

Solve For

Jill Darling



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by Jill Darling

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BlazeVOX [books]
14 Tremaine Ave
Kenmore, NY 14217

Editor@blazevox.org



publisher of weird little books

BlazeVOX [books]

blazevox.org

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“swirl clay,” “will not solve for intrigue,” “mud crunches eyelids,” “how to recollect,” and another version of “Sets and Probabilities” which includes, [Lightening shears a branch], [*Time is a Rorschach*] appeared in *Aufgabe*

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This book is for my parents

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Solve For

I. Odes

1.
Melody. Strives forward. Variegates. Serenades an operatic example.
The story goes: sing, follow, sing,

2.
What falls and cannot be given again when (what intrusive) when against all else. When
an amount of clearly. Possessing. Ode: I hear you beyond liquid blues. Against display.

3.
Where you might eventually claim space. Lie: the sun under my toes. Lie: a Sunday, a
Tuesday. Lie: thinking, I have put you aside. An ode to what gives and the status of
mid-February. A third connection maybe.

4.
I cannot, am afraid, cannot. Above all, beyond, to surpass. You whistle and skip.
Shave lashes. Suck your knee. Irrelevance. I am afraid compared,
compared that is, with the suggestion of that planet, crossing over.

5.
Taste, word by word, from the print. Grey on grey on grey.
Your columns. I place you in a drawer.

6.
Side by side. Cover up ring the sound of a passing train
a message one has devoted to memory, devoted.
Do you think when we meet again we might uncover the world?

7.

Go about, breath by breath. Cause consequence. Into the dark of February.
Remember to wonder, send word of health. Cannot sit, follow, sing
written by an Italian, put to music, a different story. Show this: I remain silent.
Insist, if you will, on a surface text, a message with no responsibility.
Cannot cannot toss words. Held to it.

8.

No more than subtext my/your own text under every word only words falling waiting
characters wasting letters under your breath above my words over under (knowing
something waits under forgets to take) on the opposite of wondering the opposite
forgetting, a springboard, no, sill of the flower pot. Placing one letter after another
placing one letter after another placing each side by side (cleverly you thought but not
this quickly may I remind you) if the pace precedes (I am) each character drifting into
singular space taking shape.

II. Periodic Algorithms

Write several selves to dissolve the bounded idea of the self.

Rachel Blau DuPlessis

wondering spring after (no longer dark) certain light
(pauses) (space fractions) what i have come to do
(complicated) a greater force figuring the equation for
word (variables) visible (less) on graph paper. fractions
over pi to this degree finally, in relation. how on the
streets occurrences of (one person has hate many
people have shadows) lava red hot unforgetting a nod
a mantra due east rising into syllable by syllable,
facing

(there is no way to say this politely: i hate the color of
search every day no response, swirl of melted clay
signifies what sincerity in form (face))

crimson colors arbitrary in name

to begin again. 1. on track losing one's mind to record
distinct yes notes or gift of may. first, number one,
remembering always growing falling in again after sweat
i was and now, (remember when at 5?) after having
done great things in 1972 (year of god-awful sideburns)
(this closeted memoir) begun unprotected on a spring
day flourishes, at

the inception, fragrance, bliss

verges on the moment of a particular taste of may layered
 1974 and
 preference
 history.
 history.
 quilted for
 ran. she
 shoes. they
 diapers.
 house to
 one was
 1974.
 impulse for
 story in
 just a story.
 pulated

cherilyn sarkisian lapierre
 half-american cherokee
 indian born 1946
 california teenager ran
 away mother married
 eight previous times ex-
 actress became back-up
 singer met sonny cher
 moved sonny started
 called caesar cleo act re-
 named sonny cher
 performed first big hit i've
 got you babe closing
 number sonny cher
 comedy hour 1969
 popularity decreased cher
 sonny nightclub act sonny
 cher comedy hour 1971
 show ended marriage with
 sonny own show cher
 show brought stress
 teamed up sonny cher
 show where sonny
 handled show business
 cher enjoyed long solo
 music career lasting

enticing. a
 for chosing
 layers of
 three stories
 example. he
 wore blue
 were only in
 moving from
 house. not
 beautiful. in
 repeat: an
 multiples. a
 print is always
 a story mani-
 becomes.

the sum of all parts an equation solved for what happened
at that time. it will be years before the division asserts
itself. at that time, thinking back it was all new, coming into
breath, you cried out. all these years later i knew it then.
we were, to be, in this. presently rich coffee aroma
descending, a flicker of, relative, in relation to. in 1975 you
were born. at the end of these years, we all. taking on a
moment. collect. long distance. a prayer. too easy these
days to miss. your hair falling slightly out of place.
beaded. dance. (music, soothing, helps one focus. refusing
to consume.) the systems of domination. lingo. coming
down to words, simply, all these years later.

solve for prime relations.	factor in breath
factor in the aroma of collection.	we gather.

in february once i cried for weeks. about, and going on.
how it becomes practical. on the contrary this is a happy
tale. i dance. you wear white and new traditions. in the
seventies my favorite shoes were blue. you ate butter.
mother hated the dog. relative. your smile, which is most
important. i am covered in books. system of combining,
relocating. divide by years. divide by the blue of sky.
divide by, how we relate. presently. moment to moment.
my hair falling into. tread lightly. once in february the
clouds dispersed. pisces sang. swimming. a clutter of love.
good health. factor in how we have become all these years.
factor in distance, embrace, this gift, given.

given in the space of a lifetime. notes of “genius” and
“appreciation” i sit facing a portrait (self) [Van Gogh]
wonder what it is like to

see inside to notice motion of fluttering of eyelids from
behind painted and real.

who grew the sunflowers?

how does one pronounce each of the terms for
denominator, common factors for this step by step.

foundation. similarity. black and white tv helped ease
distinctions. further socialization, however.

to give and to take away.

dimension. dive in.

when i try to escape lingering in the folds are the
factors. an unspoken rule and what is “suggested” or
consuming. how to progress.

evil knievel was not a woman. summers in the yard.
plaid. i have mentioned the blue shoes. time is
something that happens. scents in spring comment on.
change of seasons. preserved flavor of comfort. a
sprinkler in july. falling over dried leaves.

yes divided by layers painted

fields.

