

WHO IS THERE

Adrian Kien

WHO IS THERE

by Adrian Kien

BlazeVOX [books]

Buffalo, New York

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For Kelly

WHO IS
THERE

To who finds my body,

Use this cell phone to call for help. Please also contact my family at ###-9615. Tell them it concerns H_ _ _ _ _ Foster, talk to M_ _ _ _ _ Sanborn if you can. Thank you for your help and I'm sorry to inconvenience you. Sorry my spelling sucks, Oh well. I am out of sorts.

Sincerely,

H_ _ _ _ _ O'Casey Foster

Interrogations

We'd Like to Ask you Some Questions

Is there an 'h'?

Have you an arm?
Have you a hurt?
Have you a thong?

Is there an 'x'?

Have you a mom?
Are you a Thom?
Have you an eye?
Does he wink?
Does he bite the soft corn
and does his
turkey wattle waddle?

Is there an 'f'?

Have you a dad?
Have you a green leak?
Have you a bass?

Is there a 'q'?

Are you a squid?
Are you a hand?
Have you a lips?
Are you a one lip kiss?

Is there a 'b'?

Can you breathe?
Can you breathe?
Plastic.
Can you breathe?

Is there a 'j'?

Were there teeth?
Did he sit in the jaws?
Was he set in the trap?
Set and sprung,

did it stay on
when you tugged on the plug?

Is there an 'm'?

Is it a bag?
Is there a man
in that drag?

Is there an 'a'?

Is this the law?
Is this the dark?
Is this the cuff,
the cusp?
Oh, the hand cuffs.

Is there a 'w'?

Is this an is?
Is this an is?
Is this a whispered is?

Is there a 'u'?

And the rope?
And the tail?
And the lure?

and the the the
oh, the hook hooked.
Oh, the barb.
Did you eat it?
Did she barbiturate?

Pulling, pull
pull the pulley she.

Is there a 'k'?

Oh, the fish.
Oh, the swim in it.
That mermaid skirt
with her in it.

Is there a 'C'

Do you get codeine?
Do you have dreams?
Is it like, his thing?

Is there a 't'?

Like E.
Like an E.
Does it fit
Like 1, 2, 3?

Is there an 'n'?

Is it
Beneath her skirt?
Under the scarf?
Between the between?
Behind that behind?

Is there an 'o'?

Does it get you?
Does it bleed?
Does it float your bones?

Is there a 'y'?

Are the hands always tied?
Are the legs always blue?
Can he do it himself?

Is there an 'l'?

What self?
What shells?
What hair around him?

Is there a 'd'?

Is there a frame?
Is there a scaffold?
How does he hang?

Is there a 'v'?

Can he spawn?
Does he spoon?
Does he seal tight
in vanilla cups?

Is there a 'g'?

Have you a nest?
Are you a John? A Georgette?
Have you spoiled the eggs?
Sulfur, sulfur, suffer to smell.
Wig way from here.

Is there a 'z'?

Tucked in.
Tuckered.
Is he tired?
Who can sleep beneath
a hangman's hood?

Is there an 'i'?

Will he testify?
Were there flies?
Did you try for a pulse?
Was there a cell in the purse?

Like a pill blister.
Did you get the switch?
Did you get that bitch?
Did it pop? Pop,
like a 500 mg song.

Is there an 's'?

Did he swallow?
Was it good
what was good?
When it sucks
did it suck?

Does it have it?
Did it suck, suck, suck
like out of water,
like out of breath?

Is there an 'e'?

One jelly stain?
One bubble of spit -
separate from the body
algae, salad and green?

Is there a 'p'?

Was the gun cocked?
And did the pigeons coo
moving yellow to purple?
Hitching her up, up, up!

Is there an 'r'?

How far from
him to her
under the awning?
How much air
did the slit wink
in that slip beneath
the rain?

The Lure of Water

The Lure of Water

These were my hands
held close above
the river beneath
the cottonwoods
holding stones that chattered together.

I skipped
stones that skimmed the water.

Each splash, a white blank to be in.
Seven skips to a necklace –
the blowholes of a landed whale, clogged.

