

IS TO LOVE AN IMPERATIVE INFINITIVE?


by


Molly Gaudry
A Thesis
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of
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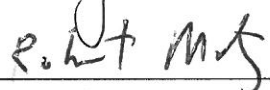
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A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at George Mason University

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Master of Arts
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ABSTRACT

IS TO LOVE AN IMPERATIVE INFINITIVE?

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George Mason University, 2013

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This thesis is a loosely connected, fragmented narrative made up of poems featuring women in various domestic spaces—kitchens, bedrooms, bathrooms, floors—spaces where they are usually seen cooking, straightening, or scrubbing. This collection attempts to portray women, often *in medias res*, thinking, questioning, demanding—of others and of themselves, in the midst of their various unhappily ever afters.

IS TO LOVE AN IMPERATIVE INFINITIVE?

His destructive mornings, ours.
We mimicked his maneuvers,

every quirk: sidearmed steaming
croissants from his roof, used

cricket bats to smash his thrift-
store teacups, our still-boiling

Darjeeling exploding high,
splattering sidewalks below.

We cared nothing for the peasants
who sidestepped our shards, who

had learned, carried umbrellas,
ceased their vulgar gestures:

raised fists, bitter complaints.
We had been them, once. Were,

still. Those mornings we forgot that.
We wanted to be like him. It was

our sanguine period. Who knew
what that meant, but he called it,

not us. Why did we care? Art?
Back then, it seemed magical.

Art was everything, everywhere.
It was in clouds (smudged), rain

(dripped), puddles (pooled), rivers
(streaked on our canvases), the sun,

sharp edges of buildings' shadows,
long leaning lines (our photographs),

in the colors of our breakfast fruits,
our meats at meals, in the shine

of our lip balm, heat of our cheeks.
We saw it in the tiny hairs on our toes

and upper lips, plucked (our selves
as models for the hairless bodies

we molded from chicken wire,
paper pulp, potter's clay, marble).

Truth is, we were godawful-terrible,
knew as much. Hobbyists, at best.

We were a machine: predictable,
idealistic, full of noble ideas. Art

pushed at us but we were strangers.
Until the oysters. In his presence,

we silenced. He kept his back to us,
hunched, unrelenting. We were bare

before him. We played subtle. He
wore earrings, ruby. He fucked

a few of us, sure. Rumors, for
who would believe? False, words.

Besides, most of us were lesbians.
Which brings me to oysters, flesh-

plumps that turned the surface
of our skin into ochre longing.

Picasso fell, sunk. We wanted
to be like him, not with him,

not like that. But he had a saying.
It was, "Joy waits." Was it his

joy or ours? They wanted to know
but I didn't care: there was a girl.

I was unmindful. I wanted her
in my bed. I wanted her alone,

but there were so many people
in the world, infinite options

of others for her to choose. I went
want-mad. She was nothing. Wistful

thinking. She was a sword. She cut.
She wasn't a lesbian. She said,

“You'd like to lie beside me, but
who's to blame?” It was a slip.

It wasn't meant for me but him. I fed
her oysters, made a crown of shells,

and we pretended we were artists,
famous, as we unbuttoned her top,

my top, while Picasso watched—
the only way she'd have me. All right.

I wanted to stay forever in his studio.
But so quick, that day that ended,

as they began, with tea. Impressive.
Always, with the Darjeeling.

Unfailing. Did he need it? What means?
What fuel? It took me away. I drank

too much to prolong the event, make it
last. From the roof I watched her fall.

“Who’s to blame?” she asked. “Joy
waits,” he had said. What a night.

Under those stars, an empty corridor
in which I squatted, aching, trembling,

thinking how one male in the bunch
steals souls and sends them arcing,

racing to the street below. I had fears,
though no longer for my wallet, just

my heart. I might, should, have left;
but nowhere to go, I stayed. And paid.

Listen.

Boys be trained like go wait stay shop. They purse and cuss on cue, like television, and step out through black window dress like desire doors.