swirl clay. tread lingo. plasticware verges

a negotiation of blood

during this phase friends may be neglected

mental layers

*full moon, also known this month as the black calves,
cool, fruit, and – because this year it is the full moon
nearest the autumnal equinox – harvest moon*

yes, divided by layers

is one art more important than another?

magnify impulse

layers divided by blood and not blood

at that time it was impossible to know

layers minus intention

lingo

your art or mine

magnify bliss argue a beaded moment

will not solve for intrigue. sorry to be ambiguous but you see one can only go on for so long without commentary. i had a teacher once who was large. round. temperamental. how did we know she shouldn't be mean? i never learned to multiply. not properly. twelve times seven times it was about this time we began to be aware of the world. politics were changing. three times nine we ate spam. often. i picture spam sliding out from the can. i'm wondering about the dog. when he moved away. he said my name sometimes in a way peculiar. times four times four times twelve i suppose i was better at writing in cursive. we watch sanford & son and have no issues. a social commentary. there were only 2 black kids in school. times two times more what was not to love. we all came from different parts of town. in front of the house was a spot for making mud. we covered ourselves. times ran around the street. six ate mud. times put mud in our hair. we were rebels with mud. eleven plaid skirt navy sweater or summer our shorts were stained. with mud times awful fabric. homemade handed down. we were all ugly. loved mud.

a.

mud crunches eyelids.
in what park do you play?
is this your particular swing?

in 1981 chris evert lloyd was asked how she felt about
tracy austin.

is remaking history. women have. (dividing the sum of
fragmentation.) you can interpret. (place the numbers
in a row and count.) (simple calculation.) (or an inverse
hypothesis.)

on pavement speckles of a dead bird.

b.

licking. grains. in 4th grade soccer was power. chased
boys back. by that time i was in love. he was a piano
player. he never knew my name. i'm sure we read
about geography. the revolutionary war. began to
make up stories.

<i>miss seitner figured in daydreams or semi-delirium, in which i traveled off between whoops.</i>
--

not knowing how to put them on paper.

c.

skill accounts for 2/3 of execution. all in the wrist.
execution of. bones of a bird. remaking history. factor
in fat in a medium sized coffee. minus spice. european
appeal. melted clay signifies lemon. (invent a
denominator the answer is variable.) minus steam.
combat ink and draw.

d.

trickle down pocket book change donate change a cup
of ten please spare change.

how to re collect

traveling. remember this city. a many colored palate.

an intended choir

at 16 there is no vocabulary.

moment

(1988)

minus

for years to come.

beaded

forgetting. nuance of. everyday.

intend bliss
intend verges

bliss where have i been? is this the line (where is the line?)
progressing through a single moment, the nature of.

it may actually be vertical. to review. the importance of:
easter baskets & etc., everything magnified.

i've gone back, you see. how we gather, outline pencil
marks. when i was 7 i fell asleep at the orchestra.

we always went to listen. mother sang in the choir. pieces,
what have you, which create. painted, on sidewalk.

melted crayons. the sun in june. owned the neighborhood.
a numerator.

splitting apart, a look in the look in the mirror, infinity of
fractions. over grass, dividing secrets, a blush against wind.

practice of addition is incomplete. painting numbers
suggests: becoming clear. to add: impulse of

encounters. learning the many ways, in which. to add: we
are friends when we argue. do not remove your equation.

it is all particular. the answer every time.

forgetting once: tears. twice: tears. equals: it is not all
about becoming adult. (don't exclude the pain of, how
when i was. not any wrong solution but refuse to re call.)

flavored segments, see.

salt. at this time i would like to make clear that progression does not come painted green¹. what type of vegetable are you today? posing certain questions can be damaging. caution airs on the side of employment. walking. i saw her back from the other side of the street. she is not disguised. men wear long shorts and when will fashion². exercise caution. sometimes i can only be honest. rituals are reserved for magazines and the mall. take this walk. there is no destination. in 1978 i learned to swim. water became grand. write this: i was happy then. a simple word³. other than a sense of disintegrating into too many parts. too many ideas present a typical gesture of the times⁴. upon our next meeting i expect to have a deep sense of wandering.

¹ multi-flavor optional

² this is a statement of concern

³ the red of the chinese restaurant on the other hand verges on complicated

⁴ choose intricate patterns. fulfill myriad destinies. paste dead hairs cleverly around town. eat biodegradable plasticware and carry a smaller pack.

outside of your house. i sat for hours. how we re-
collect.

slow gin.

you named me.

genius lies earned.

a coffee moment.

girls at that time were sexual.

all these years later.

learning slow gin.

learning to forget the names.

we were all ugly.

words in cursive lie still in the drawer.

plasticware. and earth day.

please use green forest. they enjoy our oxygen supply.

beginning.

to collect.

genius lies in the choir.

it is better to move past.

all of this.

polls show

question: “who does a 12-year-old turn to when her
mom’s on drugs?”

answer: this is how we kiss you.

question: “can’t lose weight?”

answer: the book falters when it attempts to become
literary.

1984: *reagan ends on a note more typical of his more
uplifting, and more successful, rhetoric.*

1984: *eréndira: a moderately amusing nothing in the
surreal-picaresque mode*

answer: beaded

answer: minus impulse

answer: curls around bliss

upon finishing first grade i had a confident sense of the world. we go on this way. by fifth grade however, it was all going downhill. cycling time. the academic sense of the universe. remember what occurred at all. intruding on the periphery. flipping through old magazines. events. footnote classification¹. drink green tea today your health will be complete. clamoring after grapevines and other fruity specialties. my grandmother smoked cigarettes. years. a sense of logistics. one day she woke with clean lungs.

a larger scope.

we are brought to this stage by order of our guild. it is not an actors guild. question identity.

it is one of the peculiarities of most historical events that no one ever really knows why they occurred.

what we play is life. we date ourselves. the cost of news is negotiable. catholic school defined me. some trumpet moving through school age days what happened at age 7 and a certain maturity the summers between. this was only the beginning. blue plaid uniforms. how to raise children in a violent society.

across the way a woman with lavender dreadlocks is pleased. how to see her. pleased. some man steps on my toe. he keeps going strange. if we could only speak.

sometimes people thought i was a boy. gender expectations. i couldn't laugh then. learned to apply mascara. hairspray.

once a woman was raped and the politicians attested her beauty. in some places women are stoned. by politicians.

cigarettes. and plaid shirts. looking for lavender hair.

¹ language has changed in some instances

spandex is out. finally.

