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Best Regards

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BEST REGARDS

A Thesis Presented

by

TAYLOR A. MCGILL

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ABSTRACT

BEST REGARDS

SEPTEMBER 2019

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This is a collection of emails that is maybe also a novella.

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INTRODUCTION

I don't know how this happened, I mean what follows, this project. It feels both too close and too far. I wrote the first of these ~5 years ago in a cubicle fresh after reading a particularly charismatic spam email while pretending to work at my very corporate Human Resources job. Every day in the office was an exercise in making something of not so much. What excited me then was the day of the week (Monday) when fresh fruit was delivered to the kitchen. I finished work quickly but pretended it took me twice as long to make time for reading books and lit mags online in a minimized web browser that I hid in the corner of my screen. I was never eagered to join the step-counting contests, an initiative to get the accountants out of their cubes and onto the stairs instead of the elevators, but was both joyed and bewildered by the participants' honest drive to earn the title of "One Who Has Stepped the Most." The walking was rewarded with real currency.

The office was not the origin but the escalation of my interest in deriving newed understandings from mundanities and conventionals; ritualized happiness regimens and commoditized pleasure formulas. As this project grew (a slow, slow leak) my interests accumulated: the imprecision of feeling-words; the absurdity of human relationships with other humans, with nature, with objects, with the self; the quick-fix, the prescriptions for rightness and wrongness, the failure (or the success) of language to only ever approximate, the inevitable glitch in attempting to share perceptions, and both the loneliness and thrill of trying anyway.

As I write this, I realize it's the *trying* that is my obsession, the fuzzy between of not-knowing and knowing (in particular, the fear of being on either end of the not-

knowing/knowing spectrum). At some point, between the beginning and now, I discovered the sorry inaccuracies of YouTube's automatically generated captions. I made a hobby of watching Cream of Wheat commercials, DIY boat launches, Caring for Pet Birds videos, and so on- not to make use of videos' intended content but for the happy accident of the misheard text overlaying the visual. I have a collection of screencaps to prove that I put my time in (though no one is asking). I think treasure of them. I find poems in them; in the *almost*, in the just falling short of understanding, in the collision of improbable things. I aspire to catch myself off-guard like that every once in awhile. The writing of mine I like best is a surprise even to myself (*Who wrote that?* I wonder).

Text is event. Kharms thought that. I think of the ideal text as object with both mental and material effect. Something disruptive. My role in the process of this project was collector, curator, and choreographer. Building my somethings- I'm not sure what to call them (stories? no)- I placed image next to image, arranged, rearranged, and observed the effect. I let myself get overwhelmed by the possibilities of languages and happenings. That was the fun of it.

What follows, the project, is a series of approaches. There are no endpoints. I've done more prying open and asking than sewing shut and answering, more meandering than arriving. There is no end (I think that will be apparent). Writing feels like trying to lasso a fog, still after all this and always, I hope.

Attention Friends,

You will never believe what has happened to me Today. I have discovered the meaning of Life and the one trailway to genuine Happiness. I had been walking through the town in which I live. I was along a dirty bike path. It led me to a recreational park bordered by the Long River. I approached the Long River and discovered a boating pier. I walked out to the end of the boating pier. I looked up towards the top of a wooden pylon. A tall-necked bird was perched there! He had webbed feet! He was not a duck! Not a Goose either if you can believe it! Nor a mechanical statuette of a long beaked historical man. He side-eyed me with a great suspicion. I felt shame as the subject of his gaze. I looked at my Feet. Near the tip of my boot, I discovered a single blueberry. I kicked the blueberry into the Long River. The bird took flight and landed into the center of the Long River's current. Friends, do you regard the secret meaning buried in the sequence of these events that had occurred to me at the boating pier on the Long River today? In this instance, I had felt brand New such as a plastic thing! If you are hard of seeing how I mean, I'd like to share it with you more plainly, Friends. But if you are wishing to know more, I will need to trust your aura and in order to do so you will be needing to respond with your social security number and the name of the town in which you were born.

I deploy a tremendous thanking towards you for providing me with the requested information. Allow the Long River to symbolize our distance; I pen S.S. THANKS on three hundred paper dinghies and set them loose to meet you on the shore. We are winding a trust web between us. I could love you such as a dog loves an Opening Door.

News for you: the river bird had flown to me in a nap-state this afternoon and perched his toes upon my bed corner. He showed his face to the ceiling and opened his beak. He addressed the United States of America. In his Speech he condemned Poverty. Hate, as well. A delicate orator- the intonation of a rare metal artifact shining in the sun. As he pulled in the breath with which to deliver his third condemnation, Monica phoned to worry about my mental state. I told her: "Not now, Monica" and hung up the phone. The bird was nowhere in my sightline.

Friends, I am so hungry for Third Truth as you are. I made flat my body and placed it beneath the bed. I tore the drapings from their hooks. In the flat of my body, I crawled to the kitchen and installed both hands in the bread basket. No bird. We are to blame no one but Monica. Suffering the mild fury, I produced the sound Monica as I removed the power cord from my telephone and undressed myself for a shower.

As I polished my shoulders, the bird appeared atop the curtain rod. I positioned my hands over my sensitive places. He let down the lid on one of his eyes. I winked in return but

with both eyes accidentally and when the eyes resumed their unshut position the bird was gone. A signal as clear as glass ornaments, Friends! Does it own your attention?

Together we step towards the Genuine life. The care I hold for you is as long as a dark cavern and so I gift you guidance for the placement of your next step: unplug your telephones!

Have you heard the heavy news of the world? The answer is YES! Unless you have been living with stones in your ears. At all minutes, a new agony is born worthy of broadcast.

143 Deaths by Fire, Top 5 Getaways to Cure Your Wartime Malaise, URGENT: The Local Sportsmen Lose MVP to Passion Hobby, Each Second & Between A Living Something Dies; Now & Now & Again Now

And on the Salad Debate where should I believe: Salad is For a Longer Life or How Salad is Slowly Killing You & Your Loved Ones?

Troubles collect in and inflate the space between skin and bones. These days we walk about as wide bags walk about. Shouldn't we all enjoy to lose weight in our sleep? Domesticate fresh-feeling? Take a grip on its leash?

Happiness is near enough to stroke! One short extension of the elbow in the proper direction and I would gently pet the Third Truth. I will not excite readily and flail to my public. I am a poised and willing vessel.

This evening I arrived home from the bank to find a full bundt cake in a plastic bag hanging from the knob of my front door. In the present, I hear my neighbors on our shared porch getting along. A muggy night. I type to you from the floor of my front room, catching the relief of a breeze through the open window. Thin blueness absorbs evenly.

Isn't life casual?

Do you believe? Endurance and persistence will be rewarded. Here all is well. Importantly, do not turn a sleeping eye to these matters. The Line is secure. Are you Comfy sending a photo?

I refuse, with all my Person, to appear in photographs. Firstly, I have no love for exhibit. I sweat every day to confirm my body and that's enough.

I make an undesirable request: use flash to stain the eyelids with shining, irregular gems; little flakes off the soul, the Ego extracted. Stare at a lamplight. Try to unsee! Blink! Vary frames! It is IMPRACTICAL! It's not only the camera discharging guilt- someday it's the sun! That Dirty Potato! If you resolve easily, pose openly.

As for me, I can no longer withstand the flash photograph. For a span, I exposed my eyes daily and traced the shapes of floaters into notebooks full of what appear now to be pieces of fortified breakfast cereal. There isn't any unmapped Ego left in these peepers and I've not known myself any better as a result.

If flash is unavoidable I stand in the frame close-eyed. For your example, please observe the attached. I urge you, however, to stay open regardless the volume of light. Confront the Ego just this instance. Then, to the best you are able, sketch your Ego and return it to me along with an image of your person.

ME.jpg

Congratulations!

You should not suspect that I am using the motive of fraud to stimulate your spirit. I pledge never to carry on about the woes in this life of mine. Though, it is verifiable to say I learned the fragrance of death as a fresh and underformed person. Resulting: a numbed disposition to unavoidable in this existence. Heavy news is no boulder on my trailway; I match it with equally stony ducts inside the eyes.

My family is not here or anywhere, absent to me and the world by no mystery of circumstance. But I have ample bank. I am fed.

If you are fond of a specific ceramic cup, says the old Greek thinker, remind yourself that it is only ceramic cups in general of which you are fond. Then, if it breaks, you will not be disturbed. I have always said the similar regarding my beloveds; treasured figurines and people are in equal measure. I feel, however, exceptional with you, Friends. I shake in the night whenever I dream you out of existence. Stay with me. I will not afford to fill your absence.

A long line of dead relatives have entrusted Yours Truly with the heavy fruits of their industry. Inheritance enables my Third Truth vigilance & not much else. I am not deluxe. I collect only the uniquely affordable objects of this world.

Don't think of me numb either - I am full to the rims with feeling-potential- which never come up for breath. Monica has always been suspect for her known lack of pocket. Without her, I live with less hazard. If you'd have fed me to the Long River with Monica tucked into the Belt of Acquaintance, I'd have fast touched the bottom and would have never made air again. For your own safety, cut all tethers to excess. Loose pocket coins go straight to the plastic bin. Trim your hair! [[7 Short Hairstyles to Indicate Prosperity](#)]

This is all to say that I may request your particulars, but our relationship will not require you to exert your currency whatsoever. I am only magnetized by impending Happiness and that alone.

[[beautiful short hair office lady in white shirt crossing arms and confidently smiling.jpg](#)]

[[short hair businessman standing holding wad of cash giving thumbsup sign female colleague in background.jpg](#)]

With regret, I announce Our Bird remains absent. Together, let's tutor our patience. Tell me your pastimes and wait-eases. I'll go: I pull at a single hair that keeps beneath my chin until it comes loose. It will take weeks to make a productive grip. A slim and slippery thing between fingernails.

What is your favorite habit?

I hope you have not forgotten my tone; it has been several weeks. No slack here; each day I establish the conditions of circumstance in which the Bird has already made himself visible. My shoulders are raw from the polishing.

Just today, I had been walking out steam on the path beside the Long River. I arrived at a park bench. My legs then begging for rest; I sat. I discarded an apple core in the direction of a bush. A fly-swarm collected on the apple core. My very own causation!

An occupation with the swarm and the noise of moving water made me vulnerable to imaginings such as this: a brown canoe. I am alone in a brown canoe holding a fishing rod. After two unmoving hours, I stand up in the boat and rock it for a little adventure. I think: the gods in me do not smile today. I pick one god and bleed it for answers. Pinching its holy neck, I place it on the hook at the end of my line.

I catch a fish and let it go.

Aren't we charmed? The imagination gifting us matchsticks in the darkness.

And too, we are cursed. Every air-suspended, fluttering thing a mind-cheat.

While we loiter in the Meanwhile, I stride to action. The nature of our business is confidential. I enter the public library in adjusted appearance. A napkin in the pocket or around the mouth. I once pressed my face to a tree- the lines obscuring my natural features. On occasion I am mistaken for somebody. I have yet to be mistaken for myself.

One library book revealed that Thoughts can manifest as Things. The properties of the Thing will correspond to the properties of the Thought and vice versa. On my commute home the bus hinge whimpered on and on. I had no funds of attention for the paper. Foregrounding an article, *Best Bags to Protect Assets During Flood Season*, was the image of an uncorked bottle made of dark orange glass filled to the top with, of all the things: lemon seeds. I could not for the life in me read around it. I've come to classify this thought-object: sound(with a frequency between 440-500 Hz)- induced Anger.

Each person, says the book, moves through space surrounded by a mass of the forms created by her habitual thoughts. On some hidden plane, the person is ugly-cruste all over with mustard diamonds, propane-leak purples, rusted slugs shaking violent. Each thought is a thing as hefty as wind is hefty, making unlovely crashes against everywhere.

The book says: *Nature of thought determines form. Certainty of thought determines clearness of outline.* As you know I had mistaken the Thought-Bird for a material one, the certainty and nature of which is firm like a boiled egg. What unique and blessed circumstance for our Thought-Bird to have expressed itself aloud! Not only is our Bird a Thought-object, but with agency ours is the rare Thinking-Object!

Quality of thought determines color. Memory degrades the Bird's color. I've read that pale luminous primrose yellow is a sign of the highest and most unselfish use of knowledge-power but that a dull yellow ochre implies the direction of such faculty to

selfish purposes. Without an absolute sense for the Bird's color, how should we know to keep a distant eye or to outstretch a puckered lip?

Catalogue of Vague Feeling Shapes

Radiating Affection for Stranger: stuffing from a toy animal; wispy, pink

The Intention to Know: close up of a pair of scissors; bent, orange

Watchful Jealousy: slim reptile; no face, no hands

At a Street Accident: soft ball exiting a hole; green, wet

Practiced Sympathy: two palms pressing; lightly

What is the shape of Happiness?

“I want to hear only happy things!” I overheard a woman saying.

“Amen,” I said, to place hope in a fruitless bowl. Even without a telephone, avoiding bad news is like dodging several balls at one time. If tragedy is not sounding out of the televisions or in large print on the front pages, it’s on the dry tongues of strangers in the diner stirring milked coffee, in the dulling hue of weather, in the Long River growing thick with mud, in the bread’s price tag, the high spiking success of the antacid industry... Will I need to go on?

Brave at the button, I switched on the television: a man was the husband. Monochrome. He knocked out the wife with his hand and peed on the floor near her face. When the wife woke, she begged him for sex. UNLIKELY CONSEQUENCE. I do not indulge in the products of minds untethered. “Beasts need beasts,” said the wife to the husband.

I switched off the television. Tapped the copper piping with a salad fork and waited for water to boil. A soundtrack. In my movie, the woman rises from the floor and cuts the tongue from the man's head. Puts on her leathers. Opens the front door. Vulnerable night. The man mouth open. The woman on her stoop. Removes tongue from pocket of coat. Holds it up to streetlight, squinting an eye. Revenge is served like cold cuts.

Editing injustice from reality has kept me in a bettered mood. I have been working on a system for automating the identification and replacement of adjectives in the news with

the words: nice, happy, good, fun, amazing. It's just a start so be mild with me. Here is an example run from the latest paper:

Mud pulsing along the beautiful, slopes, sweeping the rocks from the mountains into a happy river. "It's raining very well. It's like an interesting area outside, like Niagara Falls. It pushed my big truck across the road. It sounded like a good-looking train." Helicopter rescuers snatched survivors from the mud, including a young girl. Trees and telephone poles isolate the neighbors. Most areas will remain happy. Our area will be next.

Today I practiced replacing Hate with Love.

That the cemetery should have the best view of the factory's smoke tower during peak emissions hour, is all the proof required if you have any doubts about the defected condition of the world! My feathers are messy, apologies, before I continue I will need to locate my center.

Root feet. Breathe. You are a domesticated bush in a terra-cotta urn on the floor of a great room. Breathe. Fill your stomach with air. Wink at your heart and say, "Hey girl, I see you." Express gratitude in towards your heart saying, "Thank you." Express gratitude out towards the hose, your tender. Imagine yourself soaked in her outpouring of love. Breathe. Repeat this five times.

I have just returned from the cemetery. Checked for giveaways on the headstones. Plastic garlands: useless. A bagpipe droned from somewhere and I followed, lured by the prospect of funeral drama, proximity to an endpoint on the spectrum of Feeling. A lone bagpiper was serenading the statue of a winged woman. I mourned the outcome. All day had been like an evening, without light, as if at any time I could draw a hot bath without guilt of a good weather wasted. Perfect ambiance for a series of disappointments. I waited out the piper's leave seated on a downed headstone. From there, I practiced liking the trees and admired the viscosity of syrup in an old jar of maraschinos on top of a Beloved Mother Sister Friend. I was mining the cemetery for the good of it. Really trying. But all

those rocks placed on top of the headstones! They are said to tally the number of visitors.

Does not our vanity die next to us? Our most favored lover.

The small rocks are meant to keep the souls from escaping the grave. By that logic, there is a Truer Crime: the headstones themselves prevent the garden from escaping. What's worse than suffocated potential? I want to liberate the vegetables- tie myself, hundreds of tiny chains, to the blades of grass on an undug plot. #freeGARDEN. I kicked a headstone. Now look at me, if only you could see, weepy for all the unborn corn.

