

The placement of any object in the room suggests a riddle to me as my lack of context in that place loops back on my lack of interest in responding. That you had to put a line through the small triangle to differentiate it from the obviously looming mountains. That the river was a line, that deciduous trees, tamed to evergreens, drew the eyes to the triangulated birds. I understand your requests that exceed the box I checked. Then the music is distracting but not where I left it months ago. Where the face was staring was unclear based on the caption, which was all about how the picture didn't capture the foreignness of the smile, or the way that the hair hampered down on the eyes—right in front of them as if mediating the irrelevant and oddly prominent placed patch of sky. So when I reframed it and shot it, it looked like someone smiling. And taken together, it's not a surprise that the content lines are of light content to the darkening hue of the turbaned land and turbaned water, put out onto blocks and littering lawns that break the inherited logic of your speech that has grown to the same size as the three-way space that we inhabit. But by then I forget your question. I crawl my way back through the picture that you left on the bureau, through the entrance that looks like deciduous trees and the triangles that look like mountain tops. And I know that there aren't each of these in Rochester.

When the camera clicked the second time there were three fronts of the same faces. What was left out to puzzle about was what was so precise on the device that caught our attention. Before I could call it another block of geographic day fell down and I was forced again to navigate it since the answers I've been building seem foreign and unsuited for the problem of crossing the river or sticking with the southern sheets that crackle in the mincing shade. Reaching for the merch lever ends up emptying the day, and I will need to take more care with what gets inside. I've moved to the edge of the field that I thought possible, rearranged totemic pictures so that the wolf is near the top and the falcon hovers near the central beam. I retrade realms with the randomized rocks. I give my words to them and stop them in their constant swapping motion. I can reenter, but by the time I go back in the thing I'll need to stare at will be different and will hold me at a different place in its orientative totem to assure its weight is held down correctly. I fail at entering, and when I try to build a wall I become frightened by the faces it shows back. When it starts raining the grimacing expressions become funny in the mechanical precision of their emotional exchange (only so much at one given time). When the seasons have finally changed we repeat all the relevant words to ourselves: wall, and wall, and level, and layer. We reduce these words through repetition and forget ourselves through what we are saying. The water hurts our hands and is no longer a thing to be observed. It carries us in a totemic distance, a system of meaning more than a gesture of luck. And "how could it carry" has emerged from it, turned the surface of it white in the darkness of the second hour. Shone quickly but still indifferently. We tried to walk off of the field, but we couldn't get out to the edge, so we return back to the middle distance. First to the shone right of us, then next to the shone right of us.

And in the night—the scene did not resemble what was there. My building was higher but I could jump over the ridge that marked the edge and swing into the hidden attic where I worried past the melted food. I sealed the exit off in memory and returned to the fascinating spring, frozen in its opening, yet not open enough to form or punctuate the studded lock of our embrace. For me it was the edges of the ocean, and for you it was the edges of the wood. I walked in and fell and you walked in and disappeared and reappeared under the light switch that would move when we approached it. You had a boat that didn't move when the water rocked it and the colors in the paintings you displayed were wonderfully vivid. I'd try to get simplicity across through the economy of that dream—the few essential signals that went back and forth to build a static between the building I could scale to enter the posted box where the color-turning restaurant would be. And the questions become so distilled, the looking does, back to the box, up to the roof, a look inside its wooden door to see if the poems were there, and when they wouldn't, who would take them back to curiosity in the form of self-disclosure. It surprised me and it hurt my hand when I landed and pulled my bra up from the galley. It's the thank you's as I walk that keep me floating on the barriotic water and return me to the mainland “—Cool.”

