

Thomas Fink

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 34

Get out of my throat: the pearls are real. Though I don't have jewelry any more—all broken. We realize that I'm not a young lady—that I expect marriage. It was something to wait for it to open up. Not tulips: roses. If not an upscale nest. I finally got the guy I wanted to marry me. Such a state of socks. He is so manufactured. Robot prostate—an interior detonator restrained, retrained. You would like him (or any wisp for me). He didn't act very dapper, but I think he will, and we'll make it work.

I'm
very happy
to be able.
He's
been showing
me I am.

DUSK BOWL INTIMACIES 35

Is it kosher, my special treat, to revile the food here? I eat so little it scarcely matters: one or two spoonfuls of mystery mulch. Oh, I really miss your bark—on certain taut days. Everyone there was scheming to commit suicide. Everybody—the whole school. How could they make it? They could never break it. There is a score of robberies in our precinct.

Are you secure? After the table linen purpled, they bopped me on the brain, because I opened my mouth too wide, too much. If I came down, I'd never leave, so you'd be stuck—joyously, one hopes. I didn't get killed.

Thought
that was
lucky. Lifted up
in
the middle
of my breathing.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 9

How is your poodle
going to Houston?
It's Greek right now.
So lost with out my
cell. Not adorable—
dangerous. Are we
equal? One would
think the script was
bolted down. It bolted.
You could put me in
a room with five doors,
& I couldn't find my
way out. Arteries
closed for repair?
Program-specific
matrices should be
devised to befriend
the shivering frame. Ship
pable within days. We are
ready to put our whole office at
the disposal of having that conversation.

JIGSAW HUBBUB 10

The hangman, taciturn
at twilight, doubles as a
gregarious accountant
by day. Tell me who
your mother was in
the class picture.
(She's still 12 in my
eyes.) It tries to announce:
"I'm matter: believe." Stronger than
dearth. But the onstage struggle
against sunset bumps into
ashes in a pail. That
self is huge; it fits in
a dopp kit. Some things
just are. Remainder: re
minder. A laugh to break
vases. Saying goodbye
the whole conversation? I
don't want no trouble. My cousin
is teaching death; to pass, you have
to go. Internal weed ing is the prelim. It
will be an incredible conference final. We
have to see if I wake up this morning.