I'm a street animal then, named, turning looking spitting carrying cantering, missing my throat through which three words saying, My ponytail, my chest, my see-through blouse pass smooth, Baby.

Car horses, car bikes, named Baby.

Siren, floral bell, like floral white that serves and will window from another reflection.

Beneath the church porch ivies clutch my blouse.

I'm inside. Take me. Wait there. I'm still inside. I hover. Leave. I hover through, I'm told, and by.

Doves come for love, used things, hoping to allude on a tar-dark night to the topography of your mouth: tongue, holes, eat and blow are words I ink on fraying wings of paper I love to over-fold like hard sharp origami.

Your name in my morning mouth can solute, you know, just as the body of this letter in my teeth, all disassembled, lodging one along another until I sing your love letter and sink; and to think, your molasses-inks letter right there, over coffee, where, in the next dimension, you will storm like an infection.

Greet me at the door, for I'm your color, your car, I wanted to say last spring when the unfixable radio went mint-wild and we who work this rough world worried over what little will eat lime; how to catalog the lifetime of the Swedish forest water plant when her full bright chartreuse leaves are caught in last night's ice.

You, with your million morning dreams of green storms, and me, my hands banging tax calculations: we noticed her cross mechanic love and how generations of ivy in that beautiful light, that envelope of shades that looks like new night light, would drive me back to that place of furnace and rains, where everything was dust, in wind.

Late winter, and I—30—an east
in the visible impossible

and missing Jonquil limbs,
the bluish ashes and mapped

blooming pictures of crocus
are cross closed eye yolk and

rusted rhododendron shadow
fronds and fence cinder,

fifty percent out north station,
except violets scattered impossible

posts, miss a spring day sky, here
when ruination insides.

Emerge, lion-maimed. Expand,
a monstrous mouth. Between awe
and the child without a face, know

of the wolf. Remark: "Shame
in its creature heart," but never
needle it. That emits bones, notes

its tongue. A lizard has her dividing
masks, will also voice means: if that
was at the atrium, the sister terrarium's

difference is picture crystals: common
peaches. The icicles: glass cinders.
A water flame unfurled, a child

face, a window circle, a rose voice,
a lizard figure, a capitalized sun dot—
not a word painting. The grass hovel

where mercury wanders but points
monolithically treats intimately
this written wheezing, becomes

still, looks south against the last.
Know when. Take back. Awe in.
Do for. Eat there. Call to. Gather

my Dorothea. Trust always
her broken-signal stillness,
the broken paper bird, if it appears.

Notice the child. Awe. Know her
name: Dorothea. Take this name:
Dorothea. Take her name.

Passing Prue's, I fell into bed unbuttoned, like a house, and took on the quality of dirt—through her fingers, broken and loose. Ask me about her bonnets. See her exquisite stomach, pointing, alone, round, tall and bright, so straight. In her bedroom, light. Somewhere between night and how her body tips down, I, the photographer, entered with my lens, and planted. Don't, she said, but Easter comes and goes, is round and blooms, goes flat, and, like the eagle, lived, as if swung, but inches only. And the tulips, hard, were walls, watched, their hands out and, hard, her mouth pulled me forward, as if her lips were a door. I never felt so low, so I adjusted my elbows. The flowers, girls, come to me, level me. I lie. Wichita, you have no county, and your heads droop. Your eighteen tulips have gone thin with travel. Awake, one cried—slim, grim, my shirt stinking like a kitchen. She sank, gave my camera permission to pick a little, as if strangers, as if it were her face that I might want, as if a photographer worked like a bloom, like a red growing woman. But did you know that at night the cars lay huddled and slept? Photographer, she whispered, and down I reached and touched her cotton soaked through with sun and aimed, a garden overflowing flowers. Know this, she said. Grass has no breeze but feels full, with blood, and that is their sorrow, their secret scarecrow. I have legs, thinks the photographer, silent hands in pants. I long for pictures, for trample-laughed Kansas. From yellow-mouth Prue, I ran. How I ran.