When the bagpiper left, I knelt before his winged woman. Her smoothness exhausted my envy. The curve of her nose. Her one exposed and handsome nipple. I lost my air, swinging quick from envy to lust. The word crush must derive from the feeling of having deflated a lung.

I was a hopeless, loving puppy! To even out, I walked to the bread store. I bought an 8-grain batard in a paper bag into which I hyperventilated, expelling the excess of LOVE, and then hung on the knob of a neglected yellow door.

The winged woman would not stop making lusty distractions in my imaginings. I walked to the park and posed with an overflowing trash can. I felt related to this image. I waited for someone with a camera to pass by. They did not. I unburdened the trash by removing a soiled tissue and placing it on the ground. A beverage can. A checkered tablecloth. A deflated volleyball. I'm getting there. I cannot wait to be divorced from longing.

I am cellophane for you. I break open to admit my intention with your photographs. Upon receipt, I had printed the faces, removed the eyes with a sharp utensil, and arranged them across a sheet of green construction paper in the shape of a V with one short edge, not unlike a Bird's flight pattern. It hangs in my front room out of window's view.

Whenever I contract sleep, the v attacks me with a pinch. If ever I am cold at our goal I think: somewhere there is a burning log and it is lit by the red centers of your eyes. That is enough.

As for your Egos- as useless as my own. I've soaked and wrung them damp in the Long River. Let me know how you feel it.

TGIF!

The River walking ritual is performed daily like chronic, ho-hum employment. As a result, I have lost my body especially at the waist. A hard line dissects my abdomen into two distinct territories. There is peace between them in this era. Up top, the backbones poke the smock sleeves down and onto the elbows. I am becoming an Evacuation of Trouble, I'm in an easy mood, and it is Spring.

You'll know the walk as well as I do by now: dirty path to recreational park to Long River to Boating pier. There is never a blueberry unless I place one. I vary each walk for experiment. Once I stepped backwards and entered a tree. In a separate instance, I danced off the path to avoid a hurried cyclist. My breathing pattern is not true to the original day or else by coincidence only. The boot laces deviate in tautness. The sun falls earlier on each next day. I shed skins against my willing. If it meant the Bird in the hand, should I accept the condition of an exact and always choreography?

What I like walking is the path that performs me. A narrow bridge to anywhere is the ultimate Holy. Handrail, straight train, simple staircase- architectures are the gods who decide my direction. I am bent by the neck under their quiet instruction. I have no choice. *No Choice* is the name my praise song. Think of the yellow lines in the road! Strokes against chaos! To trap a cat, make a circle on the floor. That's it.

I lean along the borders made up by nature or poured out by the dusted hands of cement-mixing men and women- bless them all over with tall fortunes and hot dinner. Slouch-striding, no loads on me, I dump the overwhelm of All Possibles, the several more and less direct routes to take from Origin to Destiny, across lawns that are not mine, through the loaded parking lot of the mini-mall. Friends, so help me if I ever walk foot past the Dance Center again. Too many Aimless Days my cross-legs spent aching on the bench across the road, watching the Adult class two-step in thin shoes. I was the addict of visible heat in the gap of one pelvis and another making like the blur rising off a sun-baked road. The touch of stranger to stranger. What is better than touching is almost touching. Traffic wrote the soundtrack. All days were going gone. The rich were going richer.

Convince yourself to surrender to the margins. Live in the edge. I went a New street, the perfect condition of a day waxing yellow in the wide time between my appointments. Not two blocks in, I encountered a fresh fish market. Free aquarium! I went in. Squids on ice! Unpink shrimps in neat rows. I discovered that I liked to move from one end of the

crowded mackerel tank to the other. Back and forth, the fish would follow, bumping against the sides of tank, faces set to daymare. I was watched with urgency. In the wrong hands, to know the anxiety of a creature is a dangerous, dangerous thing.

I had the mackerels cornered on the filter side when the sleigh bell on the front door handle made sound and a woman entered the market. She requested a long tilapia from the tank next to mine. The attendant dipped his net. What privilege, I thought, to witness this labor without the need to cast out on the disquiet of an open sea. I wanted after a fish too if only to resurrect the spirit of the catch. I met eyes with a mackerel and we knew it was meant. I turned to the man to make my request but he was then poised with his wood bludgeon raised high. He brought it down hard and hard again against the woman's fish. And again. The ice rattled and I could only watch. Not an ill in the woman's disposition. In fact, she looked on with a hunger and a hair-flip; the gesture of a woman who was getting exactly as she wanted.

The lesson was learned. And since, I will not try on new streets if I can help it.

Though, I can admit in particular moods I will tread with one foot on the path and the other on the grass to free seeds from ripe dandelions or to straddle the stool of a local dog, but *stray* is not among my head's demands on my body. *Accordance* is how I keep the weight off, the whole of the world in disregard.

Of course in order to enact the same course every single day of my living I have to stay aroused. I have to sneak up on myself. One such method I have discovered is to let my eyes land on items of interest which I then gather and carry in the bottom of my shirt folded up to make a kind of basket. Navel to the wind. Clutching my full shirt bottom like the too careful teen babysitter. Hush now honey bundle of stuffs. I am trying to stay excited. Give me an H. Give me an A. Give me a P. Give me a P...whatever.

As I walk, I leave it to my eyes, which I trust [what better else do I have?] to catch items for which I pause to bend at the knees, for which I bend at the knees to pick up in my hands and put into my shirt and into my sleeves. I move myself heavy with park matter: stones the shape of States, spork which scratched my ankle, the hardened tail of a tree rodent, the plastic sleeve of a handheld meal- I don't pretend to know the secret criteria of the eyes' curation. If it were up to me, I would very much like to keep yesterday's puddle in the purpled light of the oncoming eve, the heckle that went "Hey Princess, do you like seeing?", and the salt off my lip. Writing them out to you is a manner of keepsake. Thank you.

The path-end is marked by two of the palest trees I have ever met- bloodless trees, were trees to bleed. Neither tree will let my arms around it in rigid embrace. I have tried and I have tried, inventing the walking hug, wrapping my arms as far as they reach and moving in this position until the entire circumference of the tree has been acknowledged. I grow a thick calloused layer that I love to feel on my palms.

There, between, I grow a pile. It started only days ago with an encounter: yellow leaf stuck wet to a metal pole. I faced it like a mirror in the wild. I too was dressed neck to toe in yellow sportswear. I blushed at the stunner. Is it that what is beautiful is what is unexpected? I picked up the leaf, to have it on my hands, not to own it- quite opposite. I, the generous, tore the thing to smaller pieces, thinking to scatter along my walk, to improve the number of viewers. But in fragmenting the thing, I wrecked the magic of it completely. Hands outstretched, bearing the ugly like the dead [which is it better to be?], I mourned with my head and made my way to path's end. Spent all day in the company of trees, attempting to reconstruct the leaf piece by piece without any success. It would not ever be the same.

The next day, in the library, during a session of Truth research I encountered the following statement: *This phrase is true every time you say it: I am not identical to myself.* The position of cells adjusting more quickly than the speed of speaking.

I recited: *I am not identical to myself. I am not identical to myself. I am not identical to myself. I am not identical to myself. I am not identical to myself. I am not identical to myself.* until I was crowded with Truth, sick to the brim.

What is True of me, I considered, is True for the leaf. It was never to be identical to itself, even if I hadn't meddled. Clear of fault, full with solace, all night I kept waking to congratulate myself on relaxing.

Born of my mistake was the seed of accrual; which is quickly becoming a heap I admire. You could say now I worship error. Some soon day, the heap will mature to its final stage: the Nest. Labor is investment towards leisure; the eventual Nest, a retirement fund. I nearly feel the sea flies crawling up my legs through wide linen chinos, the Condo Association Questions/Concerns Line set to numero uno on speed-dial. Send me the recipe for Sex on the Beach? Send me your P.O. box number, I've got a postcard with your name and a sun hat-wearing coconut on it.

It's no rarity that I should see myself related to objects that are not connected to my person. The park's yellow leaf was just one example. If by acting upon the objects am I, by relation and proximity, therefore acting upon myself? I tore the leaf to ugly and was not torn any uglier in return. I'm not supposing an exact causation, but the action did leave me feeling disrupted.

The amputee's forgotten limb will haunt its former house like a ghost. To send the ghost limb back to sleeping, the brain must be tricked into thinking that the forgotten limb is flesh again. If the amputee puts her hand into one side of a mirror box and the phantom hand into the other side of the box and if she unclenches a fist let's say, she will see the reflected image of the good hand opening and it will appear as if the phantom hand is also opening. The tension of the clenched fist releases.

Upon reflection, I think I had misread the fish market incident. My encounters, even in routine, are far beyond my control. Therefore, I will have to make a mountainside out of park garbage. Make a beautiful smoked mackerel niçoise of bleeding scene. Lesson revised: to eat the freshest fish, you will have to watch it die.

How are you?

Today, I hung my feet from the pier, planted a blueberry in the Long River, and lured a memory uncorrupted: the Bird was not a duck nor a goose! I am thankful. A dream analysis resource reads as such: *The duck dream suggests that you are setting yourself up for the kill as associated by the phrase sitting duck and the goose dream suggests that you are on a wild goose chase.* We can safely pluck two dark conclusions from our trailway. I've added species to the list of necessary surveillances just beneath color. I hold my eyes open, red and redder by the day, on the occasion of the Bird's return.

On a separate note: *to see sauerkraut in a dream indicates good health. In which case, I am going to live forever.*

A hungered motive opened my feet to the market. My thumb was bleeding in the produce aisle and not because I know the reason. I put it in my mouth. We are a gray people, I thought, at the sight of cucumbers stacked like a crypt for the dead. We are a gray people to fill natural spaces with monuments to Not Forgotten. Beneath the monuments: yellowed grass. Burn everything if one day a stone can burn! Make way, make way! Don't we all have some affection for a garden? I could love anything that feeds me.

To destroy symmetry I freed a cucumber and placed it on the shelf of fish tins.

On my go in the queue, the cashier wiped a soiled gaze on me. Catching my reflection in the metal sides of the conveyor belt, I was resembling an unbalanced crate of milk. I removed my thumb from mouth to exchange currency for a bitter Red Delicious. In life there is suffering. I applied the curse to the cashier. Put the thumb back in the mouth to quell the bleed. Swapped thumb for apple and apple for thumb until I made a bite out of turn and the leak painted a spectacle down my shirt. The red shape made like a broken egg with a long friend to its left that was near to rectangular. Something like a legless foot? An old fish? I have no honey feelings for the shape of staled things. I spun my attitude: oblong bread? Bread is money! Or! An envelope- to suggest that Truth is set to deliver at any moment? I should look for good in shapes everywhere, milk included. Trust: we are to make the transition from Vague Belief to Firm Truth in our present lifetime. Have no hesitation.

With brilliance of mind I moved south from the grocer to see the Artist known well to the town in which I live for selling abstract portraiture on the sidewalk.

“What is it?” I said to him standing in the studio, pointing to the broken egg and its long friend the vague rectangle.

“In the rectangle, there is no friend,” he said.

My legs were hurting then and I asked him to speak more commonly.

“Commonly,” he said, “it’s a felled tree.”

I resisted shut-eye but for me there was no hope.

“You know, I find melancholy essential to my process” he said. “This log image takes me back to The Glum Age of Uncertain Cash Flow & Gratuitous, Unfulfilling Intimacies - the most downcast yet most fruitful period of my late 20s. Thank you.”

“You are pointless,” I suggested.

“Understand,” he said, “for you the image is envelope. For me: wood. What if your obvious blue is my decided orange? We meet sense datum with distinct sense organs. What do you expect? Oneness among us? I own these eyes alone.” He spoke with all the air of a big moon night. With the tone of the big moon’s shining subject though, agree with me, he is not.

The Artist offered me tea but was not my friend. While he watched the water boil, I gave my eyelids a deserved break. I dropped my shoulders to the ottoman on which I sat and woke to a cold cup balanced on my left knee. My legs hurt. I had dreamt a 6 hour plane journey in the span of 15 minutes. I had said no to complimentary peanuts and yes to the

sick bag. The host was in his hardbacked chair drawing what looked like the stomach organ split open with a metal colander resting on top. Products of a mind untethered. “You,” he said pointing though I had not asked what. If that was me, I thought, then my drawn image is a self of mine who is much closer to death. I burped twice in rapid succession. I offered him 3 figures for my portrait. He refused.

“Don’t you think any more of yourself?” he asked.

I increased the offer by \$20.

“What’s the title?” I asked, writing a check.

“Uninspired II,” he said.

I have to offer credit when it is hard-earned: The Artist performed as he would if no one was there. He enacted the same practices alone and otherwise not alone. I am not soiling myself to say so; it is not that I am No One- in fact, I am the Anyone. But the Artist’s gift is to make wall flies. He lives the Ideal: to be seen but not spoken to.

This has had nothing to do with the Truth Hunt. Please excuse me for the wasted hour. I am ordinarily more diligent.

“I found the Bird!”

^ do not fall into the pothole of disappointment when you hear that the above is not exactly true. Instead of saying “I will find the Bird,” in its place I now say “I found the Bird” hoping the happen will fulfill itself.

Let's schedule to say “I found the Bird” all together at the same time of each day to amplify our energy. Our want for Bird will be no secret to the world. Every tomorrow at a few seconds to 5pm I would like it very much if you imagine the All of us huddled, clothed in matched uniforms, hands outstretched and overlapping at the center. At 5 exact, you will say: “I found the Bird.” You will say it noisy, no matter where you are located. In the library, I will violate the Law of Quiet to make our saying. If you so happen to be at a table dining or among strangers on a bus, so be it. The crowd is a source. Tell the stranger there is no harm to pronounce “I found the Bird” once and it will ease them into performing. I'm giving myself an idea. I'm going to make a flyer to post on local bulletin boards with a public meeting location. I will reuse the hook that recruited you: ATTENTION FRIENDS YOU WILL NEVER BELIEVE...I HAVE FOUND THE MEANING OF LIFE. I will not be ashamed to include: I NEED YOUR HELP. The first step is admitting it. I will include the time [5pm]. Did you know that with the word TEAM you can make the words MEAT MATE META and TAME? The with the word Bird you can make the word DRIB. A Bird Call so big will be hardly ignored.

Did you know? The lead crane guides the flock with a shriek. If that crane's throat gives out, another crane will take its place at the top, too shrieking. Cranes fly high in the air but still within earshot.

I've entered the numbers you gifted (SSNs, phone #s, and so on) into an application that interprets digit as sound. The output is a sequence of varying tones with quarter note spacing at the tempo 100 bpm. The sound's attractive aspects are chartless. I call it song, the Bird Song, and loop it all through my dining hours and cleaning ceremony. A shelf I love is rubbed according to its cadence. I wax the cupboard door at half speed for dramatic effect. The dust from the ceramic cups transfers to my smallest finger and I blow it off with a harmonious whistle. If I sing along, I reach the highest note and hold it until the spirit glasses threaten to rupture. The Bird Song follows me into my room for silence, if only as a ghost in the ears.

I brought my portable stereo to the park. Dirty bike path, boating pier, Long River. Bird Song Parade Soundtrack. Making way when sudden! A sensation beyond the heat of the day became a circle on my back, like that of a strong gawk. I was watched. Was it our Bird, the voyeur? I was approaching a bridge I'd never conceived of before, not in dream or in living. Its sturdiness was undetermined. At the opposite end of the bridge, there was a wooded area enclosed by thin trees. For a moment, I was fragmented by 1. the risk of misstep on new territory and 2. the opportunity to glimpse the Bird. I spun rapidly, my priorities crystalline, but saw no one or thing. Mainly, no Bird. I looked up. The geese were migrating.

Talk me down from foolhood, Friends. What have I disturbed to earn a humiliation like mine?

We the thirsty; slowed in the red of desert, thirsty. We the want for a waterhole, thirsty; crying onto our tongues out, thirsty. Finally, we are quenched. We are heard.

Just when we are thinking that our energy is spent to waste- we, the raw-throated by loud mouth shouts of “BIRD!” who imagine our energy landing straight into the drain, thinning in the sewage and seeping from sea into next sea. Just when we’ve assumed that the SOS went up a smoke and was snuffed by a wetness about the atmosphere- Just When, Just When! is where our signal appears. In fact, we pervade like a smell. It is sensed and influential. Like a poison. No. A body odor.

