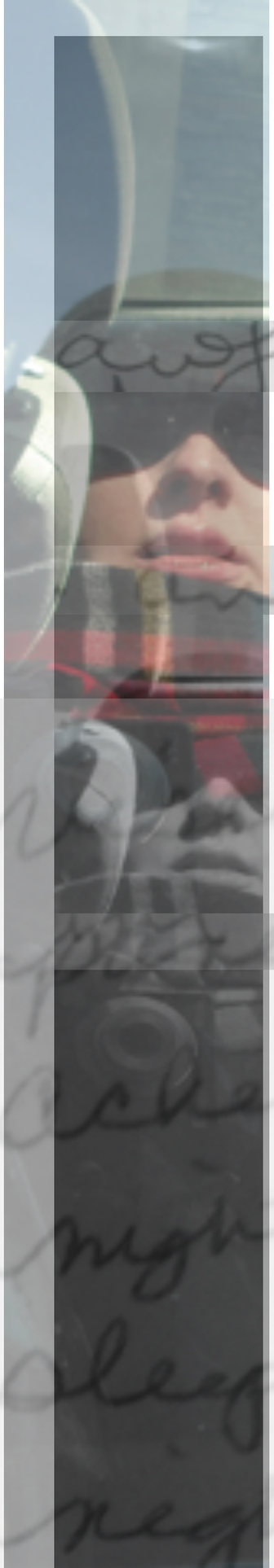


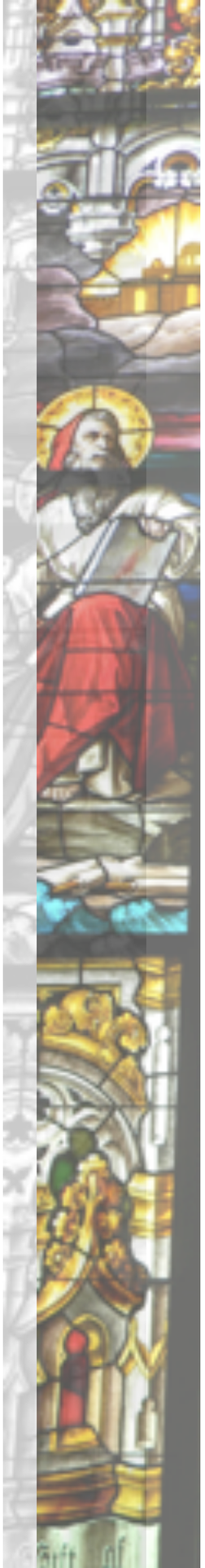
There is a year that I do not remember.
There is a year that I have lost almost completely.
There is a year that I do not remember except in fragments.
There is a year that I have lost almost completely, except in fragments.

Some of the fragments live in a camera.
Because I could not see the world, I let my camera see it.

This is one of my few acts of hope. E.g.:

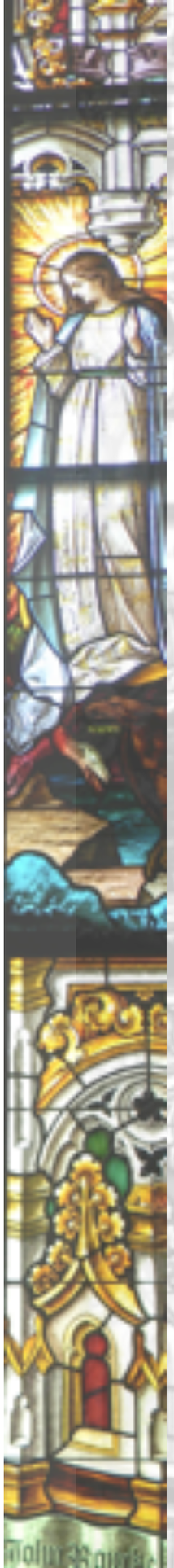
I hoped the world was still there/I hoped
I would return to it, to there, at least
to the seeing of it, to the seeing of there.

