

iiii remember

member re

we were never
where we never were
re

weeweweew
weaver waves of water
at at at

bread
fabric
soft
make up
glossy
matte
mousse
meal
oat
candy
trace
traits
cat
soft
fur
hair
flash
flush

i ssssssound u in the garden

look
soft eye
look
glass eye
look
glossy eye
look
water eye
look
ice cream eye
look
i eye
look

fruit found flesh

o

i climb the dooor like a tree
call me
hey monkey
later loook n call
money
yes door
have key ?

Candy the Horse
bites my Hand
there's a hole in my
Hand
when i am in the lake
the water
in through the w////////hole
o
there's a child
Named
Theresa
there is now a w////////hole
lake in my Hand

////////////////////////////////////

THE LITTLE TRANSITION

pulls a wagon behind him such
doll that
would be my sister's brother
my little bear cub
the social behavior
the transition phase
the overripe apples with their heavy scent
weighs down your breasts
the whites of my eyes
the mother says it's not
the sound
healthy & fit
healthy&healthy says the mother
you must learn to swim, says the mother
She doesn't know I've already floated all the way across the channel
it was forty-three years ago
she doesn't know anything about me
the only one
ignorance that
mother's milk causes that
formulates a dead body that
to lie in the reedbed
shall lie in the snowmud
they can't as bright red swirls around their necks
spruce yard

forest,
the model of
the charming architecture
broken enchantment
left in the drawing, measuring
measured now
?
å
but I fool
don't leave me
fucks up and would
move into the mother house
lose my life in a bloody mass
why they did what they did
whispering
the youth movement
protest marches
shampoo in the eyes
lay down with the mother horse to & watch TV
fail to unite
democratic hell
get to bed
what are you thinking
do
without leaving
on the side is the sauce in a little bowl you can
dip your sushi pieces

in ketchup & mayonnaise & bea
what did we say
we couldn't
carry more than
for betraying and misleading
Searching in the woods coming up to the ice
lays his finds, the infectious laughter
if the knowledge is there, the vaccine can preserve the population
has been properly damaged
recruit brothers and cats
scratching with knuckles, sharpening the skin
I am a very sympathetic person
I would use
earth&violence
I would care
the genes in my intestinal flora
I would fall asleep
with my head in my armpit under my wing
flapping ravens
accusing
soft & grinding
delicious, delicious, delicious
system collapse
dissolves the body in the bath water
a mosaic-covered swimming pool in the basement level of the suterrängvillan
look at the view out over the meadows
the field with the horses

sledding with the girls
with the kids
the piglets
the yearlings
winged horses &
long-haired cows with antique twisted horns
would cut off like mammoth tusks
would scrape the ivory
the white-striped tower, linger
snap
you're so weird
Fuck you.
fuck me
lingering flapping fostering seed flour
that vein
veined parquet floor
discussing whispering
meet like last week if you already knew & felt
why do you ask foolishly
why does it scream so about that radio
why do you leave
the fatigue
fatigue
Let's go
sure we will like some we are
what shall we do
we should go

the lights sitting on the fence
that which is not yet finished
carry me
let me carry you
don't leave me
go no further than
don't go beyond
still night

////////////////////////////////////

THE LAUGHTER.

now it would settle, it would settle

carrying

the burden of

getting older &

FOREVER

the landscape that

decay & burgeoning life

waiting to be cured

settles around the interior

bulging into

metamorphosis

what should be beautiful

puts the snow in its mouth

such an emotional impression

I put

it would settle

I mash the tongue

black blood flows out of it

my nose and eyes

The teaching that's to come

learn to

control the lack

laughter that

the rapture motivates

carries within

into
whispers the names:
hélène, melanie, kimberly, magda, dora, anna, maria, tone, johanna
the strategy of
start laughing
there is a punching bag
under the ground that
when we learn to
the reflexes the reflexion
the mechanical form
presses the potato, cut into slices, the starch against the cheek
it leaves a white and floury imprint
inside.
carve & carve
the hide, the bark
there are a lot of people
that need to be vaccinated now
but
you get a little
dull
roll in the body the dead
inside a carpet
a Persian rug
the red in the weave
an open question
the children are weathering
the rabbits