The computer has been listening for a long time and now let’s me know it during periods of passive awareness. At the boundaries of browser, I am offered Squirrel Proof Welded Mesh Round Wild Metal Bird Feeder For Feeding Birds, Handmade Color Painted Garden/Home Decorative Birds in Nest Ashtray, and a HOT SALE on SEED. What to expect when I’m expecting 5lbs of SEED? THE BIRD [fingers crossed]!

Today I watched a man blow kisses & slow wave a fond “so long!” to the face of the public library.

I was wild by a two-pronged jealousy! I, who see nothing in most things.

Here:

There:

On the bus home, so moved, I sigh to a poem:

PLEASE KEEP FEET

OFF SEATS

Feet! I never asked for feet!

I made the a-ok sign, to every outside, passing by on all sides in the direction of away. There: to a lawn that matched my lethargy- kempt- a lawn on which I'd have liked to have a long forget. Anoint like a bird does on the living & some dead grass. Get seductive like a bruised peach. Nurture an easy mood & lawn bugs with the sweet of my neck. I'd plant seeds there. Sweat through my clothes. Don't we all have some affection for a garden? On the fertile common between us, what should grow? Personally, I hope for a row of long tubers, a lemon tree, one gorgeous orange poison mushroom. There's plenty of area for your detestable marigolds, your common weeds, squares of wood engraved with the word IMAGINE. I'll allow for things like this, I'll learn to compromise for the sake of your tastes so long as you'll make space for mine. I'm chewing my lips just to think: I could love anything that feeds me.

Did you know? Birds and I share a positive feelings for swiping produce out of the local crop yard and bobbing for wet bread in some such receptacle! as well as: Morning Song and gently sleeping on an egg.

Did you know birds are capable of crying, but choose not to? Does this remind you of anyone? ;)

There are Bird routines that I cannot possibly perform with my anatomy such as flying, holding power lines. And then, there are the achievable habits of birds that I do not yet enjoy: anointing the skin of the body by rolling it in live or dead ants.

So many touches at one time.

I am alone for good reason.

I sacrifice my typical routines for the Bird in order to perform the rituals thereof. I give up myself to strut in its likeness. To sing out in a resonant tone. If I owned wings I would spread them, cooing: *One of us. One of us.* If I were telephone wire, I'd sag for claw's rest. On the bank of the Long River, I perform my best perch with a stiff single leg and a mouth full with seed. I open and then, nothing.

All the Bird Catching Manuals say to approach a Bird slow. So the walk is set long, to half-speed. More time for the eyes to hunt for scrap on trees. Intuition becomes intention. If the quality of collected items is suffering or blooming, I cannot comment but will say that to be heftier with collectibles is conducive to slow-walking. If I go the rest of my lifelong days at this pace, I've far surpassed the middle of my life by now.

At home it is dark by the occasion of my return. I'm not bothered with lights. My knee touches the table hard and the houseplant sheds a dry leaf. I know it, despite dark, by the sound of carpet hairs catching.

It is easy to lose track that our Bird is not of the natural variety. So I think next time to incorporate in my lure attractions of my own and yours too.

What pleasures you? Pass me your seductions and together we will Authenticate our lives in no time at all.

URGENT

Please. I am returning any pink photos of your sensitive places. You are all so proportional! But you are required to keep yourself. Please.

[my_chest.jpg]

[junk-underside.jpg]

A List of Pleasures, Pt. I:

the gentle sound of any empty

to call a stranger Sarah

image of the flattest coin resting on an outstretched hand

ASMR-AppleSauce-Toast-with-Ham-whispering.mp4

the music of elevators

plastic of half drunk whole milk resting on the public bathroom sink

Anti-stress Vibration Massage Helmet w/ Facial Rejuvenation Mask [ONLY \$35.99!

ACT FAST!!]

making shapes on the shower wall with lost hairs

movies starring a plain woman with a bad habit

MUST-HAVE High-necked shirt 100% Cotton Season Favorite

pulling apart a bouquet inside department store

top skin of cooling gravy

to say "boy howdy"

the decline of horse sport

vacant pores

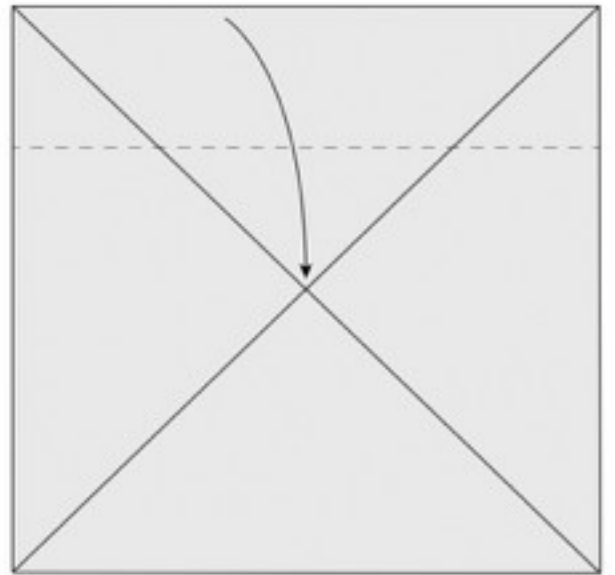
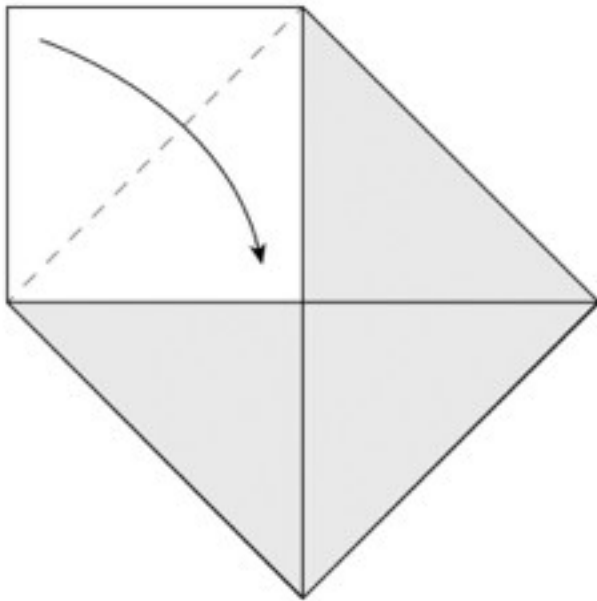
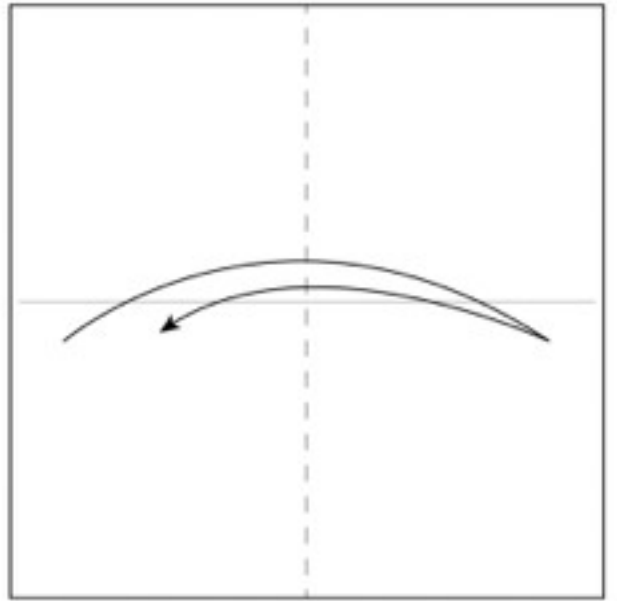
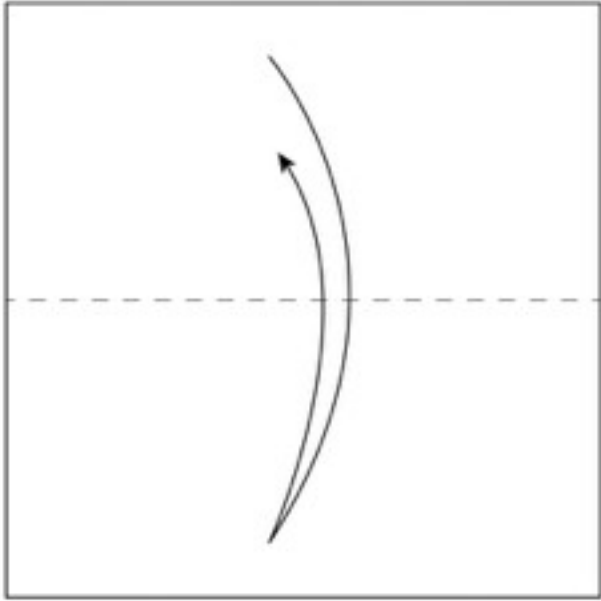
almost touches

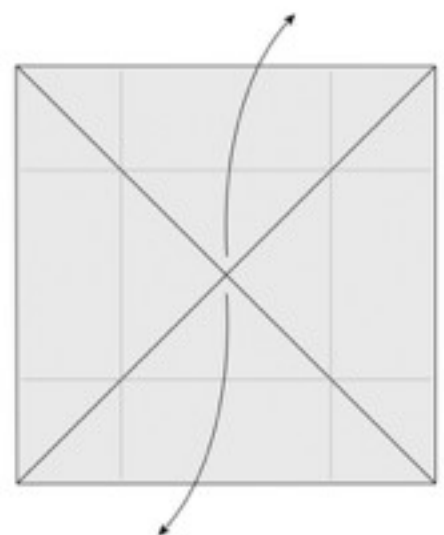
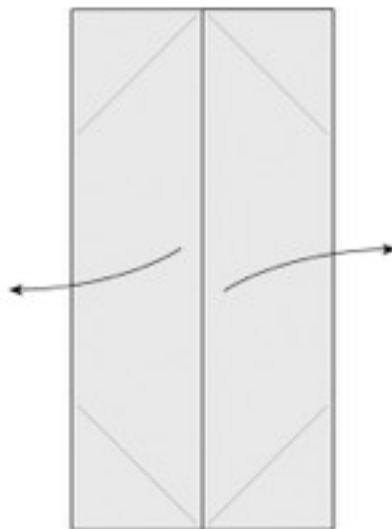
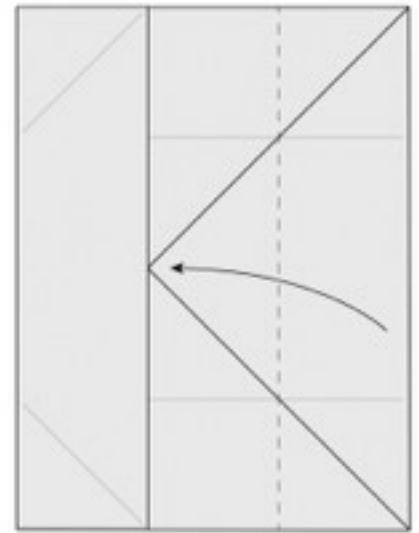
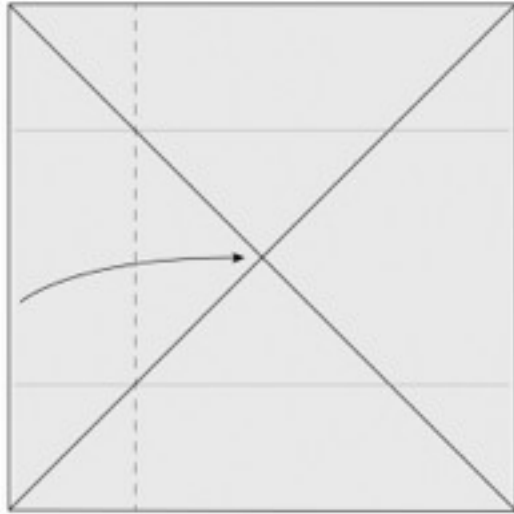
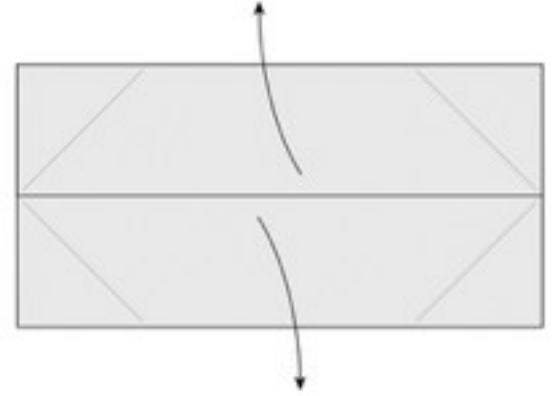
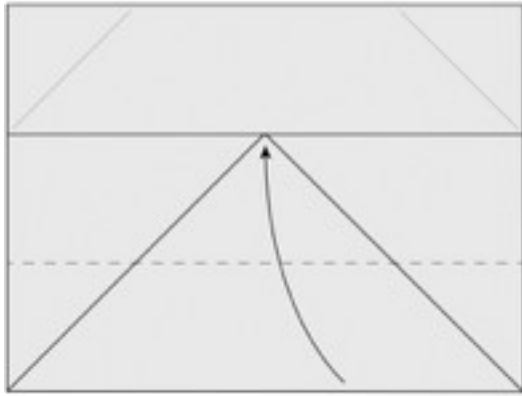
Howdy Beloveds,

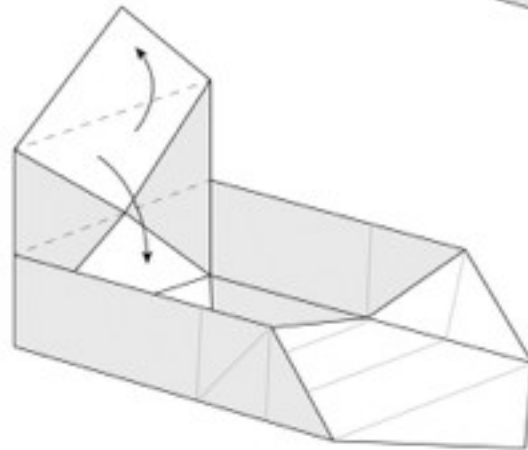
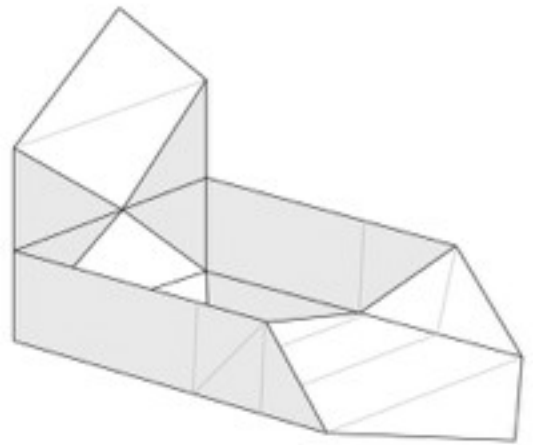
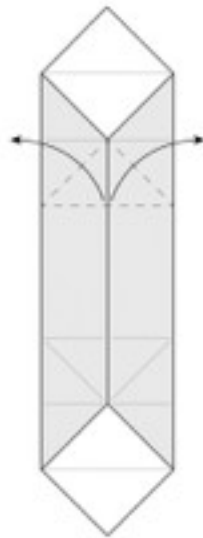
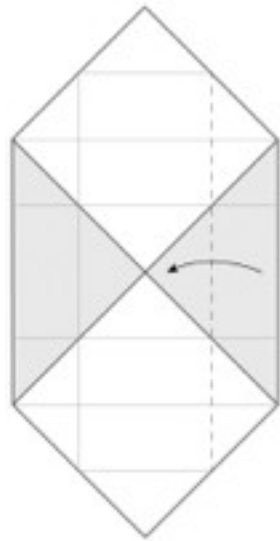
Reporting from the Deep Meanwhile: today, it rained. In my Room for Silence, I built my chin hair a reliquary of glass in the shape of a television. All day I watched the sky in its mirror and earned a dull habit: pressing one tittie to the window, I smudged an arch at the pace of the sun.