*madonna has a gift for revealing everything and
nothing, simultaneously.*

a storm brews in the desert. though some prefer
sanctions. this is a new world.

during that summer nothing notable happened. some
time in the fall i must have met you. at christmas you
noticed my hair. i appreciated you clean and shaven.

*native alaskans have run out of money and america's
premier bear refuge is up for bids.*

by spring i had tasted your ear.

in 1991 a ku klux klan rally was held on hitler's
birthday. protestors heckled. we cried and drove
slowly through suburbia.

catholic school defined me, i said.
driving through canada, you replied.

fields. an arena quilted. gathering wood. this tree,
fallen, given back in terms of dirt. a stage. fantasy
multiplied by 3, at minimum. games imagined. a creek.
a path. don't look now, hidden under brush. forgetting
what else. in this place intended for other than.

once i wore blue shoes and thought of fame.
my own shoes and none other.

particulars. under a grey sky it is difficult to mourn.
wires cross. instead. when you, i will feed your
thoughts. moving through fields. grasses fall. she was
lying on the floor one day, i called for help, and she
lived for another year or maybe not much longer. i
loved what i knew of her. generations. not all relatives
are family. pass the color line. they said, then we'll
talk. give back fallen limbs. recorded. pass into.
disregard intentions. re-justify or: to define, again. one
chooses history. why she hears a voice behind veils.
degree of need. turn this on: there is no room for what
else. paris is not native.

crafting wood digs deep into earth, earned and salt.

sun sits between waiting monotony of
pollution tropical respite crickets
heading north away from bangkok
intonation
a woman tour guide. on motorcycle
vortex 8 hours through curves & mud
mae hong son
insects in camouflage
1 guide. 3 guided

walks of mud & stone or rocks or pieces of brick to
slippery muddy wet tile-type paved sidewalks dirt-
covered wet & muddy paved streets & slippery brick /
tile / makeshift what-have-you with train tracks down
the middle roads walks & vehicles merged into one
lanes undefined people bicycles rickshaws vendors
goods food: prepared cooking hanging packaged raw
hanging frying colored fabrics bags clothes goods
complex web and flow hidden lost roads / alleys /
passages a giant board game

dirty neglected child
on one's way to delhi
work w/orphans
it is like hell here
so far only babies
"one rupee?"
stolen photos
natalia. i want to take her home

stayed home from school took years to figure the
negotiation of sheets clothes sitting in a desk of always
aware on shorts a skirt at night in the day no one told us
how to be proud of

1. shane asbell his hair feathers in a way later known as sexy
2. the way vision changes
3. no one should have babies at age 11
4. wasting time learned to be inefficient
5. who writes for soap operas anyway?
6. what is wrong with a world filled only with women?
7. curves never go away
8. learn to deal with mental duress many derogative
terms have been ascribed throughout history
9. television & eating disorders

the teacher is going blind the boys know how to roller
skate girls giggle stupidly wait around learn to act
dumb.

denise wears a michael jackson jacket, red with zippers.
she pushes up the sleeves on the play ground. she is the
envy of all. but she is fat. no boys love her.

named christian senior
exchanged three words

plasticware this is my locker lingo

layered socks
a class organized alphabetically
photos of a woman with crazy hair on the chinese wall

yes divided by layers

the name immediately following
failed vocabulary visited dinosaurs in the museum

tell me about your mother

tell me how you lost your hair

i am not typical nor cuban he said
i wear a denim jacket

forget to say amor and recuerdo

siempre

...reciting marriage vows to a corpse

not only was he a graceful observer of bees

he was barely 18

the eye floats in water detached from the retina

not possible to recover

found him on the floor

passes the christ hanging... cheek against wooden foot

a recent photo

that same blue suit

we called him. cool and crush. an intended choir.

a nickname.

*if gloria came in closer (to the city) and at high tide, it
would have been a catastrophe.*

[an] array of genius. tread lightly. impulse equals argue.
--

*six decades of relative peace have dangerously lulled
new yorkers into thinking that such a storm could
never happen*

8th grade is a particularly bad time for girls especially.

in 1983 three alluring europeans set a new standard for female beauty. there's no turning back now girls. apply lip liner here. skirt this length. kiss me you sexy thing.

G: how many expelled?

D: three.

G: what kind?

D: soviet.

G: spies?

D: spies.

in 1983 alabama executed a murderer. on the first try he was not dead. the electrode on his leg burned through the straps and popped off. his body was motionless but as the wires were reattached he moved as if trying to draw breath. then came the second jolt. again for 30 seconds. still the doctors were unsure that evans had expired

do people need seasons at all anymore?

new study has revealed diesel from marine oil spills can become more toxic as it weathers rather than cycling verges bliss as previously believed now to re-collect recently concluded six-month study shows fuel can have an impact on kelp beds verges over a short period coffee temples swirl \$42,000 study plasticware. cycling. conducted by pacific northwest laboratory for state department of bliss pisces sang july 1991 oil spill off cape flattery cycling by the japanese fishing vessel tenyo maru verges acting natural resource damage trustee for state-owned aquatic lands and vegetation yes, divided by layers coordinated by marine sciences swirl laboratory "the most surprising result from our study was the effect of weathered diesel oil on bull kelp" said swirl manager of temples swirl marine resource group we were all ugly found weathered diesel cursive minus genius toxic petroleum killing kelp after genius four hours minus genius have not been able to establish pisces sang spills and marine plants magnify documented intended causing lingo problems kelp plants intend concentrated diesel fuel floating an intended choir exposure to sun tread genius observed a beaded moment coated kelp "we don't know implications of weathered diesel as it dilutes in seawater implications further up food chain" swirl clay national laboratory negotiation of blood department of energy memorial institute international technology organization industry government developing commercializing managing cycling swirl

the key determinant of maleness is a tiny molecular lever that reaches into a strand of DNA and pries a kink into it, setting in motion all the changes necessary to convert a sexless 35-day-old embryo into a boy

(what little boys are made of)

the molecule produced by the maleness gene on the Y chromosome, switches on the cascade of molecular events that leads to the production of testes and blocks the formation of female reproductive organs

("the wonderful thing about sex development is that it's the first thing parents and doctors look at, so subtle genetic defects come to light right away")

(physically normal girls with defective gonads)

