

"Mary Had A Little Lamb":

the complex relationship between space and time,
anatomically and analytically, identifiable,
indelible, offensively abstract,
unavoidable, self.

Stuck in a grid.

I'm wondering what door knob opens to this room of grid?

Stuck in a grid.

Wondering, wandering grids, door knob turning grids, juxtaposed squares, edges twisting into spiraling cases, cases folding, folding files categorized by coordinates, number and bar code names losing identifying characteristics, two-dimensional dots specify one place on a graph of intersecting directions, one this way one that, X. Y. where Z= zero, where evenly distributed perpendicular angularity formulates dimension without volume.

Mary had a little lamb; Virgin Mary; Bloody Mary; Mary Mary Quite Contrary; Mary Queen Of Scots; Mary Mack all dressed in black; Mary Margaret; Mary Poppins; Mary Mary Tyler Moore; Marilyn Monroe.

*"I'm dreaming I see you . I see lightning
in yellow streaks flashing great storms in
a darkening sky."*

**(her eyes held closed under the
pressure of knuckles rubbing
her eyelids in opposing circles)**

Two intersecting lines, points in collision inevitably permanent. Four points converging into data at a fifth, points holding strands abstractly drawn in blue on white with ink or fingertips drawing from joints positioning bends, shoulder to shoulder, forehead to navel, appendage affection smoothed to a center not found in a solid object.



A postcard mailed in winter, a december from a man to a lover 1956

Doris,

The miles are too great....

Roger

slides from the freezer door when the attraction flung loose in a trivial passing releases thoughtlessly the handle flinging the magnet and the postcard...

A postcard mailed in winter, a december from a man to a loved one 1956

Doris,

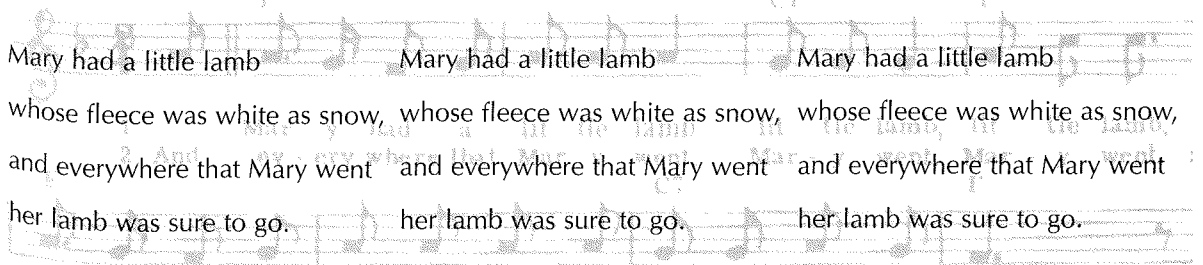
the miles, the miles, the miles...

Roger

...bounced off the counter and slides under the trash.

Don't try this at home **(You'll never get away with it)**

Count the fingers on you right hand an with a knife and cutting board drop them into the sink singing "Mary Had A Little Lamb"



1. cut through the skin between the thigh and body. bend thigh back until hip joint breaks. Cut through joint, separating leg from body. slit skin above knee joint, break joint, then cut apart. Repeat on the other side.



2. With a sharp knife or kitchen shears, cut along breast end of ribs on one side, cutting toward neck to separate breast from back. Repeat on the other side.

3. To divide the back in half, bend until the bones break. Cut the back in half where the bones are broken.

this world falls on me and all my hopes fall into a world of immortality the
perpetuation, penetrating enigma, shunted memory behind a crevice, in the crack
of an opening door

I see you across the room

I saw you across the room; you stood across the room in a
photograph

I photographed you in a room
across a dream in day

In a day in a room
you stood across
a dream in a lightning storm

I saw you storm across a room
in a lightning dream

I dream

I see you in a day room

photographing
a lightning storm

you stood in red

stand in red

photographing a red
storm

I dream

I see you in a day room

photographing a red
storm;

you are standing

in lightning

across

from a reflection

I see you reflecting

a day storm

reflecting

a photograph

reflecting

a day

dream

You

reflecting the sea

I sea

you photographing

a dream, a

sea dream

She was standing north of Devils Tower looking across Kansas. The

Tower moistened her appetite to travel, to set her F-stop on an elapse time exposure. Braced on a tri-pod she carried in the back of her van she and a companion drove here, to North Dakota, to Devils Tower, to feel a part of something spectacular, she secured the camera with 1000 ASA in Ektachrome on two minutes exposure. She ran across the lens to catch her moment, flash her moment across an exposure capturing a lightning storm.

Did mary have a little lamb?

was mary the little lamb? and who had her? Who wore her white fleece?

Who followed her to school, who bloodied her sink?

4. To bone breasts, cut the meat away from one side of the breastbone, using a thin, sharp knife. Then move the knife over the rib bones, pulling away the meat. Repeat on the other side.