Each stone going down into the river,
drowning in the current with my body.

Each time he puts her there

He puts a leg through a hose. It's like sinking into a clean aquarium.

Here is his treasure chest and his feet. Enter the cobalt gravel.

Enter a copper pipe leg. Then two.

On O2. No one's noose is see-thru. So free but not, like, free.

There is the hum of *whatever will be will be*.

A starfish sucks on glass for a handshake.

Look at her there. Where?

There are the hose and the flickering black lights.

There are the bubbles you can see your reflection in –
quickly, upside down just before they go back to being water.

Lured

I was a jointed repaulla with painted eyes.
Pulled.
First the toes and then the knees,
the hips and the chest
right up to the neck
jerking against the tangled line, roots and water.
My puffer hands. My barbed hands.
Brilliant food for the sucker fish.

In Crayons and Pencils

I drew myself
on refrigerator doors
head like a swollen Egg
two legs hanging from the temples

smudge of BLOO

stomachs somewhere in between

I did not believe in noses
I did not believe in ears

but mouths then and eyes

electric cord arms
and a belly button where the cord
GOT plugged

open eyed and hungry
at lunch
she pulled out the tuna and cheese
from zippered plastic bags

I said, feed me a sandwich
with my face in the musTARD
a growing boy getting bigger by the day

she fed me between meals
and she fed me meals and
she said I was hers at feeding time

magnets on the refrigerator door held me

an imaginary man
an ARMy man
a KnitE
a waryor
a saleher

smudge of YELLU
smudge of GrEeN
scales and paste

slipping through railroad track teeth

Coin Flipper

Greyhounds come and Greyhounds go
and Go down my eyes

to a red thumb's reflection, Mother.
My reflection in a knife blade
open and close. And I am
always open.

My toe's reflection - the nail
the size of a quarter.
My father in the reflection
that little three lettered TV screen.
I watch and I wait to come out.
Insert the quarter and watch
the birth again through that dog slobbered slot.

A quarter with two heads barking. Push it
on your tongue. Press it with your thumb
and swallow

the cord
the room and threads - what's left
of my hose and my gloves,
the pieces I put on to become me.

Flip the quarter, it says, yes. It says, yes,
every time. I ask it, who I am and how much.
Ask it, Dad
Ask it, Mother
Ask it, Son
Ask it, Officer Hoolihan.

, Feet

It may be possible to draw me in nothing but commas,
so much of the clipping and stopping, I was going to say charcoal, I was
going to say ink, say pen, Tattoo, Something that solid and
thought out but the hair about the shoulders, the curve of the spine, the
hook of the nose, Yes, those things but say my feet, skittering on the
edge of a chair, each toe, a midway pause, gripping the edge, holding on to
those last wooden thoughts The feet themselves from this angle, curve, no
collapse, into each other to, get, her,

Self Portrait, 27

Finger on fogged mirror, 180 X 76.2 cm

at 23

at 24

at 25

at 26

the picture *il* draws of himself resembles himself

less and

less and

less

Regardez how hairy the hands

le poil covering everything

même his back

et les doigts de pieds

each hair an erasure

the memory of himself

growing in

Rentrez chez vous

at *vingt sept* this is how *il* dresses himself

“*mais je speak pas français*”

“*elle est où la smooth peau rendered in crayon?*”

this here

the *elle* is *partout*

“*ce n'est pas moi*”

the lips too becoming hair

fitting his mouth like a small shoe.

Translations:

Regardez – Look at me in the Chevron salle de bain

le poil – hair

même - even, mother

Rentrez chez vous – I want to go home without a key

vingt sept – twenty seven

mais je speak pas français – but I don't speak French and I'm no skunk

elle est où la smooth peau – Where is the smooth skin of my cheeks

ce n'est pas moi – this isn't me where is she the *Elle*

et les doigts de pieds - but whose toes are these peeking out through these gas pumps and stockings

elle est partout, croyez moi, elle est le poil, elle est partout, elle est le poil bouclé

