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A List On How They Culture

thank you, welcome to this typing where unfortunately most words besides *you* have a referent. We can't set bait kits abloom along a ridge, or in the foothills grow small purple chisels. We can't tend tea for potions. I'm just parked at Comet Coffee, though They discourage this endurance by providing no bathroom or electrical outlets. Comet Coffee NOW. To academics and undergraduates, her Stanley thermos is a marvel and the skirt paired with tall boots no tights invites some grief-giving then one light snakes an odd angle from the ceiling, creaky tilt, and there's fixing to do. Since *you* are my construction, since *we're* in love, please know that some people – people who aren't from around here and who prefer to appear about to do something – will say in defense of themselves *I'm fixin' to* or *But I was fixin' to!* Anyway, nothing is pressing. I'm fixing to watch that thirsty squirrel huff a line of snow while you're fixing to be another big effing deal.

Puffy coats, belted coats, hooded coats, down coats, light-weight, mid-length, ankle-length, belted puffy coats, no hood, trench coats, pea coats, blazers, trust coat, cape coat, cargo, rain coat, wool coat, goat coat, coffee coat, houndstooth, heavy sweater, wrap your sleeve around.

So this is how the outerwear awaits us. So this is how the maker has no say in what she makes. Knit goods. Truffles. Million-dollar app distraction, and one note looping in a very contemporary way. Our stage remains improvised and inevitable, a product of ample previous products, and strangely celadon. Our room like schoolrooms from the seventies contains what they and they have brought to bear – fetching blue streaks in her hair, and tight jeans, thick volumes impeded by screen time. All the constant collaborators flesh themselves out: He's an absolute idiot awaiting a wife and a house. His wife blogs in the toilet because this is her purpose, a particular calling in the now. This is our very important now. Comet Coffee now. Our own now is owned now, right – and I point this out to *you* since *you* are another construction. That to Duchamp the alley out back is not a current option. Nor will we house feral cats in the stockroom.

To Your Unpersonality:

So long as blood courses, the chicken with a snapped neck will glance skyward, and I look up for that reason – to have what I always had continuing. Oh, the atmosphere again. I'm just writing to tell you that I love this apparent abundance: steam and parking cone on patio, neighbor dangling bikes from ceiling, dendritic input to ganglion (gooseflesh) while all the big important people hop to big important things, etc. Today these people play loud, looping music and cruise some planes low. I'd like to celebrate the coincidence of being *in this*, right now, with, coincidentally, you + the coincidence of text messaging: hi last week the trees had leaves then they didn't now there is snow. Now the she called me hushes. Even through the revelatory ulcer I oppose (so far, for such fear) this subjective consciousness; wherever she is she can't see out.

The fearful insist on coincidence. How else to let life continually happen to us? Better than saying God or fate divined, I say "I skipped coffee to avoid the barista this morning then left the 'office' early remembering I had to walk the half-hour home to move my car from one side of the street to the other or risk another ticket, and there was the barista passing my car as he took a little walk to celebrate getting off early, so we went for a run where accidentally I made an accidentally antagonistic face while passing the slower man to whom I had recently applied for one job then the barista said he was moving to New York City and would teach me to replace him, so something worked out." I make a tip myth. Take what you're given. Wherever I am I can't see out, but she watches all the people.

Today these people would have us to know: RODGERS CHEVROLET ROCKS. This is not information that *I* need, but I see how the message could be received and applied by a you who would like a brand-name rock, or maybe a you who would like a wedding ring the size of an SUV. Let my unpersonality speak to your personality: Who are we to judge? Yet I do. All down the sidewalk, I watched the way one man cared about this football game, and then, as well, the way he cared about a woman's ass (and, oh, ass) (and still ass). Three takes on three takes. Stories of India woven into opinion on organic fruit sicken. Flowing garments and wide smiles. *In my experience* their care stands in for my care attached so pervasively that I can't find it. Then the she wants to shake us: Each home I've shared with a man. Each tree I've leaned against, spinning. Each poem. Each spring.

Or I can see you, you know. I can see "you," while you figure "me" out. For example, you have many positive opinions about yourself, and I admire you for it, but you still have bad breath. We know that I am not you, and that one you isn't another, but when you and you or we brush arms it feels designed. So, some of us hate to be looked at. In the Kroger's, I say, "One terrifying thing is when an acquaintance reveals her impressions of my traits." We might should lock ourselves up, or, anyway, let our unpersonalities un-, and play CALVARY GOLF FOR MILES AND MILES.

I mean that I make in a yellow coat one of what you, mohawked, are one of. Please ask whatever is in there. Out there. Unmake me. Tell me what you recover.

Movie Sex, or Power Broadcast In An Empty Room

oh how he does sex her and oh she does want it. he lifts her and swings her
around. her perfected flushing. his benevolence. he lifts while she holds the doorframe they fall
to the floor. her slow fall, his guidance. her leap his hold her laugh – so this is what sex is. a lawn
perfect and without irony. how romantic the country. how mortgaged the bird sings:

clown-bereft, the one
balloon left opens its mouth
red & red & swells
to fill the room. bigger
than any balloon should be,
it rises –
an exhaling
belly – and follows
the contours of counters, chairs, table
(these round edges are useless –
too bad!) tv, and on it:

oh, he does fix the big things, how perfect his guidance. to mortgage, the bird sings. how
romantic, our round righteous anger. the little me's quaking message. obfuscation spruces a maybe, but
sex fails. so this is our country. how he does make it bigger, how perfect:

it smothers the table
swells still unto
champagne & paper
paper hats tokens
& presents
the man & the woman this
window this particular
given –
each aperture
darkens by morning