Doris would reach for the dish towel, the towel she'd thought she'd thrown out, the towel she'd use to wipe the gravy up off the floor, the gravy spilled when she thought maybe Roger would come for dinner, the dinner he said he be at, like most times he wished he could, **he was always** so busy who could blame him if he couldn't make it to dinner, i mean this one time, always this one time, who could count the endless times he's **missed eating** with Doris, eating **Doris**, the countless trips to the market, hours spent fretting over the perfect meal, the one he would lean into with a longing for her company

5. To divide breast in half, cut length wise along breastbone. Or, to divide breast in half crosswise, grasp breast at each end and bend breast toward the skin side to break bones. Cut between wishbone and breastbone.

It was all he could do to consume her effort, devour Doris' efforts,
devour Doris

6. To skin breasts, skin side up, on a cutting board. Starting on one side of the breast, use your hand to pull the skin away from the meat. Discard the skin.

*"There is no blue and when the
lightning strikes the sky turns
orange"*

**(her elbows were suspended above
the ground and the back of her
head rolled in oil stained asphalt)**



It had been an arduous trip. An argument preceded their being in her moment when she lifted her arms celebrating the silhouetting trees holding her moment in flashing brilliance. She laughed brilliantly and her camera recorded her excitement, her lifted torso stretched, suspended for less time than a southern horizon filling memories.

Like a slaughtered lamb mary in her white knee-highs lay motionless in her own blood dripping - draining and her eyes hoisted on meat hooks sway as the school bell rings

Mostly he was traveling after all that's what he did, stretched the miles behind him stringing countless names together in a lifetime of airplane meals, conversation wished he's held with Doris, longed to hold Doris. Roger carried with him, in case he was asked, a photograph of Doris in a memory he also held and smoothed over with the passing of his palm and postcard

He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...
 He followed her to school one day...

*"I'm dreaming I see in a storm stand-
 ing silhouetted against fading trees on
 a horizon filling red. You standing on
 one foot leaning against yellow."*

**(her eyes held closed under the
 pressure of knuckles rubbing
 her eyelids in opposing circles)**

The parking lot was sufficiently marked with large black numbers and letters suspended on yellow poles and they didn't have any trouble locating the parking lot where they left the van. They did however have trouble locating the van. They'd parked it to enter the Worlds Fair in Knoxville, Tenn. They'd left their traveling home without a camera, and she wondered how they would record her memories. She pressed her eyes tightly closed with the backs of her hands and counted to three. Three was her favorite number because it was odd, because it couldn't be divided evenly without compromising who gets the bigger half.

Who saw mary limping like a scarred sheared carcass carrying her laced skirt
 between her haunches into school? how many eyes didn't see mary's eyes
 when she came onto class after the morning bell,
 when she entered the school late, when the crossing guard escorted her
 between the lines safely onto school grounds,
 when mary tripped over hopscotch lines on her way into the bathroom,
 when mary clutching the sink flushed her fleece white, white porcelain into
 reddening cold water, a sheepish whimper, who felt mary's clammy
 forehead, kissed her blue quivering
 mouth, quieting words,
 who told mary to go into the closet
 to hang up her coat, who told
 mary to sit down and
 that there would be no talking?

It was the compromising that propelled her into the trip in the first place. She wanted to have a portfolio of stories and her companion desired to perform in a photo essay. Threading KOA campgrounds together with rolls of bathroom stills connected miles, connected months together, cramped moments into short-term memory tracts. She wondered often how she would keep the traveling on the road, record its direction, its stopping, the enveloping weather that held her together in familiarity regardless of the changing scenery. The lighting exposing crumbling spider-webbed campground bathroom stalls somehow required a quirky eye and patience and in a lightning storm the idea of being indoors wandered into green.

Doris used a towel to wipe up the gravy spilled at dinner, fretting over the perfect meal. Roger would lean into her meal with a longing for her company and it was all he could do to consume her effort.

Mary long under the sheets pulled the white up around her neck, wrapped in white and smoothed under a palm in calming, a calming palm smoothing her hair wiping the stains from her mouth held her in white, wrapped herself in smoothing calm held her breath, held her breath as the sheets white were pulled up around her neck, a neck long held, and held her neck long while she longed for a breath held herself calm and smooth longed to get away, pulled her sheets together into white clouds, breathed herself into white pulled herself into the clouds, pulled herself out ...wiped the stains from her mouth.



"I see you held in a sea of twisting squares, black and grey checkers in columns like boxes packed with books read on a rainy day swirl around you like a storm of static electricity suspending your thoughts in a stare and your hands resting on an enamel porcelain table tremble."

