

**Eileen Myles**  
**TO MY CLASS**

I'm trying  
to figure  
out what  
kind of fucked  
up flower  
a reflection  
is  
when everything  
dances  
in a bowl  
of aluminum  
day's on  
no extra  
light  
just the color  
scheme  
of the gym  
& thinking  
about that  
the tile is that  
exact  
shade which  
is not quite  
white  
they chose

it and it's  
why the  
feeling is not  
exact  
I've got  
to lie  
down  
on the mat  
to see  
the frond  
peeping  
through  
the  
window  
sitting up there's  
too much  
a bending plant  
a grille  
the whole  
life of  
the gym  
not the tiny  
crop  
like sitting in a  
Muslim  
restaurant  
and the cow

peeps in  
like that  
I'm trying to  
sort  
out a  
few things  
at this  
exact  
moment  
in my life  
something  
more  
marvelous  
than a category  
the body  
place is  
a thinking  
place  
a surprise  
here  
a day isn't  
a bookshelf  
unless its  
the endless  
process  
of  
pulling one

down  
and hours or  
years  
later  
putting it back  
up for  
some other reason  
among its  
new friends  
I don't really  
need  
glasses  
to write  
but I squint  
and gradually  
that grows  
unfamiliar