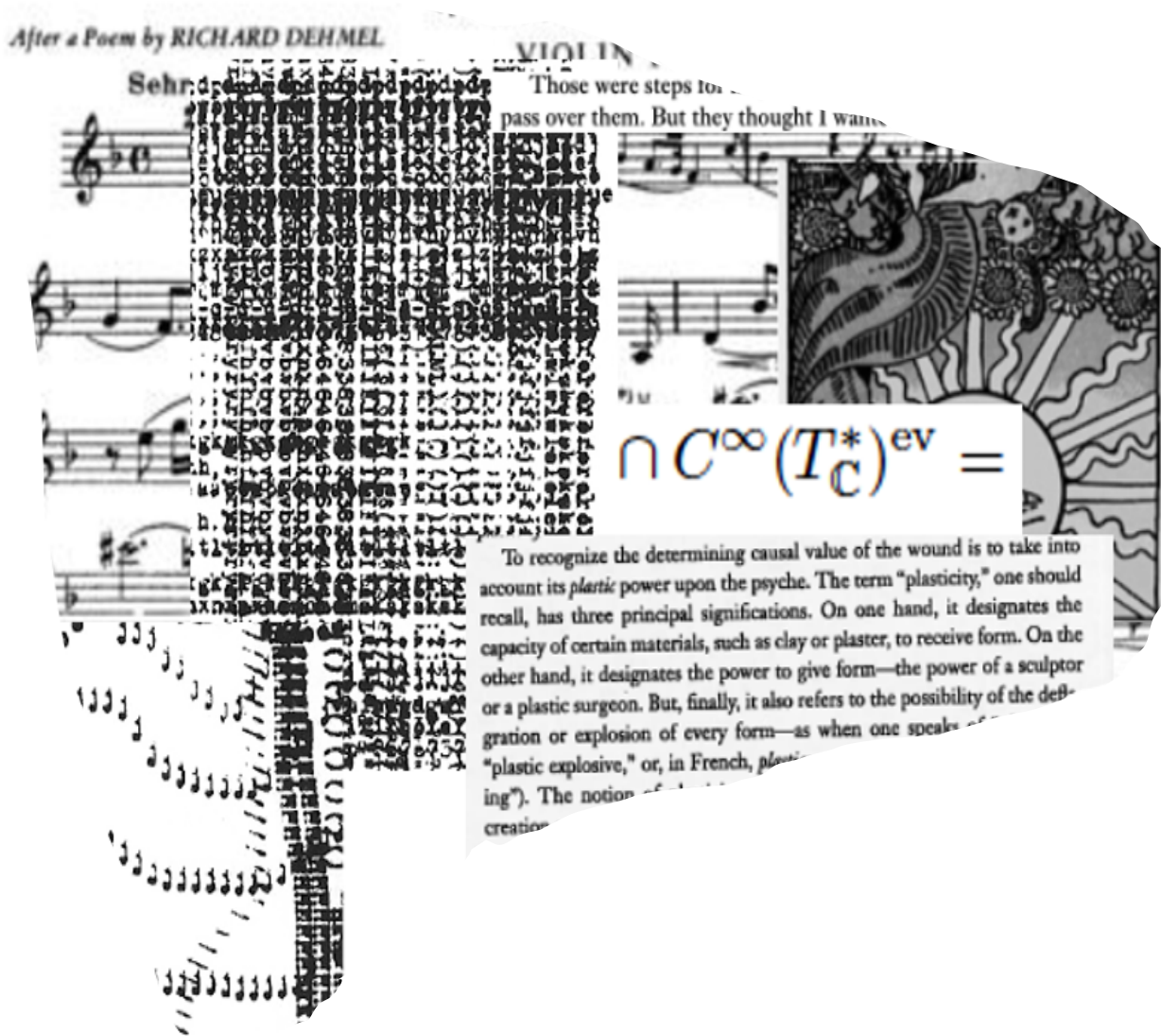


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One Day I Would Like to Be Loved



Works Cited

Images used, in no particular order, were— First page of sheet music for Arnold Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* (1899), for Violin I; selections from H.N. Werkman, *Mit Schreibmaschine* (1923–29), originally printed by No Press in 2007 and made available digitally by /ubu editions in 2011 (available at ubu.com); Catherine Malabou, *The New Wounded: From Neurosis to Brain Damage*, Fordham University Press 2012; “The Sun” tarot card from the Smith-Waite Tarot Deck; No. 42, “Epigrams and Arrows,” *Twilight of the Idols*, Friedrich Nietzsche, trans. Richard Polk, Hackett Publishing Company 1997; math equation from *Radon Transforms and The Rigidity of the Grassmannians*, Princeton University Press 2004.

biking, bertrand russell realizes he no longer loves his wife

And so we're finished. Maybe. But we have to go on all the same. When I think of you, it makes me think of my regrets. I think love sounds like that. Or maybe it sounds like a meadowlark twittering in the parking lot, lacerating itself among the cars.

The King of France is bald.

Read: what is not

has truth value in that it does not exist.

So, I did once go to a bar with you, order shots of vodkaequilarum and laugh. We talked about your mother, her horrendous love, and my broken tooth that I

took out and gave to you. Static. The neighbors throw a TV out the window. The *they-them* will try to claim us and probably will tomorrow. But life is defined by losses.

Tertiary therapy malady becomes asymmetry, ay?

Read the above line as 1

N=1

N is the self-reflection one spends a life trying to find.

The neighbors play a Mozart record,
and Jupiter's gravity pulls me in. Gravity
moves us to sides of a page and we cluster.
Thus, our biographies condense to dancers
on egg whites. The pages are splitting.
I'd like to tell you the ending:

Free but
Alone.

Self Portrait V

Despair in nonsense
perfectly
hidden

he is almost among my kind

between us
rooms of fantastic tile
gleaming beige

lines aggregate
toward the center
rejecting the grid

note the granular texture
as it brushes your skin

Have you found it yet
the Truth?

I suppose

but suppose the lilies beyond the window
nested in anthurium green
are only magnificent when you remember them

what comfort then?

The rooms intrude on the desert night

slowly
we approach
recomposition

Vocalissimus

Aye, speak. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]. [redacted] [redacted]
[redacted] [redacted] [redacted], [redacted] [redacted]. Now, here; [redacted] [redacted].
[redacted] [redacted], [redacted]. [redacted], nowhere. The desert before us
is lovely. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]: [redacted],
[redacted], and cold. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted],
[redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted],
and the blue tambourines will leave you. [redacted]. [redacted].
Aghast at your own freedom. [redacted]. [redacted].

Finished and alone.