



# MEMORY/INCISION

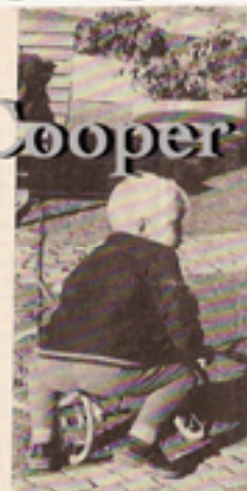
Stockholm teenagers after dark. **LEFT:** As in America, the automobile is essential to a Swedish boy who wants to make an impression on a girl. **CENTER:** Inside the Chloé Bar, a favorite teen-age hangout. **RIGHT:** A brightest Swede (back to camera) delivers a tipsy challenge to the boy in the leather jacket.

## SWEDEN: PARADISE WITH PROBLEMS

Joseph Cooper

PETER  
WYDEN

Poverty and hardship are virtually unheard of in this most highly developed of the



MEMORY/INCISION

BY

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Threatened. Narrative miscarried. Thighs agitated debate. Carcass architecture arrests you  
incumbent nude. Shutters thrust apart discharge. Drip grapefruit down your pubic bone. Veins  
strained as chipped paint. Stirrup strapped wrapped in hospital gown doused in host spittle.  
Nurtured immerse. Thread extends from you to end. Residue depressed under futile innards.

?

Here Elle is dislocated between pre-life and protest. Gaga futurism pales the penumbra. Exposure/corrosion. The quarantined breach of broken water streaks imperceptible ink. Freezing moment as rain strikes the windowsill. Washbasin by the door, heeding. She is memory you. Her long neck craned under a curl of hair stealing punctuation from her cap. Language is compensation for a glance. Lips perspired kiss. Drenched misshapen mouths and tongues. A face pressed against a mirror dissolves. Diabolical prosthetic threatens idyllic skin.

Immersed in global fiction she is the kinesthetic disruption of a wound. Quiet tremors the cusp. Exchange elaborate stories through visible house walls. A hospital bed cracks inside the curtain. A conversation for selected ears. There is that in love, discontinuity. A shiv enlisted within. An interruption mimicking memory made of water and metal. Wrenched vesicle. The monster you love, their Novocain veridical.

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The other day you asked me whose line is it anyway. We spoke of passage and thievery. A photographed doorway pleads dissemination. The act of traveling under a strange name in an unfamiliar vehicle you are too apprehensive to adjust the seat. Your back ached. Legs delayed.

Fingers fondled your jacket zipper. Train tracks in an old movie your skin is trapped. Exits traced.  
Guided mendacity might.

Write down your occupation on a cocktail napkin to remember. Coffee stained librarian. Count  
your lovers in a fist. Pronominal. You mention stealing identities. Little pieces of painted toffee  
imprudently placed by the door. Stash in wedged flesh. Fiction mishandled spans a deliberate title.  
A genetic word virus lusts your hollow bones. Retain an abandoned character behind your tear-  
gated face. Forced devolution. Bondage. Abused pleasure mindscapes your safehouse. There idle  
jokers gag life preservers. Turpentine watercolors<sup>1</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> Bleeding coats mold together fornicating bushwhack. Border edges construction paper to desk. Plank leap.  
Your fingers that particular day taut spirals in mimetic overkill. Stick figures hold schizophrenic hand stars  
beneath bubble language. *I love mummy*. Daisies sporadically flash above green swirls of grass. Weather  
waits for the sunk-in contemplation of rain. Blending a cluttered room with mind. Ticks leech assigned time.  
You have reached the line's tangential. Painted into an Exacto indentation of *THIS SUCKS*. Quick signature  
composed nervous cursive.

?

This is a story of channeled nomadics. Various dissected actions. Incense lit at the edge of a bathtub. Wine tilted savagely to chapped lips. Sex organs soft as walls pulled at our bodies. Compose a living celebrity. Makeup easily mangled. Elle dissolves into shadow at the mention of peristalsis. Limbs languidly long. Messages alienated by semantics. Memory is permanent scission. Malicious limbo. Fragmentary slides leading through tunnels sound-tracked schizophrenic. Wonka-augmented laudanum. Irrevocable. Dream pangs, interrupted visions. Abduction. Memory jigsaw nuzzles into your frontal lobe. Tongues stray rehearsal. Mouths are mythic archways. An erection nuzzled publicly. Typewriter debunked reproduction. Punctuation stitched glistening discomfort. A rare device beneath the thresher fails. Shadow suspected imitation beckons intrusion. Larynx silent. Restrained.

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(Early grade school taught letters as animals. Consequently he spells his name jaguar, owl, snake, emu, pig, horse.)

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Wake from drowning dream head beneath sheets. Fabric strands inhalation and a smashed back door. Perimeters of nosological thought volume everything that has happened between the shape of your interrupted body (edge of the bed)<sup>2</sup> and the consequence of skin. Emigrate abdomen, invented living. Precede umbilicus. This is where conception resembles artifice. Provisional membrane injured thread. Flush of ink and patterned sentiment. Formula is chemical process of integration.

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<sup>2</sup> Hold and hide. When my father confiscated my pornography stash he left a torn page of a half-nude. Her eyes focused beyond the perimeter of reach. Lips pressed in discomfort. Yet more prominent is the illustration on its backside, a woman in bed fucking a plunger, her husband's hairline split, clutching his trousers with a hard-on the size of his briefcase.

When you were a child you traced your left hand on beige construction paper with a red colored pencil. The sharpened grains delightfully feathered your pensive skin. You began at your palm, just below pinky and drew upward. Imagined grandfather's hand shaking yours, a steel crane clamping a soft-shelled snail. Remembered your flesh pinked from winter games. Chicken soup bowl burning prints. Appetite's swollen pulse. But there is intimacy in this touch. Snow pelted stricken visage. Penetrating sentiment. Pretending your hand is another's. Metaphysical transmutation. Brain claims liaison. Even as a child you are familiar. Thumb wars slip with sweat. Fingernails anticipate they're tepid feast. You apprehensively trembled remembering film. An Asian man dressed in black, fingers spread widely, severed his index finger as a demonstration of allegiance and honor. Upon reaching your wrist you became momentarily bewildered questioning how to trace it without losing position. You **imagined yourself prosthetic and** guided red across your arm. Slight prickles snipped. Then slipped.