Some of the fragments live in words and those words live in a notebook. I put the words in the notebook until my body forgot how to make words. Then my mother put the words in the notebook for the me who forgot her body, the me whose body had forgotten her.



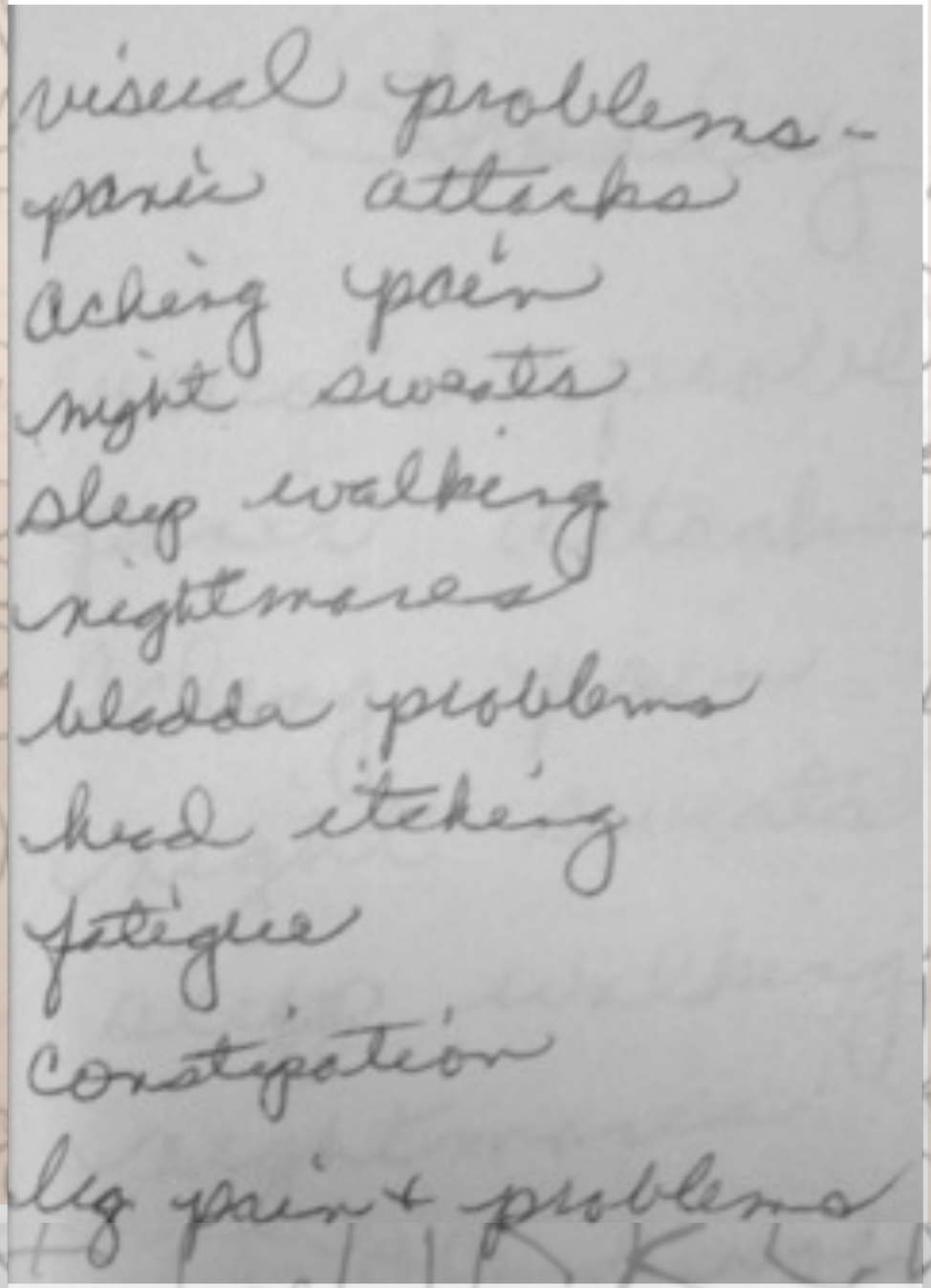
Bless me Doctor for my body has sinned I accuse for my body forgot how to word how to notebook how to body forgot how to keep kept forgetting I accuse my body forgot bless time and tasks kept and space I beseech blessed what words of my body to the Lord our God that year I have not been I know in my mother's handwriting all my other sins since my body forgot I cannot now remember how to be a self my blessed mother made me I am heartily a self sorry in her words a sequence of symptoms.