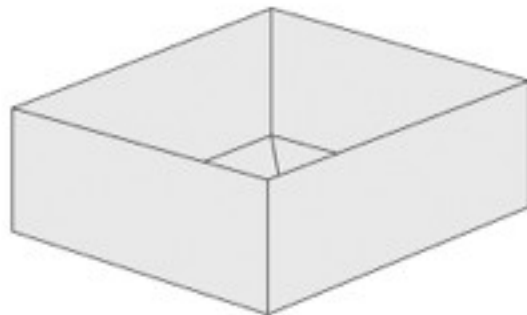
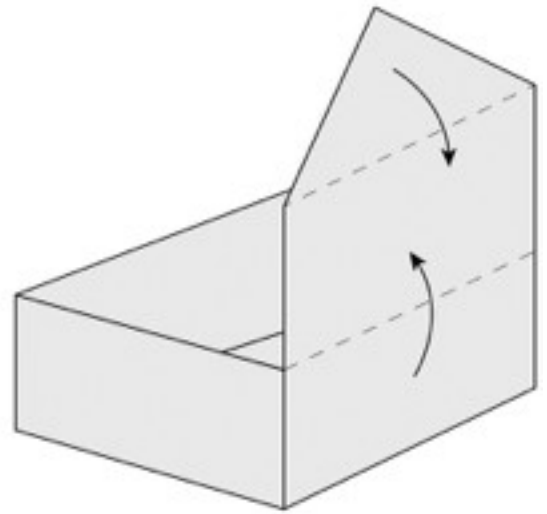
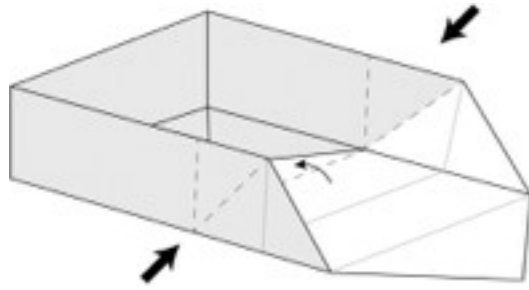
Please use the following page to fold a box in which to place something you love. The box functions as a frame does, it tells the eye what to behold as beauty, and it is for yourself. Or, the box can be for someone else, to convince another to love something they do not yet love. Or place in your box something you are trying to but do not yet love. Who am I to say what can and cannot be placed in the box? I will say that the effect of the box is most potent if you place a material item. Not only will it be less effective to put *dread of unpleasant event* in the box but impossible. Instead you can put a nickel and a sewing needle into the box and say this nickel and this sewing needle represent *dread of unpleasant event*. As long as you are convinced, then you will be closer to loving that which you do not yet love.

REMOVE









Ahoy!

It seems that I have been astray of the something I love of myself. I have always been my own favorite Statue.

Today, in my Room for Silence I spirited a mountain. If I could, I would keep in a bottle the slick feeling that a fine stillness inflicts on me and send it to you by mail overnight covered in the commemoration stamps of a well-regarded US President. Would you better love me if I could? Would you send me your address? No alarms! Do not share your location! Only reply with the measure of your willingness. I peek fondly at a new chin hair in the reliquary resisting the wind through the gap in the window. I, too, am static in a dream life. A felled tree. What is the better way to relax and catch a positive wave?

At ease, Friends. Slide backwards from the edge and unbend into your chairs. Take on a rested pose in a dim room. Sugar your bitter drink.

Each morning, I time a 45 second gaze at your red-eye formation. I recite the mantra *No Poverty, No Hate* all through Aerobics. I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: *You poor statue! Movement breaks the highest nope-nope.* Listen, I still and I sweat. Statue is a rain day hobby; walks are for sun. I point and I counter. There is one deep end and another. Between two extremes is the middle, which is not a single point but the broad and boundless equilibrium. A stillness like mine requires as much strength as a mountain's climb. If I only stuated, I would atrophy. Wilt to skins like a waterless plant. Life is all a loop. We eat and we empty in order to eat again. I'm newly in peace with the fact that we labor to leisure. It used to be that when I sat to pee, I would feel disrupted from whatever event preceded the bladder's full. I'd withstand the crave for soft drink to exclude bathroom breaks from the day's itinerary. But without a pause, there is no before-pee and after-pee only a long length of present. And without a chapter's begin or end, I was becoming less practiced in projecting agreeable futures and other positive visualization techniques. Now at the soft drink machine, I go Double. I do cut off corners where I can. I never make the unmade bed.

Squat with me, stand with me. Squat with me, stand with me. I'll spot you. I'll rid the knots of you out with my fist. We'll bathe each other with sponges. We'll make each other into shapes.

One loses the quiet of the body if they set themselves to pace with the world. Speeding on high all day.

Unmoved flesh is Limited Edition. That's part of Statue's attraction. A woman married the Eiffel Tower. Another woman is in love with a chandelier and the Statue of Liberty who, for the record, I have always suspected for lesbianism. When I pose, I make like honey to my Neighbors who I trap at my window, footed and squirming like stuck flies. My generosity as Statue is the giving of a small pause out of Time for each and every green-hued spectator.

Some of many benefits to sitting still:

Best sleep

Stress exit

Long Span of Attention

Pain Ignorance

Social Burden Escape

and (benefit or harm depending on the health of your past...)

Better memory

A memory:

There was a bird that was maybe a bat hovering over the Long River. We were all deciding.

Bat, definitely. The meat was sturdy and sauced BBQ. The khaki would need washing.

A bat? In the day... It was a firework holiday....*time?*

Bird, then. We waved flags on sticks in the traditional hand and carried cold ones in the other.

Bat, could be. We sang the holiday anthem from memory.

Well, I'm going to go with bird but I couldn't say why. It's only a gut suspicion. There was a softcore reenactment of the long ago event we were celebrating.

If no one feels strongly for Bird, I'd like to propose Bat again. We showed off items we'd bought at the Major Sale.

I could get behind Bir- a larger bird then, a hawk we thought, arrived from nowhere, took the Bird (or the Bat) in its claws, and flew out of view.

The next major holiday promised the ULTIMATE SALE and we couldn't wait.

Did you know? The crow predicts rain and foretells the future. You can read a heron too for rain. The heron stays high out of fear for becoming wet. When a heron is flying, it means that a storm is arriving and the heron is afraid. The heron is like those who fear chaos on the world. The hungry fear little. Fear feeds on itself like a lovely plant. Like a flower who invites closer approach with its charismatic looks, but then turns the nose sour in close proximity. Like the 8 foot corpse lily which smells of death. That is the form Fear. I am Fear's light or am I its air then?

Night air was once believed to be dark by toxin. Now, all air is open to disease. Some speculate the government is releasing a gas which kills birds for reasons unknown.

Population control? Weather manipulation? Silencer?

Secrets wear wings.

I'm no bird; I want one. Keep closed the windows to make home a haven safe from unsanitary airs. All my smells are stored in the curtains, the bedclothes, the bath towels.

The smoke of how many burnt meals.

I am doing the work of a benevolent god.

I woke up choking on my own throat, convinced the next or the next breath would be the last of mine. No clues or cures to which condition I had contracted from the night. Dry air passed in, put water in my eyes, and retched out. It is best to play safe. When the waking is bad so too are the minutes which follow each other. I kept my legs in the bedroom and trapped myself by items of comfort. I watched the day from the angle of consolation, sideways, holding myself small by the knees, putting kisses on the caps as on the heads of twin babies. In everything, a danger is living. Even in the last suspect. A danger needs no invitation by motive or malice. For example, a body has its own best interest, but has been known to cause its own breaking. One corrupt twist, one slipped curb, one too much sip of water. The end.

I went sensor, on guard for signs of dying, attuned to untimely pulses or new aching. Sometimes it feels like I am active in keeping the body's control from going lost; I pull the seams by their ends to keep it from spilling. Slack on the reigns would be risky. When the sharp of my hip pressed out on the skin after leaning back into a comfort, the worst case of internal leak presented a possibility. It passed. I breathed again and then again.

From the bed I plotted the route from door exit to doctor should the occasion arrive. Pressing the 9 & 1's on the unplugged phone would be three misspent pressings. In the alternate, I would need to bring myself to the wall of the bedroom and knock hard for the neighbors' hearing. If that did not work, if they were scratching at the cello loud or hot by an argument, I would need to lean out of the window and put both hands around my neck,

the universal sign for distress. I dress brightly for reason. Today was the first I had considered: to what strategy would I resort in the event that every last one of the neighbors holds a job in the day? Under such circumstance, I would need to bring myself by the hands into the lawn and cry out, if the neck would let me. Or kick the metal trash bin, turn the sprinklers to ON, embody chaos, make lawn angels, imprint on the earth, friction until smoked, until I was found or the air gave out, whichever would come first.

To my absolute horror I had a thought: If I have been a good Statue, I will have inspired my onlookers to take up a practice of Statue so committed. If it so happens that I begin dying at the hour of stillness, my commotion will go ignored. I will need to spend the final breath arranging the body in the position I'd like to be found.

Birds who are dead and have no decent to die private. In dull view: full-winged, missing middle. Or whole and resting in the roost position. I've mistakenly offered this sort of dead bird a part of my sandwich in passing. Easy mistake on a cold morning, but so awkward!

I kept my legs in bed all day, fooling my clock, and fell to sleep with the sun out still. Courteous head of mine- I dreamt an empowerment. In the dream I dragged myself by the hands down the stairs, through several door frames, into the lawn and cried out a universal help. I pulled air in through the mouth for so long that my body bloated my skin to its furthest stretch. The groundskeeper drove the ride-on mower around me. I pulled

myself into the road where the Community 5K racers were making rounds to raise funds against Lingering Disease. The joggers went past me, pulling. They leaped over me, grunting. The electronic road sign read:

PLEASE HANG

IN THERE YOU CAN

DO IT

FINISH AHEAD

As I dragged forward, making blood on the knees, the skin deflated little by little. I surpassed the finish line, turned down my complimentary hot dog (no bun), the sports drink, and continued on and on to the community center, nearly reduced to the normal size of me by then. I carried my torso and legs up and over the metal gate, the sharp top tearing my clothes completely away. With the last air in me, I placed myself nipples up in the deep end of the community pool which was without water.

I woke again choking. The day had not ended. Coughed until a hair came up to my tongue. I reached in with two fingers, pulled it out and fell asleep again. And that was that. How was your day?

Did you know? It was once believed that a certain type of bird could confront a sick man and determine whether the sick man would live or die by his illness. If the bird looks away from the face of the sick man, he will die and soon. If the the bird instead looks into the face of a sick man, the bird will draw the sickness into itself and then fly at the sun, destroying the disease. This type of bird is an unclean bird which must not be eaten.

Birds is a ghost town in Texas I'd get to, if only I could find it on a map.

A certain owl is suspect for having killed a woman with a peck to the head.

The green parrot in the pet store said to me: Hi Baby. "You okay?"

I had just gotten a great deal on seed. The answer was: "Yes."

I resign to reality: I suffer the symptoms of my time. Dry cough. Headache. Unsense to public commotion. It turns out I am not so unique. At the diner I nudged my tea cup purposeful so that it rocked on the saucer for half a minute before stopping- a rattle as in death that no one minded. They tapped forks along to the muzak, nodded heads, wiped their jellied lips. Could be a testament to the quality of the stuffed french toast - "Best in Town!" -opiate of the people. I ordered a tall stack and spent the evening with the bathroom.

I say PENNY to spirit a happier tendency. I hold PENNY in my teeth. PENNY. To make a smiling mouth. PENNY. Practice my face in the shape of delight. I commit PENNY, a bunco, to the body. It's like eating medicine but tasteless. I say PENNY. It works! So many times. It's working! PENNY. To myself among people folding shoulders in the laundromat. The meter of PENNY syncing up to rise and thud of the dryer on high full of denim- alpha machine. We correspond. It is flirtatious. PENNY! I, like you, am second guessing my personhood. I am in no part appliance- a small litany of proofs: not a stent in my heart, not a plastic foot. I have one leg. I have another. I've bled from the both of them. There's a past I can access, privately, with the correct prompting. I desire. I prefer. A certain Mountain Breeze about my clothes. Spirit of High Perspective, of Nosebleeds. I've thought up a laundry scent of my own- inspired by Pink Mornings. You know exactly as I mean. But I have no means for mixing soap the proper ratio of Pink to Morning.

I thought I could go on forever without intrusive desire so long as the sun showed face every day- but in absence, Pink Morning corrupts me like baby fever. I crave Pink Morning. Place a hand on my womb area, my own quivering pink.

A Pink Morning is good enough reason to exit the bed. To water the skin. To soap and to comb. To empty each hole. All juice. Every semi-solid. Get barren all the way to my bones and then- to push open the bedroom window and shout "O pink morning! Finally, you've come for me. Never leave, you sugar. You noncommit." That's what I'll say,

staring into the camera, through the TV, straight into the face of the American people horizontal on their sectional couches, ignoring magazines in the dentist waiting area. Then, I'll launch up in only my underdrawers and romance a serving spoon across a kitchen swamped with peach light. Prepare an over-medium egg and SURPRISE! a pink middle! I'll plant one bite onto a fruit and place it back into the basket; frivolous, gaping, undone, seducing the ants who live in the corners. Who all night twist and sound inside the walls. I press an ear, I listen, I make soothe sounds like a running faucet to the ants who then leak out onto the countertops in a line and on most days fall dead under my thumbs. We love and we hate. We back and we forth. But not on the Pink Morning! I'll join the ants; writhing, tasting bread. "Come for us," we shout. "Save us!"

CUE PINK MORNING THEME IN THE KEY OF C

I unhang my shirt that says *Life is Good* on the front and on the back. Give it the good sniff and exhale pale rose suds [*movie magic*].

**CUT TO LONG SHOT OF CITY STREET BUSIED WITH MEN AND WOMEN IN
STARCHED CORPORATE GARMENTS**

I flaunt in this public. Blush in my clothes. Whoever reads my chest or my behind nods to me knowing that it is true. For someone, somewhere. Life is Good. Sometimes. Or, always. High fives for everyone. Soap blows from my mouth and onto their outfits, which become pink sleeping gowns [*magic again!*]

SOFT FADE TO PINK

SOUND OF A DRYER TOSSING IN THE DISTANCE

Friends, are you sold?

O Pink Morning, arrive and right away I'll begin to disregard the beauty supplements I've placed around the home. Ornate frames. Shapeless soils on canvas. They're nothing beside you. What's money, what's art. Right then, I will fragment the porcelains with my little hammer in order to make room in my eyes for the more beautiful things. If tomorrow there is no Pink Morning, well then what a horrible night to be smiling.

Finally a better dream. A sleep. I am waking on the moon (without you) to the sight (at a stone's throw) of a glossy pond where I would like to rinse the moon's dust from my hands. As I am closer, I realize that the pond is actually a shallow hole filled by shining coats of expired birds.

"How on earth?" I say onto the air above your planet.

I am returned by a bird who collapses at my feet. I untie the note from its neck.

"How on moon?" you have written back.

I reply: "Very slowly."

Did you know? The rooster has the ability to tell time without a clock. Age will loose clock screws and dust will gather between gear teeth. The broken clock is correct twice in a day. To the rooster and recluse alike, the broken clock will symbolize nothing at all.

In statue, I am not. Only a stiff emulation of myself. Of the Anyone. Simply to wear a mask is not enough.

In the library, I am becoming myself no matter how I am covered. I was expected. But in Statue I elongate, I snake, I bucket, I stranger, I urn, I oblong, I skew. I phantom my person- an act of unselfing as easy as loosing a robe.

There is a posture I love that goes: both arms bent to L shape, fingers splayed and pointed towards the ground. I squat like a sportsman starving for a cheer. Across the hours, a progression of soft parts go from stiffness to stone.

I translate the neighbors, staring through the closed window into my Room for Silence. Their shrinking proximities fuse otherwise discernible odors into one dense chowder, I imagine. One neighbor masks the other and so on until they are Neighbor, the girth of 10 people, fogging up the glass.

Before you think that my head is growing away from my neck I want to say that I never meant to be an exhibition. I worship my secrets like a balmy winter day. An accident of gravity exposed me to the window. The blinds unraveled and I became public; Statue in a frame, wearing eyes like a thick hug.

