

ANAÏS DUPLAN

Six-Foot Rosemary: A Cycle



(WATERMELON, PICNIC, SUMMERTIME, BONNET, WOMAN EATING WATERMELON, 1952)

How to talk, forgetting my parents? The house had grown
long-in-the-tooth, a bloodless dossier. I'd happened upon
a set of records, in a jammed drawer, consisting of at least one death—that of a Dr.
Olson—resulting from a heart attack while bouldering in 1967.

(Note 73) Many of these tests were
conducted deaths, the uncontrolled nature of the experiments, and
a biological weapons researcher exited the window, turned somersaults
for thirteen flights. They maintain that Frank Olson was murdered.
There are weapons in populated areas.

When Olson's body was exhumed in 1994, there was
a cranial spraying, a potent
solution. In the upstairs bedroom,
the day of Saint Anthony's Fire.

(MAN, COOKING, PAN, SHADOWS, STOVE, 1966)

The boys in Kuwait were looking at old imagery.
They were inspired by that haircut, feeling not quite
like ocean waves anymore, feeling something closer to
hosiery, idling atop clotheslines, on the roofs of things.
In Iran, it became illegal; the government issued, “It’s possible
I’m making mistakes even now. Everyone looks like
 him when he’s smiling. I talked to the mailman about it,
 the wreckage of our selves.”

(FULL MOUTH, COLORFUL DRESS, WOMAN, OLD LADY, WHIP CREAM, 1943)

Not even an invisible thriving. Not even it could weigh me.
My colon is weightless. My colon travels the multiverse, in good time.

(I'd had all the wrong feelings in the confession box.)

On the other hand, Eleanora Fagan wore a hairbow every single day of her
life.

She made a delicate

yowl, made a near-metallic whimper. Who is,
at the end of this day, still jangling? It's you, Eleanora,

it's you. Setting down dark songs in dark-song shapes.

(CASTLE, SKY, CLOUDS, MOVIE SET, TRUCK, 1966)

Germany's

industrial heartland was without relief.

Lt. Colonel John Front had been overwhelmed.

German hands (up) and the villages up by the river

had become congested, overfull, and so he'd

begun to expose the civilians,

hiding to them in great risk, he was able.

To make contact in the night-disguise. In the woods north of his dark
men, 139 of them, we assembled. And at 9 PM, we began to move,
almost certainly aware of his presence, perhaps sure—

(WHITE CHURCH, CAR IN FRONT OF CHURCH, DOMED CHURCH, CHURCH WITH TALL BUSHES, CLASSIC CAR AT CHURCH, 1966)

“And so we were in our own sights and so we were in their sight.”

We dreamt once of the superhuman
Africanus, and twice of being held
in the British Museum. We were born by mutual
imprecations: not to abandon this plan but to
do upon it. *The Conflict of Adam with Eve and Satan*
“who were all unlike.” And if such a thing were born
and begat children, they were all to be ill-informed
men, “all very precarious.”

(WOMAN, DRESS, GRASS, PLUMP, STOCKINGS, 1966)

You are
a nationflag of
porpoise
skins I love you.