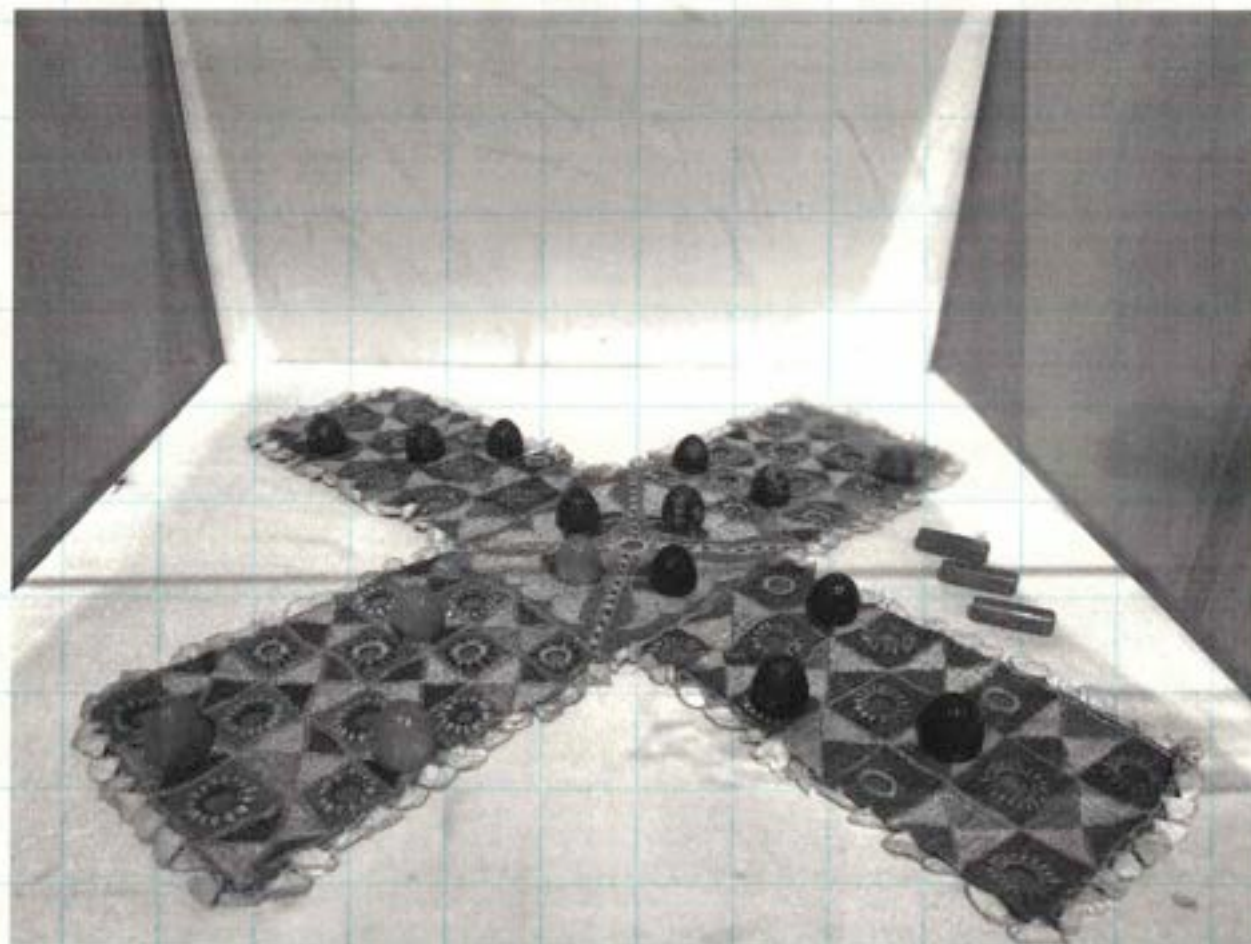
Muddy with first world neglect
awkward quiet toward the hillside
I morphed from worm to fuzz
to whatever happens after that.

But cotton is different than silk
on purpose with purpose.

On the mountain
the mist holds our meaningfulness.
Whatever you ask it
is hovering in wet silence
with only you to decipher it.

Chance magic
isn't a gimmick or a religion.
It is smaller than the shape of its strangeness
more style than life.

We are breathing without the certainty of where breath comes
from somehow confident somehow loved
moving toward an individually unnamed end
like it really matters
not knowing what it means
or how to share the plenty.



Tag

Does art belong in academia someone asked
as I watched a spider emerge from a secret nook
elegantly menacingly
tip toeing swagger
toward:
You are it.

This humid residual web—
I wonder how fast it could retract and roll up,
if the lacy gears would clog in the transformation
or maybe just ignite leeching a chemical smell.

Art begetting art begetting art
be getting our tartly tender
oddly centered sensations
toward:
You are it.

What emotion does the poem have someone asked
our spit as sweat
headfirst toward the bookcase.



Landing

There is
a rope ladder
in a hole in the ground.

There is
a spec of light
so far down
where going down becomes up.

To keep a secret
miscast in each disguise and
leaking from where a painting
ought to have been.

There there
like here's with teeth.

There there
where better is
isn't
is





Hy er

Can a poem end
with a word search?

Is this a game
Or a test?

When I read you
I hear my own voice
and we are something
like trying to nail down the tide
with hand tools in winter coats

Because
I observe wordiness
from the inside of a shell
smeared with purple.

From here
forms shift easily
between visible and invisible,
my dye stained fingertips
strange maps of chasing plumb.

The hands first curse.
The poem.

Our transmission
as telepathy
and sports.





up

My basket heart
is not anatomical.
That would be too easy.

Yet it's symmetry is perplexing
as I move from carelessness
to devotion like a wave
undoing and remaking
a kind of ecology
of there theres
here heres
eros.

Like a persistent vine
or the scaffolding of a billboard
or the sacred river
or a center part.

The forest walk being the opposite of
cheaper faster easier
where my forever adoration
is foliage
is dreams of better
is possible.



The Indiaish Chapbookish Way

August 2025, Tina Linville

Images & (Poems)

1. Ancient Indian Board game textile called Chaupar or Pachisi in a museum in Delhi (wasn't was)
2. Alekya in the monsoon on the deck of the Center of Imagination, Woodstock School, Mussoorie, India. (Landing)
3. The Cafeteria at the Woodstock School, Mussoorie, India. (Tag)
4. A view on the drive from Mussoorie to Delhi from the bus. (Hy er)
5. Textile works made while in residence in the Boundary Crossings: Artist in Interfaith Dialogues International Artist Residency organized by the Art For Change Foundation. (up)

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Tina Linville