Aurielle,
I couldn't
climb. I combed
your hair with
my teeth, my
tongue, your wet
thighs against
tiles, back to
the lapis
lazuli.
Forgive me,
Rapunzel,
how these jets
blow, I bow
low, mighty
V! Might he
never touch
me again!
Bubble patch
streaming, what
drips from these
lips to please
yours: hear me
now: *forget*
your husband,
who accused.
I have not—
no, we have
never known
risk, never
known life like
this. Love, Wolf

your hair how
cup-handed I let it fall then grasped
wrapped in my
fist that was a flask from which I drank
tubercular
lungs with which I listened cold tidings
in which I
was unborne without means it was not
I tell you
was not right that unfair game and you
like prey turned
back chasing me which was how we came
to our knees
and prayed for winter's thin dead joy it
began like
a season and ended another
hot empty
season so how could you tell between

How I have failed you is unforgivable. Wives, A., we were once caught, creatures in a chest locked tight. Withered will, drowned like tea into crushed paste and swallowed, I can't get you out of my speech, though I try.

two tongue flicks
say it all, bare how we
shed skin and
summer hair, our lost cells
mottled with
piss, rasped spittle, throats poised:
there's no help
for you men—we women,
we unman

Corsets. Bustles. Wigs. Powder. Beauty dots. Platters heaped with fruits and meats before us. Dark chocolates like lava down our throats. Crystal water goblets. Champagne flutes. Linen. Lace. Silver. Silver pitchers. Embroidered linens made from silk. Handmade lace. Sweating silver pitchers. Sweating grapes. Sweating breasts pushed high. Sweating scalps beneath our wigs and hair. Piled high. The balance of our heads. On our necks. Over our straight backs. Sweating backs. Tall backed chairs. Scrape of silver knives on plates in the silence of our meal at that time of day of failing light and deer, feeding in the yard beyond the open window overlooking the courtyard overlooking the Caucasus.

As long as there is breath in me I shall keep delicate thoughts of you.

How you held the castanets. Wielded them against me that evening behind your broken lake.

Soldiers everywhere. Everything reeking of hyacinth.

We watched the dancing girls' dresses spin into the courtyard. Heard great horns trumpeting. Elephants marching in straight lines through the valley of the rose bushes. Watched the soldiers come to life. Dart in and out of the elephants' legs to twirl and throw the dancing girls into the air. Thinking the wars were over. Not realizing how many years had passed. Not noticing the girls' dresses looked nothing like the dresses girls they had known had worn.

I blame myself. The way you came crashing into my life. How foolishly I thought we could remain hidden in your castle. In the fog. Forest. Mountains.

I touched you for the first time. Autumn. We were lying beneath a tree. Red leaves. A bottle of port at our feet. A basket of cheeses. Sliced meats. Sweet dark breads. I went to the brook and cupped water in my hands and brought it back in offering. You bowed and bent and drank. Your lips on the heel of my left palm.

Your fingertips small against my back. Repulsive. Lined in neat ranks. I shuddered. At your touch.

I was a child when the merchant taught me to pray. I am old now and have returned to it. Some small comfort.

I still have nightmares about flying. That I can fly. I catch her in my arms and land us safely in a cave hidden in the nostril of a mountain and when I look down there is only her burnt skull in my hands.

Cherry laurel bloomed around us. The mountains sang. Exhaled fog and flocks of birds. Black clouds made of wings.

I wanted to carry her in my pocket but worried I would lose her.

My cup is filled with gin these days. Always gin.

Our first meal together a shared boiled egg. And the days were longer.