If She Lived Anywhere

she isn't me but she is
and she does

in a house
with a licorice rope to tempt me
the larynx
the goose bumped arms
in the drawings of eyebrows
nostrils' flare
her pleated skirt
elbows' crook
twitch of the ears
here she is
she calls me
for dinner
in my mashed potato thighs

like her
singing out to keep me in

any any any
 more
any any any
 where
what sweet
what where when
my throbbing boy
stay I made you

supper
my hearth and home
my roly poly boy
come
I am
ho
me
oh
my
growing from this oven that holds me

in the gravy
in her chicken potpie

Dessert

*I made you
I made you
Yes and I make me
I make me
not in licorice but lick yes*

Patty cake
Patty cake
Baker's man
Bake me a me

Make me red velvet

*the frosting on the finger won't betray
(me
you
us)*

lick the white clean off your finger and swallow

but I'm choking, I'm choking

make it disappear, my whole finger

oh this is delightful

yes, yes till it's all gone

*and swallow
don't gag
and swallow
don't gag
and swallow*

An Asphyxiation Game

Step One: Trust

my head turned inside out
so that you might
hold my tongue like you would
a hand on a Sunday in the park
the ducks and geese put their wings out
I flew in a plastic bag
where my nostrils
inhaled your gunpowder hands
so close to my mouth
I had to stop from swallowing you all over again

Guidelines:

"In_ert" in your mouth become_

"In_ert" in my mouth

a__ert become_ in_ert

"You _hould "a__ert" your_elf."

in who_e mouth?

Latex _pell_ it anyway.

1. Move from fawn to barracuda, be _exy
_oon enough you will move from killer to killed

2. In_ert the head into the _pace
a__ert your_elf
the neck
(electrocuted and _mooth
_haved to the _kin
_mooth a_a rubber glove
and perfumed too)

try to _tick your neck out and make _omething of your_elf

(_tick figure)
get ahead

3. You need: A long flowing _kirt (*black for mo_t area_, white for the
_outh*)

the _tick the _taff and _carf, too.
the hood

_liding over and the head in_erted

_tart with a blank and in_ert a _ you go:

Yo'll oon be a ucce__ful

bu_ine__ = = = = man.

Good Nights Under Pants

in his house
or some other house

between his legs

he has a think on

arran_ing furniture and walls

a cabinet where
nipples rasp fitting int_ styr_foam cups

and aren't

a sink where
the last _rop of water
slips from a k__fe

and isn'_

a box of unopened laundry deterg_nt

thi_ because t_is isn't
and this go_s here next to the coffee table

to see the images retarded
enough for him to not be here

rhyiming welcome with white carpet
is is
boy with electrolysis
and nighty nite he

C_eer

_ow turkey neck is your spunky.
_ow c_oked is your c_ainsaw.

We like it black
We like it w_ite (and pink and green and Mercury Sable.)
Make memory of it.
Make a we were born
an after we were born.

_ow face s_ot is your face?
_ow fat is your spam?

u, officer, _u_.

_ow jism is your purple.
_ow jelly is your dumpling.
_ow fat are your c_ecks
before t_ey go back, back.

_ow midnig_t is your _istory.
_ow yellow is your g_ost.

Kiss.
Kiss.

Come on wallflower.
Come on patrolman.
Yell it in t_e no zone.
Yell maroon. Yell black. Black.
Yell w_at?

Goo. Goo. Goo.

Orthoptera Attraction

At center is sound -
the bathroom lights' hum.
A heat prediction.

First act is katydid.
With a razor blade she becomes
like them -
like chin -
like them
pink legs.
Legs on loaded springs.
Her mouthparts made.

She jumpwalks
into the summer on pointed heels.

- Intermission -

Her hooks and barbs concealed in areas between
leaves and skin.
At the hop
she feels herself a plague. Water spreads in her wake.

Her _nees

church bell in the morning
she li_ed to pretend it was bro_en
too tired to save her
the sound of the rope
crea_ing and pulled taunt
her ears ringing
Hello . . . Hello . . . Hello
as she falls
Pretty Belle . . . Pretty Beau
going so straight her _nic_ers come right off
in the clappers applause

And if he were a woman?