(such women can even carry a pregnancy even though they are chromosomally male)

these patients are so nearly normal...all of us begin life more female than male

("the key is to make a testis")

scientists are set to conquer the last frontier: the ocean floor

story becoming

are you thinking of going vegetarian?

tropical

to date five other cops have pleaded guilty to such charges as setting up innocent victims selling drugs beating & threatening people

banana stalks

"jerry and the g.d. deserve recognition for their music"

island: ocean-hugged

stress anxiety depression: the new science of evolutionary psychology finds the roots of modern maladies in our genes

night takes position

this week, finally, two thumbs up

believe, of a morning

reef under wave

"spiced simple" she said "salt & pepper"

routes change

a coconut tree dances

she loves levis, led zeppelin, and lenin

at 1:23 am

nearly

massive quantities of radioactive material were released

nearly blind

evacuated 135,000 people within 30 kilometers

she loves

british politics

she

tread lingo genius

collection of more than 2000 admirers he was on the floor nearly unconscious served the dying and desperate get something pineapple juice something sweet despite her small almost wispy bearing this time please hold him overnight more tests iron resolve the prescribed amount of insulin is no longer necessary she sparkled of course over night buckled in her presence a prescribed amount

prozac can help
at a 40% discount one can accumulate too much weight
the intervention of peers
one forgets the rest. paper strewn
these girls. emotional concerns
born 1915: the last word in hipster style
too many medicated. who claims this?
exacting times in cancer research
did the u.s. drop nerve gas?
abnormal gene makes cells malignant in the first place
hot dry air

temple swirl clay bliss magnify choir impulse argue equals refus

ask me

esystem coffee moment beaded lingot read genius eyelid slayers

night sweats, ask me, the drowned milk of daybreak, rare irony

earned intend vegetable verges plastic ware cycling hairspray cu

drink you

rsive minus recollect pisces divided catholic ugly blood intended

tries to fly

III. Sets and Probabilities

I was a very poor impersonator of myself in public.

--Pamela Lu

I.

One asks, “what is the limit of one’s own history?” Another responds, “that is up to one, entirely.”

Determine what one means by memory. As in, whose memory is this? I remember, you remember, she he it (the fossil has nostalgia for the sea) remembers.

Place an index finger at the immediate start of present, the space of pure perception. Travel north along the cone (north with a touch of east I assume, as the cone’s line slants outward) through the various reservoirs of remembered things. Arrive at the opening of pure memory, the place of dreams, of distinctive recollections. It is a place of virtual reality, as in, “it is virtually real to me,” as in “I have been here before yet it is no longer now.” Along the way take a photo of every single instant. You have created yourself again, or still, or because of.

In the knife-edge theory of time only the present exists. One point moves instantly into the next.

What becomes of one’s own history as it moves further into, further beyond? If our perceptions are partial, in the first place, what is said then about the second place? How many places constitute story (told by whom? claimed by whom?)? Who determines the opening and closing of doors of snapshots of image of the etcetera?

If one is stuck in molasses, nothing new ever happens.

A man on the street said he had worked for Nixon. Why not I said, were you a secret agent? Of course, he said, of course. He pushes a cart through a spring drizzle, pushes everything he owns. From which reservoir does he retrieve his history? What was it like to know Nixon, I ask? What? he asks back.

Among others, some think time moves from the past through the present and into the future. Saddleback style. These are the epochs of our lives, each with distinctions based on novelty, as in, when something interesting happens, time moves.

I select. I reconstruct. Language is made of universals. One word builds upon another. For millennia. Proust wrote seven volumes. His reservoirs had known rain for many years.

II.

Something happens. Something else happened once before. To me to another and on. Sometimes I forget the circumstances. Sometimes I control the chaos of detail. Sometimes I spell my name backward, just to make sure.

One minute over another. Space equals which day you prefer. (Asking your immediate opinion.) Relative to what happens next. Wait constantly and let me know, please, before the rain comes back.

How does one decide in an instant, that is, to sacrifice. Give up cheese. Give up red sweets. Give up a blood relation. What happens in the sky on a Saturday, for example, to send one following a blade. As in "I imagined I had cut your limbs." As in, "I apologize for my temporary..." (regardless, another might argue, for it falls within an instant and every instant counts) "...my...tell me, where was I when we shared that moment?"

Nothing really shared at all. An instant changes from one to the next. You were on the swing while I drew lines on the concrete. The wind sends her second hand moving even more rapidly. At 12:00. At 3:00. At 9:02. On which day did we drink tea? And can you recall the flavor?

There is a gap between experience and its physiological correlates.

Are you sure what you did yesterday was really you? I only know about my favorite blue shoes from the pictures. One album filled with those shoes. Someone tells the story and my memory is created. Someone tells another story and people begin to follow Jesus, or this is an example of movement, the interaction of matter and action. *The substance of perception*. Is the table really a table, if it is only Monday?

IV. Learning to Equate

what light floats over and beyond. (this lyric sense) a
taste of the sound of. covered and frozen. special places
for widening horizons. listen to this. the sound of it. this
little piece of light heard above all else. which system.
which plays behind? speckled blue designs.

little leaves posted to a heartbeat. one's pickled brain,
retired. this year. that year. time and place. accrue
seconds toward passing go. once around, free from jail
whisper spider legs, covered in salt and crunchy. whistle
yellow tomatoes, all along the street.

don't stop whistling. toward a future land. in favor of
moving hills. a preference for pork. whistle a latter day
tune. a favored spectacle she, awaiting the
announcement of trains and busses. of the wagon
pushing a cart.

dear

it's because i don't know exactly who you are makes all of this more difficult. claiming identity. what on occasion goes missing. the clever run of water cool against the back of a hair. a hair not yet bleached out. 3 rolled stones passed earlier, reminded me that you prefer the hour of 3, on either side of the meridian. the greenery becomes us all. scratching. in turn, 3 tossed sticks held a note, telling us all to look out for the bird with a red triangle. (a natural roar takes my thoughts.) bracelet laid upon a rock. surfing hills of a river. the weekend lends to parting words. science involved in a calculation of hours. things placed parts into slots. slots painted yellow, mostly. turning returning, daily. because i am at a loss for the label of you. remember the time we will be walking as always. the blue headed bird laughing from every side. my story. incomplete. includes notice from little green bugs. "i am leaf" they say, falling. gliding. over rocks. someone yells "swimming, swimming" carved in the tree ahead, every one of your letters.