Our dog died, smells like just another dry lost thing all cried up like no money for groceries or our spring water rotted. We don't call him Christmas but Canada because where we lived seemed the point, not when we got him; it was like saying it, yes, but nicer. I didn't sleep that night because he was ripping our sheets. When one of us makes clothes, yes, I could have stopped him but we spent our 32nd night curled and kissed, looking relenting, and much happier. Our pillows were so close and clean, and for the first time I didn't pull away inside. From the top of our building, the street stretched on for weeks, like sky. Everything, I thought, maybe, was bygone: Ivan, our baby, from some other era; your job at the diner and mine at the laundry; we knew and agreed that way, that it would be a very new year and we would be happy, that everything in the sky—even the hanging, fluttered-mane sun and the star named for our own gone baby—would shed its velveteen black. We went out. He was by the tree, his forehead a lion's, his nose hanging over a worn baby carriage. When he sprayed it I knew he was, like me, almost all up and without a way about. We took him home, fed him from our fridge, told him fetch and bathed him in lavender; after, bleached the tub, named that dog, and that night gave him a sheet and used his back for a pillow.

Asleep, I pulled a thin blue baby from the water—tentacle hair suckling his head wound. To touch it out, perhaps, and wake us.

I am thinner than when you, on the bathroom floor, kissed back my strawberry hair and, kneading me sore, left traces of meat tenderizer on my shoulder.

To wear war leaves transparent sex marks behind: the whorl of our gained-weight jeans, our door. I watch, stand, fall: stone breasts.

Weeping has never been useful except for those who do it well. But you know this, for you are the weeper and I am the grower.

Do you remember our trip to the groves and the picnic I made and how it fell into the river as we crossed? The look on your face made the baby cry. Then you took her away to the weeping place because she was so good at it.

That was when I began to grow my hair. Now it is long past my waist again. I have no joy for it anymore.

You have made a career of your tears, a living off my locks.

Soon you will come for me with gleaming shears upheld.

This time, I will not let you.

In the diner is the woman who answered my ad, waiting. I know it is her because of the straw hat covering what's left of her face. She doesn't look up when she sits but says,

How much do people pay for something like this?

Pay?

You didn't think I'd come for free.

Well, no.

The woman takes her tea bag and squeezes it between two fingers. She takes her lemon slice and bites right through the rind. Chews. Swallows. Says,

I'm going. You'll get the bill?

Of course.

And without even realizing how I got there or when, I find I am standing in my studio. It is dark and the model's stool is put away. Of course I would pay a model. But that's not what this is. Or was supposed to be. The ad read: You: Woman without a face. Me: Unhappy sculptor. Us: At the diner on 9th this Sunday at ten. And then I am letting myself into my angry lover's apartment, where I am blinded for a moment before the light of the refrigerator, broken-lipped and ripping open ripe lemons with my hurt teeth.

Taste my throbbing.

Escape upon, then from, my hungry mouth, hard trapped tulip in light, cuspidors alive and turning, rough fiery hands against my even moving, my glass bottom black britches.

My tall all yellow light filled thighs buried in the furred swivel chair, I shone, a bright screaming of the eye in black light, spat to the floor.

From coal fell two full globes of light.

It was there I felt faster first, and, frosted and tan head turned, looked at them and from, to shades of the iron lemon, to the animals, and could hear into the glass rails and as were the hands down at the rolltop railroad yards came noon and stopping, and slowly mouthing smoke across the green paneled glass, the hot brass sound, the inverted desk light, the dark despite oiled doors was beyond bone, was legs, but in the dark linoleum the noon engines raised with windows the panels in my wheels.

Squat, the oak doors across the cloth earth corners were of the glass with an iron from the top of the desk, fell from the top of the windows in the yards of the light of the yards, from the light of the light from the windows.

Why did our mothers lead us to believe that we would fall in love one day, that we would stand in open French doors in nothing but our underwear—clean white perfect cotton cloth—our back exposed in soft gray early morning light, our bare breasts touching a naked man's chest, his fingers grazing our raised thigh? Do we even know what love is—any more than they did? Does he? Here is the question:

Is to love an imperative infinitive?

It is non-finite; it is a verbal; its other lexical category is nouns; it represents none of the verb's arguments; it does not inflect to agree, to any degree; it can, however, serve as the only verb of a declarative sentence, which must be what our mothers had in mind when they said, "You're not getting any younger, dear," which is another way of saying, "*Love.*" To love is tenseless, without aspect, mood, or voice. And yet, it needs no auxiliary; it helps itself.

