

**:the calendar of lucky & unlucky days:**

**A.** A violent order is disorder: and

**B.** A great disorder is an order.

These two things are one.

—Wallace Stevens, *Connoisseur of Chaos*

Thank you, this chaos was wonderful.

—Jean Day, *Narratives from the Crib*

**:in which I mark the calendar & turn the clocks to & fro:**

a freakish & unexpected season. the air glittery & defined,  
crisp as vinegar. the sun in perfect effigy of itself. all  
outside this room is too loud, too bright, moves too  
quickly. & so my center is lost. a gorgeous disaster. begin  
bleary. *the zoo of the new:* wombat & tit-mouse. bearcub.  
howler monkey. frogs & chickens. count these among  
the words I have lost: *dresser. focaccia. Caleb.*

**:in which, in your company, I become invisible:**

what bleeds away. what the sea doesn't want. what the sun  
doesn't. there are 3 *different silences, none of which I know by*  
*heart.* "mummified" chose me, actually. & appeared like  
the weather. & poured cream over the back of a spoon. as  
if there were a \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_. *I can't possibly be*  
*awake now.* & this is a proper fable. & so every choice  
necessitates a consequence. & so on.

**:in which artifact & environment are wed:**

*we treat her very gently... still, when one presents herself so, one is asking to be talked about:* discarded clothes on the floor, papers crowding the dressing table, a torn curtain, straggling plants & c. made a nest in the nettles. practiced patience & sacrificial ardor, a book half-read by lightning. rendered partly in the conventional terms of faded lilies & besmirched dress. brittle, but too weary to snap.

**:in which borders are defined:**

to live here is to understand things: in the fall, the trains are delayed by wet leaves on the tracks; in winter, they put lights in the trees. else, we wait for rains to break the heat. everything is archetypal. or of an ilk. not hoity-toity, but certainly on a high horse. these swirl around us with a heavier kind of slowness, & still sloshing all that lovely death inside. like tremendous diseases.

**:in which a fabulous conflation of events...:**

23 *skidoo* – **that** was an expression.

*you're right. that's what I should have said.* is that bit about me? because I've always wanted to be thinly veiled & am instead abstracted to pieces. my love of a good ritual, transmutation & things alchemical. my fancy for ancient Greeks & their considerable attachment to the irrational. that she said, *It isn't medieval— it was in the New Yorker...*

**:in which grace is feral:**

how is it I must hold you so tightly against my very bones  
& let go? she gave me words for this: *mono no aware*, "*beauty  
tinged with sadness.*" the stuff of Greek dramas: impatience,  
terror, self-discovery, self-doubt, vulnerability, role-playing  
& a sense of immortality. I sleep & dream Quetzacoatl  
becomes Venus & splits open a human heart to release its  
light. I sleep & dream you diving like otters in a dark river.

**:in which starlings teach conquer & colonization:**

(for Squire Ryan)

1890: Eugene Scheiffelin, to make New York home to all Shakespeare's songbirds, released sixty starlings in Central Park. they reached the Mississippi by 1928 & California by 1942. starlings reproduce with alarming speed, form enormous flocks, drive off other birds, devour crops, & foul their wake. in 1960 a Lockheed Electra stirred up 10,000 starlings as it left Boston's airport:

the plane went straight into the flock & its engines strangled on starlings. attempts to fight the infestation: in 1948, Washington, D.C. tried to run them off with mechanical owls, which met with failure. other attempts: broadcasting the starlings' alarm call; various chemicals; cobalt-60; Roman candles. in 1931 the Department of Agriculture released a recipe for starling pie.



**:in which there is peculiar conjunction/conjecture:**

pretty apology dementia. mention countdown accord.  
plague mispronunciation. druid candlewick. libertarian  
oilmen. antithetic horticulture. pemmican apotheosis,  
pathogenic copybook. inconsiderable curlew junta. boo  
buttermilk equilibrium. seaquake knell. incendiary atypic  
karma despondent. coruscate frightfully. posthumous  
cartwheel doctoral. cloudy acrimony.

**:in which the world wonders how it feels to crash into the sea:**

the star arranger's rueful countenance as the firmament goes wrong: misunderstood atmospheric sparks & a viscous sky. dusk *is* blue, or should be. he's somewhere I've never been, but recognize from the image on the postcard (*I expect you to faint at some point, have some episode & be sent home.*) overheard or torn from a book: the salinity of the womb matches that of the ocean; the power of negative ions.

**:in which language turns:**

she had underlined, long ago, *victims who are too perfect scare people because they illuminate an unbearable truth*. each dream an egg or stone. how my throat seized. the splitting image—tired as sky & bright in your eyelight. all the Vermeers in New York, all the frantic branches. & this bastard wing folded behind my back (see also: *alula*). historically, *anathema* may be considered a one-word oxymoron.

**:in which I am convinced of things:**

the virtuosity of crickets, the cosmetic application of fog.  
skin of a spell. gatherings. ghostings. irrational Greeks.  
tecinolor epiphanies. that the following should be  
celebrated with like devotion: careful slices of treasure  
cake, hidden kings, incense & coal in the stable, figs & hay  
on the altar. the price for neglect is violet. the realization  
I'd miss the silverfish.

**:in which our history is with us:**

because this is a proper fable. because there are  
consequences. because there be monsters in these waters.  
because there's nothing good on television & I'm almost  
out of clonazepam. because even the chair is anxious.  
because the soothsayer is wholesaling the Bewares. because  
it's too lonely to do this alone. *have a perfectly nice garden shed  
going spare if you want out. will feed you tea & crumpets.*