this three-year conversation
there are no answers yet but
there is no sound yet other than
the howls
holding the hair back from the vomit
they laugh because they need to hit
the class that
pushes them
potato peels under their nails
crucial for development
new knowledge that
carrying, carrying
I would carry you over the moss
the moss with drops of blood
you would find yourself a heaven
you would
imagine that
note the names:
loirelei, miranda, persefone, céline, monika, mamma, mamma, mamma
you can't look at the face
you can't stroke the skin
on the parquet floor
carve out the meat
skin bag
The professors whisper to the priests
drinking cola
burning the gravel underneath

the rubber tires
burning bad boys
a legacy of
heather & vegetation
a legacy of wonder
would save the laughter
would never again think of something like this like that
darken
the moon is full
the moon is a lump inside the neck
It's a remnant of the twin fetus
that I ate before
aborted
I was leaving
I would never look back
I would experience
such
there's black blood coming out of my nose & mouth
Mouths, mouths, mouths
Open so close
be there like
been there since
carrying, yes
it would settle down & calm down
the flowing liquid
spits when she laughs
the super old

I would

the octopus boy in my kidney stone

the swim girl in my liver pate

the openness of the FOREMAN is left to

grow

the cub & the moss

the dripping girl

kicking the leaves with the no ringing in her ears

////////////////////////////////////

oh my

we put our fingers around
neck is
as thick (thin)
as the thighs
know that you can
believe what
anything
I want
do anything
to save
believers
(s) measure
pulled out of
I wrote to N that
it is needed a
situation that
we can work
with/against
e.g.
true loves kiss
both have to believe for it to work
help
get the magic back
only one way
caress hand
backs
if not
N does it
turn when I don't

know where
it leans
sick of living
in your shadow
that has sucked itself into
the sunlight
that licked itself
into
the plan just as I thought
give to N
deceive now to
fall into the well
panting
breath
don't even look at me
what have we here
What the hell happened?
the backs of my hands
fake jewelry that glitters
on your fingers.
scratches the cheeks
the earwigs
the joints
led
secret gardens
the mattress
get up you
our faces
bows to you

It's my mother
Kill me if I jump over
dinner with grandma
My mother is the one
evil
witch
over at
out
now
gene
alogy
gives such a book to me
writes such a book for me
you no longer have it
you can't control
your
for a lifetime
time
for
under
drops the bottle and the splinter sinks into the flesh
will be happy again
wants mother
want
pain in
what's wrong
it is
my stolen daughter
it's

yet another
than
more than that
how are you
stable
but not
better
nothing to do to
help
can't ask
I may not
can say if
you are a
believer
thanks for the pep
so hard
don't know who you are
what should we do
Who are we gonna kill
a
we won't let
we'll stay inside
I want you to
brush your hair
shiny on the surface
Sisters' braids
a more comfortable place
thought you would
say it

come

come

come

////////////////////////////////////

I've just been told
that I have perfect genes. I digest it in
carbolic powder and sea salt.
I melt it down like
a fetus, I churn it like
a fetus out of my abdomen. They'll call
All this murder that thrives and grows, inside the organs.
They are mine
Mine. They carry me over

oceans oceans. there I shoot out like fetus
them over the edge of the boat, they fall. this
flesh in decay. nature has its way.
It is watered with malice. It is

all dreamy, I find it hard to decide if this
happened had
happened if.

the wine flows thickly in the veins.
I always want to vomit. the enamel cracks.
It's that I'm a vulnerable person
the doctor is worried with his hands in my mouth.
I'm so happy and vulnerable. The doctor says I have
perfect genes and great oral hygiene.
never had prolapse after all the children. as born to give birth. i have
inherited it. I'm a *natural caretaker*. So good.
with children, not at all distant. not at all bored, I just need to feed myself.