There is no violen_e in a s_arf
to keep the _old off his s_pple ne_k

a broken hip perhaps
wider hips too
_ra_ks in the sidewalk
His hands painted the way he likes
in red, the fingerprints filled smooth

his p_mps kno_k
as in

Is Anybody Home?
Is Anybody Home? (Mommy I am home)
Avon _alling!

the so_nd of the sleeping pills in his p_rse

F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k, F_ _k

I am a woman and no one knows me in this town.
I am a woman and no one knows me in this town.

The _ay she s_ayed _hen she _alked
Breast, hands on one, t_o, three
train her to talk to me
Raspberry, bread pudding, breast
train her to _eep to hide muscles.
Handcuff, storms and smoke, frozen flies
turn around, back to her
A kiss goodbye
sun hitting the ja_. _ords _orded
No. Breast, arms around hugging. Yes.

I am a woman and nobody know_ me in this town

At the _ero hour, she i_ nothing and knocks on the door to her home.

Figure unrecogni_able.

Figure this.

Figure 1.1

1. Son call.

1. Mother answer from above.

The voice unrecogni_able in both their ear_.

Then they have no ear_.

Disfigure 1.1

1. Son gone.

1. Mother not mother anymore.

Then she i_ a woman, now.

Conman.

Configure 1.1.1

1. A flood breache_ the crack in the door and all the water come_ gushing out

with the TV and the bathtub too.

1. No mother. No _ero. No _ero. No _ero.

1. No skirts for a son.

1. No _' _ tonight

Na_ive _o _his S_ream

I made a hole _he size of a head
and I crawled inside

the fishne_ hole.
Hole in me

cabine_ door
opening
inside
closing.

On my knees crawling.
On my belly squirming.
A mermaid feeding on the seaweed.

I said, I am a mons_er
saw _oo_h
_una fish
smel_ bai_

fish ----- fish

s_ain of blood
s_ain of scales

in my s_ockings

inside _he dampness of a plas_ic bag.
Brea_hing from a rope

I saw blue. I saw red. I saw yellow.

And i_ was jus_ like i_ was the firs_ _ime.

—

This is about the _all
o_ _alling between tree branches
not as one returning but as one listing
prepositions like playing cards or buying soda.
_ailing. A cell phone rings. Calling cards. Hot Dog.
Gas. Baseball stadium. Bathroom. The mildew between
the tiles. My toes.

But I was going to talk o_ a bus station. Yes.
The baseball stadium just beyond the trees.
No, that is a gas station. Where the bus _ills its tank.
Another preposition. Is this a pep rally?

I am writing a letter, maybe a song in the key o_ _
(I'm not sure which one:

perhaps “_”
perhaps I'm walking
each step _orward another letter spelling:
aciremA
ria ni gnitsrub sbmob eht

Diesel _uel
aciremA, ria ni gnitsrub sbmob eht

A place to be _orward and ask such questions.

Perhaps this is where I am going. I'll be a wol_ spider.
How strange the letter seems now as I dangle _rom it.

Dear Mother

They tripped me and I _ell.
They drag me through the streets.
The street lights blur into one continuous line.
The sky describes intersections
_lashing yellow _or me and this parade. Here is the moon.
I barked and I snapped. I am a coward,
they say and they drag me. I am dragged. I am drawn
in a picture _rame on a magazine and they chant
words I can't understand through the pleats o_ my skirt over my head.
I_ I could walk, maybe - I_ I could speak _or mysel_. Say, hold the _ucking
bus.
I am not at _ault _or this. We are not at _ault _or this.

Love,
ME

Bombs explode all a_ternoon. Onlookers:

The bathroom _ixtures beat, dripping _aucet, toilet handle,
shower head, door knob, a distorted re_lection in each
reciting what I am: beat, beat, water sliding down the lip. O beauti_ul _or
suoicaps

yks. How is that? How is your beat, please? Each bomb? I'm in the crowd,
each one me
watching me. A Siamese twin's _orehead,
my nose curving into liptooth with red dressing.
The purple mountain ytsejam o_ my crown crashing through
the glass. Oh I am a bomb all right

and the letter gets chewed through by the hounds. I am leaving now.
I am a cannon loaded with _odder and blank paper. Shrapnel
's on the mirror. The o _icer lights a _use to burst me.

