

U N T I T L E D

(AN ANTHOLOGY ON RUPTURE)

(A SPILLING OF WET PAINT)

(A CALAMITY)

(A REACHING OUT BY WAY OF DISTANCE)

(A SPRINT)

(A REMOORING)

(A CELLOTAPE COLLAGE OF STOLEN GARBAGE)

(AN ABSENCE THAT FORMS A SHAPE)

(A SLUMBER THAT HAS NOT ENDED)

(A DECISION TO SPEND JULY RUNNING ACROSS THE  
DESERT BAREFOOT)

(AN INTERROGATION OF THE WAY THAT GLASS  
SHATTERS)

(A VOID)

(A STUDIO PRACTICE)

(A TYING DOWN)

(A CLOSE DIDACTICAL READING OF THE DIRTY A-  
WORD)

(AN ATTEMPT AT RECONING WITH WHAT THE ILL DID  
NOT CAUSE)

(A MURPHY BED THAT WAS ALSO A LIFEBOAT)

(THE FALL OUT)



(ON ABSENCE)

03/27/20

## THE FIRST WHITE ROOM

(BEFORE)

In the corner of the First White Room was the last place she saw it. She called this white room the First White Room because this white room was one of many white rooms. She'd never really counted, though maybe she should. Maybe it would help her keep track of it.

The only structures in this room—besides the four white doorways that led to four white rooms—were the Staircase to Nowhere, a white staircase that went up to the white ceiling where it stopped, or maybe it didn't, and a plinth. The floor around the plinth was peppered with boulders of shattered marble, smaller fragments, —fingers and toes, mainly— and white dust. As she looked at the broken figures at the base of the plinth, she remembered vaguely that it was she who had toppled the sinuous marble, enraged at the time that it was not her who was clawing at the sky in escape.

The shards crunched softly under foot as she stepped through the room, looking for it.

Four corners, empty.

She walked through the White Door across from the staircase into the next room, stopping as she entered to set a shard of marble from The First White Room in the doorway leading back to it.

Something to help her keep track.

( 0 3 / 2 1 / 2 0 )

( T H E R A T I N ) T H E B A S E M E N T W I N D O W W E L L

The Unwilling Return began with a retreat  
to the basement guest bedroom as if  
hiding from the husk of youth could somehow detach this place  
from the blunting festering wound it left on  
the skin.

it began with this malady—  
sweeping out from under us the  
match sticks stuck end to end to end to end up in the shape of  
something that resembled a house  
or a skeleton.

I minded.

How easy it became then to forget about sunshine, until it was a rat  
crawling up the screen, fighting to escape but dragged down by its  
own fat and the heat of panic.

How easy it was to forget about the sun, buried under dead  
memories.

I wrenched it squealing from the well by the tail. it writhed and  
spat and I flung it into the pile of decay by the shed. I needed the  
sunshine through the window well  
to read  
and I couldn't lose the sky too.

KNEED (m.)

(TO NEED)



03/27/00

THE NEXT WHITE ROOM

(THE FIRST ROOM AFTER)

(THE ROOM WITH THE GOLDEN BOWL)

She quickly deemed the next room The Next White Room, although that particular way of naming rooms might become difficult to remember, even if the mere act of naming each room served only herself. The First Room After fit just as well.

The First Room After was the same as the First White Room (before) except it did not have a Staircase to Nowhere, and there was a golden bowl with a wide flat rim set on the plinth—although the plinth used to be home to the uncrushed marble, so on the plinth was not where the Golden Bowl With The Wide Flat Rim was supposed to be.

The bowl might've been a good landmark—perhaps she could have named it The Room With The Golden Bowl—yet she decided it was better to have a vessel to collect it when she found it. She lifted the bowl with her palms pressed flat against the golden rim.

The First Room After—The Room With The Golden Bowl—had four empty corners and four white doorways that led to four other white rooms. The door to her right—the door was also to the right of The First White Room (before)—seemed as good a place to start as any. She walked carefully on through it into the next white room, stopping as she did so to place a shard of marble in the doorway. This shard had a fingernail.

( 0 5 / 0 1 / 2 0 )

## THE BASEMENT BATHROOM

smelled like neglect, like the body couldn't be bothered to pick up after itself, like the towels dropped on the ground as a temporary for bathmats hadn't crusted and calcified in the *months* that were promised to be weeks; it smelled like this bathroom was a perverse sanctuary, a site of ritual worship, of hash burning, unwitnessed by the photographs on the wall, unburdened by the memories spilling out of boxes and into the doorway, where the body could pretend—if the fan was on—it couldn't be heard anymore through the vents, that unintended consequence, that somehow fleeing as deep as was possible wasn't far down enough to escape the clarity of voices discussing the body, that somehow the rancid stench wasn't fanned throughout the house, alerting its occupants to the presence of corruption.



THE HAUNT

(AN EXERCISE IN SELF PRESERVATION)





03/20/00

### THE WHITE ROOM AFTER THAT

This room, The White Room After That, was white. It had four white doorways leading to four white rooms, one of which was directly behind her and lead, as she remembered, to The Next White Room or The Room With The Golden Bowl or The First Room After, and before that, The First White Room (before).

This room also had four empty corners. She could tell without having to move around much, because the shards in this room were more of a fine powder covering the White floor, and the Plinth in the in the middle of the room was positioned so that, from this doorway, she could see that all four corners of the room were empty.

It was not in this white room.

as she passed through The White Room After That, the dust that covered the floor colored the soles of her feet white. She brushed a small pile of the dust into the doorway as she left so she could remember from where she had come.

(06/21/20)

## THE HALLWAY TO THE GUEST BEDROOM

Was haunted. Hand to god.

Liminal spaces are.