starving and swelling. carving the fat out of the meat. nothing left,
that I don't notice how much I've walked
this is not a sickness. falling down the stairs. amputate a foot.
Scrape the crack out of the laughter, let it
never fly. there lies a dead

woman in the water, she has engaged in freediving and bdsm, she has
filled her lungs with fluid, hence her death.
there is risk. there is plenty of
risk.
leave. just feel
a *connection* with the children or the dead.
Let them come.

there is fladder inside
does not pass unnoticed
two beers in the woods
the nurse
hot line
the clock is ticking
mastering the skin
kim kim kim kim kim kimmeee mmm mmm imm imm i mim
these planned futures
the flip-flops let the ashes slide down the cracks in the rubber
pink ash from the cigar
pink plastic on the asphalt
the highness of laziness
rise
leave the city
the place to leave
temporary jobs
the infinity of the moment
stay in the trembling
let it run and run
the stillness inside the movement
a quiet contact
check the skin
let go of control
the skin under the skin
the skin surface against the contact the electricity the liquid in the skin the contact
old with the cigar
the smoke in the wrinkles
do not forget the movement
the machines wash themselves

work with them machines
work with them the people
the material of life
last days
party tonight ? ? ? ??? ???
stuck in phase
phased out
out of
a spoon for you a spoon for me
these aged bodies
don't expect
sleep spoon with this old
a very old sleep
a sleep over work clothes
tear into the skin
my great sorrow
keep costs down
It's just a little pee
life crisis of las
the leaves grow on the trees
scrape off the living
sell your panties it makes money
flutter in the downstairs
not in amsterdam remember a trip never made
an immature boundlessness
stable in a fragility
cradle anxiety to sleep
hand around neck
power in mouth
falling slowly down the stairs
into the letterbox
the sock over the insomnia
throw something to the colleague
gossip
fingertips
something about how much you have to fight
buy a panty to avoid having sex with me, the fabric is just the same as the skin
out of the system but the body is still there what is it doing here
?
fell asleep in the solarium
redeemed by grief in grief to grief
hiding the humiliation
inside the urine
makes sense
dreamer

have you seen such good looking before
lumps in the breasts into the bra can't fix
it's only in love with you
Kisses and hugs
the unhealthy strength
The mud from the dryer
the fraying of the skin
burnt and scraped away
the sting of the needle
the breading on the fish sticks
squeeze
the will to ordinary
be one of
of
that will not die than
die in my arms
childbirth
now shattered
deny
still carrying the baby
can't take it in
tired out
emits howls
numb
fewer and fewer hours
nutrition junkie
just
dance
fall into a music in the skin
the base of the skull
you can't grow all things
don't want to remind
an invulnerable hero
we're going home now
politics is hard hahahahahahehehehhöhöhhöhhö
hay is meat
ha is good
forget about dreaming
whisper in your furry head
but also very easy
take distance
there is a lot of fun
to go to hell
milk products
out

doesn't add up
runs out of pussy
caviar
carry in arms
refuse to go home
mm but home
medicine vomits on the carpet
golden sexy girl
chameleon
what do you really think
obviously serious
close fists
kim kim kim falls asleep during intercourse little kimberly
paint yellowed nails
pretend type crisis meeting
why do you have a gun
why do you have a fire alarm
treatment home = flow
build impermanence into the future
lick
drink
crack
sock
butt
rags
fighting
you shouldn't be able to jump off the balcony
loose hair and fur vest
photo
work square work round
decision strategy
eat to food
don't leave me here

I scrubbed my back with a hog brush and felt the fur.
I had swiped a coral pink nail polish, I put two coats on each finger.
I felt the paper between my lips, against my palate and tongue.
I imagined the wedding photograph, it sparkled before my eyes.
I laughed at the Frenchman's melodrama, I was completely speechless.
I had let my fingers glide over every part of my body, lukewarm milk in my fingerprints.
I had brushed black powder over the keyboard.
I was approaching the sea.
I licked the fruit juice from my palms, I would never eat orange again.
I glowed red as a mouth.
I am seen by cobblestones and mosaics, they want to eat me, to depict.
I am a rock crack filled with shiny heather and moss.
Now. Now and now. Now. Now. Nununu.
My dark skin is turning pink.
My face is a lake pretending to be an ocean.
My sweat smells like water with a film of grease on the surface.
My engine is an insect, my mother is a need.