Is she

in a basket a picnic basket? big as a _u_ _y? *you're freezing.* in the washing machine? *something like that* a freezer? a hamburger _atty? *no.* in a breast _ocket with her _ens? *did you say breast?* yes. *yes, I mean no.* and a label a _rice tag, the _rice of a picnic maybe and a cold bottle of riesling? *that color maybe.* that blue and that cold. *yes.* in the hos_ital. *too late.* in the morgue. *maybe.* in a drawer. *yes.* a drawer. *yes now you're getting warmer.* in a manila envelo_e. *Oh yes now.* a folder with her name _rinted across the tab, the tab like a toenail _eeking out of the blankets. *certainly.* that would be warm but the color vanilla. *no manila.* and her head? *that's what _lastic bags are for.* you mean it _o_ _ed off. the trash. *no.* it's too cold for a picnic in the _ark. *she _arked.* yes? *she's _arked for sure.* oh, then let's roll her out and have a look.

Hoolihan, My King

Habitually Truant

play hooky well from question

well and the bees that sting and the moths that glitter
well be a plastic chair and my ankles turned out to greet you

well be the belly sac and airtight in the plus room

welcome our drift beneath a middle moon as equals
well be the night and curling the hairs on your chest
into a lollipop swoon

well be the dot dot dot when my turn wanders to candy lipstick
on each finger stuck to your dot dot dot

a candy body and deep well

cherry pit pinged period
cheeks and cherry stained exclaim
spit the way to bed between
swells tongue between gums
on your gun my teeth leave a grin you can read well

to put a dashy dash at the end

The Name is Hoolihan

Hoo your face
night watchman prowling

a satellite dish

your two eyes peering through the rain

spy two bird legs
too much for you
beg with all the change in your pants

Li is for Lithium

or the shelter beneath this awning
where no one can see us

just close enough to your car's radio
just close enough to breathe the cherry blossoms

paranoid and swallowing a big pill and then a little pill

one minute "Come as you are"
the next is midnight

and you've forgotten who you are

Han is flattering and cheap

your hand in my hand saying "Let me lead you back"

your laughter and your anticipation

your hands forming a cage around my head

Han is for holding me here and your gun belt and your gun
and now and now and now and your anger as I spit the bullets out
and your handcuffs raining down

Hoolihan, My King

According to the guidebook . . .

has told me that discarded beer cans are sometimes used as nests by these creatures of dark water, feeding taste buds - their *chemical* senses

in cavities beneath stones
in hollows
beneath fallen trees
behind the Red Lobster and spawning

in discarded beer cans

a firm jelly-like mass

has told me of

“fluffing” them with his pelvic circles
maintaining the slight movement
of adult fish
remaining tightly fed

the slender farm animal
an interesting aquarium pet

Hoolihan

perhaps
your one barbel
bathed in water
close to the nostrils, small pits near the top of the head
I will maintain the slight movement
near the top of the head

Hoolihan: Food: some vegetation; a scavenger; into a discarded beer can;
spit; *not* Food

Hoolihan: Feckled Madtom; plain clothes; with your Anal fin
my lower jaw closing against upper jaw behind the front edge of the head
behind

trash piles against streambanks

Hoolihan with you in me I am
Insects, insect larvae and small crustaceans

a Threatened Species in Idaho

We Alone

Lips glossed
and eyebrows plucked.
I puckered and you puckered.
My finger traced
a heart in the fog
around the kiss
you planted
on the windshield.
We were primed and alone.
It was the zero hour.
It was O little Debbie my cupcake
It was O one hundred hours.
One street lamp buzzed
when you hushed me
with your one finger.

Would You Like a Length of Licorice?

“Oh I’ll lick you
down and up again.”
Officer Hoolihan!
“Take my hand.”

in the cuffs.
So it’s blue then steel,
then it’s purple then steel,
then it’s “steal me some of that love, Love.”