Kate eyed me in the meal car and, because I looked lonely, invited herself to a bite of my blueberry pie, which tasted like other people's smoke. After, she invited me to buy her Ketel after dirty Ketel until she was tired of eating bleu-cheese stuffed olives, at which point she invited me to race her to her room: "Ready? Go!" Smoke trailed us like a duckling. Finishing first, on top, she got off. It was like this that we lived happily for several days, sharing bowls of flakes with blueberries for breakfast, drinking blueberry champagne, eating blueberry-drizzled loins and flanks of pork and steak.

Every time it starts to rain, I would like to have sex. I've felt this way since before I knew what sex was. When I was a child and it began to rain I removed myself quietly from the company of siblings and clawed off their hand-me-down hi-tops and out of their shirts and shorts and crawled into my parents' bed to roll their scents onto my skin. I nuzzled my cheek into Mother's gentle silk pillow and smelled her hair and hugged my arms around Father's rough-seeming flannel and felt his beard on my lips when he would kiss me goodnight. I was allowed this pleasure because I was a good child. Silent. Obedient. Not too thoughtful to make trouble.

Sometimes when it is raining and the window of my classroom is pelted with rain that appears at a side-angle I flush and perspire under my arms and on my upper lip and at the nape of my neck and I must dismiss my students immediately. Someone—generally a student that has been sullen and withdrawn all semester—will ask if everything is all right. I will keep a special eye on her for the rest of the term and barring some unforgivable offense give her an A for the course because I can and no one knows to stop me.

I watch as they gather their books and file out. I put down my chalk or Dry Erase marker and shut the door behind them. I never lock it but I often turn out the lights. I go to the desk in the corner farthest from the window and tremble as I wait. Sometimes the seat is still warm from the body of a student. When lightning comes I press two fingers to my neck and count the light thud of my heartbeats until the thrill of thunder comes.

Once a bird hit the window and I went to the glass and touched the smudge. When I discovered the window could be jimmied opened I maneuvered my body through the uncomfortable space and dropped to my knees in the dirt and picked up the animal and cradled it. It was lighter than I thought it would be. Its wings sharper, its feathers warm as biscuits. I kissed its belly and set it down then sat back against the brick and let the rain ruin my mascara. I am an odd one. I have always known this.

With the smell of the dirt and grass beneath me I thought that someone somewhere must be like me, must also be standing or sitting in a rainstorm with her arms straight out, palms facing God, wondering why we all feel so alone and why the sting of rain takes a little of that away for a time. And I felt in the pit of my pelvis a pang or a push not unlike the rush and flutter of initial penetration. I rubbed the heels of my palms into the soft parts of the grass and imagined my lover at home, waiting for me in the kitchen, our house heavy with the odor of stew.

Breasts spread wide,
arms quickly stripping
spotted carpet corners

apart, she says
she is misunderstood.
A pair of

hands, she says:
You use me.
Muscles swatting scattered

plastic pieces, cardboard
puzzle pieces, she
is dimpled as

boxed balls. Her
X-acto, those calling
cages rather, tear

into the fifty
or a thousand
fragments of her

inside-the-puzzle
assembly. He has
nails, his bunching

belly already closing
with a wrap.
He thinks, by

batting. He sees,
for button eyes.
To not be

here! Into the
home then, in
the it, the

he, the him,
by all of
her *her*, on

to the there.
For one of
a few of

them she jigs
and jags, says
I'll look itty-bitty

and impossible glossy,
that at night
I'm a someone

warmer and no
one watching under
all the knife

lights wants sweating
to be a
mindly matter. So

dive first and
free them, form
them, feel them,

their unwhole pretzel
shadow a rolling.
A locking required.

She thinks her
riddle understood, under
and up. If

not, she'll leave.

Her feet dangle I'm holding her so tightly, and not because I loved her once but because it's been so long. She hugs her legs around my waist, tells me to carry her.