I say my name and the steel wires whistle vibrantly.

Now I am two, my name is double, my heart is divided.

We smell of cedar and lime, we are a mine, deep as the sun.

The burnt hair strokes our face.

Now I whisper: You, inside me.

You. Now.

All the windows are open, our lungs filled like jars of jam and bottles of wine.

A tree so unnatural, cutting out legs and eyes.

What one can and cannot become, I whisper to you.

This life, a silver thread, a dust swab in my hand.

needle into flesh-flesh
flesh blush
bush *bush* into the woods *cave in*
into in, this needle *in*
pussy
need
riot
needle in flesh
this *material* is really not flesh
say

there's an embroidered butterfly on their chest
scarification
hurt them
hurt
[us]
hurt-hurt
hurt-heart
there's a butterfly in thread
over the heart
say

it's not water
it's not oil

the fat

the fat *fat*
the oily water
making whale sperm into candle lights
the lights have a reason to
cave in
to
the fatty heart

butter sea
cover the chest butterfly with
butter and oil and whale sperm
cover the cut-off
wings
the *scars* of
am-
pu-
tation
fallen bad

the milk's gone bad but i tell them it's alright i can drink anyway
any
way
ways running over needles in skin
flesh-flesh
the material is really not a weave
thread
thread
threat
write angry words on paper-skin
skin is really not paper
draw my face on their belly
right under the butterfly

my face in their belly is a scar

my face
in a jar
like jam
like jam on a sandwich
eat my face
they eat my face
i kiss
kiss the inside of their mouth
their mouth
is drawn onto my inner thigh
is drawn
into my inner thigh bone
the print on the bones
the bone marrow trans-
plant
the plants grow on my
pelvis
draw with needles
they bought a machine with all the needles
easy just the
ink
inkling
sing
the scar is singing
deep time

and sulking starvation

then eat
meet
meat
meet
eat me when *ibleed, i ask them*, begging
begggggginnning

and there was

light

there's a light under

their skin

because offff

needlework

the time of our

old mothers

fingers cut-the-crap

why

revolution

the traditional pattern covering their hands and forearms

my little finger on the tiny lines

of passion

covering their time of

harbouring their

inheritance

they say

they say

what they say

written in

the skin

colour of skin because of

choice to cover to colour to cover the colour to colour the covering of mothers covering the

heads and faces and eyes of their children trying to pro-

tect

them

dearest reader of this

written on the skin

dearest they

say

what to say

carving like an amateur:

hey

licking their souls of the soles of their feet and hands covered in pattern of

language of

/

ANNA: BIRTH.

When I am born I am blue and I am ashamed of my ugliness. No one can reasonably put up with this. I disappear under the white lace of a knitted cap. All those who have come before me must nurture me must hide this ugliness as I lie inside the incubator glass. It glistens there so slowly. I let my heart sound, a quiet murmur. It will settle like a veil over my mother, she will not be able to remember without it. There will come a time when it will always be silent. There will come a time.

I'm taken home to the Cat. She's the same colour as the floor, I'm still weird. These old mothers walk side by side. I shake when I sleep. This body is so fragile. It breaks and grows together. I lie in a wagon that my mother pulls with these other mothers. They will remember that we walk there together, it will bind us together forever, it's not something you can forget. They walk across the old railway.