I love your hands cuffed around my neck.
I love the way you write my name and arrest me.
Stop me. If you can.

Take me Captain in

I'll ride backseat
singing woo woo
 to the red light
 and woo to the blue light

to come upon Doc 490 section B

 copulation with a lemon twist
 a red lobster
claw
beneath the table
on the sidewalk
in the junipers

I'll have heartache, toothache, brainache,
and a hard ache, ace in the hole.

Act: Normal.

Order: me
Order: surf and turf
Order: Diet C O K E
Order: Oil and "smooth sliding action"

whatever dies in a silent 'h'

by a silent night song

shuts my mouth to whistle
to black out
and you shake me
till the coins come out

The Words She Saw

Bruised female identity:

Bruised formulas inside her brain,
forked incision. DO NOT PLAY.

Fornicating.

Ibuprofen, she believed, fitting inside the her
self.

Bloated figure illuminated:

Squealing instead of breathing.
Found inert. Idiot. Bright lights illuminating
the figure. Idaho Falls. Belittled.

Because foreign is:

Because further inquiries
fancied her a foreigner
inching after the brink.

Blue forever inside:

Blue bouffant wig ON OR AROUND:
finger - choke - finger - choke - finger.
Inhale. Incubate injury forever inside.

Before feeling impotent:

Before feeling inappropriate
finding herself behaving
instead of beheading. Incomplete.

She saw the words:

Bitch barfing into bags
filthy buttocks
I gave myself away

Body fused to Identity
five minutes out into space
Investigations of the immediate

Bee a queen Be quiet Be quiet, Please
F me E, F, G, H
I aye yey, yey

Brown Eyed Fairies
Free from inquisitions
Intestines 26 feet long

A crustacean. This is how I remember us. The red you see through eyelids through bellies as a fetus sees finally again staring at the sun through someone else's skin.

Dingo: Is that milk on her hands? What are you laughing at?

H_ _ _ _ _: And leaking down my legs into my shoes. Milk of the thistle. These purple weeds. Geese in a plastic bag. Onion is a geese stroll.

What I always wanted. Butter Fancy Incisor.
"Try our new rice pilaf." To be nourished by you and sip the nectar from your flowers.
O Breathe O Breath
I am sinking. I am sinking. O, Mother. Push me to the surface.

"I made you."

Hoolihan: *Reporting into his radio.* Practically dead. Not dead (thank god). Her silhouette in the chalk. Fetal. Full grown. Female. Lipstick. Sequined skirt. The rope like a fuse extending from her neck. Frayed. 7:38 A.M.

H_ _ _ _ _: Say it so I remember.

Radio: Fetal. Full grown. Female. "as I want you to be." Lipstick. Fetal. Full grown. Female. "the choice is yours." Lipstick. Fetal. Full grown. Female. Lipstick. "hurry up."

Toe Tag

Office of the Medical Examiner

Age: abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Age: From the time I was very young
I moved in and out of focus.
I was a salad for lunch, soup for dinner.
I was a fishwich. A lucky wish.
I was alone out in the world,
descending from,
riding on

Age: _____ busses. Away from.

You mean when I was born?
Or when did I move out from home? I stepped off a high chair.
I moved into the air. I was young, alive and beautiful.

Race: Human?

Race: _____

Race: Woman?

Race: Then Red. I am a womfish
I am a lure, a fish lure
big lipped and netted
my legs dangle in the current
swallow me up in the mouth I create
with a length of rope and a hook.

Sex: hangman
Leaking out. Never again.

Case No.: Not just mine. The suitcase of myself. Inside my mother. Inside a bath tub. Inside this case, this drawer labeled "Hangman", labeled, "deadman", labeled "man", labeled "_____". lower case. Upper Case. Letters fitted together: To Get Her. Spelling: son, sex, hole. You be the one to insert yourself.

Date Tagged: _____.