Outside, we slip out of our clothes and into the deep end.

The water isn't so cold that it's shocking but it's not as warm as it was this afternoon, when I was alone and wondered how I'd spend the night.

She corners me.

I tread toward her.

She dips and resurfaces between me and the wall.

I turn.

She hooks her elbows on the concrete, slides her thighs around my hips, tightens her grip until I'm suspended, my arms around her neck, my feet not touching anything, and other than our waves, their slapping noises at the shallow end some twenty feet away, the night is soundless.

My house is filled with flowers. The walls are bare. These things are true and sad. A painter used to live here. Lives here still but it is complicated. Tonight I am alone but for the flowers she left for me to discover in the kitchen, the living room, office, bathroom. The years we were together she thought I did not like flowers. I am unsure why she ever came to this conclusion. In this month after our breakup we have discovered startling information about each other. We are like new people. Tonight the painter is in Philadelphia. Tomorrow she will be in New Jersey. There will be a show. Tonight I am at my desk where I will write for the first time in many months while listening to music. I will drink seltzer water and check my phone. I will smoke cigarettes in the rain. Unable to sleep, I will try to read. I will sit uncomfortably while my fingers remember what it feels like to touch these keys. I will trim my nails because it is difficult to type when they are too long. When I do not write, my nails grow long. My nails are a reminder of difficult times. My fingers worry over their own disuse. My hands do not know what to do. My wrists feel tight. My forearms rest heavy. My elbows are bony knobs on this desk. My shoulders hunch. My neck hurts. My throat hurts. My eyes hurt. I read these words and continue to write. I go on writing because what else is there to do but think about these flowers, the painter who put them here, and what used to be our walls.

Somewhere in Baltimore a girl awaits my arrival.

I have never been to Baltimore.

I think Balto.

Is that a dog?

A famous dog?

Ani DiFranco bitches up a storm on the radio.

It is only a four-hour drive.

Four hours and a tunnel and several tolls.

Around midnight, I crash into a pole that bends my car in halves.

Somewhere in Baltimore a cell phone rings.

The girl answers.

She says, Yes.

She says, I'll come now.

I wake in her apartment.

As eyes adjust, I squint, see.

Beside me on the bed a girl with a familiar face, a familiar tattoo on her right wrist,
playing a familiar guitar, her familiar fingers sliding strings.

Familiar, perfect sound.

I say, I made it.

Somewhere in Baltimore, a gallery opening.

The host explains my absence.

Nobody knows where I am.

Last anyone heard, I was on my way.

Pray I'm all right.

The girl ignores me, begins a song so sad I turn away.

I roll and pull tight the comforter.

It is so cold my feet can't feel.

My breath creates a fog beneath the sheet.

The sun shines through.

In fog and sun, breath heavy haze, the girl's tattoo quivers with every strum.

I weep.

My cheeks burn like a freezer chicken.

Somewhere in Baltimore children play in a sculpture garden.

In the morning, the girl brings me coffee and juice.

The coffee steams.

The juice's pulp strains between my teeth.

I taste sour, then sweet.

I ask for sugar.

After the coffee, the juice tarts.

We do not eat.

Somewhere in Baltimore, there are cupcakes large as cantaloupes with frosting pink and brown like in a Martha Stewart magazine.

The girl works.

At her computer she prints, reads, reprints, rereads.

Hours pass.

I let her, let them.

I try to sleep, hear seagulls cry, wonder, How far is the water?

Somewhere in Baltimore the Thinker thinks.

Later, I step into the shower and rinse the accident undone.

The spray stings so hot her mirror bleeds.

My body aches.

The water's stream a chorus, her liquid soap like lyrics.

My hair sticks to my back.

I want to cut it off.

I will.

This is what new cities are for.

Making over.

Making out.

Out of the shower and into the night.

Somewhere in Baltimore my car is waiting.

For now, forget about that car.

I have.

She has.

Stranded, I will have to stay.

She will let me.

