The Exact Same Lines

Wandering from bedroom to bedroom and getting way too much sleep, she
Finds herself on a news report, missing. You can actually cause the consumer
To forget something he has previously learned by putting into his head
A bedroom, and placing into the bedroom a little doll of the thing, then having
The doll fall asleep. She soaks it in. Turns up the volume, *all* the way up,
Receiving *all* the signal, more signal than was ever broadcast, re-tuning her
Mouth to listen and her skin to watch, she soaks in it. For instance, let's say
Alicia hears a special report on a missing woman, a woman she knew as a girl,
And she thinks back to the times the two of them were falling asleep in separate
Bedrooms, every day of their lives, their dreams illuminated by the same
Radio waves, three dozen beds between them, entire gardens in their hands.
Alicia shows up

in a new report on dreaming as Dreamer #3 and recognizes
Herself in it like a note recognizes a song. Dreamer Three reorganized her
Dream into a cascading series of bedrooms, populated with sleepy little dolls,
Sleeping. Soon the air between her and the television grows milky and ultra-
Pure, as she, Alicia, notices the front part of her head has drained into the
Television light, is stirring itself into the picture of her wandering out from
The screen, it's like you say "Hello" and so I, the consumer, say "Hello—

"right
Back. It's just that simple. You say you'll be back in about three hours and
We haven't seen you in a week? Do you see, Alicia, how much everyone
Sleeps when there's nothing on TV? She builds a to-scale

television doll, dresses
It up. She replaces the screen with an ultra-bright bulb, turns it off. Replaces the
Bulb with a garden, straddling it on the bed, thrusting handfuls of dirt into the
Special report on young, well-educated, employed consumers just vanishing,
Turning up dead—or worse!—the disappearance of Alicia Carter has residents

In this small community wondering whether this is another dramatic stunt or Something far more tragic. For News 7, the

room begins to get drowsy
around
Us, the walls are barely hold

ing their
nails the

whole

room

blooms

into two beds turning over in another bed, the room is composed leaf-by-leaf between headphones, calculates total market share, I have access to at least a couple bedrooms, hi, she, asleep, rolls over, there's vines pouring out of, and doesn't feel, or feels but interprets the feeling so, your hair, so wrong, like bottled water from a, the wriggling she, fake waterfall, which had nearly doubled in the first, can't help but attempt, quarter two thousand ten, to use to escape,

the equalizer
boils
straight up
behind her
eyes/

the garden
unfocuses its eyes
the garden
unfocusing

the representation
overboard / over
lain over
actual

actual eyes. Alicia paints herself on

the television screen, strategy sort
of a mix

of eight songs threatening to replace the image
of bedroom with an image
of three
pillows subdividing into a swelling mosaic
mirrored
glasses
of water growing distant and
disaffected, the
third bar of the
song makes
you forget
the first two

as
a

news cycle

falling

asleep

in succession,

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In those moments that feel inexact, as when just out of sleep you turn toward your lover and she reflects three of your lovers in aspects reflecting each other, or as when you open your eyes and the warmth on the bed sounds like a recording and your lover is looking at you the same way he looks at other people who aren't you, like then, in those moments

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In those moments that feel inexact, feeling traces of other people inch across your skin and over your vision, you can almost, in that habitat of others' *is,* feel another's breath scraping yours from your throat and lungs, as when reading words out loud you really mean but did not write

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In those moments that feel inexact even the fat lining your skin is breath and your brain, too, is breath, or the breath that comes in waves across your pillow seems of a kind with your vision and your eyes, and as you taste echoes of the breath you shared, each breath refracting and filling itself and the breath before it, each nerve the same noise

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I cherish every moment, I was saying, recalling three moments at once and remembering them as one, but especially this one. We are together, in the same room. It is a bedroom, a bathroom, and another bedroom. At first the color has been taken from my clothes, and then the material, and then the pattern, is exactly how undressed we are.

And as we clothed each other in each other, scrambling our words and visions and smells, hazily there was something else there too, taking some lines and reciting them, and taking other lines and bending them, pulling us with an immersive gravity towards a certain story, and when I say this word instead of another word, and you say that word because it builds so nicely on what I said, and then we are speaking whole sentences we hadn't yet learned.

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There are words that once you speak have bent you forever, grafted on to you or taken away from you irrevocably and irrecoverably.

You mean to say one thing, and you slip and speak a password, and the memory of that speaking soaks backwards from your mouth and drains down your neck, and fills you up to your skin with yolk, and these words are names, as all words are names.

I have named the moment you were in bed and didn't wake up until I had opened your pussy and pulled my body into yours, and your face opens up like a day on the road, and

I name that moment when I'm watching your face as you study me in the hotel shower and it feels like my sight has nerves, and that your sight touches mine, that it's drawing its fingernails through everything I can see,

I'm naming the moment we'll lie on the bed in a Y-shape, my arm between our faces, and your right eye will be hidden, and my left, and we'll share full knowledge of what each is looking at,

as we described the same thing in the same way, and became stained with the same word.

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Since I left you, I was saying the only way to really know something is to remember everything else, as one will only know nakedness when they own no clothes, I am ceaselessly returning. You see one walk back in, and the next day another, and I begin to keep myself company inside you. They would all rather be the one arriving just now, watching your eyes draw your smile upwards, and soon there is another one here, still hoping to show back up, as one more and one more walk in and begin to mull around.

Of course, you remember them all as the one arriving.

Hi, you, you say.

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