

NEIGHBOR

Neighbor is a long page
about the neighbor

why it is called “Confession”
or if it’s called “My Neighbor”

or what, if anything, I am.
I have ideas.

At the time I type this
I’ve been at it for one year

the last six months
completely in my head

where there are many levels.
The problem is whether they

are connected or if
they are levels

at all. “A level” may connote a
piece in a unified structure,

or unity of disconnected parts
firmly housed. By what?

The State or me
or if I am the State.

I am a collection
of desire

precariously
housed.

And so there is Neighbor
and then there is my neighbor.

In the book called *Is My Neighbor*
I am the object

of the relationship I'm in
to which I have distance.

(between walls and / or levels).
Distance is domain.

I share *it* with the I
of I that I

am aware of. When I confess
I make this distance.

I nearly wrote detachment
but it is not detachment.

Detachment is the thing
I create when I

am not aware of the I
I am aware of.

Detachment is the thing
I make when I love.

Love is a more complicated thing
when I am speaking of my neighbor

who knows I've rejected him on numerous occasions
to whom I've been lately inexplicably nice.

Love is a complicated thing
when I speak of my neighbor,

crazy, though committed to the logic
of life, currently of being a good mother.

Why do I say then
she is crazy when

crazy is the name used
for those who refuse.

But I love my neighbor
I am sure I

love the closeness / mediated
distance we collaborate / corroborate

I wrote distance not detachment
we never attach / to begin.

Already I am telling you about the neighbor
who today asked *where was I going?*

Sly look in his eye—
Which naughtiness are you tonight.

SACRIFICE

It matters this disaster began with an idea.

★

I am thinking about the secular.

★

Yes, I sex my neighbor.

(e.g., curiosity engaged / not
now / slaughtering
each other / not face
to face)

★

When she enters my apartment
she steals from me.

I report her
to the police.

Neither the police nor I care much
to catch

Neither the police nor I
want her

to go
to jail.

PERFECT CALIFORNIA: A FAMILY AFFAIR

For David Buckel

and with thanks to Vi Khi Nao

CAST (*all characters may be played by any gender*)

Voice: Heavy and luxurious

Elders

Rational Response: At odds with him/herself

Noetic N. Delirium: The inverse of Rational Response

Youngsters

Sunlight-at-dusk: Slippery

Molly: Morose

Luminous Cravings: Exuberant

Finger-in-the-ear: Masturbatory

ACT 1.

Stage: Simple, blue, with some puffy white clouds. White. There is a scent, of jasmine. It can be communicated by curvy grey lines ~~~.

Also optional: An elevated highway of a distance, a small house atop a hill, up close. A cat on the couch and/or (why not two? three?) in the window or under a bed and spreading over a coverlet.

VOICE:

(Voice introduces characters as they enter. Loud booming Voice.)

Dreams occur! Predicted. Prettiness, perturbation
equidistant cars on raised highway, bay
gleaming in its
10 AM spot. No one argues with...

(phone rings)

RATIONAL RESPONSE:

(to Noetic N. Delirium who is on the other end of the phone with a voice that is grave, newly awake, not yet taken by the day, barely conversant but betraying a sexual urge. Stage lights remain on Rational, for now)

Good morning
Princess.
I wake thinking
of you.

VOICE:

(Voice introduces characters as they enter. Soft demure voice.)

Dreams occur, predicted, yet forgotten
all prettiness, and perturbation
equidistant cars on this tiny raised
highway, bay-oily gleaming way
past 10 a.m. A child whose face
isn't yet very told.

Nobody argues with....

(the phone rings)

RATIONAL RESPONSE:

(to Noetic N. Delirium who is now on the stage end of the phone with a voice that is aggressive, newly awake, not yet taken by the day but taking it, betraying a sexual urge. Stage turns onto Rational)

Good morning
um um um
Princess
I was dreaming, no I was
thinking of...

NOETIC N. DELIRIUM:

(speaking on other side of stage in the dark)

I have \$1,200.00 in the bank and my expenses are about \$1,100.00. But then, of course, there is the loan-to-be-paid-off. I pretend that I can pay it off at my convenience. In which case I am flush with \$100.00 today—dinner. Oh and they raised the rent nineteen dollars and forty-five cents for bringing the electricity up to code after the fire in 6J.

(lights go onto Noetic N. Delirium who addresses the audience)

There was screaming and sirens in sleep—
I thought INSURRECTION and SUPPRESSION
and ran to join them but

they were babies
getting burned

The immigrant manchild
individually accounting
cash facts in
class clash.

Never personal,
just that there
are so many (of them)
and the problems.
They don't relent.

RATIONAL RESPONSE:

Noetic N. Delirium, please come close
Be personal data
You are not my
hetenemiga.
Tu eres mi amor a la distancia.

NOETIC N. DELIRIUM:

She didn't mean it,
it was the how of the
where born. My father grew
up, he did, really, poor.
My mother almost died
in a war and has
discovered almonds good
for bliss and heart.
I mean chocolate.
I mean Vicodin.

She is beautiful but has
abandoned remorse.

VOICE:

Remorse requested!