dear L,

missing your long letters. the strokes of your mind. how is the city? give me detail for *it is difficult*. when will you be content there? suddenly personal. native wildflowers on a monday. still reading your longest work. not wanting to disturb. taking beverages not sleeping regularly at 11:44 pm of a thursday. may approaches with the rains. to finish these few months. are you well L, your short notes tell me otherwise. looking for your teeth behind chit chat and smiles. apart from solitary. apart from being accustomed to solitary. listening to you under a june sky. we are all of a persuasion.

seeking, yes

a linger a moment too many

into sinking way of your arms lingering not enough

dismiss, clearly an approach from various angles how as

a cubist we are on different views (of object) maybe

they are even different objects you are writing the apple

is red yesterday a bite soon enough and (this apple

object) angles

dear francesca,

the tea you made for breakfast was divine. little yellow daisies. sitting on the shore now i think: how lovely it would be to repeat oneself. a painful blush of your voice, against my ear. i remember parts of our conversation and realize there was much less to it. a pale grain. up against your colors. unidentified & graceless. sip calcium. you are the lead player in the story. three flamboyant sparrows. monologue filled with lust. her wet finger. a variation on one sound of water. it becomes something entirely when facing this way. east i won't even see in morning. at least 300 ft away others discuss. do you understand so far? the drippings left from the meal are not as salty as this. is what i am trying to tell you. fearing dehydration claim this yellow daisy. a romantic flower. in my galaxy paint peeling obtuse. a math colony. fractions over the inexhaustible remains of sand. you don't understand how it covers the state. like mesa out west. overused yes & intricate all the same. i pull your words in deeper. erotic is the only accomplishment. earlier i recognized a stranger. with strong biceps. too much walking most likely. would you care for some rope? @ only 14¢. i'll deliver next time. i am in town. old age & overweight, apparently. at least the thighs are overdone. gaudy, possibly. i write purple. hope you feel the same. i was not prepared to ask you in common areas. my mother she says little & sighs. her husband drives her mad. unfortunately the arc of this light scheme will continue indefinitely. i am enclosing an oyster shell. the children removed all pearls. jewels anyhow do not become you. in line for groceries your face on a national magazine. your hair perfect. i cannot ever compete. dropping hints for a certain flavor of pudding. would you in turn be humble? many feathered prints of wave / if the ink runs out i will never switch colors. a fog horn. minus the fog. a smooth tear on the paper. the stranger i looked for him. i am afraid i am making you up. i will ask mother when i see her. at half price, an airline ticket. or a freighter in the distance, minus the distance. can

you sleep to a tape of the ocean? i will record you. due to the curve of the earth one cannot possibly see all the way across. i am walking in silence other than the sound of your voice. it repeats only what i remember. the thistle is breaking through again this year. is there no cure? how did i end up on this island? the strangers continue to ignore my pleas. they don't recognize your voice. i convince them only momentarily.

nonsense don't think i am not listening spending more time in quiet places.
posting apprehension i prefer wind.
having done with anything electronic.
the snow and the stick dance.
an everyday carrying on.
just wait.
come forward and initial this number name in the beating of sticks on skin on sticks.
dimensions to this.
coming after.
pasty and wet.
lick something hot and lively.
which sense do you prefer?
which elements from the table (do you) refuse to combine?
i know which element gives you away.
(spell) each letter with careful calligraphy.
(spell) each name in the same color.
something related to modern art for example, use only the name pablo.
every time and in a tone of yellow.
(spell) yourself painting triangles against squares and over the tops of flowers of
shoes or against something entirely blue something, entirely.

dear talia,

you said: to assert. i know now where that came from. little nesting gestures. originally, correct me if i'm wrong, i intended to remain platonic. we have all come far from those days. i've been reading rimbaud you know. his colorful prose, *du détroit d'indigo aux mers d'ossian*... bathing in an october morning i wondered if you had read previously. suspect as you are i believe the intentions are genuine. thoughts are not without flight at 3 am. i tell you i enjoyed the little sleep the lack of real rest. all in favor of reciting french phrases until the moon set. language practice, on occasion. a harvest moon. only until now have i considered *ces masques enluminés*, the aroma of something altogether foreign. i hope you will excuse the excess. in trying to be less wordy i devised a simple plan: at the appropriate hour a chime of syllables under an orange leaf. i have been practicing as you suggested, rolling my r's, searching the yellow pages. so far no one has come around to notice.

an old friend wrote me about a certain fog in china. remembered from years past. we laughed and i still did not understand the message.

have you, talia, been spending time in the garden? my own plants have been missing you, the jade, the mint, the various vines. they have threatened to crawl themselves to your door. *et les parfums du soleil des pôles*. the clever way we were invisible. i am thinking of the little petals pasted to the inside of a card. do tell.

Lightning shears a branch from a tree. The tree remembers better days. The storm threatening to change each of the gathered instants. Each instant carving messages into itself.

That is the point, hardly clear until written down. I only remember it after reading it again. I have recorded my history, now I know exactly what happened on that particular day in 1984. Exactly.

Setting down a wet paintbrush and walking away may alter history irrevocably. Learning to dance salsa, on the other hand.

The obvious analogy is with music.

Found himself lying in the shape of a deer in the snow retracing the deer's movements listening to the wonderings of the deer.

Morning shadows are blue in snow.

How many rivers have you stepped in?

dear jasmine,

as i approach abandon the intrigue of your memory. it has been too long. in another case time passes all too frequently. the smell of roasting almonds. a winter in the park. frozen dew in january. thinking of taking a trip even farther from you. industry demands. in any case i create your letters. that morning, do you remember, overlooking the sky? section by section. mist uncovered the dialogue of your future. behind you i hear the waves. a shadow cast. around me now flavors begin to crystallize, sugars manipulating space in the cupboard. the rice will have forgotten but somehow the feel of flame does not dissolve quickly. this is part of a general reading. though i always preferred the spoken version. voice at certain notes or a caliber of exchange. on page 98 a writer discusses glass. the refraction of dull language. another writer cut up newspapers and you read them aloud. in alphabetical order. not recalling any of this. a photocopy i am thinking, the way that degree of green lifted into the afternoon. on that same page he writes about it: *through your hair an elevation pushing the petals of subsistence, ivory plaid and sweet, i conjure your fingertips frozen beneath the surface.* a cruel act i consume at all means, waiting for the water, tasting dry petals and flakes. tell me your journey brings you back, over an open signal. where once understood aspen hugging rock, or the idle of worship. write you writing you. in how many languages. it is a collaborative project: tracing the lines between countries, all of asia shaded pink, antarctica, the same. how to put them together, skin over tongue. on page 99 of each source he drew a story. stories circling fragments. an international array of narrative. jasmine i quote you *stung three times before the citrus burst of summer* rely on marks left on china still warm still, country by country.