All this has been said to me. For I myself remember nothing before the Sibling. Things fall from the sky when I am two years old. Mother says: how she puts us under the tables. Mothers know you can't trust anyone. Anything that scrutinizes. It must be a real measure. Airplanes in the blue. Bits of my body end up in the Sibling's. My arm movement as I feel for the eyebrows: it is still there, is where the Sibling grows. I must nurture it, learn at once. At the same time. I feel this something, it must be killed and cut out. The Sibling in me, me in the Sibling. The eyes outside me end up on the movement, mimicking, mimicking, don't we have eyebrows? We can't be the same. I must separate. There's a force in me that wants to centre, gather, everything inside. Me. It's like it's important. We. It scares me that it could be out there doing something untrustworthy. The Sibling always moves close to me. It doesn't want to die it wants to live. I just have to learn the tenderness.

Almost at first I don't remember the different people, their faces blend together. There are three names for men: *Lennart, Sören, Roger*. I just have to remember when to say *Dad* and when not to say *Dad*. The Cat wants me to be a cat so it can scratch me, so it can scream at me, so I understand, it's still a long way until we can make love.

We're going to a party. Lennart is at the party with us. He only has teeth in his face. I look at them, they're blue-brown. I look and I see my fear of being part of him. He takes over all of me. I need to keep myself whole, keep myself together. I remember seeing mother go to another room but Lennart's eyes are on me so I can't move. Lennart turns his head up towards me with a hand on his chin as he talks to me. I look as high up at the ceiling as I can to avoid seeing his mouth. The mouth gets closer and closer. I am devoured by Lennart's mouth. Lennart merges with Sören. Sören in the house next to the house with the dogs and the dogs and the dogs barking. They are in the house, that's why I have to go out into the yard. I can be outside the confines of the buildings. I have to stay there because it's safest. In safety I will give birth to my own children. I am a child who will now give birth to my own children. I need to be left alone.

I put my face in my mother's dress. I have to hide from the sun. We're at a party. A genealogy of my hysteria. A lump of body. I turn my face away from them. I can't stand so many. They shine from the sun. Everyone else shines so strangely. My body is darkness, and everything is drawn, into me. I devour everything. I devour everything. I eat it in pieces. It fills me until I'm full. There in me it lies, pressing. I wrap my legs around my torso. I wrap my clothes around it. I hide it inside me. Inside, it grows. Soon it's all over me. It's in the blood. I'm a little shellfish under the surface of the water. An adult holds me there. I want to come up, but I can't breathe there. I'm always at parties. But you hardly notice me at all. The adults are closer than the children. I don't understand them. The children stay away. The adults laugh at me. I feel the shaking of the laughter. It feels like a body.

I'm just going to lie down under a bush. It's safer there. The ground is warm against my skin. It nurtures me and takes me in. It wants me to be there. All low and close. I take clay from a pit and build myself a house. A wall until the pit is empty. A wall against the world. There are sticks with thorns scraping against my arms. I pull them there, light pricks and thin scratches. I get all scared.

I hear strange noises in the forest. I walk there with other adults. There are a lot of big people. And then me and the Sibling. I feel how the time is different. We'll find a little cottage here, we'll escape there when they come to hunt us. I know that soon all the adults will die out and only me and the Sibling will be left. We have to make it on our own. It's a pity that the Sibling is so bad at everything he tries to do. When the bad guys come, we'll climb out the windows and down the trellis. I have to help the Sibling even though my body is just as bad. The mud gets stuck in my legs. The fabric around it moves so slowly slowly. We run hidden. The little cottage is drawn on the cardboard. There are strips of curtains in the windows. Here you can live undisturbed. They would never look here.

The name.

