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In the field, a strange turn of events: Something opens.

(Who opens?)

In fourth person, I am talking into an ear about the idea of a comet. Later, into a generous stomach. It's the inconsistency of the subject making me dissonant— Making me connected to coincidence:

A woman with three ghosts following her is often parallel to me.

The attention is almost always in the face. In that instance,

when I am so close to you, there is an inaudible little thing: Remember how between we
felt?

It's been a long time since the season of foresight:

The architecture knots up. A trumpet trumpets and a horn
horns. It's like you said—you said

Try adding an "a." That kind of particularity that makes people feel comfortable, that makes
people forget the television static and bombs— Does the woman lift up? Like what
you also said, *a woman can be all yours*. I can be all yours,

in the open oven. With that, with that enunciation, there can be no doubt that a girl who opens
her hands receives gifts. I want to give

you a gift that is difficult: An orange tree, an ordinary wren in the hand.

Let O Equal Origin and Recall that P Equals Possibility

On average, a single country contains three hundred and three billion bodies trying to transgress the limitations of their single, individual body to couple with at least three other bodies. It's erroneous to refer to the body as isolated since it's so easy to open the palm, mouth, eyes—even the bellybutton can be opened, but this is surprisingly harder and often disappointing—but it is considerably complicated to think of the body as only a vacuum.

As an experiment, I've seen people put a fork into their own arms and the fork is not received by the body as an object that becomes part of the body. As a more dangerous experiment, I've known at least twelve people who have received objects like bullets, knives, or pills as if the body was a vacuum and this possession terminated the body.

It seems evident in folk culture that the body can temporarily escape its own container, but does not take kindly to foreign objects penetrating it. For the ease of conversation, the body is an isolated geography with various sites of openings. Each site takes or is invaded at an alarming rate. Example: There is dust in my eye. There is a woman in my arms. There is parsley on my tooth. The probability of full entry is less astonishing. There are processes to make this easier: pill cutters, cutlery, and our own hands can make things smaller and easily taken by the body. This does not get us closer to the attainment of another body or several bodies, though there is some evidence that we are almost always thinking of that attainment. And maybe it is the thinking that provides some idea for the behavior the follows:

Inexplicably, we kiss grapefruits at an early age and undress all of our dolls. We look to our nearest neighbor and lick the insides of his ears. This is the first kind of entrance achieved and the result restricts our attention to licking. Images and “things” are collected and kissed, sucked, and licked at random. The mirrors in the house have lip marks. To emphasize this effort, some of the isolated geographies take to lipstick and we encounter a slight mutation in the way some of the bodies begin to pucker.

It seems like it is this pucker or it is the tension established by the pucker that causes one body to begin sucking on another body. Generally, this happens in basements or the back of the bus, but there are no specific requirements.

The body tries to consume the other body by sucking on a finger. When this doesn't work, the activity changes to kissing. Exponentially, the full body becomes involved in this attempt: hands subsume the other body so that proximity changes, the tongue probes for a larger opening, the reproductive organs enlarge and begin to pound outward, and eventually the bodies take the shape of one body. There is approximate equality in a spatial sense.

This leads to the conclusion that the body is capable of transgressing its own boundaries.

And if we walked away from the scene, we would infer that the two or three bodies have mutated into one. Further research suggests that the bodies do, in fact, separate and remain isolated. Note, especially, the bodies do not necessarily remain independent as there is often some need to cling or hold onto the other body even after the two or three have coupled and terminated coupling.

Our attention must be drawn to the very fact that the bodies cannot become “body” in the singular sense. An arrow is put into one body and the other does not contain any trace of the arrow. This does not follow the collision rule—when two particles meet they coalesce into a single particle.

I have heard of this kind of fusion happening in babies: one fetus eats another fetus. I have even seen a baby with two faces on one body. This leads me to believe it isn't entirely impossible for full consolidation past the fetus stage, but there are many variables to be considered. Example: desire.

Dear girlishness,

Like an unwound clock, a sorry little bearded son, I love him for the way he is buttoned. It just happened that when I broke the egg with the back of a spoon, everything was there.

: My body can make a sweater and tether you to the door.

Somewhere, people are swimming and concluding about physical evidence. But here, eastern windows eyeball the very detail of my days spent in bed, spent hallucinating about broken sentences.