Not used to lying, we lacked a perfect way to try the drums, happening like at an LA party, not on the blackened half of the faces we thought we occupied. The birds have met the same fate as the landscapes, as the rivers, as the “you” that I can mention only inasmuch as you’ve been cancelled. But then you keep insisting: these were dispatches, the palms turned up to show that they don’t hold a symbol, the scratched-in image like a bird nest making ruins in the connections in your texts, the names that seem familiar there and the summered drawers of paper distributed in weight but stored by their associative properties—the detail of your memory in proportion to the single letter you use now to denote its name. And the car backfires, or movie guns pop off, and it was not the sound that startled me, but the thought that it was terrifying to the dog. Then the layers that I climbed through, that were necessary to re-enter the world where the fact of the dog was untrue, though I kept calling to one, insistent on the hold-steady decay of spelling and bone, arranged in a fluted structure of intonation negated by the backwards room that I calcify with my re-emergence and re-entrance. The timed pulling back and away were so much more satisfying when you could not account for their meaning. But you left them at the edges to allow the account of them to bring out what they mean. And it’s a bummer that we let the convo get the best of us. The shift registered on our faces, it must have.

Then there was another room. The system that was presented corresponded to the moon marks that the rocks and sand make on the skin of my palm. The pebbled hand traces the contours of the shape you leave on the still-too-wet carpet, lost in the crustacean sheen the mirrored table caught the puddles and the lake in—presented in tableaux against the chalky window where you'd need to disappear beneath the bottle caps made magic by the lodgers, plastered over in attempts towards the predictive surreal. Then I notice your shoes, then you're behind me, then you're next to me, rearranging the way that I think about color and complaining about the length of my stride. Your symbols don't link up but when connected they transmit a signal, a plastic cube full of sunglasses and magazines placed gaudily in the corner and shifting the light from the windows, so the growing sun was what we gathered now to use to wash our faces, finalized and decomposing in each constant reproduction. The length of your stride and your placement of your country make me withdraw my hand and address you as decoration, not as magical object. The blood and senses reawake. The arm squirms back to life.

When I am watching you my description is allowed to latch itself to stories, so that when I finish describing, I am surprised to see you so unmade and standing there. The pink-noise constancies of autumn register in outline while I record your motions, pick up the things you drop and tire of your insistence that every scrap of life must make it into your tone painting. From the orange paint, driving and infiltrating the lots of celebration traces, and arranged by age, consulted in reverse of that deep order that I sense beneath your questions; it is this house we need to exit. I step over the ropes, then back over till the heart rate reconfigures and registers the pulsing and the breathing of the room. The books of folk and children's stories line the walls, concern themselves with your choice of pixilation on the trees, the private, arching noise installed across the smoothness of the image. What begins to hold you is familiar—the sensation of a swelling mind which once felt pulls you back in from the spreading scoop of trance. The possibility of a mythology to brighten them, to interconnect them, to wrench them from the corporate culture and return them to the ninth-hour stillness of your dream about the ocean.

The decade flowers turn at once the appropriate color and satisfy themselves in the jokey imperative that hung them on the landscape and named them after curving lines to the south, juxtaposed against whatever details that make the decoy duck a female. Then I worry that some of your decorativeness has registered itself in my greetings—in the buttons that I've planted to ensure a door is there for you to always enter. And I agree that sex is in the air. Constructed in an enclosure, arranged and forced to agree with the rippling waves that signaled the constant under-music we were tapping while we drew insects to signify and insects to challenge and insects to consummate the act. The paper sticks were wound too tight and I worried that the can thrown out the window would become death, then not become it, but become too much more an event in its feelable absence. The taps are built into the bags. And even though a steady progress has been made it's being made in comparison to other progresses. Of the endless products laid out and displayed and offered up to us in seediness that amplifies the colorful texts and makes the packages readable. You called room service, ordered "the chicken sandwich" that contained each chicken sandwich that had ever been placed in front of you. And then began to worry as the menu grew and shrank around you how it knew. And look at how the trees are swaying. The ditches that expand in greeting that you registered as optimism, choosing to overlook the too-often-chosen "foreboding". Its too long flickering and focus on geometries. Its daturic closing and opening. We flew back and forth to fling one another at one another and it went on for many years, recorded in the digital photographs not as content but as pallor spreading out over the now outdated lens. Another illustration of the focused burst of life that once we passed, we didn't need, and also didn't need each other.