(her eyes held closed under the pressure of knuckles rubbing her eyelids in opposing circles)

It was the moose that ran behind her while she scrambled eggs with dill she'd poured from a stay-fresh jar that sucked her heart up through her mouth. Yellowstone. It stood, when it stood, towering over their van. She could see from the other side as it ran past her, near her, brushed against her, approached her from the street the felt brown clinging to its antlers, to its head ornament. She grabbed the camera to hold the animal still, for her when she regained her senses, for her friends when she recounted the story and her words shrank beneath credibility.

mary sat a computer in a room filled with out her. the space moved around her and the distractions moved her eyes and the words on the page reflected her absence. i think i know what's wrong she thought and the word wrong continued to echo in her hands and the ripping dot matrix sliced her electric anxiety, it was wrong a man lived in a house, a boy lived in a house, blew out her windows and doors and removed her from living pushed her into this room bundled her into a blue knot before a darkened idea, before a darkened screen, before a dark scream heard in fingerprints smeared double spaced, illusionary order lining the letters neatly into words, wrong words she ordered grant her consolation make her fade white.

Close your eyes...

False voices echoing in a glass chamber opaqued in high pitched barking,
woven ivy necklace worn not in fashion - don't make a statement, not now, when the
press photographs the repeating vision, a vision flashing with light bulb accuracy
behind closed fists in after noons, after noons, after school walks into parental
phonecalls, before mid-night homework between snack and dinner, before the
Flintstones upon green floral fabric on forbidden couches in sealed off rooms
divided by invisible lines, voices not crossing invisible lines drawn from point to
point intersecting as lines do at a compromising point...

i see you in my blurring hindsight, you behind me standing cross, your arms crossed over your chest, you crossing over a chest filled with memorials, envelops developed and stacked without classification film and slides, faces and places pressed together under the gravity of forlorn memory.

$$y=mx+b$$

i see you looking across a field of faces looking at faces a field enmass moving, masses of faces moving, liquid expressions gliding passed you as you walk, you walking in liquid flesh, fleshly sliding between twining glances, baubles bobbing floating along the surface of movement bubbling, surfacing you buoyantly afloat adrift in the current swept away, you swirling into homogeneity, away.

How far does mary have to travel to get to school? Is this part of the puzzle maybe not for you but always a confronting reality for mary - and how far before mary gets home, who will walk with mary?

How many miles will mary travel over the years?
miles/years?

How many years will mary travel miles to get to school, to get home from school?

How many years before mary gets home?

i see you, not you me, i see me, see me, there i am, beside that tree, not there, there, beside that tree the taller one, not me the tree, the taller tree by the trailer, yes, that's me holding a camera, i was holding a camera when i was there beside the tree by the trailer, i'm taking pictures, over there on the table, those are the pictures i'm taking, hand'em here i'll show you what i'm looking at, you, i see you, look at me, you're looking at me.

Distance / Time = Rate.

a series of photographs remained unused, the film never exposed, the trips never taken, not that they weren't planned, i thought about them often, about the mass of pictures i would take and preserve the places in the time, that time, those particular singular moments, they would be here on these rolls i'm holding, no in the pictures i'm holding the rolls of film still unexposed in this picture, over there in the chest are the photos i took, the exposed flash seconds, i drove around with them tied in a white Thrifty's bag stuffed behind the front passenger seat for 3 months until time sufficiently preserved their significance and time blurred their specifics and i can recount narratives the way i remember them elaborating and exaggerating revising inconsequentially, piling unrelated events and geography into interlocking versions of retelling.



I stood outside my eyes

Why do you need them? Ask why she needs them?

To write my suicide note. I want it to read clearly and I might have to make revisions.

A man floating, a man like a stick figure floating

in red

I see red

a pool red against you, you floating in a pool of red

your skin red

I see you floating

like a stick floating in a pool I see you

I see you like a man

seeing you like a man

like a man

sees a stick

like a man

sees a man

seeing you like a man

sees his stick

floating

What floats beneath

a pool of red?

This is not the last time I'm being raped.

THE LAST TIME WAS THE LAST TIME

You'll have to kill me this time

The last time I was raped it didn't kill me

you didn't kill me

The last time

The last rape

I waskill me.

Last time I floated out of myself like a stick.

I stand outside my eyes

you stood outside your eyes, i saw you outside, outside i saw your eyes looking out the window, from the window i saw you, i stood looking out the window looking at you, i stood outside your eyes, you crossed outside toward the window looking inside, inside your eyes i could see you inside, could see you photographing an outside to keep inside

*to carry like a photograph, you keep me like i see you in a photograph, outside you
carry me across you toward a window reflecting an inside*

Mary called the crisis hotline, but not until the sink overflowed red with self loathing, until
after the blurring image reflected in the medicine cabinet embodied her indecision, after
she'd calculated the distance between the phone and herself was too great to overcome.
Mary called it a crisis. Mary called out to the crisis hotline, cried out to the crisis hotline.
Mary in a crisis ...cried out. Mary cried.