It was neither arrival nor destination but deviation, an in-between, the vestibule/waiting area/limbo between the sanctuary of the bathroom (a room with a lock but dangerous for the proximity to the stairs) and the unbridled terror of the guest bedroom (I never said it wasn't also haunted. it was.) It was the no-mans-land, the retreat to but don't go into the bedroom yet when the house was falling down.

And there was a lamb that kept jumping out of the stuffed animal basket.

*haunted.*

Because the second time I put it back I remembered to tuck it under another animal so it couldn't tumble from gravity.

and because the third time when I buried it under a heap of bears and doll-clothes, I felt it wretch.

THE HAIRCUT  
(THE ADULT CHILD)



0 4 / 1 9 / 2 0

what remains to be seen is how this J O Y  
this cantankerous, boisterous, immaculate J O Y,  
can seep so quickly from my pores,  
pooling in my belly button where it sits stagnant in the heat of this  
desert.

drying  
until what remains is just a salty, crusty, brine.  
I lick my fingers and try to remember

What remains to be seen is how this J O Y  
this bulging, slippery, malleable J O Y  
can bleed so freely from these cuts,  
these microscopic cuts all over my skin, so small and so sharp  
that I seem to be nothing more than blushing,  
behind my ears, on my cheeks, my chest  
is where I bleed the hardest.

The blood collects in the space between my toes, where, after  
*years* in this temperature-controlled museum of White  
it finally dries, leaving pithy scum to grate like sandpaper  
I diminish  
starting at the feet.

What remains to be seen is how, in the wake of it all, this J O Y,  
this cartwheeling, violent, belligerent J O Y,  
it leaks from the ceiling  
bubbles up from the floors  
crashes in through the windows  
and drowns me in a tepid salty brine filled with shards of broken  
marble

THE CORRUPTION  
(SPILLING DEGAS)



INTERLUDE

Monday, Feb 9, 2009

Haley— we're in a new book!!

Have a great school day—

(Sorry about the movie)

Glad you got a new littlest

pet shop.

Love,

Dad

D ad

thanks for going shooping with me !

love you lots

Haley

Tuesday, Feb 10, 2009

Dear Haley

I hope you feel better!!!

Love, Dad

02/11/09

DEAR HALEY

I hope you feel much better and go to school. If not, rest-rest-rest

and have a good day. Love-love-love

you.

more-more-more

Dad





THE BEST EFFORT  
(THE UN-HOME)



03/00/00

## THE NEXT WHITE ROOM

### (THE ROOM WITH A GOLD FRAME)

This room, The Next White Room, was the same. Four white doors. A white plinth. Marble Shards on the floor. She could see, after a few brushing steps into the room, that one of the doors—the door to her right—led back into the First White Room (before). She could see the to Nowhere, only this time in profile, so she could move through it if she wanted.

This room, The Room With A Gold Frame, had a gold frame on the right side of the doorway that leads to The First White Room (before). The frame was empty, and as she noticed this, she also noticed the Shreds of Canvas Cloth beneath it, ribboned like skin draped on a drying rack. She thought the Shreds of Canvas Cloth might be good to have later on. She placed a handful of rivulets in the Golden Bowl.

She did not see it.

Because another right would have taken her back into The First White Room (before), the next direction she would take was forward, and she would go back to taking rights as soon as it was safe again. She placed a shard in the doorway in front of her as she walked through it.

( 0 7 / 2 8 / 2 0 )

R E T U R N (PART I)

How it feels to be wrapped so tightly, thrashed with the heat  
of...rage I suppose.

Bound with flesh spilling out from burning, rubbing, itching

R O P E.

four—

months? ~~July~~ THE HEAT cut short, transplanted

to a wetter, brighter sun.

The Ill chasing us down.

How my father didn't take his mask off for an hour, in the car. How

we drove on the highway for three with the windows down.

Just in case.

How, after everything, I couldn't stand the thought of putting them  
in danger.

How it felt like love.

SOMEWHERE IN THE NOT SO DISTANT



FUTURE/PAST

00/00/00

## THE RED

In this white room there were four white doorways, and four empty corners, and a plinth in the middle of the room with a wide mouthed crystal decanter on it, full of a dark burgundy wine. She knew this room. She had been here before, the last time she lost it. This was the Red Room.

She had lost it here, in the Red Room.

She had, she remembered, filled her palms with the dark red wine and drank deeply from them. Drinking from her hands left her palms red, and the wine she could not drink fast enough ran in rivulets down her arms and dripped from her elbows onto her stomach where it pooled and spilled onto the white floor beneath her.

Next to the plinth on the floor were scraps of canvas colored skin and a mound of pink dust. She had put it there, she remembered as she had observed her sour red filth.

She had carried the dust from the Room After That, through The Room With A Gold Frame, and into this room, The Red Room. The pale pink powder—stained with wine from her palms—had fallen silently to the floor, where it landed in the pool of red wine, creating a tiny powder mountain that was devoured and painted red.

She had tried to use the skin to soak up the blood, but it only seemed to spread the pool farther from itself. The chalky powder blurred the edges and brought the blood inward.

So she filled the pool with powder, drunkenly, stupidly, slowly, stumbling over the Shards in The Room With A Gold Frame, until the wine stopped drinking down the mountain.

The Pink Pile of dust had remained, unchanged since she had left it there, having fallen asleep on the cold white floor next to it, underneath the Plinth with the crystal decanter on it—which despite how she had gorged herself was somehow still full of burgundy.

She gave this scene a wide birth as she passed through the room—the pile of pink powder, the Plinth with the crystal decanter full of burgundy wine, and the woman curled beneath it. drunk. her legs pulled tightly to her chest. breathing softly.