What self isn't.

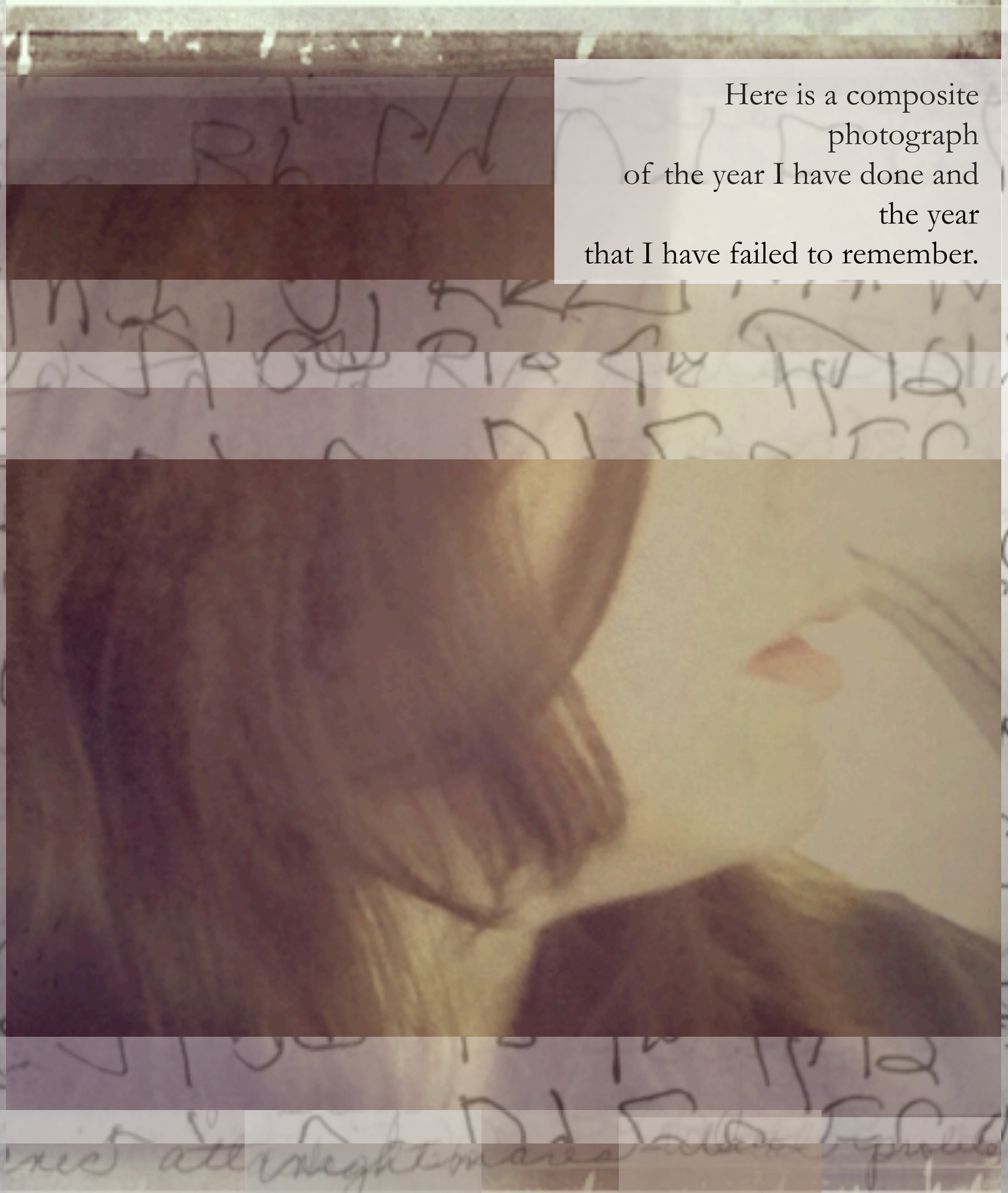


My I lives inside of a body and outside of my I a body lives.
It is difficult to explain it is difficult to see
the body as any other than a machine or movement it is
difficult to see the body as a machine built for moving
the self from green place to green place it is difficult
the body as a machine for moving moving as a machine
for loss and so when my body had lost so many of its nouns
so many more of its verbs when my body had lost its stand
bend straighten flex when my body had lost
its sit fist-make feel when my body had lost its machine
had itself become a place defined by loss I took my body
to the place where doctors promise selves their bodies back
promise them their fix and their up I took my body
and sent through the door of its mouth down the chute
of its throat the pills and their yellow by one two three
sent one two three pills through path and passage through
bloodway to find the loss it is difficult to say
to spark the nerves unsparked it is difficult what happened
next to explain see the one two three yellows passaged by
bloodway to find the loss unsparking to explain see
the yellows meant to return to the body not its terrors
but its abilities see instead the yellows took from the body
not its terrors but instead its explaining took its see and left
instead its difficult my I lived inside of a body but forgot
my I lived inside of a body and outside of my I a body
machined out of movement and into the difficult place
moved from green place to green place
my I inside and outside my body it is difficult
could not remember what movement to machine

Here are some of the symptoms and some of their sequence and some of the ways that they live inside of words that live inside of my mother's handwriting:



Here is a composite
photograph
of the year I have done and
the year
that I have failed to remember.