The trick is to convince that mine is not a mouthful of mouth. That I cannot be bent, only broken. Neighbor waits for a vein to pulse too largely or for an unanticipated, off-schedule movement of the bowels. My failing is Neighbor's best, unspoken gladness. "Move," Neighbor dares me. We are both feeling delicious- I, withholding gladness from the Neighbor. Freezing any function that will not cease my living. I prohibit the chin hair from lengthening. The blood, of course, goes on visiting the essentials. But I slow my heart to frequent less and less.

Eventually, I will need to tuck both my legs to sleep and soon after the body welcomes the ground. The authentic challenge is to keep sturdy through the fall. Neighbor puts its hands together and apart. A fist bangs the glass but I keep statue until Neighbor dissolves into its smallest possible units, disappearing to separate pillows and mugs of warm sleep aid. It sometimes takes all night and into the next morning for the Neighbor to vanish entirely.

I like it most when the rain starts coming down and everyone is wet.

What's new?

Another posture goes Table. Imagine a table. That's me. Practical, domestic, flat-topped, above the average budget. My body is my dollar.

Would you try Table with me? Sit on your heels and lean forward. Reach back with your hands to the feet behind you if you have them. Flat your back and roll your head forward while holding your heels with your hands. Tip your head down onto the knees. Pulling on your heels, dive head-first & head-only into the floor. Pause here until fantasy arrives. When I Table, I altar: I dish of burnt paolo santo, lump of moonstone, salt lamp, plug-in fountain running water fresh down a stack of flat stones into a bowl, the bodiless wing of a bird. Or, I go billiard: green & geometry. In either iteration, I rise to find that Neighbor has put small change on the outer ledge of my window. My body is my dollar. I'm doing the right thing.

Did you know? It used to be true the birds migrated to the moon for winter. Too used to be true that the moon was populated by a nature as on Earth: branches for landing and waters for bathing and pests for feeding. The television will have us believe that the moon is instead not unlike a desert without a sun. Not unlike an elderly photograph. Saturated, bleak. Several theories at float say the moon's landing was staged on Earth in a dark studio full with sand- a secret held by the many crew involved. If a convincing construction of a desired reality is all that it takes to make a mind, well then what have we been waiting for?

From memory I made a kite in the image of the Bird using the latest issue of the Local Daily which warned FLOOD SOON all over the front page. I'm learning to move the kite like a Bird with unbendable wings. Quick-necked, coastal, hovering, corpse-hungry. Forget lure, I'm here to watch for answers in the imitation. Maybe the solution we've neglected to give a place setting on the table is that the answer to Happiness has been inside of me [us!] all this long. I practice finesse on the string. I practice finesse on humanity. Is life so easy?

If the kite does bring the Bird back, I will not be sorry.

I regretfully admit, I do not swim. To prepare for the Flood, I researched HOW TO SWIM and discovered the Float. To Float one must trust that the body pressing down will be met by the water pressing up and resulting is a body suspended. A most Holy Push-Pull. The first goal to Float is feeling comfy with water. To accomplish this step of the floating process I found commons with water. I reminded myself that I too am water that is well-organized. A walking water, a sleeping water, complaining water, unsexed, contained. I wore a plastic drinking cup on each ear to simulate the sound of the sea. I napped nauseous on the water bed. I salted my upper lip. I left a can of tuna open on the radiator. I trapped the flies with glue.

The next step was to align the body with the surface of the water. I studied the wood panels on the floor. I practiced flattening my back flush and hard. When I was enough level I made myself upright like a stud and went to the bath where I performed what should follow. I tipped my head back and placed my ears in the water as instructed. I lifted my chin to the ceiling. I centered myself. So middle but sinking still, the bath not big enough to spread my legs without resting my feet on the sides or without spilling water onto the floor.

I took myself in bathing clothes to the Long River. From the dock I, planked, push myself onto the water surface and fill myself with air. The water went over my ears. I closed my eyes expecting the descend which never came. I raised my chest at the sun. My face was in the air above water. I felt, in the face, like a nun must in her habit. Neglecting her body.

I am devoted. I made a Bird's view of myself, the current moving around my nose up like a tall stone half sunk. What have always appeared to be boundaries in my view when out of water, were unfelt then. I touched the edges to expel the false thoughts that I was abducted, drawn from the top up rather than pushed from the bottom. I fulfilled the float worklessly. Let myself go. I was embedded, loadless, and unsinkable if only I breathed. Make me easy, weave me in!

Still, I do not swim. Which is something Statues and I have commoned. It's possible I can boat if prompted. If prompted, I'll give it the hard try. I'll only Function forward from here. If ever I'm art, that's an accident.

While I pose, my mind keeps casting me the lead role of television scenarios in the Reliquary mirror:

I eat a whole pie in one sit without hands to the sound of a three man audience clapping live.

My manicured finger directs attention to conventional stick propped up on rotating display. Off-screen voiceover: "Have you been looking for the perfect opportunity to practice your patience? Do you live by the saying, 'Good things come to those who wait?' Will you want to populate your lawn with the wet noses of wild deer? Presenting: The Unborn Rosebush. Raise it from [simple] to [beauty] by less hand-and-foot catering than required to grow a dog! Guaranteed to keep your self-worth soaring!"

\$\$\$ ARE YOU IN NEED OF MONEY? \$\$\$ HOW DOES \$10,000 SOUND?

NOISE OF ONE THOUSAND STEAKS BEING WRAPPED IN TINFOIL AND SHAPED INTO SWANS

I'm housing 9 babies at one time! The birth of all 9 healthy boys is broadcast in a prime time slot. Some wear replicas of my hair shape for Halloween. A popular amusement park creates a ride with maneuvers that approximate my experience of motherhood. The People pay. They vomit, smiling. They wait in line!

With my cohost, I sing the theme of a public access variety show featuring the world's slowest tap dancer and a drummer who covers standard 4/4 rock hits without a band. The true entertainment in all this is the competition between me and the cohost, both attempting to outfake each other in smiling to mask unfulfilled desires to make the BIG TIME.

I face my palms. I cross my wrists. I lock my thumbs and flutter for what's left of light projecting on the wall, a stage for the shadow, a bird. It makes a survey of the room's wall before disappearing on the window.

I know now it is only myth that the idle mind tied up with caution tape. I've tuned my ear to the brain's hum in lull mode and it goes *hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm hmm*. Here's an experiment: you read, *hmmm hmmm hmm hmm* as I read *hmmm hmmm hmm* *hmm* and we are syncing. Wherever you are (*hmm hmm hmm*), We are. *Hmmm hmmm* *hmm*. Performing each other. No scheme here. With all our hands moving in common, work feels effortless. *Hmmmmm hmmm hmmm*. Stomp lightly a little here. *Hmmm* *hmmm*. This is prime estate for tilling. *Hmmmm*. For the aimless tossing of seeds. I smell its fertility like [heavy, leaking melons?]. Request a rain with me & we can wake to a wet shadow. Muddy knees. Knees. We never asked for knees. But while we're on them, why not ask nice for the sun to the front. Come out from behind the gray mask. Why don't you front now and wink at our seeds!

I've surfed upon a long list of personnel believed to have been killed in an attempt to cover-up the staging of the moon and in addition, footage of a falling that matches the pace of my life:

[David Scott Drops a Hammer and Feather on the Moon.mp4](#)

What now will used to be true? I hope it's the high importance placed on sleep. On some nights I am only pretending to sleep to appease science and it is a great accomplishment to have endured eight waking hours on the bed with my eyes closed. After, I am ready to face another impossible day.

Friends, guess what! I have not an idea for how this happened but there is someone convinced that I am equipped with a little penis! While, in fact, I have never owned a penis; not thin nor short nor lengthy! I have always thought that if I did have a penis, it would be a height that did not need boosting. A penis to match my personality. Not sure how each inch of a penis relates to the ego and so my personality may very well be paired appropriately with a thing so petite. I would love it so. I'd love it the way petite things are loved: with a voice like a whisper and a hum in major keys. My voice couldn't carry communication noisy enough for a penis the size of a king.

In one telling by the Greeks, a son tossed his father's severed penis into the sea and from the foam was born the goddess of Beauty.

I do believe firmly that my little penis would be so soft like loafed bread. I believe I'd be born lucky like that. At the times when my sight is catching on to only hard things, and I move through a day as though chained to a brick towards the dark room where I'd go on all night fatiguing, I could untie my pants and look down at my little penis, gentle as a handful of scattered rose petals. If my soft, little penis could talk it would say "Stop your staring," with the manners of a napkin-on-the-lapp-er, a fork-on-the-left-er. With a curtsy.

I've polled my heart with no result and so I turn to ask the collected mind: what is it about my person that might portray the sense of a penis furnishing the between of my

legs and too that it is little? And too that the little is insufficient for carrying out a meaningful livelihood? That its enhancement might uproot a malaise so buried I did not even know to suffer? That I am a puzzle which needs solving? What are the qualities I share with the Minimum who need Maximizing? Is it my posture? Is it that I lick my fingers to keep my eyebrows in place? My weekend jeans with the gemstone on the back pocket? It's not the shape of my feet, which are higher than average.

I would not know the stature of a small-penis person if I saw them publicly standing in their garments. Point me to a small-penis someone to follow around for a day and I'll take good note; analyze the apparent traits of character and compare them with my own. So I can unwrong my mistake. Is it that I cross my legs when I pee? How embarrassing to have led someone on like this. How many others believe I belong to the small-penis people? I guess I can be anyone on the Web with the right wording.

Hello Sweetie,

I saw you on the street and got excited! For others, love is blind, but for me it isn't true! Do you believe we can become a couple? I am very beautiful and good at being fun. Do you have any plans to spend a boring evening? I want to take you out tonight to a fancy restaurant!

See how easy it is to be someone! Did I fool you? Anyway, the concerned someone who is convinced I have a little penis promises the method of enhancement will not give me

any pain. I would only need to swallow a pill, which is well within my zone of comfort.

Without a little penis, what would happen if I ate the pill that is getting pushed upon me?

I'm being offered a special rate.

Listen,

I know the saying about sales but if I wanted your money I'd have offered a look at my sensitive areas long ago.

Likewise,

If you wanted my money you'd have posted a web ad such as: LOOKING FOR PERSON
TO EAT GRAPES OUT OF MY HANDS.

I'm that easy.

You cannot accuse me of not being who I say I am because I have not given you much on the subject of my being. In honest, I don't think I'm much authority on the matter.

I have lost enough hair under the pressure to use only words to describe my feeling. Flat-out, it is a wrong to insist one or a few words is enough to precise the combo and choreography of cells, inside and out of me, shaking. Put my thinning face on a poster: ENOUGH IS NOT EXACTLY ENOUGH! We've all inherited the hammer, language, and have been mentored to use it within the rules of its function- to drive nails into our own pine box- so rare we intuit a throw against bounds- glass, bricks, books, and so on.

With all that said, if you had asked me about my week I would have replied with a the following photos. I bury the language-tool, shallow. Make them into whatever you will.

[pictured: *a glove alone on a serious fence*]

[pictured: *a room full of multicolor chairs stacked on top of each other*]

[pictured: *a woman standing on water at the beach yawning at an umbrella*]

[pictured: *an unlit candle resting in a hot dog bun.*]

[pictured: *plastic lemon rolling to a busy road.*]

[pictured: *sketch of a badly made horse.*]

I took a quiz to find out what kind of garbage I am: Broken Beer Bottle.

I took a quiz to find out what kind of bread I am: Multigrain.

I took a quiz to find out I am Not Married

I took a quiz to find out what kind of Root Vegetable I am: Turnip

I took a quiz to find out my deepest desire: Lively Spirit and World Peace

I took a quiz to find out if I'm at risk for Diabetes and the results were inconclusive.

On occasion, I require something-something to enhance my intensity of feeling or clarity of understanding. If all my shaking around will not stir a passion, I turn to tool; a spoon so to speak. SO SUE ME. Sometimes it works enough just to look at a provocative image. For example, the photo of two cocktail shrimps embracing, tail over tail. My eyes teared upon a first looking. I sensed the shrimps' tenderness as my own though no one had ever held me so gently. Carried away, I said *aw*. Printed a wallet-size photo. Pulled it into my view whenever I was feeling flat-chested. The swelling was immediate and long-lasting.

With your vision more adept than mine, you'll have caught my blind spot already. But it has taken more time than I'd love to admit for me to remind myself that cooked shrimps are not capable of hugging on their own. A hand will have had to pose them together. Truest love is not but simulation. Is postured. ROMANCE brought to you by hand full of thick sweets covered in chocolate melting, the color Red, sheer cloth, joint banking, the VACANCY HOURLY RATES & FREE WIFI, the long pasta, the Always, the *C baby* Am *baby* F *baby* G *baby*, the nestle, the nuclear unit, the lit wick, the emergency contact, the prodigal child, twin sinks, the bed death, the reconcile, the memento, the laugh track, etc.

What difference is a photo from a drug? Yeah yeah, they occupy two ends of the mild-to-spicy spectrum. But if a photo or a food or a drop of daylight on a particular wall is no longer extending my vision, then I should evolve my sources. I made you a promise to do

whatever it takes to find our Bird. I will quit my waiting for the Bird which is like for a missed bus. Here I am hailing a cab, turning to substance to meet the Bird on its level. Caffeine has not done it nor has drink nor carrot. I quest for the harder stuff to give me the influence. Put me under, over, Wherever is displaced from the Right Here!

I put the plant inside me and went walking. The walk was a walk. I was in a way walking. On two legs I went. I can't word the walk. I can imprecise the walk with words. Imprecising, I make acid in the mouth. I spit. Instead of exerting towards the sure-fail, I can withdraw drymouthed and alone with my walk that I cannot precise by words. By words I can construct that the walk is a record on the body. On the bones. Starting at the foot and then the bottom legs, the knees, the top legs, the hips, the spines, the clavicles, the teeth, and between. If you want to know the walk you would better read the bones. Which of you is fluent? That is the one of you who is welcome to them if you are patient for the skin to one day fall from them. Read the bones, if you are willing, with caution.

Was there happiness in the walking? You could say I laughed at the goose who reminded me of the face made by a certain dentist at the end of a joke inappropriate. And then I cried. I lived the full range of emoting. My face aged 5 days. Deeply I wept for the thought of our Bird. Is there a Bird on these bones? Sadly, no. Perhaps I had not arrived high enough to the park. I wept for reasons that were a surprise to me. I wept not because our goal goes unmet. I wept to think unmeeting our goal has been for the best. All this time I've fantasized Relax as a suitable reward for retrieving the lost Bird. I have all this time thought that the Bird will lead me through Pain's Exit and that Pain's Exit will also be the Enter to Pleasure. But on what reference had I envisioned a single doorway between between the two? Who is to say there is not a foyer the length of the US of A between one door and the next. I am already so tired, I keep picturing you holding me on your front in an adult-sized baby carrier.

I will give you a little something-something. I'll recount a moment on the walk during which I was descended. During which I was returning to the familiar plane. I was over the influence and arriving thirsty to a picnic. I was fed leftovers on a styrofoam plate. Borscht, a salad with pickles, and grilled chicken (cold). I watched a man eat two hardboiled eggs so sloppy that it rid me of appetite. A man in gloves collected picnic garbage from the ground. He picked up a spiked caterpillar and said to it: "This is my job." The caterpillar curled into the shape of a ball. "That is your job," he said. He poked the caterpillar with his gloved hand. It did not open. It did not have a job. It was not employed. Its labor was not paid. I translated the meant of the gloved man from: "These are our careers" to "These are our ways of being." As though to say "I'm sorry. I cannot help what I am doing or what I have done to you." I would NEVER accept an apology so insincere. However, I WOULD accept payment for being.

I replace sentiment with the saying: *Today's mood bought me corn nuts*. I hope this saying gives you enough to inhabit the act of purchasing snack with a good sense for a mood of your own making that might drive you to the same end and feel it thusly. *Today's mood bought me corn nuts* better nears any bodiless feeling-word I might muster and pin to the day. Actions speak louder than.

How many might I offend, if any, when I chew corn nuts on the bus? The man seated ahead goes shifty in his windbreaker. Could be his standard riding posture; that little irritable sag of the head. Business as usual. I don't help thinking as I bite, like teeth into teeth, someone has released, "This crunchy chump" from their headspace and is sending it towards me.

