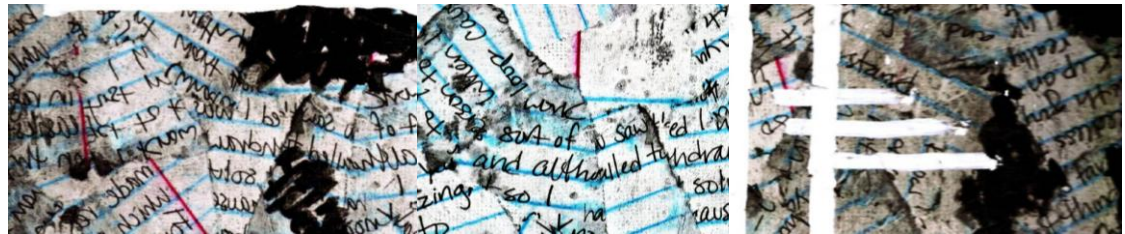


line (līn) n.
All else and more



generations (jen'er ā'shens) **n. pl.**

1 Filling stations will remain as they are. Fuel and that is all. An assortment of colored ribbon, dog tags, your name, all remnants of some future we were taught to misremember. They are filled and filling. Fuel and that is all. **2** Dark comedies, spoofs, fire bombings, scissors, a city, like a back and we map for more. **3** To satiate, to eat or ponder or wander or dust—to fill the time, with something, anything more.

scar (skär) v. **1** When we rounded the last corner in a park on a dead end street and felt lost, we couldn't retreat or move forward, nothing but an end and our feet—tracks, muddy and unassuming.

augment (ôg ment') **an opportunity.**

Born, scarred of generations past—a modified birth right calls for you to leave this place. Take your home with you, never return. Indebted to a system netted with/in/by feet. Don't look up. Don't remember names or faces. Darkened by fear they are all the same. Were it not for my shadow, I wouldn't know what it meant to move. We are cautioned about the intruders, their rules our loss, our return to nothing. Our bodies uncut fruit, plastic, shuffled, mistaken for the real thing. My beauty doesn't taste the same. What you've denied of it preserved in a home somewhere you said was destroyed, perhaps never was; rubble in your palms, sweat, an equity, your guide. I have not made a living here.



discover (di skuv'er) v.

1 Strange the way it smells this time of year. Rotting persimmons and lady bugs. Horse flies will be a welcomed change; they will sound in a new breeze, warmer, less rigid. **2** Our sky is not falling, but expanding and you have forgotten again, the sound of expansion. Don't give in to greed. **3** Don't. It is bad for your teeth and we all know the importance of oral hygiene; it's like the root of stuff, you know? The root? Where it all begins.

freak (frēk) **n.**

1 I want to see what it'll be like on the other side of my own coinage, the other side of the show. Everybody's watching. Everybody. Don't be embarrassed. That's it, smile. Laugh in your face. Point out the weaknesses of your claim to you. Let's have a debate. Tell me again what it feels like, being watched as you are and those legs, gangly. Yes? Ha. Don't be embarrassed. **2** Have you seen my teeth? I've trained them to whistle at the sound of butter churning or a spoon scraping the bottom of a burnt pan. I have taught them to be. I can teach you too. Would you like that? To be taught. Okay. Okay. Okay. Listen.

thought (thôt or thät) an interlude.

1 If we are to change it, he said, we must not wait. It is not safe like this. I said, It's probably nothing, you know? But he insisted, Now, my friend, now is the time. So, I asked what he thought it could be and he said, I have no idea, but I feel like it's serious. And I am attached to the seriousness.

3 If the old man were perhaps a shoe or a boat or fiend, would we hope to see his face in this light? I am free, a man. I breathe the same night air. It feels day to me. Lost in time's weathered forecasts and abandoned silos, don't look to them, the stars burning brightest, but to the source: a reflection, if anything, of the possibility of our own light, a guide. And I, a man, am forced to speak with myself about the matter, and I find that the same voice can deride all voices, just as it summons them.

*When we say change, we expect the obvious, vibrant, the loud or at least noticeable, but notice this. New developments built on faulty foundations cannot last without constant repair, neither can friendship or radical ideas or personhood or knowledge, if you can call it such. This is not a test. This is not a guide or an inkling, but a |

2 To be holy is to be complete, connected as a person with all other persons, connected. Pain signals a break, a coming loose from the whole. To be holy is not to separate, nor is it to diminish oneself. It is to become more self. It is to become more, ever aware of more than self, to fill, to become whole.

4 When called, the woman in red will sing your favorite song and without a doubt ignore your stare despite her knowledge of your longing, your hunger for that sound and the return. The dream is not important in this case because the man insists we close our eyes and listen too; he insists we see the red and feel it, if possible; he encourages us to lose ourselves in the possibility of a favorite song and the potential return, of skimming the top in avoidance of any bottom.

impulse (im'puls) **n.**

1 Lined up for miles for magic. A wand, a disappearing act. Follicles singed into relief. **2** Us women and our needs: our desire to be clean, beautiful, pristine, un-othere. To be mistaken for less than would be the worst. Break the law, split an end, develop. **3** Growths amassed in similar fashion and we bleed for more. Beg for it. Us women and our needs.

regret (rē gret') v. 1 Bullshit.



nest (nest) **v.** **1** Believe in what's left.

sacrifice (sak're fis) **an**
understatement.

And we remember. You beneath the cloud gate on a sunny day. I overjoyed and drunk with it. You call it all else and the more you said it the more I withered. How can I be all else and I at once? But I claimed it as one does when defined by all else as all else and withered somehow still overjoyed with the possibility of undoing, of a becoming in all else as more than and yet not. You would be the better judge. Really, how do I look?

possible (päs'e bel) **adj.**

1 The way you light and free. The way money makes a man feel un- or more. The way we us and fail to forget it. That way. Do you see it now? Cleaner than before perhaps, but nevertheless, anticipatory and kind. Your name. To feel.