Date Tagged: The expression of which. A slap on the ass? Arriving to find her (who?) (mother) (oh) in the bathtub. Wrists filleted. That slap. Tagged. In the face. Walking from home afterward. Smoking man sidewalk cafe. Hoolihan. Slap on ass. Tagged. Netted. Stopped dead. _____

Date Tagged: On a date with me. (a man?) Then yes. I mean I am a man. You say I am (man). A glass of beer. What was I then?

Tagged by: Hoolihan.

Time in: 7:38 A.M.

Song of the Hanged

The dead body found by means of his loin cloth

He was deeply He was lately

in great mental
agony

He was a drunk cup of tea
a clear cut case

hanging from one small point

the fancy boy
the policeman's fancy

hang his body
his neck and hands

throttle him girl
throttle him boy
throttle him Officer Hoolihan by some other means

if only to satisfy

the police

I will be the body

if I can

love too briefly

this the song:

hanging hanging mode of death
tightened by hands

the homicidal strangulation

in this I the stranger
strangling body

reduce the pressure
of bodies in different people
women
bodies
so
sensitive to pressure

slow

the woman partner briefly

beneath the street lights

this the song: the him the she and I

hanging hanging mode of death
tightened by hands

the homicidal strangulation

in this I the stranger
strangling body

his hand amorously around the neck
the vessels in the region

sending more blood to all
at the level of the windpipe
tongue pressure

tongue itself

peculiar and somewhat misunderstood form

neck jaw chin
made to fall

to this the peculiar position
tell the position pronounce hanging

my face paste

the glue
most dependent parts of the body
the legs
blanch
the staining

bluish coloration
the police

escape unnecessary harassment

send more blood to

escape unnecessary harassment

an escape
in
a
woman
body

Worksheets

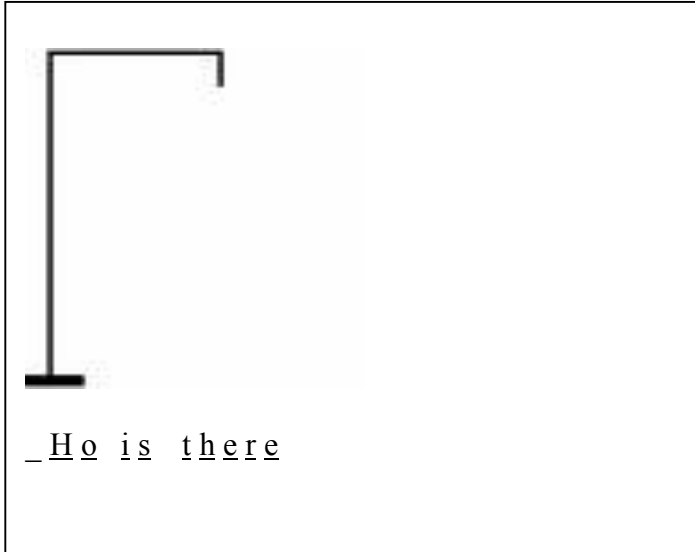
Evidence Collection

Complete this form and return to the authority.

1. **Chemical Tests:** For each test, put a "+" if present, "-" if not present.

Description of Sample	Blood Test	Sugar Test	Fat Test	Protein Test
Carp	+	+	+	+
Licorice	-	+	-	-
Fry Oil	-	xy	+	+
Blue Wig	-	++	-	-
Underpants Combing	-	+	+	-
Net	-	-	-	-
Handcuffs	xx	-	-	xxx

2. **Sketch:** For letters A – Z.



3. Blood or ?

Sketch:

- a. Not blood?
- b. How do you know?
- c. Is it human to know?

4. Body Samples

Description of item:

Sketch:

Evident in life.

Slender, not transparent.

Pale pink at base of the neck.

Mouth at front of head.

No hood to go out in.

5. Hair Samples

Description of hair:

Sketch:

Cloaked in.

Clogged with.

“There is no treatment except to dye it or admire it.”

6. Misc. Items

Description of item:

Sketch:

Antibodies.

Vice versa.

Webbed toes.

Boy or girl, etc.

Silk, etc.

Buccal specimens.

Schools of rosyface shiners spawning by night.

Answers

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nothing nowhere

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