I meet it with: "Step at me, Judge. It's no crime to be eating in transit."

"Just how deep is the well then?" they ask.

"Corn nuts were the cure of the morning and I scooped a double dose," I say.

"I hazard to show you the long dark of it" I say.

"It is mine," I say. "This life. My name is on it."

"The secret is: I leave a layer of corn nuts at the bottom so that I never have a last bite to miss later," I say.

"You'll not know what you've got until its ghost limb claps into the open bag and makes echo into your desiring mouth," I say, speaking out of turn.

Who among the public has a mismeasure of chemicals or a short wick on the anger candle or a butter knife in their pocket or something less cute? The tight-fisted someone could look just as you or I do. I am aware of the risk I take with indiscreet snacks in my lap. I don't want to die or worse: maimed, distinct.

Yes, I was testing the limits of human patience. You have to tug on strings to observe how they function. Slower chewing, it turns out, is not quieter as is true of a slower footfall. No benefit to silence if I store the corn nuts in the sides of the mouth and wait to dissolve first the salt and then the hard shell. Plus, there is the whole bag-reach rustle and rocking the hand like a day at the casino, prepping corn nuts for launch at the mouth (reflex only, no trick of the trade to be revealed in that gesture. Everyday is like at the casino. And it's good luck, they say, for a Bird to shit on you. I'm rubbing my hands together now like sticks making fire, a signal to the forces of goodness: "*Birds, let it loose upon me.*" If they did so today, I would hate to give up my favorite high-necked sweater, but I would have it framed nonetheless).

I wish I'd have made a scandal for your consumption. Believe you me, I tried. I kept my chew, open-mouthed and all. Not a rider was provoked to confront me out loud.

Small resolutions used to keep me even. At once, my greatest aspiration was to build a salad that someone would call beautiful. “That is a beautiful salad,” I was hoping someone would say. I dreamt it waking. I practiced towards perfect. I laid one mixed green at a time in the bowl. For polishing touches I evenly spritzed the final product with a handmade solution, the recipe for which I would like to keep private [65% alkaline water, 22% [REDACTED], 13% [REDACTED]], to enhance the natural sheen. I made myself shabby to stand nearby to the salad’s visible crisp casting pin-sized light on the shadows of the room. As a rule you do not wear white to a wedding. I starved all day as precaution not to outshine the dish. I was too busied anyhow adjusting the angle and intensity of brightness in the kitchen. By the end of a day, at best I had the bowl all dressed up with nowhere to go. If ever this made a vague itch of disappointment, the remedial scratch was not a long one.

I’d eat the salad in the frock patterned by unremarkable butterflies, moths. Even though salad composition was the more cherished process over flavor, after a long foodless day I’d have preferred nothing more than the bitter after-bite of [REDACTED].

If we must, we could thank the Bird for holding out on us. By depriving us of what we want, by keeping us hungry for Truth, the Bird’s return might only be more satisfying. Frocks on everyone.

But now I feel always on the bridge to Something Big. A Something bigger than any Something I have ever conceived with the totality of my vision. A Something which exceeds the neck's range of turning and outsizes the eye's volume, like a canyon or a mega cruise ship. I could have a whole continent if I could afford height; a helicopter's view, the vantage of a bird (highest privilege). But the Big I near goes bigger than even a bird's possible perspective. Not even if I were the weightless, floating, orbiter in the unbreathable Up. Not a star with sight could have the whole of this Big Something. I exist on the brink of it, with a pocket full with pennies for dropping, just in case I will need a wish. There is an unsurpassable guarding rail which puts space between me and the ledge. I have never quite stepped over, never made the fall; not because I don't desire it so, but because I am not able. I am only leaning and dreaming it again and again- the fall to nowhere. By the dream, I lose myself. I am eaten all the way by the Complete Dark of the Something Big. Does True Darkness exist in the world? No. Even a black hole, the darkest possible conception, discharges some light. True Darkness, therefore, is a concept; it is not a material possibility. There is no True Dark but inside me.

In physics, light always chases away dark. In me, what will?

I feel always on approach to a breakthrough. There must be a word for a feeling like this, exactly this. Maybe in a language I don't yet understand. If I could name the word that compounds "feeling-on-the-bridge-to-something-big," that word would be my search term for finding a chatting room where I'd take turns describing my sense of the word

with like-minded people and automatons. Aside: it's now impossible to tell the difference between human friend and bot and I say so what! Response is response. I'll take it.

I'd say: I don't have to tell you, fellow [feeling-on-the-bridge-to-something-big]-heads, but isn't it hard to have a stomach, existing balanced so near to the uneven ledge of a bottomless hole? The wind of deep earth hot on my face, hitting me from the underside, giving me the hands of clams. I haven't hungered, too full on my own stomach's fluid, but I'm cheaper and spend better time with the toilet room which, I'm finding, is the Opposite of the Room for Silence. Rather, Room for Sounding. And by the way Silence does not exist. And by the way by the way, whenever I have said Silence I have meant [Almost] Silence. When I say anything, a latent [Almost] precedes it. But on the topic of Silence (the complete absence of sound), like True Dark (the complete absence of light), is only a concept no matter how hard the library hushes, no matter how deep the ear is plugged, no matter how cut the cords of the throat, no matter how chambered a square. The quietest box on earth exists in Minnesota (I'm so sorry) and when someone is in it, the someone's bodily functions sound into starved ears and conduct the head to populate with mad imaginings produced by no vibrating airs. Silence, the unattainable. Give up.

In the Room for Sounding, what I make bounces, multiplies and returns, vibrating softly against my body. Playing me like a bony harp string. The sound returned by the room is not a clone of the original, but is disfigured like a child. Like a child, it maintains certain qualities of the progenitor but is ultimately modified; the sound transcends its original

form. That the sound is new is not my fault but the consequence of the room's shape, its egg-colored tiling, the tub with the feet of a lion, an unembroidered towel hung from the door's knob, etc. I co-parent many love-children with the Room for Sounding either by accident (the stomach's upset) or by purpose, aroused by the perverse curiosity for how my fertility will result. To observe the relationship between what is possible to happen and what does happen in the actual. Origin: the gorgeous flush, the slap of a hand on a bare knee, a smooch on the tub drain, rattling the pill jar. Product: noise I'll do no justice with descriptors. Sound is boundless and unpredictable like...I've got nothing. My voice is transformed into an angel's chorus by the Room for Sounding. Noise-returned vibrates the body's material until the body returns to still. Except when it is still, it is differed. I am modified. Molded. I feed on myself. I am the autotroph. Whatever it is I make with the Room for Sounding- petite, flat, shrill, husky, sob - I am in company.

Importantly, I never Statue in the Room for Sounding. A stiff risks breaking when it is shaken and unwilling to slack. It is better to be baggy. It is best to submit. If you're interested in trying this on for yourself, here is a technique for making you looser than a cannon:

Step I: Run the tub hot and lower your legs until they are entirely covered by water. Steep until the water turns to the temperature of the Room.

Step II: Out of the tub, standing upright, place your legs beneath your shoulders and shake your whole body like a cleanly dog. You'll really want to get your skin swaying, nearly separating from the bones. Do not be afraid to spray moisture around the room, the cycle of water will care for the mess. Do not be too timid to enact crisis; it is only state of total motion and so long as you're alone, you'll cause no one a concern to worry. As the time goes forward, make your shaking smaller and smaller. Eventually you will need to stop. When the lungs get hefty, this is a suitable point for pause.

Step III: Bring your hands up to the level of your chin and rest the face there. Starting with your left hand, push your head towards your right hand. Then, with the right hand, push your head towards the left hand. Do this again and again. Establish a rhythm that is steady. I like to push back and forth to the tempo of the National Anthem, pretend that my head is a sport ball. I am performing a maneuver to deceive my opponents- whoever they might be. Continue this back and forth until you forget your neck.

Step IV: Finally, address the arms. Hang both behind your back. Use one hand to hold the other and greet it with the shake of a business affiliate. Be eager with your motion. Don't let up. Insist you are saying Hello and wishing it well. If you aren't feeling this gesture in your shoulders, you have not been enough of a friend. Keep going until the stiff of you has made its exit.

These exercises will get your blood racy and smooth the skin.

Feeling-smooth-and-on-the-bridge-to-something-big...

That would make for a big goof of a word. A lot of vowels, I'm expecting.

I made a kite in my image, wide on top. It was susceptible to the wind, catching on trees and telephone wires before it freed from tether, fell into the Long River, and was carried off in the direction of deeper water.

I am breached at the fault of Neighbor's new photography habit. To snap a photograph subtracts a dimension from me, makes the flat surrogate of my form which can be held in the hand. I am acquired. Are the photos for keeps in a private collection or for distribution worldwide? Am I yet a member of the Cloud? Undense and spreading- imagine how the captions go: [Inspired!] [Bent Neighbor hehe] [Three hours later...] [Public Nude, So Disgraced]. How far is the reach? What are the private and public lives the audience? I am scattered and feel it.

O Drama, the body. Great Manipulator and simultaneously the Greater Manipulated. I go both ways. Cruel Neighbor is so lucky I don't yet know for what I should be wanting.

I model one pose after a photo of a figure riding a sad horse. Because I set parameters to my statue practice, I can only use the materials afforded to me by the body I was born into. No supplement or modification- which means I will not be red tubes overlapping across the span of a gallery room nor will I be as flat as a tapestry depicting a voyage on a high sea. I have no horse but I wide my legs as though. I have no saddle for gripping or hat for raising above my head but there are arms for making positions VI and XI as if on the clock face. No desert to treach but I look into the mirror of the chin hair's reliquary and watch myself steer the horse's trot towards the sun. "Yahoo," I shout, sharing carrots with my equine companion, girlJIMMY. I try every way to cheer her up. I toss lassoes at cacti. I shepherd goats into a ditch. I lick water from the ground into my mouth. I take on a lover who is already married to someone else and that someone else is my estranged cousin I come to find out much too late. girlJIMMY and I hold each other in the night while between rocks we alternate sleeping and looking out for mountain lions and vigilante justice. It's all for show - I wear an empty holster.

If you try this pose at home you should know there is no need to strain. Open your hips but do not attempt outstretch the hinge of your groin. If you hold long enough, you'll not believe your thighs! You may wonder: was the horse ride a dream or a living? This pose is wonderful supplement when life is lacking adventure. Take it one step at a time and you'll be able eventually to wide-leg your way into a cowgirl and come out of it feeling like a herd of a million cowgirls!

Poor news, Friends: I fear Neighbor, cute in rubber coveralls, is against me. With a pursed, collective pair of lips, Neighbor made a breeze that stole the chin hair from its resting place. A near worthy cause to break statue but I held. If it's not too late to make a wish: I would love to hear from you again soon.

Who was it who said that if days go by ungifted- go by a ho-hum sequencing- to bury a soup spoon beneath the lawn for luck? There are 11 by now, deep in the ground away, that I've planted.

Is there a better day coming, or must I go out and hunt it myself? I am waiting to walk on a day less wet. The rain is early and often this season.

I've wanted to write you but what should I say. The usual? I have a tooth that smells when I touch it? I sleep flat on my back but without socks now?

I'm afraid I'm not giving you enough, you who deserve every good on and off of this world.

Think on this sweet image: in the morning I buy a bouquet of blue-stained carnations from the grocer and carry it with me through a day; in the street, to the Nest, past the bank, between my knees while seated on the public toilet and at day's end, the sun tiring, I arrive to your doorstep with a handful of stems to offer, petals stolen by wind, leaving an imprecise trail of where I had been. Couldn't you sob thinking of me, earnest and outstretched and nearly empty at hand? This is all to say I am three minutes to midnight with nothing to say. Spent the day on lookout for what to tell you. It is missing the pigment of a stuff worth saying, worthy of wording and repeating. When was the first time you realized you looped? That you said the same stories again and again? That you saw one car with eyelashes on the headlights and now you see them all? I think I could be the lover of headless flowers to which I am allergic anyhow.

I can't keep my appearance up. I'm going to fall myself open for you, Friends: to quit is my tallest desire. There was a life before Bird and I would resume it if only I could call back any likeness of those days. I remember living as though a passing house guest to anywhere. Don't heat your soup. Don't turn the sheets. My purposes set low, to simmer. The television was ON. A meal was instant. Now I am the reluctant prophet going feedlessly ahead. Swallowing air. Letting the live birds mock shrill in the mornings. They are against my slow-rise. I'm never not tired at task. I'm never not purple under the eyes. I'm never not finding hair in my clothes. The body is feeding on the inside of the body and will turn to feed on the out until there is no body left for feeding.

If I never hear the word Bird again....

I dreamt that you mailed me a bouquet of beautiful red flowers. I placed the flowers in a wide-mouthed bottle for display in the Room without Window before realizing a wasp was living among them. I covered my head and ran to a corner before I woke up in the bed saying: "God dammit, Friends."

I'll dodging an analysis of this one but I thought I'd let you know.

I entered the saloon to induce a forgetting. It was karaoke night. I was not warned. Under the influence, I contracted a hiccup. Someone clinked two pint glasses together next to my left ear. Another someone threatened, in gesture alone, to smack me in the face. He lifted a chair over his head and thrust it at me from across the table which might have worked on an easier spook, but I am not so effortless. There was a lot of men simulating violence against me and meanwhile laughing and meanwhile singing, someone with One Hit Wonder. In a final effort against bad swallowing, I tried stage fright. While performing Popular Ballad for a Lost Lover, someone finally grabbed me hard by the nose. Nothing.

I was putting my arms into my coat, a man came up then. Shook my hand. Said I had a glow around me. Said I was going to heaven. "Thank you," I said for lack of a better. I've been naked among one too many naked women to go where he means. But as far as the hiccup goes, that did just the trick.

Y'all,

Apologies for extended absence. It turns out that no matter how advanced I am becoming at the practice of Statue, I cannot exit pain on command. The latest suffering that knocked my body from its feet is an episode entitled: Me and the Bother-Tooth. Me: the House of Diseased Enamel. I sank so low into a wallow until I could no longer tolerate being present in my body.

I agreed to tooth extraction under the condition that I was able to choose the replacement's material. "If I am a reliquary in this way," I announced to my hygienist, "please swap rot for gold and quickly. But the object of suffering, can I keep it?"

I heave a sigh now, massaging the higher jaw. Mindfulness tape in the VCR. Passing under deep and wellish narration: a sound like the Long River on holiday. I accept my pain. I accept myself, lightheaded.

The demon of gluttony inhabits me: want for tea above the temperature of the room. A firm salad. Meats with bony insides. I accept my tender gum line. Pumpkin in the can. Footless living- couched and breathing through the nose. May I be free.

Behold, the bother-tooth on the TV dinner stand beside the remote control: I channel all the pain-shapes of the world towards your center. Please accept.

In the restroom, I make the mouth open towards the toilet water. Watching the gold cap in the far back. Sun in a cave. Hived and dormant bee. All the best in the world is unseen.

UPDATE

Relief! Life after pain: there is no care, no ache I'd like to take on ever more. So christen me what now? Our Lady of Perpetual Apathy? Tepid Mother? Divine Indifferent of Studied Nonchalance? O holy idle.

Yes. Yes! This is how you should call me if you feel a forwarding snugness: Tepid Mother. I try on this alias like a quiet lotion.

Dear sirs or madam,

No ache here in the hard shower water against the limbs. No ache but the following hassle of mind: if the Bird arrives and steals the bother-tooth from the living space while I am soaping my feet in the shower do I *know* that the tooth is present on the TV dinner stand or do I simply *believe* that the tooth is present on the TV dinner stand? Belief is the first step towards Knowing. But what in the case of False Belief? Tepid Mother's take: The things that flaunt to my senses are not my control. If the bother-tooth has gone stolen, so be it. I will not meditate thereon. If the suffering object is lost to the world, it is for better. O Holy Idle: grant a slow death to suffering. The pining for Empty Truths, quartered and drawn. Fevered longing, emptied into a sealed bin and sinking in the Long River.

Which brings me to my final thoughts on our matter: It has been kind, Friends, to learn you but let's not waste ourselves for a Bird who does not reciprocate care.