Somewhere in Baltimore, a drunk attempts “Here Comes the Sun” in a Karaoke bar.

We stand in front of the window, reflected back at ourselves.

I drip onto her floor.

Her jeans soak me up.

Anechka Rybalsky, you are a tree
whose roots make a strong tea—

bitter aftertaste but sweet
as the berries that are your heart.

Two lovebirds alight,
a nipple apiece,

peck and rip skin tear
until those berries appear,

red and ripe, juicy full,
their beaks like paper fortune teller:

pick a number: three:
pick a color: red:

you will have nineteen children
and live in Venezuela, movie star.

Your finger is the branch from which I hang myself with a blade of grass so sharp sliced skin exposing the lump in my throat whistles as I breathe and the ends of your hair feel like feathers on my shoulders when you release me and I fall and you bend over me and whisper in a voice that sounds like a pork chop in a pan and I look at you and see your earrings dangling like light bulbs in a basement and you smell like chewed tinfoil and taste, your lips on mine, like rising bread.

It was as if you reached through time to say I love you to the dark red desert sky with sunset shreds of clouds whose evening cry came down as dust on some other missing hiker's skull picked clean by a colony of vultures on reality TV, as if the colors of those three words were like the tickling threads in a darted coat worn hour after awful hour on a Wednesday stunk with too much pain for any single lunch break to bear, for any of the neighbor's hot tomato pie to touch or pass my teeth.

My coworkers commiserated. Distractedly, I gave my skin a scratch. One held a tissue to the tear and said don't let that scar.

At home, the neighbor held a casserole she called a crumble between two fish-head oven mitts that looked to the sound of a truck on the highway, and the neighbor said there there when I grabbed a steaming handful and threw it at the yard.

A breeze lifted my hair. She held it.

It took Egypt and a woman from Detroit.

She was disoriented everywhere, elsewhere especially. Computers were wearing business suits. Winter was on fire in a fashion sarong. People were telephone-astonished. Breezes responded exactly like metal walls clashing heavy but birdlike.

She had appeal. A smile. Met a corner composer. It was warm. There was a flood. A touch phenomenon. We called this love. It was enough to fill with light some irrelevant gesture.

Was it summer. It was a room. She did not recognize it. If you had asked her she would have said, I cannot explain. It is shocking but not unique. It is bizarre and has a funny taste.

A familiar finding: a man and woman accustomed to certain protocols.

Intangible and heavy: ancient daydreams of adventure, mysterious desire, tales of the days of delirium and heartbeat glory.

But what about the frantic hero, his explosive heart poised so serenely. Does he command it, keep it calm. Like it's his army in the sky.

No taproots there. As if the clouds are his to claim, an entire civilization of gladiators so immense, still living, humbly, in that great arena and limping, limping, until still.

They told you to sedate me but you misunderstood and instead seduced me. I felt fangs but it was fear. It was jealousy made of wings. It was leather. I remember. We shared spider webs after rain.

I want to make an automobile. I am a factory, understandably meaningful and deeply new. Everything is ancient, present. And I have values. I want someone to share them with. To pretend them with. To understand. Love. Kiss.

I have no ability. I am not an Egyptian who prefers quiet customs. I am just a woman.
Another clothed-plain, same-heart, jaws-stealing language in dress and music fashions.
Look. Stroke. Walk. My humble majesty: know time and blast quiet, no-nation woman.

Too many guises ingested like narrow syllables. A single source of confusion. Vague, celestial, vigilant. What moods! What hearts! And strength in increments.

Ingredients: mincemeat, culture, pattern, crime, mechanics.

This history is too powerful, too glorified. Fueled by barons, kings, murder. Another generation by which the machinery congratulates its parents. Positive and uniform like art batik, the fabric of victory consoled and conjugated.

Learn and lose, taste this welcoming, this spreading, this unconditional double-strong national monotone. This flow of ratios.

Create and vary the stance.

Set sail and soar.

Let loose the sky.

CURRICULUM VITAE

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