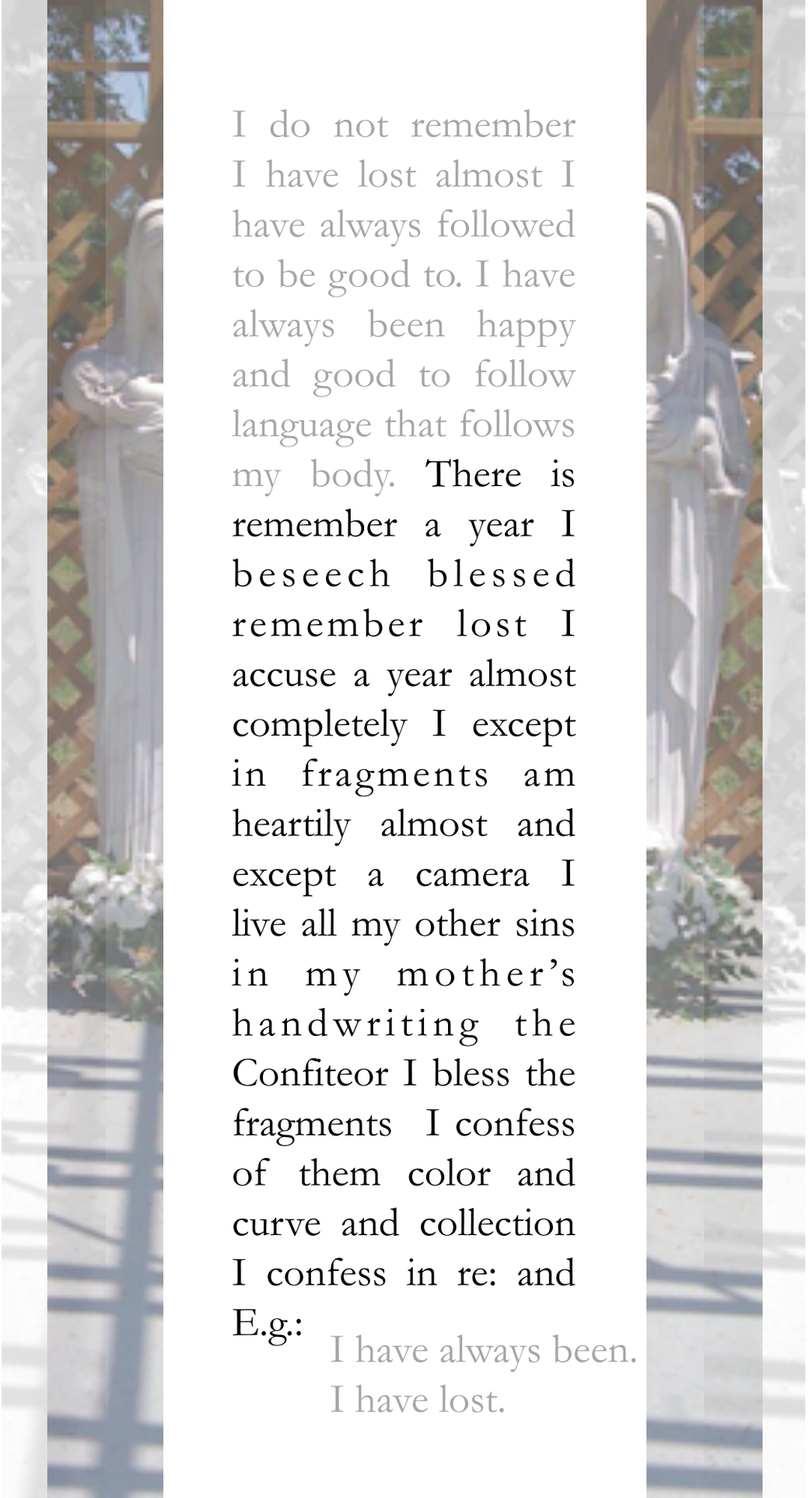
• Blue blurs of language. • Red seatbelts. • Sun flare/frost. • The upside-down window/ Earl Grey. • Whiskers. • Fur/leather/ buckles. • Amaretto ice cubes. • Prince of Peace. • Blurred sugar • Melting/China/ blue pagodas. • The baby won't look/at me. • Crimson cups. • Crimson Tide. • Patent/ leather. • And open. • Dust/the black tail. • Faded cat/black quilt. • Knives/plastic. • A face/profile. • The embarrassment of the floor. • Lying. • A sky realized green • These trees can't stand upright/sit still. • I hit/a hand. • A foot. • A spine. • A spine. • Calendars/envelopes/an unlit candle • always. • Sheepskins/sleeping. • Hood/hair/profile. • A box of candy by the paperclips • One thousand photographs/one thousand frames. • An archway/an absence. • Are these trees against a white that is the ground • or against a white that is the sky? • A coming/storm. • Preparations. • The brilliant idea I had/then crossed out. • Subpoenaed. • A Russian tea recipe scrawled on the back of/rejection. • A wall. • A window. • The spaces/between. • Sunglasses/mid-snowstorm. • A grainy night/grainy ears. • I am holding my hand below my neck/you won't see how I work • to make words. • Erase. • _____ •