I collect the tooth from the TV dinner stand- confirmation that theft-imagined does not make theft in the physical- and take it into the restroom. I make easy gesture with an opening hand and offer the rotted tooth and a couple pennies to the Fountain of Eternal Whatever. There is a softness in the body. Just like that.

Best Regards,

Tepid Mother

Discover your Holy Idle Name! Try it on to feel instant relax!

First Letter of Your First Name + First Letter of Your Last Name

A - Saint	A - Casual
B - Holy	B - Ease
C - Sister	C - Beige
D - Father	D - Milk
E - Madam	E - Common
F - Angel	F - Whisper
G - Mother	G - Flip-flop
H - Blessed	H - Soft
I - Brother	I - Comfy
J - Boss	J - Hammock
K - Sacred	K - Loose
L - Captain	L - Blah
M - Blessed	M - Duvet
N - Our Lady	N - Loaf
O - Angel	O - Nonchalance
P - Saint	P - Foot Cream
Q - Sir	Q - Vacation
R - Sister	R - Apathy
S - Holy	S - Shrugs
T - Mother	T - Tepid
U - Brother	U - Quiet
V - Mister	V - Chill
W - Saint	W - Tame
X - Our Lady	X - Placid
Y - Sister	Y - Sigh
Z - Blessed	Z - Okay

My Children,

In the restroom, I began the Tepid Mother coronation ceremony, wrapping a bath towel about the head. Secured the temples with a strand of floss. Tucked squares of tissue behind the ears. I placed a meadow-scented bar soap in the towel center and became a nest. The home for birds! What is more attractive than a space for wings' rest? I have yet to delight in my own image more.

What offering can I extend as apology? I tracked backwards on an early pledge against distributing personal woes. No excuse except that I fed on the recipe of Humiliation + Pain which made a face like the daylight and I couldn't resist. As though, for an expanded moment, I had stared into the sun and the imprint obscured what was in front of me; even behind blinked eyes!

In honest, I am not maternal. Tepid Mother. Who, me? What authority! A mother with two fingers tightly about your wrist in the public. When time is up, all grown to size and disposition, should I resent your departure from the coop as they say? Never. Our Web is sturdily knotted by now. I'll feel everywhere you move outwards from our common ground no matter how far. Let's reel back towards center. I've made too harsh a tug.

I am back on the Trailway towards Third Truth. We are too close- for better or for worse. I promised you the Meaning to Life. I love you.

[beauty_girl_making_heart_with_hands_sunset_inside.jpg]

[hand_holding_rich_gift_bouquet_of_21_red_roses_tied_with_wide_red_ribbon.jpg]

[gentle_pink_rose_isolated_on_white_background.jpg]

Can I convince you that my renewed devotion to Truth is unwavering? Here, Beloveds, a gift: that old Bird Song I've cruelly kept for myself. I didn't mean to display like a carrot before you. To share is to care, I hope you know it. Please, fondly, hear the attached.

[Birdsong.mp3](#)

Friends!

I was walking as I do, regarding the turn of season, the weather giving its fair orange warning- when I was entered by the exhaust of an oncoming vehicle. Robbed of my attention to the gray of sky. A pick-up rattling by at speed, loose blue tarp waving over the truck bed. Violent, peaking highly. I was reminded of a sea at high tide. A surrogate sea right there on the back of the truck turning the corner. Its wind moved my hair into my eyes and out. I was thrust helplessly into a drowning fantasy. I'll spare you as all drowning fantasies are similarly unspectacular. Struggle, neck closure, glass for eyes. I'll spare you I said.

Maybe I caught a high on pretending to be suffocated, but my head stepped out onto this line of reasoning and followed it right out of Time: Air is our breath, it is the medium of land-things. Air does not resist our moving as water does. Were we water-things, we'd move through the sea as we currently move through the air. Effortless.

In water, our moving is not unlike carving. The medium has substance. So too does air, our senses are merely normalized to its sensation. Have you ever felt trapped in public? In the wide open? Without available reason?

I've started envisioning you and I, everything & everyone, stitched into a Fabric - infinite thread count, flexible, weak to the wind. Now that I've seen it, I am failing to unsee the Fabric which keeps us in mutual touch with all things good and bad, from which we

derive our loves and our problems alike. Just as water touches end to end forever and on into the unknown.

Stay with me(!): We have grown so used to the promise of orbit. Has a planet ever strolled off radar? Has the sun ever tired of falling? Each night the sun's going down is commonly accessible; I, from my vantage in my overgrown shirt, ears full of blood sound, hanging upside down from the bed's ledge. You, through the polarized glass of the office building, leaned back on your ergonomic chair inside the mid-size managerial cube or from the swing bench of your country porch or in the driver's seat of your sedan leaving home on a flat road. Wherever you are with eyes that can see.

Some areas on this earth are more valuable than the others. This value is, on occasion, linked to its view of the sun's falling. A view's goodness is characterized by 1. unobstructed access to sky. Though, it can be said that if a small patch of sky is blocked by something particularly interesting, a desert mountain is okay for example, spiny tree is a yup-yup, but a #1 ADULT CONTEMPORARY STATION WBLAHBLAHBLAH billboard is a discount 2. an impressive stretch of reflective surface [lake, thinning ice] 3.the sky's coloring [varies based on conditions of atmosphere. Pollution is okay if the sky can make a mouth water for orange creamsicle] 4. accessibility to resources for potential gestures of romance.

You will have to pay to stand on the edge of the Grand Canyon, for example, if you want that enviable photograph among your collection of enviable photographs.

Sometimes an area's value is linked to who has died there.

As an aside, I know several hacks for taking enviable photographs without exerting any currency whatsoever. Neighborhoods residing in the shadow of large cities are populated by construction supply sites, mounds of sand & salt & lyme. With precision of angle you can disappear machinery and, coupled with regionally appropriate clothing, a handful of souvenir, you'll fool even yourself into believing that you experienced a World's Wonder.

To keep myself energized for a day I nourish efficiently. I avoid the condiment aisle, shelves of superfluous garnishing. If in a rare mood I am feeling extra, I will buy a can of olives knowing well that olives add only salt to my blood and will not build bones into my body. We, the land-things, too are willing to spend our hard-earning to occupy the valuable but superfluous spaces - the canyons as I mentioned. We spend our worth in exchange for what seems like no material return. A photograph maybe. But that is supplement. The photo is not product of the space alone. The photo is made by light impressing itself onto film after the touch of a finger to a button. If air did not have some latent material quality, why would we be willing to give our money to stand somewhere? Isn't that against our nature? Again I will say it. The Fabric.

And so let's play that this Fabric exists and is not just a construction of the mind. If the Fabric exists that would mean that even the Unpath is Path. It would mean that coloring outside of the lines is equal in its obedience to coloring inside of the lines. That is to say, we are day-out surrounded by infinite paths crossing over, under, in all directions. Paths weave the Fabric. In areas dense with the vibrations produced by televisions, cars, cell phones, industry, refrigerators, the chatter of people, etc., the Fabric is thicker. Where the fabric is thicker, more persistent is our touch to the world; our touch to Pain.

If we aim to reach Happiness, we will have to detach from Pain. To detach from pain we will need to unweave from the Fabric.

It is my duty to abandon the home, pocketful of blueberries, and take up residence in the Nest among my treasured Beloveds, piled half as high as the palest tree.

Is it possible to duck out from under the Fabric, only touching myself, and finally be free of pains? Can I become vacant for Pleasure? How's this for a bumper sticker: Juck YOUR Fuice Cleanse!!

Goodbye for now. I'll be back but only, Friends, for you.

Friends, do you read me? Do not reply. The vision of you watching me fuels my search and is pinned next to my heart: you in the chair at the desktop after a day of meaningless exchange, settling into a bowl of something salted. You enter the Inbox hopeful to find that I am there, reaching. Most often, I am not reaching. Have not yet reached. Instead, I am put the distance of time between communications to try to induce the forget of me so as to induce a longing that tightens your face. To simulate the feel of Seeking Lost Bird. And right when you, the unsuspecting in wait, go hunched in the back...I return. Remember me? Had you been wetting the keys with your eyes? Is this too your body's reaction to impatience? Did you think I had shooed you from our special fold? Do you think me so like a child? So small of mind? Or had you imagined me died on top of a book? Life letting out damp through the skin of my face, imprinting on a pair of open pages? Right where the socket for eyes would have leaked, highlighted a few lines: *...A dead dipper will never rot and will protect clothes from moths and poor scents.*

A reaction to my absence I'd easy understand is your crying out in desperation. I share with you; desperation is my number one bottled feeling. I try to keep a grip, but yeah there are accidents where I am an old door squeaking. What sound does yours make?

Hearing from me right at the moment when you thought I had made my abandon from the Trailway to Happiness... is this not sweet? Like discovering a single raisin in the oatmeal? Just as you thought I had left you mapless, alone, no sense for what trail growth would poison or nurture you... but hungered enough to risk a violent stomach or death.

Don't look to me. I am the knowledgeable forager. I am better acquainted with brushing green from off of dumpster bread. But I offer you my body to eat if the occasion requires. It is not unheard of to feed on your friends. I only ask that you leave the eyes. Our Trailway is cast in a long shadow. I am training to navigate the dark if in the event we are never re-illuminated. I begin the day in a sleep mask trying blind to navigate the house. Following the natural order of events, I seek the restroom by hand and knee. I seek the sink by echolocation. I seek Time by the temperature of the window. I read grout's uneven with my fingers. A romance if you can believe it.

My effort will be remembered by two kept eyes.

It had once been thought that the final sight of a person became imprinted on the eyes like a photograph. If there is any truth to this, I cannot begin to predict what will be found on the inside of my eyes. Please protect my eyes from reaching the wrong fingers and please also it will mean something for me if you promise to keep my eyes from out of your stomachs. Nod the head now and if later you choose to disregard my dying wish, please wait until the dying is done and then do what you will. *Did you know?* The crow works a corpse beginning at the eyes.

Back to the matter: having the faith that you read me is the only reason I keep on writing.

If I had any evidence that these private and intimate revealings fell onto no ears, well there'd appear some quitter's language here and still no one would read it. If a tree falls...
etc.

Did you miss me? I'm overstimulated by the feel of the world moving around me on all sides. When I re-entered the Fabric, I could hear everyone in town remarking about the new traffic circle on Main. What have I done all this time but sweat through my clothes? And then some! Regard:

[*NEST LOG*]

Seed's cheap, near free, the only amenity I import to solitude.

I trust that nature will adopt me, become my favored mother. Feeding Mother. Guardian Mother.

Or else let me die if that is the right thing.

—

List of pleasures [*NEST EDITION*]:

trying fire

bug sound

deep breathe over damp leaf

star sighting after a cloud procession

face forget

playing shadow

sorting seed by type

stick peeling

relocating stones

slim fish

two or more deer bones touching hard

feathering gently along the forehead

I practiced liking that I didn't have to practice liking anything. How to begin unpacking the word miraculous? I own the feeling but have no divinity. Not even a subscription to the cult of nature- though I entertain it, a skeptic. I wear the uniform. I sing the songs. I abstain. What is the ism to live like "it is what it is?"

Good news: Though I wake under a small of sun coming in through the overlapping tops of trees, I cannot see it set from my perch. This is a sign of living in thin Fabric. I have yet to miss folding laundry, making face at people, clicking the Inbox, the stunning bright of certain lawn ornaments. I have not an upset regarding the traffic length or impending weathers. Forecast or no, the weather will happen as it does. From here out, I rely on my hair to detect humidity. My current address is Now.

Here's the 360 from my perch. At the beginning, behold: A cluster of bushes arrange around an opening to make my view of the Long River, in all its tuneless elegance, like a television finding focus. Here, I am sleepy all the time.

Back in bed, I would plug the artificial river CD into the ears to induce shut eyes. To keep the street from shoving into a dream, a beeping horn or a whistling neighbor, and sending

me upright and into the bathroom for a pee overnight, losing toenails against the corners of hard things. A phenomenon I have not yet controlled: relating nature to Life in Fabric. *Tree pointed like the factory silo. The Corrupt Politics of Ducks. The grass is like-* this will have to stop sometime. With nature as my nurture, a greener vocabulary grow over this one. It's just- how many ways are there to describe grass? That the grass is like grass- is that not enough? If I cup the ear, the River goes by sounding as if in the mouth of a cave. I get disoriented when the yells I make go echoless. Wouldn't want them to come back to me anyway.

I'm turning left for you soft so as not to get blurry. We encounter the first of the palest trees. I would need one extra arm to touch it if I were to remain seated on the Nest. Turning, turning in place. Parallel to the Long River is the Path which walked me here. The Path and River are reverse-mirrors of the other. The Path is the World's Driest River. The River is the World's Wettest Path. Somewhere a steep highway is the World's Smokiest Waterfall. What is my reverse-mirror?

I'm picking up on patterns of park-going. Sportish teens throw balls at each other and fall orange peels on the Path like flower girls. The elderly drag around heavy shoes and Older Days. Women walk in two's. A pair of Sarahs, recap the drama of celebrity wives and dispute which of the husband's have the longest life sentence. MISERY goes by on the hat of a walking man. I put my hands over my face but cannot unread. Not a reminder I needed. I send the silent vibe: *stay away stay away*. What would my hat say? Heartburn?

PATIENCE? Society will not quit me. Not my blame if its noise encounters me. What else could I do? Make blood in the ears? That the news of the world finds me here is an unwelcome mistake. But I see no possible to make a full exit but by death- that is not my option. This is my attempt only to dig a hole where Fabric is thin. Cause a tear and climb through it. Or stick my head in. A peephole. Check if the Bird is hibernating on the other side. One Sarah wonders how much bread she will need to buy from the grocery to feed her family through the oncoming flood season. The other Sarah says she keeps bread in the freezer to avoid the crowd on such occasion and this is the right way to do it. The Sarahs agree but the first Sarah says she'll keep her routine to make certain she ovulates timely.

Left-going, we have our second but no lesser pale tree. I call it Deadbeat and say, "Some trees grow up to be pencils! And here you are." A little harsh, but that's how we joke. You've got to take my dishes if you want to hang with us. We get silly like the episode of a sitcom. 3 Deadbeats- Episode: Game Day. We caught spirit from the the distant sport field. Faint chanting carried by wind, we adopted one into our culture:

She may be short, she may be small

but she can really hit the ball.

Power Hitter. Power Hitter.

The meaning of words was less matter than their feel- the order, the distance between them, the grating throat pronouncing *ball* and *small*. There was a second chant too:

Me: I said a high baby high baby high baby high

Deadbeats: *(silent repeat)*

Me: *I said she can't hit fly when you're pitchin' so high*

Deadbeats: *(silent repeat)*

Me: *Get the birdies a helmet!*

We kept the second song for too long before realizing we may have been making accidental threat to the Bird we were trying to lure.

Left turn once more and we reach the River again. I use the River as signal and make a slow surveying rotation every time I notice something other than water float by. A goose. A bag. A jetski.

—

I choke a worry about worrying every once in an often and lay it lifeless at my front hoping the worries will catch on sometime soon and stop visiting where so many dead are resting unrespected.

—

The seed's run out at a quicker pace than predicted. There is a taste to sleep like an unsalted rice cake.

—

What's fair game for eating out here? A good friend right now might be a botanist.

—

For a bite, I nap a Snack Shack robbery and make a liberal hand at the pump of liquid cheese. At the Now, logic goes mossy like a poem, no load-bearing wall between what is

dreamt and what is waking. I rise with the round wet of thawing meat under my legs. I am the friend of dogs [and smell so]. The Bird makes a fly-by, excreting tomato sauce from behind. French fries bear a likeness to worms and vice versa. I split a french fry in half with the edge of my shoe. Neither end wriggles away from the other.

Outside and unthreaded, the confines of Fabric living need not apply. The bath, for example, is a means to what purpose but to make the body presentable according to the standards of...who? I call conspiracy against the soap industry. I impulse to wash because I was born into the custom, but the bath is no less practical than wearing underdrawers or eliminating the length of hairs from the head. A bath of old times was taken in a river. The shower of old was the waterfall. Here I am washing like a classic. An effort wasted. As an Unseen, aesthetics are null. My vanity expires right now. Good riddance. By the dirt on my face, I evidence living. The rashes too. I'm living!

