

Frivolous Flesh

If I slice the space around me. If I do this for you. If I carve into matter severing it from the perception of, say, Enrique, Mardou, Lionel, and Mary and serve it back up to you on a bed of foam and spring: Will we believe it is possible to be so together? Because this is the thing you must never know and never reveal. The apple core. A face on the milk. The slow disgrace of leaves wilting into nutrient. I was eight years old when the old man on the park bench opened wide and swallowed me whole. A feeding frenzy. Today I notice the blood beneath the bones more than the bones beneath the flesh and the flesh not at all. Blood is always swelling, pulsing for release. The apple core, the milk, a candy bar for dessert: the ultimate state of mud. Walking through parking lots of long closed gas stations and empty tailor shops I am humbled by the hollow quiver: on the left the all-night deli is slicing ham; laying it thick for smoking school boys and plumping girls. On the right I move proud and hungry, cloaking myself in this empty space, paring it down to the finish line. And still, if I take you withering to see it. If I tear this space around us and offer up these tender victuals... if I do this for you tell me:

What Will You Do For Me?



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