

David Brennan

On Captivity

The local prostitutes bathe like the rest of us, in the fountain in the churchyard, in water that streams from a young boy's penis. They are modest while washing, hushed. Though there was that time Natalie, the one with chlorine-green hair, asked the ex-banker's wife, Mrs. White, how was her son? White's face lit up, and the two chatted amiably between vigorous scrubs. It wasn't until both were dressed that Mrs. White burst into tears.

Memoir

Groping the hallway. You want to hear them. It is the premier modern experience. You want to think of yourself quietly, to make quiet entirely novel. So when the gait sympathizes with your quiet the fierce bafflement is an individual. Groping the stairway where many others have failed its accurate up. Experience the sound of footfalls. Yours. You want to hear them. To solve their problem.

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I would rather see documentary film than digest everything he digested. You wish to air your discontent. Why not? That's a question that throws me off those sentences you make with your voice. I disagree with the sentence he was given. Or is being nailed shut into a tower and starved with your children merely a circumstance masking the greater gesture of how one is willing to die? I think this is interesting, but I have never been able to digest a documentary film all in one sitting. Doesn't it make you afraid to open your door? What if it won't open? It opened. Look: those people you might otherwise have never. I can't be invisible. Neither can you. Together, we will

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If you did not think I was a logician, instead a street corner preacher, instead a man fond of watching pheasants disappear, instead a barber shop counsel, instead the last morsel of lifeboat ration, instead a sock hop, instead anonymous, instead what you want for me, instead a map folded wrongly, instead a lamp that darkens, instead a tonof tiredness, instead struck with cuteness syndrome, instead a tuft of fake fur, instead a sharp machete, instead a clown in plain clothes, instead Iceland, instead a too-large attention, instead the prosthetic roof of a mouth, instead costume, dance and stylized speech, then the lusty anthem in your tongue is on to something. I like the way our names are called out.

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That's the spin-out. That's the drive shaft. *your neck, O your neck* It's got a crick in it. *fish-breath snow, shrapnel slice a gill* That's the lyric. Song-voice gallop. *fetch a breast I have none, fetch my genitals where have they gone* Totaled. 4-way stop nosebleed. That's the emergency. The ECNALUBMA. *my donor card, my Hep C* That's the. That's the lyric.

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Trust the apparatus exists, Foucault's panopticon, our privacy an image in some body's pretend, you and me, dear. Let us quote pg. 223: *Consider your seed*. Everyone's got their jewel or their daughter. Everyone that shows up here is a complete hypocrite. I'm sorry. A definition strikes out the life of a thing. And yet, my intentions are clear:

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Circle. Line. Dancing with a woman who tells me I'm cute. I'm not cute. I'm chasing my neighbor's tail, spin. Pomade on to the next saucy shape that brings you sausage. Catch a breast. Electro roast Biff, this fellow's hard up over California's tense twirl. Doe sees doe, courtesy turns, intervenes. Forward and back my new neighbor's flesh fat, can I spin that? Harrison Ford. Bow to your cowboys, curtsy with your cows. We'll begin in the normal improper position and from there proceed to keep up with time. The present in my gaps. All a man, I make a wavy line. It's like butter, it's fly, I'm soaked through someone else's sweat, a gypsy tipped on contraband bourbon—now circle round back to that first imposition.

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We'll be learning so much together, we'll be as if born twins. We'll be as if the dog enjoying himself in the backyard, chasing his tail that is also the squirrel's tail, or the tail of the dove. This is a serious attempt to convey what I will be to you and you will be to me. It is adequate and baffling. Our time together will be fast-paced, arriving in intervals of less than an hour for a span of much less than six months. Our words will travel with sympathy's velocity. I'll have skinny legs and you a prominent sternum. We'll be good at what we do, and will be given an additional minute to finish up. To run out of things to say, already.

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My advice: Get out of here. The longer you stay, the less chance you have of re-catching the train. There's little here to note. At town's center the streets radiate off a round-a-bout, dissipate into flat stretches of field. A plain state. Even though I live in the city, where there are lines everywhere to move a body forward, my address to you is here, in this small town mid-nowhere. For both of us exclusion is the crop-out. We harvest it together, cleansing the palate, complicating the flavor. Devil's crossroad: I'm gone. You: Get some return in your go. Locomote.

Brennan as Cherry Tree

(BRENNAN *imagines himself having imaginary branches.*)

BRENNAN

I have found memory in my heart
To give you. Here it is.
It is here, in my body, for you.
Name it, so you will remember.
It is a gift to be forgotten.

A Plant in Winter

(Between WORDSWORTH and COLERIDGE is a potted PLANT.)

WORDSWORTH

I agree with the plant.
The cliffs of its looking are war-painted red, and a thorn
Is of little use.

COLERIDGE

You water it with snow;
The season reflects the injury.
Pretending innocence
Is a natural state
Will earn you a bid for sainthood.
When blessed with the irrational rhetoric of holiness
The plant will die
And people will grow close to it.

WORDSWORTH

The plant has not washed.
I must bathe it.

COLERIDGE

You have potted the plant
And placed it fireside while winter extends white prettifications
To hills and wood-pile.

(JOHN ASHBERRY enters. He stands behind the plant.)

JOHN ASHBERRY

The effete vocabulary of summer
No longer says anything.

(He removes a dying leaf, leaves.)

THE PLANT

Aaaah.