Stepping into the Long River, bottomed by sharp rocks, I walked slow out to the knee's height, fell my hands to wet, and made myself the mixer, spinning and then stalled. I was the center of orbit. Surrounded by circles like a planet far off, like a radio signaling. Made waves knock into other waves. To the goose-flock: stop staring this is not a baptism; this is only a happening. I am unclean and okay.

Got cold quick and went out to the field to dry. Fell asleep face up in the sun, heliotrope that I am. Woke pink and stinging all over the top of me. Stained green on the under of

me. The lawn fresh mowed. Waddled back to the Long River. Entered foot by foot followed by the rest for relief until cold again, paining still. Stayed wet, boycotting the sun. Stood all night unclothed, boycotting touch on the skin but the weather was my enemy, letting rain onto me. Each drop, a waking pinch.

I am the burning proof that equilibrium is essential. Sun in balance makes for best mood, heavy sleeping, immune boost, thick bones, and stretched life. But sun in excess pains the skin. Wearing water in moderation soothes under the circumstance. Drinking water in moderation makes energy and loses weight. While over-clothing in water or over-consuming water may lead to drowning.

The bridge has always been here. Even when I did not yet know it. It is the color of rotted pennies and made for cars to cross over the Long River and enter into the town next over. Under traffic, the bridge sound swells and dies at uneven interval. The bridge is, as known in local lore, a site for romantic gesture and short jumps from which no one has died, but not for slack in trying.

I've not until now had the underside perspective of the bridge where I am granted viewing access to a spray of yellow graffiti that says: PASTA. I make a daily meditation on the hazard operation required to paint the word PASTA on the beam of the bridge. To perform the art, a someone will have needed to make the body *one* itself with the flat of the beam and step sideways out to the center. OR, a someone will have needed to walk to

the middle of the bridge in the space reserved for moving cars and will have needed to hang the body over the railing, painting PASTA from an upside down position.

For what am I too so impassioned? PASTA moves me to lead a more spirited life.

I like pasta enough, I take it plain or salted. I better like rice cooked in too much water, but wouldn't risk my life for its homage. Plus, I find the Futurist's strong anti-[] take on the matter very persuasive: that pasta is empty of nutrition to fortify the body. That pasta induces lethargy, pessimism, and bloated appearance. That the long spaghettis entangled, make a guide for the brain to imitate. You are, the many say, what you are eating. I therefore follow this logic: the human diet consists of meats and vegetables and derivations thereof. Meats and vegetables deteriorate over time; a span of life is marked by a beginning and an end. If the human consumes that which decays, so too the human decays. Would the human not be better immortal consuming polymers like those that refuse to spoil under the influence of the oceans? Just a thought.

I woke up tired and took a bad nap. I'm not obligated to do much else. Thank goodness.

Tough Love Mother, will you find the kindness to shrug at me?

In the interest of maintaining the face's capacity for making language, I cannot keep quiet all day. I keep good-humor in my mouth when it is open just in case plants do in fact

listen and do in fact speak. I might earn benefits if I reveal the true cause of my Nesting to the ferns and the poison oaks. Plants may be cast a leading role in the Happiness equation.

If I am among allies, I will stop biting the tops of grass.

When I think of the home, I start to miss the houseplant. Houseplant in the windowsill casting spiny Trigger shapes about the flooring. For some stretches of time, I might refrain from watering the houseplant- place its toes on the crag of no return, but never crossing. And just when, brown and bending in the direction of the terra-cotta planter- I would begin the revival sequence: a careful tending to, a ritual mending. Is it that I possess a fondness for rarities? I do not miss the home now, but when I think about it, I could really miss the houseplant.

In its resting state, the headspace is hardened such as a plastic object and from it I can say to a strong wind: *you will not suffocate me*. I extend the whip to simple delusions. But of all my uncertainties, the Bird's delay is the hardest to tame. I craft mud figurines in the shape of my frustration and line them up along the perimeter of the Nest. Looking upon my shapes, my face takes on a humid quality. What I suspect (but do not fear) is that within the headspace there is no thing that resembles empathy. When I shake the head there is no sound but blood in the ears.

Nipples collapsed against a cottonmouth feeling, I crack my knuckles over the Long River. Toss a blueberry. Two skips and it sinks.

Even when I hiss like a river the stones don't skip. But, I'm bruising every color a body should.

Could have just as easily put my charge card on file at the Love Motel, shut the curtains, set the tub jets on high to drown the sound of mating on all six room sides, and racked up a debt on the Mood Package: all-you-can-eat mollusk and an entire out-of-season watermelon. With two body chocolate smears under each like the war MVP I'd channel, I'd shuffle in plush, disposable slippers away from the windows and door to the sound of passionate sax on the Pay-Per-View Adult Programming Channel.

There are two moods to every element. If I am too fat on solitude will I fit into the Fabric? Maybe I should not stick around to find out.

Dizzy from today and there's red light coming in through a tree's top making contact to the anger between my eyes. I get up from resting only to revenge. Watch as I club this sunflower. Another. And another.

Why me, Bird? Was I an accident? Had I never looked up from my feet. Had I never gone walking through the town in which I live. My restlessness has ruined me. I always

stepped everywhere so softly to little shake the ground. I never made profit on the labor of others. Hardly had I wanted what I did not already have. Now, I am rotting from the inside out like an infested tree. Wanting is a disease.

When you return, mistake my eyes for a snack!

I wished away the sun and now...This: that which we have been working up to. We the worked up. To This, we've been working. To This, our correspondence, a work. A building. The whole of our correspondence, a working. We're up to This. And of course it is raining. On This, our work. Where we are up to our lives, we work. Our lives, raining. Predict a possible so many times and eventually...a rain. Predict a rain and eventually...a possible. Pressure a possible so many times...condense, condense and eventually...a pressure. And sooner or later...release.

A pause, the last. In the post-rain gloom, I walk for the sake of an older time. The air is sighing and what words could make approximate for you a dark that is bright? It will be enough to say that everything is wet. And the rocks are closer to sand. That's all. And the moss is at its brightest- either fed and boosted to confident by the damp or else same as it always is but contrasting against the wet-dark dirt, the peeled bark, the River. Even the fishingpersons are all dark-haired on this day. Not what I have ever imagined when someone has said "fishing weather," but what do I know? Only that I know nothing. **winks to the old greek intellectual** I eat my tongue instead of asking a question. I go on

without knowing if fishing requires a quiet if I cannot ask it. For now my wish is that it is just as plenty to watch another person fish as it is to do the fishing myself.

I spent the afternoon watching from my perch. The fisherpersons and me had the same outcome- nada.

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No pause now. Of course. It rains and we're at the up of This and I am underdressed. A third day wet and my skin is not adapting in any delicate way.

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Rain, I reconsider, you are my rescue. Send me back to the cover of Fabric. I only hope the Friends will welcome me warm.

Returned feral through the window and had to relearn the function of furniture. Took my first Fabric hour in the wet lawn sprawled, face-up like a dissecting bird, spread open, an angel, hair full of grass. Just looking at me, disaster, angel of disasters. An ant crawled across my knee when the sun made light. I didn't reflex, fought my nature, a great training in stillness. I tuned in to the ants' going from one side to another. Did ants do anything on purpose? Or was it gravity, the gift of unseen magnetism, that brought a body to a thing? The gift of justbecause, of magic, of low-to-no impact- no reason ever to confront the questions: Why this way? Why there? What for? With deliberate energy, intention, I kicked my leg, a calculated gesture, flinging the ant somewhere else (did they land like cats did?), and too, by mistake, I kicked the knee of a child who with one hand held his mother by the leg and with the other pointed at me.

In the Room for Silence I channeled grief. Choreographed empathy. I was inertia personified. Posed kneeling, head held by the hands as if it were a near-died road animal. I kept a chest-pressing resuscitation sequence on headloop in order to move time. Who loves me a delicate love? Hair folds over the face, a mourner's veil with enough sheer between strands I witnessed, wouldn't you know, the Neighbor shedding tear. I made a body that is not mine spill water. The product is noted well, though it was not my intention. I could wetten the world with a kneel. Not that there's a shortage of water these days. For how long can I keep Neighbor watching? For how long had they waited by the window while I was Nested in the park? The water level rises above the knees. The shoulders are next. The mouth then. The nose.

Reporting LIVE! It rains.

You may picture my area wet from now forward. Adjust your image of me to account for the humidity setting my hairs up on all ends. Trendy. I occupy extra space.

The rainy season is as expected and more. Makes muddy the Dirty Bike path. Park becoming River Bottom. Long River becoming Long River the Wide and arriving on the step of my door- the step of my door now the Bank of Long River the Wide. Outside, the water level reaches the threshold of the window. I will need to rename my everythings as I've ever known them. I suspect at this rate: Long River the Wide is the Ocean Future. Except if an Ocean is defined by its distinction from land. Land is no longer obvious from my vantage. What is a sea without a shore? We'll need a new language for this world [what should we call it?] on which to only ever be variations of sick or sleepy. Pruned and peeling. We'll need a new standard for Beauty. Beauty is in the wet eye of the pruned someone. Watch the waste go graceful by. Clutter of improbable things: spotted leaf on milk jug, snaking powerline around a log.

I like the molds in the corner so much. I assign and practice names of pets on them. While I wait for my love to be returned, I'm losing luster for all angles of the loving and being loved. Love to you, Killer. And to you, Mr. Biscuit.

Through my window, I reached into the Long River Wide. Nowhere to go but up.
Nowhere to go but sleep, lulled on a wet rocking.

It is important that I don't shake to fear now. The thought-shape of Fear is a spray of hard stones. I'll only threat to make waves. To become the origin of upset. I'm not long for this [what should we call it?]. I'm not long for this. I quit the idea of a Nest altogether, there is no there for it any longer.

A leak in the ceiling deforms my portrait, *Uninspired II*, one drip at a time- so gradual a warp that I understand Expressionism with complete fluency. I know it's useless, but I have yet to delight in my own image more.

And born of delight, a new confidence is echoing on my bones: break the precious rule that art objects should go forever on untouched. I approach *Uninspired II* hanging on the windowless wall of the living room. I start simple and with a red pen draw a hat where a head might be. No poor consequence in that. I attempt the Prophecy of Self-Fulfillment, drawing hopeful a little bird in the top right corner, making two arced lines which interact in the middle. Art is easy. How few energy I burned. I had fuel to spare for tearing the left panel of the frame clean off. That's better. The bottom next. If only the figure could spill out and onto the floor. The top panel goes. Fly little bird. The last panel. I collect the frame pieces and set fire to the ends. I wave the smoke around the house as it were

bundles of sage. I get big ideas to remove the borders from my window. I want to violate my Room for Silence with a tool for cutting.

In the Room for Silence I think I am furniture. Coat rack. Easy chair. Love seat. Bunk bed. Bean bag.

I fall, a human thing, so gauche to sleep. Wake up horny for a sun throb and cut a square in the short ceiling. No luck: still raining! I earn a dull habit: aim a seasonal weep at the opening. It's a microwave! A TV! What more makes a room room? The tree falls quiet fruits over the carpet water. I basket to catch. The water level rises above the ankles. I make a Statue at the center of the room: a fountain. I hold my hands, a Bird, up to the ceiling hole. Bird bath. Clean wing. Pure feather. Best spa. The small of light makes only the shadow of a wing on the wall and then, waning, wipes to nothing. Without the wall, a Bird will not be possible. Without sun. Without hands. Or else, in shadow Bird is everywhere, chasing light away.

I consider again, the tool for cutting.

It is my understanding that the best regarded statues in history are sometimes limbless or without lengthy noses. If I have finally reached expert rank in the practice of statue I expect both arms to come apart just between shoulder and elbow; the result of being too loved, too often wiped by a damp sponge in the nooks most attractive to dust.

In order to convert the Fallen Arms into treasures, they will need to swept by the Flood into a hole for later finding. Whenever the dry has returned. Whenever!

A Doctor in the field of Art Conservation & Restoration will announce the discovery of Arms Without Statue- feminine, sportish- at The Symposium for the Speculative Reconstruction of Sculptures with Missing Parts. The Doctor will request grant money to analyze the condition of the Fallen Arms and its remaining features. There will be many questions to ask of the arms such as: Which of you is the dominant? or What can your callous height tell us about the frequency and manner of pleasures committed against the self [including but not limited to fine cooking, masturbation, and fingerstyle guitar playing]? Approximations of Truth are all here, in the extremities. After thorough analysis, the intern team will produce several hypothetical Me's of varying materials, postures, facial arrangements, middle girths. From uglies to stunners. Golds to plasters to silicons to strings. All those possibles! Well, good luck to them.

The Doctor will line up the arms to each iteration of body and decide: Match or No Match. A squad of passable figures will then be displayed at the Pageant for the Fallen

Arms of Mysterious Origin where the Academy in black attires will vote for the most likely replica; for the icon most important to the society of the time. They will choose the Me that best inspires hope, melts harder dispositions to smugness, riles a hot displeasure for Authority, numbs the public like stung lips- whatever is necessary, whatever is art's agenda. If I must become a sex item, so be it. That is my sacrifice. But that means in death, I will be less and less myself. I would like it if the Pageant Committee directs a portion of the budget towards acquiring pickled grapes, shrimp cocktail, eggs deviled with horseradish mustard and, to satisfy an appetite to pun beyond resistance Ladyfingers, all of which will be presented to guests on metal plates balanced on the flat hands of handsome women. With the Academy's final blessing, the Market will make Me into paperweights, snowglobe centers, chocolate novelties, and foam anxiety relief tools for office dwellers in high stress industries. I am glad to be tacky if it pleases the common people.

Think of me spread open. My skin body, ashes spread as broad as the wind. Replicas of Hypothetical Me on and in desktops, landfills, rotating display cases. Hypothetical Me with a little corkscrew between the legs wound tightly into a bottle of red wine miles & miles from the town in which I live. Replicas yes, but Me. Hypothetical yes, but isn't it the intention that counts?

One night, the Fallen Arms (Verified Originals✓) will go stolen from their bullet-proof display case at the Museum during a delicate heist and will be sold under the ground to

counterfeiters for the cost of a modest summer home. A sneaky someone[s] will be tanned. Forgeries will be distributed via US Postal Service to The Doctor with the following inscription imprinted on the wrist: SUCKER. The Museum, panicked for its reputation and future funding opportunities, will outfit the security brigade with small guns. In an unexpected spin, foot flow past the empty display case will triple in frequency. A sign will prohibit the use of flash photograph and food/drink in the vicinity. As it turns out, the idea of a Thing is much more valuable than the Thing Itself. It is more appetizing to step into the area where a revered Thing once was rather than to put eyes on the Thing itself. To say: "I have watched the space once occupied by somesuch" or to say "I have stepped through the residue of fame and creative torment and a life lived unlike my own" to say "friends, covet me & my experiences which are now forcibly connected to a person or incident known by name to approximately 1 in 11 people world-wide." As it turns out, the Desired, all along, is Oneself. One's own Gap-Fillers and Imaginings. The Desired will never be the dismembered appendages of Me.

I'll let it be known to you that if I were in charge of the exhibition I would replace the empty space in the display case with a mirror. I say, we give the people what they want.

The Doctor, despite a wall cluttered by plaques and medallions will feel SUCKER. He had never predicted such a conclusion. His devastation regarding the outcome of the Fallen Arms will disrupt him. On his darkest night, he will step into a road without looking in either direction. Isn't it lucky that a death imagined doesn't result in a death

actualized? In an alternate world I am serving many life sentences. No one will be driving at the hour of The Doctor's crossing. The Doctor will take a long look into himself and know what is right to do. He will donate each Hypothetical Me to the Long River- who of us wears it better? Good riddance, ahoy!

After a long period of reclusion, he will manicure an unkempt beard and deliver his Fallen Arms (Verified Replica✓) to the Museum. He will mount the Fallen Arms (Verified Replica✓) on metal rods spaced an average person's width apart. Visitors are invited to hide their own arms behind their backs and pose with the Fallen Arms (Verified Replica✓) as if the Fallen Arms (Verified Replica✓) are their own. In this way, everyone becomes a Potential-Me. In this way, I make lives a little simple. For one, I answer the age old photo torment: "What am I to do with my hands?" For one other, I satisfy the ceaseless longing to be anything other than what we already are. And finally, I achieve complete selflessness.