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did the wind blow it

d bl o w i

l o w d

it d i

annie won

dusie press

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did the wind blow it  
FIRST EDITION

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**did the wind blow it**



[www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)



Did the wind blow it?		Yes	No
Marker			
Kleenex			
Straw			
Spoon			
Paper			
Cube			
Button			
Pencil			

+

i wanted to end this moment a little before it began. it looked nicer boxed in and now : generally confused it rains and rains. the periods look nicer than they feel. my therapist today told me to hold it together without falling apart. i picked myself up and went back to sleep.

*i'll huff and puff : from the inside out*

+

once upon a time there was a science and  
yes : future wishes : had only the kindness to  
backwards now the notebook the amateur botanist  
the one who does nothing and stares and writes  
the flowers press themselves into the pages

she folds herself inside

the book forgotten and buried the leaves

*they will grow again*

i am lost  
we have lost internal intelligence

(where do they go) (when they hide) (the going) (who goes the going and who)  
(how we don't talk) (all the spaces) (we have not) (said) (i told her) (you must listen)  
(she said you said) (she said we barely) (talk you've said) (have you said have you told me)  
(look) (i don't look) (you shouldn't) (either)

how long have you felt this way

+

are you judging me

+

let's take stock of the universe

barely solvent : easily dissolved  
she motions through space  
into a very vast and undetermined  
kind of hollow head  
it sits on the ground and absorbs  
the air inside : a kind of yesterday  
we come from nothing  
before that

nobody told you : i don't know why

i wanted to untie my being    what's left of it

what's left of it

what's left of it

---

i'm having trouble    seeing the border    between the days    it emerges  
a snake through (slow, and slow    i spend the time

watching it curl

the product of my longing is already asleep

who wrote them,    for what purpose

**does this look done**

*without shade : a kind of endless*

does this look done.

my father much like yours we don't talk about  
(you already know) what i've told all there is to know about  
the dark we do not talk about the dark but I do  
all the time

## methods of interaction

two figures in proximity  
need not look  
especially if passing  
each other very sideways this kind of

feet here

absent titles the boss passes  
passing hi is a needless word  
most words are that way he said  
without saying, a type of unsaid  
a silence

feet here

the program states : under two feet  
(specifically measured)  
geometrically accurate  
half a square

it truncates  
both of us to say  
empty space is a void in the middle

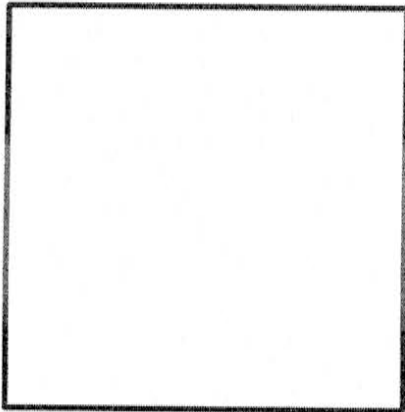
*he didn't like to talk*

does this look done.

3 am – rise  
6 pm – rise  
3 pm – rise  
6 pm – rise

my father much like yours we don't talk about  
(you already know) what i've told all there is to know about  
the dark we do not talk about the dark but i do  
all the time

*the span of solar radiation  
the amount of undesired stimulus reaching the eye*



a day passed the boss died  
i got a phone call  
we know the age but not the  
number he was assigned  
when he left us it would  
teach us a kind of calculation  
for his absence to integrate  
a kind of belief in  
understanding his goodbye  
more specifically, *how fast or how long*  
this kind of intelligence hovered  
above our heads. we were told  
we were very sad and we were  
not knowing what would happen  
we sat there, waiting

*trapped in the snow globe again. don't rattle us.*

a man and woman are about to tell her  
at the most wonderful time if you'd like  
we'd love it when you tell us

the names she has heard before  
e.g. mother, father

it is better to keep talking.  
it is difficult to write about love.

+

a little gothic this silence

gray sky. gray car in  
absentia. gray sidewalk  
little cloud

can you hear

a little gray man  
with a big gray shadow

by a  
broken gray building

saying nothing. saying

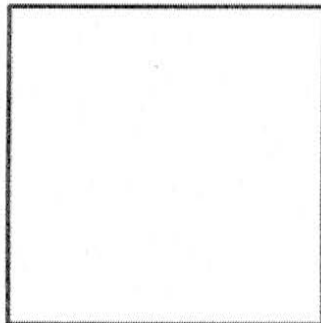
come out and hide  
wherever you are

she lives somewhere it keeps moving

like watching a glass of water

on a tilted plane the drops fade to air

*she spends all her time reading long wall labels*



there was no sign before  
on a blank wall : it is a white wall  
there was no sign before the  
white wall did not exist. no matter  
how much i tell you this sign  
exists until it is carried into the end  
of the day and the next

you have to remember

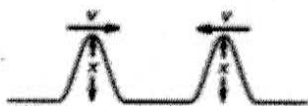
*i am like a caption i think*



this is for my father the black cloud. he doesn't materialize often.  
 i have as much as i hold. When i first met eddie he was rehearsing  
 for a play. we had this in common. i wanted to be the weather  
 he wanted to be the sneeze that threw the tree down.  
 the future i kept leaving out. tense like ropes i don't often  
 like he was happy to give me. chained to a tree, my body wasn't taken  
 but my parents like eyebrows hovered ahead.

+

*twenty plates locked together except a moveable jawbone*



*today is a cartoon*



i cloud myself in grey. The very fast voices hurry hurry into  
 The house the house so tall my body hurts holding it up  
 high people step into ground it terrifies my skin

*the passing of horizon into ground*

seeing the light as a blind man

the answers will be revealed shortly



1. in reality; actually
2. the beginning of a line; indeed
3. quite harmless; can be confusing

cover your left eye : keep moving your head

*keep moving*

*an imbalance : between the stimulation level of different cell types*

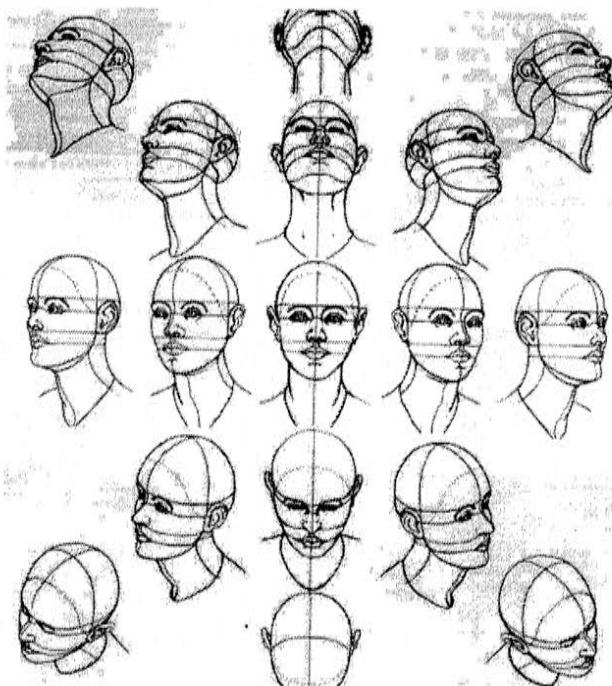
i only provide subjective answers    give me a subject  
200 characters    go

what is the point of this passage?

- a) farce
- b) daisy
- c) best to end here
- d) before you get it all wrong

repeat these sounds. one at a time.

where the head is drawn on the body  
the father : lost at sea  
the wind whispers  
find the body



before the process : the statement is made

before that