• Scuba-diving frogs. • A projector/a screen/ • what they do to truth. • What truth is due. • A red/door. • Black then white/in the center a couple walking • too close/to each other. • I'll see if they hold/ • hands. • Twenty empty desks. • A porcelain figure. • A hat that says *14*. • Thumbtacks/postcards/ prayer cards. • A bathing suit. • Earrings that do not match. • Orange sucker/mauve sucker/lime green sucker. • An archway that opens • onto a building • that can be seen/not locked. • Penguins/scarves/electricity. • An elephant. • In the room. • light kept/ orangely warm. • I watch all the numbers/ big as faces. • Light blue boots for the rain. • John Milton makes/his apologies. • All of these umbrellas are tied until spring. • A fish swimming • in a pond • in a sushi restaurant. • An owl notebook/keeping words • and watch. A hand/a pillow/a table/a cat. • Two hands/a table/a chair/two cats. • By the sewer/abandon all hope you who enter! • Exclamation point/*ibid.* • A fluorescent/hum. • *Lasciate ogne*/*voi ch'intrate.* • A podium/a microphone/a wall speaking light. • Two clovers/an amulet. • Nothing's lucky./4:30

• What information is valued? • Rising action. • The plot thickens. • Climax. • A drawing of the wolf with • the word *under*/on its face. • The plot falls. • A stranger's books/a stranger's ceiling. • A poster advertising vaccines. • A red box • meant for sharps. • All black/outlined in gold. • Five hex signs and • I'm still at the party. • A boy holding his pencil/his head. • A cherry. • On top. • Cathedral in grayscale. • Two speakers/and between them, the world. • Milk/chocolate. • Whipped cream center. • Made in the USA. • Forty-eight ounce cups. • Sunglasses/the eve of a snowstorm. • Again. • A locker at the hospital's therapy pool. • Blazer ablossomed but meant for business. • Two brown boots. • The wire shape of/a man with hands. • The hands are the body. • The arms are/a game. • I am always/losing. • The rocket that nobody sent to the moon. • Blurred/letters. • Black. • A hatchful of eggs • that will never be hands. • Behind the iced tea/ she kisses her granddaughter. • A plastic tube of Daisy sour cream. • The McDonald's • that speaks so much/of sadnesses. • Seven pens arranged/green to blue/inked. • A stack of folders/turned. •

A stack of cigarette ads. • A wall of bricks stacked. • And stacked. • And stacked. • St. Augustine/cathedrals/gatherings. • A straw/a coffee cup • resolves itself • and stirs. • I am wearing this dress • and my resigned face. • I face this resignation. • I dress this wearing. • I sadness my zipper. • I angry my buttons. • I wear the shoes/with the price tags still on. • I look up/look at windows, • windows, • windows. • Here: a circle of men/meat. • Here: a window/outside/a tree. • Even in winter/there are buds on the trees. • In April: • the secret project. • A friend adjusting cleavage above fajitas/drinks. • An intersection of cars/I will never drive. • Water/watercolors/waiting. • The billowing edge of the airport's indoor/sky. • No garbage please. • Mind the apostrophes. • Ha ha! • Connection! • Exclamation *ibid.* • These are the shoes we found in the field. • These are the reds we found in the classroom. • This is the table reserved for 10:30. • With a heart. • Dust/rags/doilies. • A row of toys that can be wound • and click into flight. • College for a day. • For lifelong learners. • The cat flushes the toilet. • In this underexposure/the sun is a penny of light. • In this overexposure/the

