

January 19 2019

Where did you find this photo of me, I say, where did you find the greenery of the bridge, the underside of the bridge, the bridge the way a boat goes under it? A full sail of wind under clatter, scansion? Is this pressed like another pressed? I'm confused. I'm hourly, and fed. Surely, I say, surely. We were parking the car and the man yelled and the fish was sliced so thinly—did you see, like a veil, like a laced, the way the man holds the slice of the side of the fish—bundled then, unto fuchsia, waved muscles not in wind?

January 22 2019

We were parking the car. The car was in disagreement, and the few remaining pigeons gathered beneath her. Invisible, slick with the path of a rabbit, it's the air under the water under the air. I arrive, a small heat event. You must soak the chicken livers in milk for twenty-four hours—I know, I know—and you cannot use the milk again.

January 27 2019

No, I was lying on a table, face down on a table, and a man was pounding together a leather wallet using the soles of my feet. He needed them, they were the ideal surface. I was in a hotel with my family and I only wanted to order dinner. No one understood that I was uncomfortable.

January 27 2019

We were parking the car. We got lost in parking the car. We parked the car all over the street, all next to the sidewalk, the pedestrians, the mound of pomelos. I was a horse girl and you were a horse girl—we were horse-girl adjacent, a sweet-sixteen of picking out the hooves.