



one has her obsession with the moon  
another of water  
try to stretch your self into  
i'm counting the curls on  
-  
your body says  
there is so much interruption  
from here

the sound of those bells ringing  
outside my window  
for instance

i feel bad i don't like the cats  
slightly  
taking the bus after swimming  
eating ice cream even in the foggy part of town  
letting a friend take - cook for me  
letting a  
pedal me home on her  
the bravery of being taken  
i did not know the city would feel so  
powerful-i hate to see smashed glass on the  
sidewalks  
i know what it means  
do you?  
putting off the one hour of house work  
when before  
no one else  
the turn to buy tissue paper  
instead of  
all  
a sunday morning for sitting in the  
backyard drinking coffee  
which i so rarely  
learning how to  
my bladder has before i tell you

is it me after all

as i was  
as i  
as i  
\*ringing  
like the way coffee can drip  
when it wants  
or when it feels too lazy to open the window  
me and my back sweat

i want to call her  
and tell her  
i have soup! Lots of soup! In my fridge!  
with enthusiasm  
but it is not all that delicious  
but I have

even with the window open  
me and my back  
sweat  
it's that kind of no wind access up here  
because believe you me this is not a sunny city

a messy room can feel like  
a rocky ship  
if you are the anxious type  
as convulsions silent spread  
if i jumped around instead  
i would be dancing  
instead

of late, it seems like i have been meeting you when my  
stomach is too full  
so, you see, it- interaction- is hard  
or-of late- i am just crabby  
or bored of us all

of the many shes  
she likes to quote people  
they all do  
and very with humor

"and i didn't realize for three blocks that it's not  
thursday"  
today".

1:30 leave 12:30 or 12  
plenty early then

any earlier would be way  
early  
unless i only did

i am a one way plan to avoid  
anxious

the way i avoid hills  
but more seriously

as it was happening i did feel that it wasn't right  
me at the crosswalk  
not quite j but f

my m had more than me

she has the temple and a cell phone  
and i have so as i

wake

this next morning

i insist on

half given only to

meditating

where

she

still sleeps

i want my own t more than i do

i want the temple

or to c when needed

looking at the knuckle-of my thumb-obsessively  
i want to know exactly when that piece of skin peeled off  
at a strangers house in a hot tub in marin

this would be like i would tell you  
as i wait and wait and always wait

while i was going to tell you all this a particular  
trampling was passing



despite eating watermelon  
and now  
i am happy again  
it was the refreshed  
but how could I forget and not figure  
the bad mood and the lack  
of food Is not just  
in the repetitive gestures of nothing building up  
and I can not blame everything on the cigarettes I won't  
stop smoking

if I am hungry, what should I eat.  
and how should I spend my day  
is there a way to remember my dreams, if I do not?

visual metaphors for ambiguity and fluidity

opens up for viewer questions of the space of looking  
opens up places of uncertainty  
like writing a letter, " I am adrift"  
like opening a dream, I was that woman

what is it that I am afraid of, about loss- that is the key  
to my

dearest s,

the clouds are moving, before my eyes. right now!

love, k