

Tender Girl

Lisa Samuels

AQUARIUM

One is no closer whenever it occurs. Can you pick the seeds up, can you? The fountain squirting out is like very thin blades beneath her flesh, they sluice downwards, each step a collapse.

Not that she is ever alone, dependent on that distance as we are. She lifts another foot that protrudes as though in invitation a tiny flush of blood suffuses gently into the shoes, held fine within like her organ acid is upheld within her gravity-pressed torso.

One building holding another, building as in receptacle you'd think being in one. Her modeling was the lover in the world of devourment, backwater brewing inside her legs instead of sweet isles, a dirty river on the causeway of her flesh was the hand tracing its asserted right to be there, as though a fish would be distraught that you would want to take its life by treachery! The life in the blank, water blanked on stretch a separation. Hello pretty animal, winged sufferance circling and watery ululation. One must consider the difference between an owned world and an inhabited one, the glass around your venue air or water, pressure belts, gravity ties. Where are you when things come along?

She walks around the back of the tank, searching for a way in, footsteps clicking softly. When she became aware of the folds of clothing, the swish and hold, it was already too late. You want it you want it hold me you want it hold tackle swift, why then "I'll fuck you" tackle swift full in the sharp holes breathing, the breathing hole and whine down hard on the floor. Her head swerves with the pelt heave, in an inside her cunt fronted with his penis in and out the entail limbs held her skin inveigled.

But no, come on.

She brings her underteeth out dermis broke, this shit for skein breaking in her feet, her thrashed legs hold on the floor again and it's a wet aquatic floor, an extremity of case broken out, his blood out, another one she'll do it again, she's got it: the anointed world experienced, full carving what it's best at here it, give it, here it is.

This time she really knows what is meant and what she means it back.

ROSE

Which might not be seen. What reckoning should she take at this point, so colored by the sun as you'd imagine? The scales tipped toward a dry underground point of view? Her simple bag has become boxes trunks and stars leapt out in casual happiness, cars and trees splayed nearby for a fee.

My best asbestos still has to go; it's no longer courteous to do best beloveds upright and half-clasped.

It's like total golden caves arrayed in bounty hunt, seeming to invert the original excursus; a person pleasant in his fits although he barely understood her refusal to add flying to her repertoire. In that economy the penis pushes out and the vagina pushes in, the eyes at either end exchanging see-saw, tidal retribution sworn on the witness stand.

The girl I fancy drives a car (for now) with syllables wrapped in her clothes now twinkling (then) she turns her nonce further than we'd imagined, men portioned toward her, the thick air light at the top and heavy where the animals move around their serious faces.

Pleasant in his fits, limpid in his clothes, gloomy of moon with phrases that could rout him, the girl next room and wholly of silk or rue before she woefully careened the car. Every layer of being a carapace blinkered or strewn. All the lights are on.

My god the testimony is almost irreversible for the blue skull, for the ornate perfumery she may be the testimony, the variety of options laid in front of I don't know rose what would you do here with your virile antiquity and everything cut out?

THE HORSES KNEW

The moon is a large elevator circling the sky. Girl becomes a sweet one given to place, blankly as a tirade, enormous river gathering paper blanks, journal habitués gently fondling their ideas all around her like they could take ribbons and attach them to her disappearance.

Testimony: the gathering of information according to arbitration rules.

It's early morning and she's put out the trays. Her dress is only pink. She keeps packets of salt for sweetener, she makes tides swell on the enormous referents culture keeps pushing forward in the form of convenient packages. She builds paper boats and heaves them toward the hot futurity of dawn.

And when she's made the tea she calls them down, down, holding the warm breads with sound buzzed over the buffet walls, the winds outside the windows stretching out the cars on her convex eyes, trying to image the river in the root beer barrel building up to hold the weight of visitors.

Conversations are islands taken from enormity by night and compressed in crinkly packages, they whoosh into time, into the water-without-sound predominant and suddenly without witness define themselves, here all along. The woman not yet quite old steps in the same time every day all week.

The Horse Girl rides whichever one she chooses pushes up its shoulders when the saddle slumps, when her pelvis clamps around. The sharp skin riding on the bristles, the tremendous wet air rushing out of the nose, those fine hairs delicate and wet and open Girl touches. Their bodies are very clear, large caverns filled in with dark pounding, ready to live.

I help the people who come in wanting a sandwich. Their molecules are tight when they arrive, their eyes tight and seek, they smile with teeth and get a food. They suck and swallow, bite, chew, chew, lick, adapt their noses ears and jaws to the objects they put inside their mouths. It's wonderful, they are fixated in the repast and you pass by slowly and they close up a little, their torsos swing a little, they do not give up, they will look up at me cheeks big and they growl in their pores. They swallow and swallow. They shift their torsos waiting for the urine and faeces to formulate for the grub, they smile at a surface and understand each other perfectly. Their teeth stew and simmer. When they pay they are relaxed, their holes open, their ideas wandering, their eyes no longer fixed on my position.

ST MERCY

The young person blind-sided, sterile to environment,

grew by edges. Cars went by faster than experience, so one knew the objects sitting in front of her were positions. The story-teller as a pose, his skin peeled from its tomb embrasures lovely for the nonce.

