

Above the head, a mouth. Body flat against the ground, except the small of the back curved, the legs pulling away. Surrounded by other bodies stranger with her eyes closed. I'm awake because I'm not sleeping next to you ever. The mouth is blue. It is as though the sky. Opened like so and waiting. She recognizes what it is—the sky.

Against the back, the mouth, when having to turn away from it. Bodies move closer through the night, but remain separate here in this park. The impulse hovers. Time makes the long body short, small-waisted now: yellow skin, a brown tuft of hair, you or I dreaming. With the back up.

Sky tells those lying beneath it, “Never get up, and if you do, never say where you are.” As everything around her rests, then sweats, then moves away from the sun. The blue is referred to later as “what you did to me” and furthermore, “let it be just once.” The blue, still the mouth.

Upright now, against a tree with a book in her hands. The face looks empty and the mouth stands out. Here I have a mouth and just above me another, but larger than mine could ever be. Talk to the sky like that. Sitting up, plain. Lying down, lounge, but sitting up simply.

Ignore the leaves. She must look beyond them, must not lie beneath them. The sun skins her. The shade makes her dumb. Arrived outside, with no middle, no place off the ground. You are in my bed, asleep. I am perched on the side. The words I'm thinking are "wake up and entertain me." And pushing them telepathically. But time is regardless; I never get the mouth. The blue burns. The eyelids shut.

***DEFLECTED
STREETS***

ON

COURSE

I inquired about The Stewart Building at 4643 Liberty when I was in front of 76 Ashland because there seemed nothing else to do. The man I asked to direct me said the building would be just beyond here. I have a sheet of paper bearing your address. I have the map you drew in my back pocket, but I want to get to you without using the map. The other challenge is to arrive at your address without the proper city. I am not in the place where you live. I am on my way there; trees pass the window. The column of flats encased in stone and iron is otherwise known as the Stewart Building. You said I would find you on the third floor. The man said Ashland approximated your street via Hubert and Cansignor. He said I could walk or take the bus, but to take the bus required that I ride several blocks in the opposite direction and switch at the main terminal. Busses do not loop in your city. You said Liberty was on the corner of Travail and Jonathan, and I can't believe I let you get away with that. What street is on the corner of two other streets? What could you have meant? Well, I have asked a man. The man says, "Ah, the

Stewart Building.” Then continues, “Are you looking for a lesbo?” I say no. You are not a lesbo. But literally I say, “You are not,” hoping to confuse him. The Stewart Building. Lesbos. The wrong city. Trees don’t pass the window because we’re stopped, pumping gas into the truck. The bus. The truck. I have to look out the window. Things change so fast, such that I reach the terminal and switch busses before I realize myself doing these things. I ask, “Excuse me, is this the right bus?” to women seated around me. They say, “Um hmm.” I find Harbor Street easily. I see the sign through the window. I jump up, pull the cord, and leap from the bus. I open the folded paper in my hand and am dumbstruck: I am not looking for Harbor. I want Liberty and if not Liberty, then Travail or Jonathan. Not Harbor, never Harbor. I ask someone and they say I am too far east of The Stewart Building. You said you live on the third floor and that when I ring the bell you will rush down and sweep me up in your arms. You will feed me a chicken dinner. You said veal could go nicely too. You were planning; I heard your tone. I heard you and now I have the words, “4643 Liberty, The Stewart, or The Stewart Building” on this crumpled paper. These words on this sheet in my hands. The man said to go past here, look left for the “Unchour” sign (whatever that is), then turn left.