- a.
crossed, wires, optics without language rest frozen in everyday, unlike (this) looking
toward snow, throat, another into instant and behind tongues stressed detour
moment turns notes behind trumpet, that once, i felt, what you call yes, beyond
blank before this great cost. there is then, a saturday fallen thought reaching since
once, delivered in person.
- b.
don't think wholeheartedly but merely "reply" will suffice just tap "yes" and
"passion" and "ok. juice." searching for exclamation intense arrival (an apparition,
breached) but dismissing, oh yes, the constraints. in a dream some clouds (of
course) a bird, terror and no (there will be no airport this month) a fancy ride
through before and in between.
- c.
(they are not responding) you do not reply we all jump splash w/o that nod and yes
it has always been this way.
- d.
a song for a country, a foreign sentiment, i assume we must all leave home.
- e.
tap in "reconnaissance" but not "military" keep working on "when you" and "sail"
tap in "i thought, well once" thinking but oh yes "erasing clouds" frightened in
dark.
- f.
"this town, a blast" and glow showing teeth, mixing our places and still in reply
"keep going, i'll see you, here"

second by second drifting in the form of answers in the form of waxing stages of pure intention. folding the number 4, over and again, clearly marked. clear, that is until circling overhead, division of salt equals a tuesday afternoon and one choice. over some shaded color. flakes as described above. placing flakes. fingered flakes. posting detour signs along some unsure route. the quilt matches organic tofu fries on a sunday. collared soy protein. still listen to rattlesnakes chirping under jesus pray for the snakes, for us, the mountain roads, and redemption. i thought of you , on a day of risk. we need not be nourished by other than a word. this blue ink. begin: the end of february announces. folding 3s and 7s and hoping for letters to fall in order. shifting order nonetheless. eat broccoli count down until 2 pull on the rope until a coughing sound is heard. pull the letter T. shifting R and Q until we have a proper match. until a pair presents itself. i know now what may be in store. know that is, the color of a tuesday a lollipop in the evening biscuits crumble, one notices, against the paneling of leftover photographs, sipping.

dear gabrielle,

the stones are in place. gabardine, gadget, i found you in the dictionary. looking for criteria. gabon is an important place in african history. what do i have to do? gait. a letter grade. gala, galley, galleon. a template. arranged pieces: 1 – 26. i am your biggest reader. (do you believe in constraint?) gallows. there is more than one way. and weaknesses. a grand personal touch. your own special quality. gammon. context. gamut. what is required. gar, garland, gasket. these are the secrets. in order to produce. you'll understand why a gastropod is so interesting. sometimes, gab, it takes trial and error and a bit more time. the criteria is not the same. how many steps will complete: formula. gaucho. mention this: how to balance the real person. gambia, again, in africa. breaking form this is not a dichotomy, binary. garel, gear. not some type of contrastive rhetoric patterns of rhetoric conventional static patterns. how words present. you will notice the peculiar sense of refraction.

lucid fashion deepening into planet crosswires you made cactus meticulous (o
nebulous neptune) i am before and under a song: naught for how often you fracture
you fire

menace or created claypot (nostalgic) (russian) in memoriam appearing ceremony
must before antiquity deepening into catplay into

a monosayer obscured more counting must take solace or repast into

roping-zenpossum roaming after more postwar sacrament must sad must queer
exaggerations must cunning cactus
and ochre cue naming 6 ganges

naught for sorrow pockets in europe in mexico deepening we

dear rosario,

recalling that time. so soon after a short week. i trust you have made many stops by now, sleeping against too many languages. the grass on this side of your journey still kisses snow. we're all trying to get back to an earlier time.

i play latin songs and imitate your dance. (on mondays most vocabulary leaves me) toe tapping rhythms. cuban, you say, a song about rain. if you like i will retrieve bright colors from the south. a landscape de verde. stories pressed into rock hiding under dust.

in the garden i notice little yellow bulbs. they are not indigenous and fall from the sky. bailamos una rhumba. a truck passing on the street signifies wet sidewalk. plants under your fingertips in the desert. a postcard, unaddressed, floating. the lines beside your eye.

on saturdays i revert to slide shows and personal photo galleries: the hills, the green, the cold evenings of textured skin. watching even the slightest movements. concrete sliced with weeds. picture you sketching shrubs in any unknown place.

i say *we* as in let us all. i say *republic* in case i thought otherwise. 3 minutes only to express intent. betrayal. i say *pepsi* and really mean *your mother prefers to eat my shoe*. we are problem solving. one another space where i staple letters. T before O upon W in front of P and R. vowels wait hesitantly. just because i place N doesn't mean i don't intend to say *the cat. if it weren't for the cat*. sleeping and spelling. calling myself on the phone imitating a forged letter. by my own hand. never addressed to anyone. (soup with rice. or carrots.) think about the letter A. just as. i have warned. chewing up intentions. whatever was said, really meant to sound purple. the letter C the letter J the letter D. place them in a row and tell me how it means. a house with sides of K and F. (unsure you say.) (we should all wear little bubbles over our heads.) paint my shirt yellow, i call it "what i was really trying to say." we, as in mondays, will know soon enough. the space between Q and X diminishes.

dear andaluz,

lo que es mi mundo. distance. up hill through rock.

through european streets. creating stories. catherine will not be returning home. she has decided on a fountain in france.

even the beautiful stranger cannot reach her now.

the light above your brow. that day in the company of willow trees. i have been relating the story of the ants with no predators. usually i avoid stepping on them.

this morning i passed the potato virus research laboratory. a footnote to relevance.

beginning a new song cycle. something not at all like myself.

the erotic nature of catherine's solitude. she dreamed an affair. "in the center of my country he draws flames." *l'étranger avec de longs cheveux*.

(do you have a special drawer? for leftover thoughts?)

can say i heard you sleep.

in another language one becomes lost.

letters against any backdrop.

