

Chris Bullard

## Continued

1. of mist.
2. a CT scan.
3. match the colors he painted on a canvas.
4. then secretary to Jacques-Emile Blanche.
5. compositions.
6. that their work can gain nothing by it.
7. and also controversial.
8. used to being out on the streets at that hour, and I found I was in a different city.
9. inside the car, behind the wheel.
10. latter method.
11. unassembled pattern pieces.
12. writer.
13. long before Christ born with long white hair
14. Appendix but are beyond the scope of this text.

## What I Did With the Body

- 1) Burned it for three day in a pile of wood that I'd cut and split; scattered the ashes on the local public golf course.
- 2) Took it to a party and got it drunk, so it said stupid things.
- 3) With some fava beans and a fine Amarone; you get the picture.
- 4) Brushed its teeth, rolled deodorant across its armpits, combed its hair and made it gargle.
- 5) Imagined it was gone.
- 6) Hacked it to pieces; put all the pieces in barrel full of lye; put the barrel in concrete.
- 7) Deported it.
- 8) Told myself, "This is not my body. This is not the place where I live."
- 9) Weighted it down with stones and threw it in the air.
- 10) Put words in its mouth until it choked.
- 11) Kept the eyes, threw away the rest; kept the hair, threw away the rest; stuck the head in the freezer, threw away the rest.
- 12) Made it stay up all night long.
- 13) Pushed it down some stairs, then, more stairs, then, even more stairs; at the bottom, picked it up and brushed it off.
- 14) Locked it in a mirror and threw away the key.

## More than a Few

The other side of this statement  
is a lie; this side too.  
That, my dear Watson,  
is what gives it a kick down the Möbius  
of meaning. Not without reason  
am I pained as a Promethean torso  
by the idea of staking our *Weltgeist*  
on a singular event  
in space/time. One thing  
is never less than many one things,  
though a shut eye  
has its own viewpoint.  
Seeing is what's blinding me.  
I prefer to age backwards like a crab  
using eight thousand lenses  
to piece together the multiple world.  
This is another true narrative  
I am making up  
as the necessary  
carapace I continually shed.