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A copy of the sun

Biographical note:
1
After the movie in which she was without satisfactory answers, Girl dreamt the dead body. The lights shone orange and creased, the walls flat with the color we think of when we think of outside walls. Nothing happens without you. Light in the sky.

The sense of solitary walking absolute with visible change. The air quiet but with a very low suppressed shrill ringing noise and with humming in the buildings. Her purple dress flapped around her ankles in the dark.

The side of the building beginning to glow individually, her walking next to it very slowly. The side of the building very quiet, the sky seeming to be pressured back away from the light at the top. Girl walking with absolute quiet, listening for deviation from the hum and ring, her breath, her bones wet sheaving.

Her standing still and looking with face to, waiting.

2
She explained to her new friend how much. Fortuitous hedge
*I give* the hands the feet leave away
*I give the time again and here we are I give*
*the boy the door and his tilt grams I give the*
*particular amount I give*
the way we say it she said
*I give the peat down moss slopes, I give the wary hammers*
*of munificence, I give the strained waves turned toward you*
*tumbling there, I give a wave spread a wily chamber, given*
she is sodden she reverts to the ultra wane,
the time we slaved and did not apprehend, like there was a deal we didn’t know we had struck.

You could stop anywhere and give your time work in the kingdom of green fear.
The papers on the glass walls match the thick bodies moving that economy.
This box has a set of wires, this box with lights on and singing, this one with a tower ready to go and this one “ugly as sin,” this one she walks into, *and this one* – she is ready to lean on the wall to listen to the crows, she takes the book and is leaning with it unprepared for the friendliness of her co-workers, the hatches opening on the mouths, the stories that fly gleaming from the mouths. Ceaseless subdivisions of encounter.
All day long the throat is stroked with feeling,
the walls pale and admonitory, the wales on the wallpaper
think no thick and hedgy. She feels them
for the particular stripe the glory worry
trembled on a little, with the fingertips there by the side of
the seating areas, plates and cups and peeling faces.
She is not worried at all, she is waiting for a trial,
an evidence panel, for the petri dishes to front up.

3

The decision comes down like a wolf on the gold of her lips
(I have eaten and yet I thirst), she thought quickly:
I have hammered into the signal all the forecasts
of the bed on which we sat and planned our breakfast.
Thence oratory leading to demise.

Her microscopic hands folded gently but firmly into
thinking if thinking is accomplished by turbines nearby,
by the welts of factories on my inner ears. Could we
be made to think on the scale of burrowing wires
very near the eyes that hover compromise.
The torso is shaft, the thighs are salt,
the eyes are olives around which your tongue
rolls, the skin is tearable, the penis is an island,
the cartilage bendable, the hairs sifting out of
the skin are tiny wires for pulling with your teeth.

We’re all watching you, he said, a picture
created by facsimile after all, a gorgeous temper
burning small and bright so like an angel animate foreclosed.

I will start to make a future
stripped of confraternity figured
in the tightly laced mind
of someone else whose self-addicted laws
crash in and back a sound I recognize
with a memory, imposed: the fantasy of having arrived
for somebody’s approximation with a bigger fantasy nearby
of songs and linkages, tried for going back, stone monuments
carved out to keep the neural stock well-watered,
shoots in the field with the enormous boulders
where she heats the stones and knows who is not coming back. He won’t come back.
A shift, a score, some kind of pipe, a phrase like animal announcement, a plaint, a rift, things not quite meeting together or rather not quite blending not ensemble exactly more like co-presented, that was when Girl actually liked the art, when nobody pretended harmony in the sense of parity or tight weave among the instruments.

Better yet was walking out and several days later among the scrubby bushes where the wind and the ringing in her head hearers and the sound of her pores and breath and hair rustling and the sound of the little branch units shuffling and the theatrics of the sky made little noises it was what Ramsey had absurdly called absolutely quiet. When they were alone.

Her mouth blocks had rounded into firm sounds she half-sang half-talked in acquired set pieces that fit in the postured receptacles of human ears.

In this city they speak additive tongues, their lips curling like clam sides the tongues nitrate and basalt.

Girl leaning forward to catch bits, her ears enormous shells filled out. She had a pretty idea of that. She adjusted her skirt and panted in the heat. Her skin subtending implements with the rain she had saved in deeply.

The young person blind-sided, sterile to environment, grew by edges. Cars went by faster than experience, so one knew the objects sitting in front of her were positions.

The story-teller as a pose, his skin peeled from its tomb embrasures lovely for the nonce.

So we were houses, and I was waiting with that still common voice.

Sure, sure. As birds too, they call them, having met their antecedents, will try anything.

Not uncommon, such mickery she was finding.

He told her the straps were not spared as I hitched to response.

Not better than the teeth suddenly, she considered.

We’ll call it doubled mercy applied to sentences: he bent, she bent, you bent.

They entered the hospital’s automatic doors.

Benediction, which means it’s almost over and he is closer to something he wants, the sky and the knees tucked under her chin. “Wastrel” or “scoundrel” waiting for narrative with open hearts, colloquy rush.
Now she would need oils and surfaces, bottles and space. Which meant borrowing, always borrowing the time = space = something feeling o.k. in the value.

She is pragmatic in the value, doused in value young in her offices. A relation of exchange whose predicates were not embraced by Girl.

Touching the paint. The dread gorgeous of the wound, purples and ochres for talisman.

The fusion machine was hard at work, comestible exteriors part and parcel of a getting up to make time what it would otherwise be.

That person’s motto was staying comfortable making a difference, but Girl knew half as well a code, a nothing-more then-something restraint that held her brush flashing at the moment of contact.

Staccato and smooth, momenting it. The canvas was a skin and oils tattoos, the breaching was a dynamite expression she was waiting to see again from beneath, the disappearance of the whale and reappearance in the rush. Awa, stay with me. Ama. Weight the surface with a deep maternal weight, twist in the disseminated aspects of the plan.

She got very good with a stapler gun, with the pieces of wood and tight. It wasn’t a plan to give time to the patch of land bordered by roads, but there she went, the inkjet cartridges fallen all over the junkyard where they also collect. Men in suits got out of cars with guns and set up targets after removing their jackets. Afterwards, men in jeans came round and picked up cartridges for re-loading. In another part of the alternative collective or the dump.

Many objects could be re-collected without plan or sentiment as cloth with smells, kiddie dioramas, bits of carpet, broken chair seats one could stack up for a ladder. Compensation could be made for the far-awayness of the particles as one adjusted to the organisms: Girl took her face close up and painted that. She pressed in the grindings from her very small fragmenting of things gathered from the dump.