So we were houses, and I was waiting with that still common voice.

Sure, sure. As birds too, they call them, having met their antecedents, will try anything. Not uncommon, such mickery she was finding. He told her the straps were not spared as I hitched to response. That's what bail is for. Not better than the teeth suddenly, she considered. We'll call it doubled mercy applied to sentences: he bent, she bent, you bent.

They entered the hospital's automatic doors. Benediction, which means it's almost over and he is closer to something he wants, the sky and the knees tucked under her chin. "Wastrel" or "scoundrel" waiting for narrative with open hearts, colloquy rush.

EVERYBODY WAS BEING FAIRLY KIND

Though stringing together the elements of your words, I seem to be missing something.

Delicate appurtenances of self-devolved ideas, small sets of people trial given to understand.

I mean you've told these stories a hundred ways, soft branches slowly over your head, even I heard whispers, expedience, narrow passageways for exiting. But the story went on hour by hour, sticking together the pads of her hands from holding, soft minstrel waiting without form for the woebegone.

It's like she is swallowing a long string of tender beads that expand and dislocate inside her and never come out any side again.

UNDER THE SEA

Wash day, directive girls on ideas sloped on tables, table people sloped toward one action at a time, sound crescent hits on dye sheets. She knelt herein with a pitch on cloth, missed bats and scrip both in and out ways all trod forth, the mid-scene catastrophic veer, on off again, plinked merely. She reports in regularly, a little better understanding power.

Someone plays while they cleaned the floor— dove tunes on the sail strings, a wrench slid across for fixing something spent on time

“I lawk around and peer myself serene, ha ha, I hawk and vent some twosome gewgaws split on mouth soft” (piker not worth two cents given not two ways blent your scenery) she mixes to underwood, his keen spleen split wood parts to beetles.

They climb strenuous pat soft ways—gone leaves little hands covered with scratch marks scrim, soft to going, I’ve made peace with your divestment and I’ll sit here soft with padded friends—the growth at my head no battling we, you wait, a kite seen leaving trees like aft we ask it winked like furnishings sweet notched to the pinker deeds—brace you’re falling the lads blowing the girlfriend balanced on her toes, up in your eyes, in your nails, your hair in pioneer sunglasses perched.

Honey comb my hair, brush it back with pyramids, doodle stripped lounges on my inked machinery, youth fiery with fire sing your pyre with smile and ifs you sit there with your parts so fine no more therein than who were mine.

A dressed white knob, a moving tree with water in her dream brain, the arched-back posture of a delusional litigant completely atopic to yielding (all right we can understand you as wrong or wrong-headed, your mouth asynchronous with the bestiality we’ve mottled out . . .).

Sign here. We’re going to prepare your sentence.

THE SENTENCE

All right trying to stay away from human bodies she will paint. Girl will make the sea from underneath the moving rays sent upward through the silt. Her torso looms, arms wrap softly around herself to sleep. Alongside that the slant of armistice, the vibrant steel of truce, like the sky was not blue at all. Whose model is the line threaded under her skin, gentle blue under the arm turned brown over out. Canvas made of flesh. Alongside that the series of electric lights bursting with slow shatter, slow implode. Across the lot a friable wrong wet, a disseminated expectation.

She paints enormously, the moon, canvases stretched half the width of the shrink-wrapped room. The canvas is a series of locations she tries again. Her forearms are barely able to make the strokes as thick as she wants. She cuts off her hair to make brushes. She pushes her fingers into her skin to mix the paint with

sweat.

Now she needs oils and surfaces, bottles and space. Which meant borrowing, always borrowing the time = space = something feeling o.k. in the value. She is pragmatic in the value, doused in value young in her offices. A relation of exchange whose predicates were not embraced by Girl.

Touching the paint. The dread gorgeous of the wound, purples and ochres for talisman. The fusion machine was hard at work, the comestible exteriors part and parcel of a getting up to make the time what it would otherwise not be.

That person’s motto was staying comfortable making a difference, but Girl knew half as well a code, a nothing-more then-something, restraint that held her brush flashing at moments of contact. Staccato and smooth, momenting it. The canvas is a skin and oils tattoos, the breaching a dynamite expression she waits to see again from beneath, the disappearance of the whale and reappearance in the rush away, stay with me. Ama. Weight the surface with a deep maternal weight, twist in the disseminated aspects of the circling plan.

She got very good with a stapler gun, with the pieces of wood and tight. It wasn’t a plan to give time to the patch of land bordered by roads; but there she went, the inkjet cartridges fallen all over the junkyard where they also collect. Men in suits got out of cars with guns and set up targets after taking off their jackets. Afterwards, men in jeans came round and picked up cartridges for re-loading. In another part of the alternative collective or the dump.

Many objects can be re-collected without plan or sentiment as cloth with smells, kiddie dioramas, bits of carpet, broken chair seats one could stack up for a ladder. Compensation can be made for the far-awayness of the particles as one adjusts to the organisms: Girl took her face close up and painted that, the move from particle to wave. The faceted appearance reduces radar, a surprise involution of what you might expect, and now her torso’s second life summons itself in movement, liquid loops. Smiling, she presses in the grindings from her very small fragmenting of things gathered from the dump.