

DAY230-A LIFE OF FEELING COPPER WISPS

She wants to live bare and bite down. But she's in an aged-brown teacup. She wakes every morning to the sound of someone dreaming ("que? ...que") and streetcars burping through the raunchy slit in the spout.

She'd left it like that, threads and a pool of watery incantations slung through (a song of broken branches).

There's a tree outside that points towards Africa.

There's a broken pianist who never plays.

There's a poem where light hits her wall at 8:49am.

When she feels anything (wonder!) she dresses in gauze (to float) and slumps against this wall.

She smells a big summertime garden down below. Wagons roll through. She runs past fast.

Of her wishes: to meditate under white sunlight and cut any marionette strings.

Of her background: she's third-generation and quartered.

Russian/Italian/English/German. She thinks this is her ballet of mystery. She smiles and tells everyone who asks (even if they don't).

Of her slant: to pluck clothes wrought with light and string and moment-spheres every day. Because stepping slowly and wearing Bleu Clair is how. She is strong and bends over bars.

Water-or-light.

"Let's hunt us some angst."

She eats crazy stuff. Home-flavored flowers that are said to make you happy. Okra. Gojis. Black cacao powder in a bag in a drawer. 90% unsweetened chocolate: her heart beats again.

A knived ball of violet cabbage rots in the middle of the fridge, the hogshead of the ol' foodfest. Knife winks and she winks back.

She needs a dance lesson but thinks too much about it. A little trill plays now. She is typing away at a poetry anthology in real time and writes about copper beneath the bland. "Clear away dust. Or appreciate it"

She thinks about "unbeautiful" and wants to strike Rachmaninov like a match a match

and roar fire back through her childhood. Gasping through a whole silent night.

Silenced hour.

Now if there's a new moon she wears green eyeshadow on her lips. When it's dark she tries to battle the stages with oils but ends up rolling around the roof catching eye-floaters. She won't find another way.

When she peels gaff from the hole in her door, the ceiling will fall and she will be gone.

She has to touch light.

She has to touch water.

She'll go to the beach to be a beautiful family. Crack spicy fruit and eat fish and leaves and glass-blown petrified hazelnut seeds. Dark silk flown and dripping.

She'll swim the whole sea like she's decided already.

SHE: 24, AMERICAN

Brooklyn, NY

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