

WE ARE TRYING TO CARE LESS ABOUT THESE THINGS.



JESSALYN WAKEFIELD

I.

An audible destruction. Around a corner. Of a wall. A cracking chair, or a table being upturned. O heavens. No sound follows the sound. I can't even hear him breathing. I think my face is filled with poison, so that must be why he's done whatever he's done.

I mean. It's new.

II.

Even when I am focusing on being present I cannot be present. I hover around my body, I do not inhabit it. The left eye always casting somewhere else. The left eye is the problem. The left eye refuses to stop futuring.

III.

In the dream you are a man and you take me to a beach house, it is January. You have thoughtfully brought beautiful foods: grapefruits, and thin crackers, cured meats, an excellent bottle of wine. The wind teases the grey waves. You build a fire. We drink the wine. We make love. I keep my clothes on. I wake and I think,

– But you aren't a man.

If I know where my body is, then I can be present. This is why I keep myself in continual pain. This is why my pain must continually increase. Because I am very well conditioned.

V.

IF YOUR EYE OFFENDS YOU, PLUCK IT OUT.

Cars again. I have not ridden in a car in Brooklyn in years. It is late. We have spent all night photographing. The halls are linoleum. The lights are sparse and florescent. Someone lives in the studio where you photograph. You do not know how he got in. He has Saltines and Gatorade. He is writing a physics thesis on a roll of brown paper towels. I photograph you and your partner in vaguely Baltic clothing. When I leave to use the restroom the stranger writing the physics thesis opens the door.

—Thank you, I say.

It is cold when we leave the building. There is a great deal of wind and garbage is trapped in the wind. I pretend to fall asleep so your partner will take us to your house and not to the train. He does. Take us to your house. I am pleased with myself until it occurs to me that he may just be kind. That maybe some people are grown ups.

VII.

When someone touches you with extraordinary
tenderness then you know what they want.

VIII.

MY EYE OFFENDS ME.

IX.

I miss being miserable, I miss my eyes
watering and my red nose blooming, wrapped up
and up in layers of sweaters and leggings like an
ice cream cake, and standing tired in filthy city
spaces, and watching trains, and watching
your rapture and your reverence.

x.

MY EYE OFFENDS ME.

MY EYE OFFENDS ME.

MY EYE OFFENDS ME.



JUNE 2010