How do you say this more simply? : All the eggs fell from my dress. I tripped over the shoelaces and a fire let loose in my other ear.

This makes even less sense:

I interrogated all my desires: The sugar bowls are broken, but the creamers are intact. Do you think I know what's going to happen?—I am longing to put your earlobe between my fingers, but December draws in and mail is less frequent.

I was born and spent the whole season without protection: umbrella, the second letter of the Hebrew alphabet, cystoscope. I am, myself, not a continent; no lollipop in my throat. I sleep in an endangered skirt—so nobody is connected under a hoop without phone wires.

It's a pitifully small kind of love, the way that I love. It's the kind of love you have for someone who sucks the poison from your wound.

I keep his wasted frame wrapped in skins of newly slaughtered sheep. I keep wax replicas of his body in the cupboards; some of them are sent about to shrines to be burned in oil. I think it sprouts from the beginning, the fascination. *Aha!*

If you take a photograph with somebody you are connected to them, neurons in the brain tell you that you like them more than you liked them before you took the photograph.

Dear mistake,

Swans flew through the mail slot. I didn't even know it was winter—

I'm sorry we speak a different
language, but I'm yearly
becoming less oblique.

My beloved is a deer—which happens in the unpinned mind:

A cake with candles that never blew out and another cake too pretty to eat. Then, the nouns broke. You thought I said something I'd never say (it was at this time that two spiders came in from the cold and died with their legs knotted together).

After a time of apologies, I started coming to be in the shape of a sphere: Mint juleps and fainting spells, I have no opinion: The shape of a thread and also the universe: The twining of plants, the turning of screws, and twisting of snail shells.

I mean I put my finger in an electrical socket
and imagined my non pregnant self drinking in the kiddie pool.

Dear consequence,

When did you swallow the alphabet (?) and what happened?

: Pity the mind : Head in an oven : The flowers are dead and there are plurals between you and you, but me is the one with the a diary, a necklace of your baby teeth.

Lately, everything is like when you look at the sun too long and close your eyes to see stars falling in a thud and pink, neon glow. I am not unlike a sea urchin after all.

This is like an equation:

Obs. rare = The easiest thing to say is the unsayable thing between us.

: Yes, I pinched the tomato plant. I don't know everything about punctuation, but I'm pretty sure those buttercups were like an exclamation point. Like the consequence of so much wiving— I don't even remember how to sleep with someone.

That word was simultaneous! A symptom of my deep breathing.

It's the apple shouting the secret: I thought I'd buried the fetus in a cookie tin. Buried the parrot in the goldfish cemetery. According to the methods, everything will bloom in a system of symbols and everyone will know what everyone else means just by looking down their throat.

: Another equation to trouble the mind with an indefinite remainder: Remember when the boy with the Blake tattoo left? There were feathers. What is the sum of my fresh eye and the bird who is biting its own feathers off?

(I've never been a bird, but I've been called flippant.)

Dear descending,

I persuade myself to sound, likening wooing. Sewing a blind moment when we were smallish with tiny slippers on.

Bee, what are you saying?

We play kneesie less and less. How can I possibly go on with a straight face? I try not to sound like a girl when there are girls around, but I try to sound very much like a girl when there aren't any girls around.

The figurine is tipped; I am n hysterics about all the pretty emotions dressed in bonnets. I'm afraid I'm not telling the whole story when I'm cutting little holes into socks, calling them puppets. A point of view please (!):

When I am alone, talking to myself, I am surprised I don't sound at all like a character from *The Great Gatsby*.

This is the beginning of a very strange Sunday when we finally talk about what we don't talk about:

Most words sound weird if you say them over and over again; I forgot what word I was thinking about specifically. Remember that thing I was trying to tell you about yesterday? I was bleeding the alphabet in my hand, I was telling you—

Dear regret,

A paper cut to the wrist and it would be all over.

Did you give up the goose? The worse thing is how much everything feels like murder: The milk soured. This week I cut myself open and there were bones the shape of question marks.

: You can't divide the symptom from the sickness, but you can put a wire hanger into your body and pull out undesirables.

Cheers for an empty room (!) where I spent my girlhood undressing the cowboy. We're all just human pacifiers.

The beginning of the book is *O* plus *imagine* plus *I* forgot to take my contacts out, but it looks like we are seeing something foggy.

(I dream my shirt off and I finally see what I look like):