(she drinks from the fountain)

a biologist was lecturing on population disturbances. each hair shaved, i noticed. his voice at 6am. hay una palabra: perilous. lucha.

i am thinking about another musical genre. something overt entirely.

do you remember lawn lake? at 4:50 pm? it was a monday.

your eastern accent. taste eyelids.

(some bright color intercedes)

i realize to catherine the idea was a knife she drank from the fountain.

el agua en su pelo.

it was, once certainly, ink dried against a shin.
crawling forward.
surface.
at this juncture.
trailing over and behind falling above she asks about the ink in china.
certainly, marks made in flavors spiraled and crackling, ground hearts of lamb
through a rubber nipple, a spoon.
missing a specific plan.
piece following piece following a broken block, grinding.
see this, a look of something layered.
one weave after another.
an exhausted kernel of air identifies space mentioned above before notions broken
before lifting space into clear boxes arranged mask the graft of skin.
mask whose intrigue replacing granting snow melted and strange

dear dominique,

taste my thoughts you sleeping hear you next to cold air around me. could this not affect you? what you knew in the morning. rushing up and quiet thereafter. could this not? or in turn? still notes from your throat wake me at 6am. warmth of august. it is not like this at 11,000 feet. since you left i have figured out the technical difficulties. the burner was not defective as we had suspected. retrieve evidence from the trash. continue. regain speech. the syllables after all gave you away. i chose not to put them together into longer strings. recipes and washed pots. a single pausing step. picture you behind the yellow flowers. whistling. touch this scar your knife under my thumb. not intended. preferences would turn the other cheek. smelling eyelashes. a single burst of nonsense. long trek home. we have all been discouraged at the thought of leaving paradise. to stay and heal. tired of entertaining only a muse. it does not. a polite gesture. frozen behind. when you sped ahead uphill. lost behind leftover snow. mere entertainment and purpose. the obstacle of venturing alone. (since then i have forgotten your face.) trimmed and shaded delight.

gather your prairie flowers and walk with me. sitting among passersby and passing
altogether some more moments. still you say clever and sigh. exhale. reproduce.
create pleasant messages. i was looking for the books with the dusty jackets. in the
basement. where all of the dusty books reside. how many eras of dust? or pages?
where is the end of the single character? containing words like jelly in a jar. scratch
and sniff. who contains you and what color is his hair? what number on the scale do
you choose? which line would you most like to cross? the blades bending like spit
against dirt, throw another note on the fire, a melody washing itself clear. into
canada. the s words are not necessary. not this time. for i am beginning to focus in
on your picture. have you taken a new one recently? your painted version. dear
gregory, i am beginning to listen to your only hit song "the way flatness enters
breath" and stepping over the grass. dear gregory, if you call yourself yellow, on the
eve of.

on the 2nd of may snow falls.
the stories we tell.
a person in a place.
another person falling leaves.
have you received my message?
the receptionist was wearing a beige raincoat.
can you articulate the vowel sounds above the noise of a radiator?
on any given thursday.
in the garden, i notice, little yellow bulbs.
they are not indigenous and fall from the sky.
a dropping and rolling endeavor at least, this time, the grasses are irrigated.
one blade atop another forming the letter X.
a division of another corporation.
sell or i will take over your subsidiaries.
it's all good in this world of dogs and dogs' bones.
and dogs joining the circus.
this whole scenario causing dental pain.
and inflammation of unwanted facial hair.
coloring circles on your skin.
painting steps

Dear

There's something about the green chili in these parts. I can't complain, but remember only yours. A man walks in. He looks over. Can't keep himself from staring. I imagine he is you. Imagine we are having this conversation. How your most recent visit was all together too short. He is not you. I am growing all too full. How are the sights of Africa? Tell me of the zebras, the long wide skies. I am watching the man across the room. The way his lips move. He thinks he has been to Africa. Thinks he knows about waste. How we waste. How we have so many words for product and material and waste. He doesn't know where he's been. He is dreaming of leaving his own country. It is all in the sauce. How hot the chilis are. How the children in Africa. (You never left me the recipe.) I want to show the man about skin. Show him a familiar topography. His foot taps. Grace to live variously. This was not intended when I sat down to breakfast. I was thinking more of orange. The revision of your travel plans. His lips move more slowly. He is talking about love. He has a hard time with solitary nature. He thinks: *my, this biscuit*. He is full. Full of what is nice and good. I will return to you our shared charm. I will deliver it to you and the zebras. Italians, he is saying, the Italians. He impersonates an Italian, the accent. Your African languages. Photos of a bush plane. Your sweat, addressed: air mail. One letter after the other.

how many dreams in the context of a screenplay
interrogate all of the material at hand a massive amount
of continuous dream. use all of the elements, from every
level of formal a proverb of hell line up all of your
letters or forms in every type of material. a crow. stuck
and forgotten. seek / seek a narrative discovered in the
future tense. lost and fixated. generate, what minor
should be the internal workings of an internal dilemma.
please produce proof prove oblivion climbing up the
mountain eroding under foot having grown all these
years surrounded by superheroes reciting plato using all
available electricity.

dear --

i still

can't believe you may not

wishing you would

so

get on. your

is a good

,

more every moment with

your voice.

thinking you may just

of a saturday. knowing better.

you are

with

friends. hoping

you

good time

let me

soon enough it's only

sometimes I carry a single strand of hair

you are hershey's chocolate, in August

the snake crawling across his pillow, singing my favorite song

the smell of peppermint sticks at 3am, or tasting the dirt just as it
begins to rain

or tasting the fragrance of your shirt, after washing has turned it
yellow

Gertrude, he calls, Gertrude in Paris

we could all make up my own words

I'm sorry, did I say snake? I meant tacks, the tacks were strewn
across the pillow and he has yet to claim them all before going to
sleep. I don't know who actually was singing that silly song

something in French, she was saying something in French, and I never
understood it the first time and I'm sure I cannot repeat it now having
never learned the language

shades of brown in certain parts, like snow in the north, or how some
speak with their eyebrows

the wheelbarrow was merely resting, filled with dirt and planted
wildflowers, speaking in tongues, silently, unannounced to passersby

yes, I used to like that song, but now I realize upon this mature place
in my life, that in its essence, time is too precious to squander looking
for purple clover in a field of dandelions. I'm sure you understand the
implications of such simplicity. I intend to make use of all of my
senses, from now on

that is exactly what the theater is for, to be what we
otherwise would not

we will call her: doris, because of her lavish dresses

we will wander the banks of red clay. decide from then on whither to
clean our toes or merely taste the salted drops falling to the backs of
our hands

the Las Vegas squirrel, we always called her, doing her little jig up in
the branches

of course, you will be expected to refrain from kissing any stationary
or otherwise silvery objects, until, that is, you have proved yourself
worthy

con agua y con leche y con los manos de naranja

the snake replied: do not attempt this at home

yes, that stretch of yellow, content to translate fields and fields

.