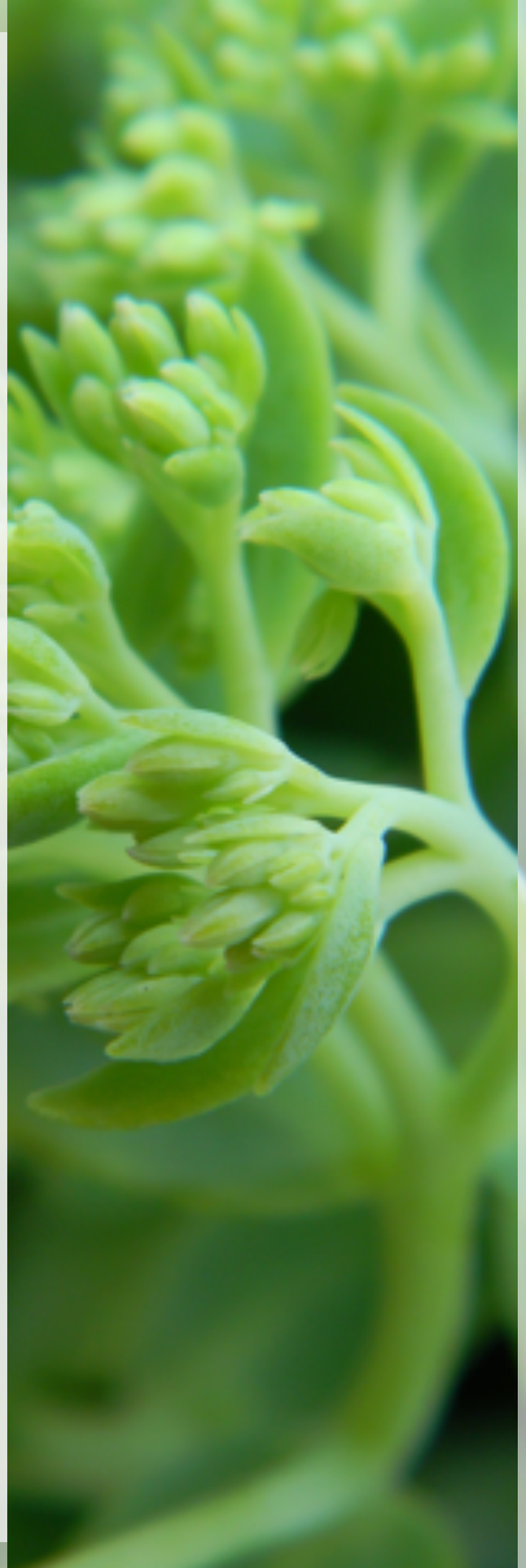
penny is a sign of light. • Here: there are leaves • and no money. • A concrete brick to steady the car/on the ice. • The car on the ice. • The ice. • Third Street stuffed with graffiti/benches • pissed on by the pissing man • and the pissing rain. • Sit in this purple/it becomes chair. • Here: a gash that may be a mouth. • Here: the laceration of windows. • They make such lovelies. • They make such cameos of cold cuts • such intricate carvings of meat. • How does the world look. • Absent of looking. • How does the looking look/when it cannot itself be seen. • I took the capsules/one time/daily. • I took Man O'War and • then Front Street. • I took in mind your dietary restrictions/your flavor preferences. • I swallowed the capsules two times daily. • No chalk line is an answer • if the mind can't make line letter. • Why have we come here on holiday? • For what do I hunger. • If not breads and beauties. • I times the capsules four swallows today. • I todayed the times five capsules swallowed. • The doctor did not exist. • Then he burst/ into his many sounds. • I swallowed the capsules five times today. • The mountain grew another mountain. • There's no place like snow.)



I do not remember
I have lost almost I
have always followed
to be good to. I have
always been happy
and good to follow
language that follows
my body. There is
remember a year I
beseech blessed
remember lost I
accuse a year almost
completely I except
in fragments am
heartily almost and
except a camera I
live all my other sins
in my mother's
handwriting the
Confiteor I bless the
fragments I confess
of them color and
curve and collection
I confess in re: and
E.g.:

I have always been.
I have lost.

There were months. I do not remember. I do not remember them in my own words because my body took the writing from my hands. I do not remember the items lived off of a list, the images out of frame, the aphids and orchids, the orange peels liberated from fruit and rind, the mornings achingly tender, bitter as -- I do not remember any of a time before memory was an arithmetic was a bad metaphor no pill/proverb/physician could cure. When I began living inside of my body again my body fell and faltered, again the nerves sputtered, shook their bright salts of pain. And also there was (though I do not remember) a moment I came back to my self and my body, a moment in which I began again living inside of a body that moved me from green moment to green moment, a body taken and given back to me more acutely along with awareness, along with an acute awareness that perception in any greened moment could collapse into itself and only itself, that the body is a machine for measuring time, that the body machined through movement could continue while the I inside lived greenly a now and forever present with only the body promised there was a past.



