

For a long time, I did not know better. For a long time, I did not know anything else. The daughter of a tree farm, I could not see the road. When someone said: you are what I need, I let the weight be the mass of me. I'd leave the trees and my arms would be full of scrapes that I never felt happening. I moved deeper into their very straight lines, into the branches. Their order brushed against my shoulders as I ran. And it was all sap and itch; I was marked. And when you said: *you*. Well, what did I know? I listened. And the thing about the farm is that it's quiet.

This the friction sound heard
in inspiration, expiration, or both.

For convenience of description,
blood is bright red and frothy.

Have you earned the privilege
of making mistakes?

There really is no sex in science.

The nomenclature lifts
delicate subjects up from the plane
in which language places them.

Man has more strength,
woman, more endurance.

The hands and the instruments
are the chief sources of danger.

This fever.

There is no subject on which so much has been written
and so little known.

Miss Black would consider the WRIST
Ruth hopes he heard about the HIPS
Tom won't consider the SILK
Paul hopes she called about the TANKS
They had a problem with the CLIFF

I went to the garden and waited One small body to see I only
know how to talk to myself And only I know how to talk to me I
will give him the sentence to say And he'll say it back to me And
then we will say it together He considers wait I beg for forever I
say begs He hears thanks I am dictating this back to him

That time of night in the summer when the birds and cicadas
coexist They speak and I cannot speak back Mid day and midnight
might be one in the same I sent my tongue to a boy in a tree once
You might as well keep it The tree I said You wouldn't like what
I say after this anyway I sent my tongue Go with me beyond the
bois Beyond the stumble of an empty utterance The stubble of
my teeth caught tight