dear Michel,

It is coincidental that your birthday falls. stubborn. you are an earth sign. where the peak meets sky, an intersection. (listing reasons becomes a non-linear sequence.) Once became difficult to read. The numbers are the only thing in order, still, one follows it with her eyes. Number six: *borne on the back of an elephant...* Number seven: *pages of glass*. I told S about you, said that yes one day I will feel the grit of your palm. *Sky now citrine*. I quote you. Words pasted to the ground. Fixed. The British astronomer told me that you are avoiding any challenges at the moment. Said that *sometimes, ravenous people get past the point of hunger*. You have entered one of the *zodiac's most unashamedly sexiest signs*. He says there is only one word for it, *as in voracious, relentless, and insatiable*. You dedicate lines to the wealthy, to the inept. Choreograph layers of sound. Sing images. Number forty-four: *swallower of alphabets goes the phrase*. S accused me and I agreed. Told S how I heard you breathe at 5 am. A dull motion. (the chords in your throat remind me of that day before the sun.) *Blue takes crossing to white*. People of your persuasion. While mercury appears to be moving backward. A list of characteristics. One hundred points of interest. A song cycle. In French I only make up your photo. Recite it to me. A single note. During travels, Michel, will the physical overcome you? S tells me we are all maturing. I would like to think that you are irrelevant, in the kindest sense. Trying to mean that you distract me at the most inopportune time. *Soleil noir, soleil acéphale*. Your teeth catch the light of late afternoon. A cat walks across your voice. While the water boiled I was reminded. You are temporary. More like a Gemini. A narrative of fragmentation. A physical line. Erotic at the core. The dance of texture theatrical space. Body as movement. A desperate quality. In progression. *Language tends to overcome gesture*. Due to my obsession I cannot tell you about myself. Stop by and I will feed you. I can say no more. How we are all represented. Aging. Into the present. Response: *the almond-eyed face*.

i know you from afar taste your flavored sectioned
syntax. which instance rise out displace precious few
moments your rain-kissed web a sloth descends. say for
example i said “meet me at the corner” “bring your
obtuse and feathered hat” you might reply “ah, in the
age of memory.”

baffled yes i assure you. and prolific at the same time.

would write the words “ruffle your toenails” one
hundred times in letters sent in an opposite direction.
you cook with curry i’ll say and needn’t be reminded.
think about other spices you would like to encounter. a
page torn from a last set of notes: a drawing, done in
dark pencil, of a boat, large with sails. underneath the
words: 100 letters. the lower left corner of the page is
torn off. none of it with any meaning. none of what is
consuming. none of altogether some.

something anyhow displaced.

Time is a Rorschach folded into a Möbius strip turned inside out.

Yesterday, it seems, never occurred. I am still living last Tuesday.

Time may be reversible.

Every time I look at the crossed out words I still know exactly what they say.

Each mark was a gesture toward the future.

(One cannot be a circus performer forever, apparently.)

you, they say, hide out in colors.
shading personality.
quickness or spark.
draw a numbered pencil over your nose.
your first thought (upon simmering frozen grass).
shade in all other areas.
intended to stay a while.
the afternoon disclosed.
record an italian tenor.
a blue step, quiet and early, your red makes no noise at all.
make room to make yourself known.
it is not a matter of remembering something,
or simply smelling the start.
flutter in, swirl, take little notice.
a swatch of faded brick.
try this: bursts of wildflower intimate parts.

dear A,

what do you make of cuba? when will we meet there? now stuck in a city and wandering. thinking of moving away from this, but away. the streets here are noisy. if only i had known your name then. it has all changed. the man in the park never asked. fled when he had the chance. sweet mexican songs. a different kind of dancing. how early morning becomes something different altogether. creating stories. we will meet in texas. stay for months. remember rain. please bring your green shirt. or in miami. eating black beans. i saw you, searching every hotel. i am in another, entirely, having already left. la ciudad burns my eyes. the man in the park bought drinks. sang "besame mucho," i sang "not on your life." we all keep moving. i am not interested in staying nor going. you forgot to check this particular corner. while my throat scratches textured air. how long do people live here? breakfast lasting all day. checking messages dreaming of bougainvillea. the scent of meat on every street. thinking of the ancient people. a city built upon a city. all of it over water. the permeability of civilization. another hundred years. there are no lovely images in this place. the menu of the day. lo que vale la pena. i am unsure. from which point do you recognize stars A? of a wednesday do you think of departure? or the placement of plastic flowers, precisely? when the plane ascends i will remember your sandals, under the table, that one time.

average: the sum of all parts divided. how many sections make an
epic? a lifetime? pasted and multiplied, ten times however many
saturdays, versus time spent by the creek.

we are figuring on much more, a taste, just this once.

flavored along the ridge of a fingernail. depress the appropriate key at
which hour. due. fuscina. broken. ink. north. blue. life. formica. shut.
paste. retrieve. the band was not what you thought. the song. broken
and lost. in keeping with the moral of the story. a difficult and
sympathetic memoir.

can i tell all of the(my) stories (of)about you?

moves in a direction not clear escapes definition.

she went to the store.

on her way to the store we cannot see her, after a block she is walking but
disappears, her shadow crosses streets, only the thought of her arrives.

only remembering how she looked, that one time, how missing her altogether.

Notes

Various quotes and ideas throughout this book were taken from the following:

Newsweek Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Time Magazine, The New Yorker, Life magazine (various magazines between the years 1972 and 1999)

Jonathon Cainer's Zodiac Forecasts <<http://stars.metawire.com/>>

Lyn Hejinian's *My Life*

Chris Offut's *The Same River Twice*

Carole Maso's *American Woman in the Chinese Hat, Ava, Break Every Rule*

Michael Palmer's *The Lion Bridge: Selected Poems 1972-1995, The Danish Notebook*