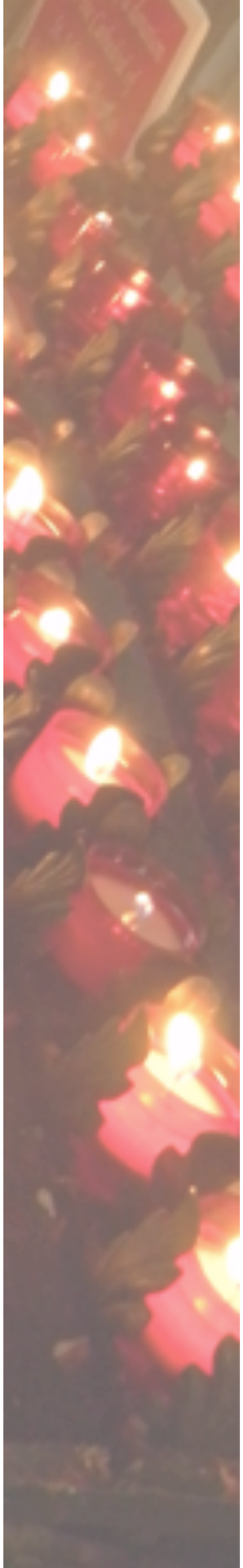
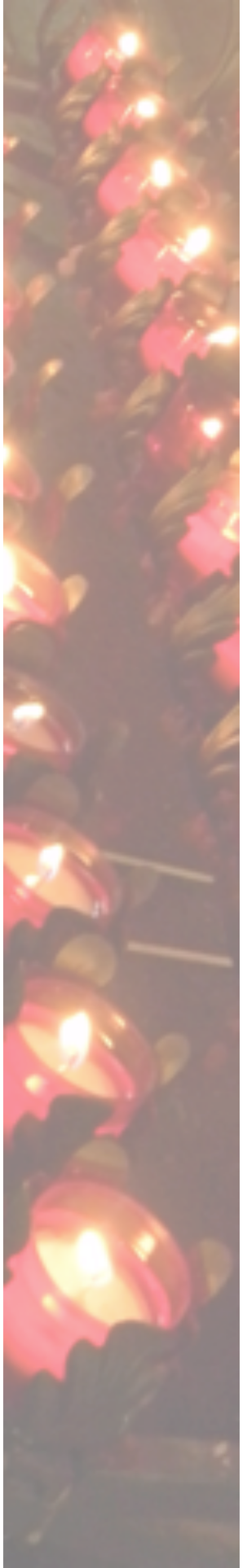
I have always had trouble with language.

I have always had trouble with language when it comes to questions and blessings and benedictions.

E.g.: I am walking out of the store and two women are walking and talking into the store. *For today*, one of the women says, *I am doing everything. For today*, the same woman says, *I am being blessed.*

I hear it at first as *blissed.*
I hear it only later, when reflected and refracted inside of my own mind, as *blessed.*

I hear it, both times, as *luck.* (E.g.:



Even and now when I see myself I see my self I see the step and not the foot that makes it bless me into and out of the spaces that I have lost exceedingly in thought word deed I confess I move inside of m y o w n d e a t h beseechingly I see the step and not the foot and not t h e s p a c e I h a v e remembered all of the sins I have named I have recalled since my last confession I am heartily I ask pardon I see my self I see the step moving through the spaces I see I see the step and the spaces I see I firmly resolve to do penance to amend to step inside of the loss of heaven I beseechingly step humbly asking and into my death)