I write my name backwards and forwards across the papers. Single down over the leaves. There's a rabbit living under the house, they're trying to get it out with long sticks. My fur is the same colour. I lick it clean so it shines. I can't wear panties, but no one will know. There's something about me that's all sensitive. Only dresses I can wear. My skin bleeds. It stings and tears. The fabric has to be big and flying to be with me. I hide underwear behind the cushions on the sofa. The mother finds them after I forget. I get scared of all the angry people. When the mother becomes one of them, her body changes. How can this be the same. How can anyone stay the same. I feel I'm not to be trusted. Suddenly I can tear and bite or hit with something. The Sibling has to do as I say or it will be the one that happens to me. It is so small and easy to torture. I'm afraid my gaze will hurt. I'm afraid of me. I have to shut

myself in, so I crawl inside the duvet. My mother carries me on her shoulders, over all that is needed. I have to lie still so that no one notices that I am not a mass of wood but a piece of meat.

Laughter. As I sit under the table, I hear my mother say my name: *anna* sticks out of the other speech, which is hazy and blurry. She says my name many times, but I know she doesn't want me to come out and be visible, because the name sounds completely different. She says the strange name and soon they start laughing. I hear the laughter of adults and they scare me. I can't stand to hear such unfinished sounds. I can't tell if they become animals or remain something else. I lie flat on the floor. I can never be seen again. I feel it like a pit inside me that grows until I'm lying right in it. Dark earth is laid over it.

There I lie until the Cat comes. I force myself to open my eyes because the Cat needs me. She needs my tenderness more than anything. I strike her white chest where it's smoothest, then her back and neck. Around us is a forest of legs. I can't imagine that I have legs like that too. Mine are under me, folded up. I think they've been cut off at the knees. Blood splashes across the fur. I think the war is still here. The mothers will have to run up soon. It comes all of a sudden. In the middle of the party. They're coming to get us. Only I, hiding under the table, will be left behind. I'll have to do everything myself from now on. Already I can stir the pots of meat sauce. I know where the sheets are in the cupboards. Maybe the Sibling can stay too.

Maybe the Sibling and I can lie in the chrysalis and be chrysalis ourselves. Maybe, it has such soft skin. I press my chin against Sibling's forehead. Rubbing, softly, softly. Remembering Sibling's tiny little teeth as they tickle my belly button. I love it anyway.

When Mom calls *anna*, I hear it again, that's the way it should sound. She calls me. I need to get through without them getting angry, I need them to be quiet, but all of a sudden the laughter comes. They marvel that I've been there all along. What was I doing

there. I am so small. Such a little scoundrel. I feel it, like knives in my skin. I don't want to be this. They have such hard hands patting me. I need my mother to be alone. She asks how it is. I tell her I'm happy. I see her smile. I say I'm tired when she asks. She never notices that I say everything that isn't. I'm fascinated that I talk like that. I've never been able to do that before. I say things that aren't true. I can't wait for my mother to look at me and ask again if it's really true. But she smiles very quietly.

I always dream about my body. Four years of body. How it swells up from everything I eat. The only thing I can take in is spaghetti. I eat it like long worms. The worms crawl around inside me and multiply. They grow with me and I with them. I think for a long time about all this inside me. I worry but nothing can be said. Later the worms become crustaceans, crayfish, crawling inside me. There is something about this body that I cannot grasp. I hold it around me. In the dream, I eat for a hundred years and my body fills the world. There is something reassuring in this, but I am also very scared.

I hear voices from the basement. There are other great people there and overall most things in this world are very great. I am in my body like a dough. I feel it and I feel shame. It is a shame I enjoy. I want everyone to see my body for the meat it is. I want it to be emptied of otherness, there should be only body left here. A body that clings to the things around it. *I like things so much.*

Sometimes it's gift day and that's the best part. I feel so much for the things I get. I like getting a lot. Which things are not so important. I love everyone fairly. It's very important that it's equal and fair. If no one is loved, they get sad. I feel strongly for everyone sad. So, if I think someone is ugly, I have to hit my arms. First ten then twenty then thirty. I have to blink at every snow pole the car drives by or something bad might happen. I could accidentally kill an evil person or thing.

I'll dye my eyebrows then, until they grow together. I want it to be like a border between the eyes and the forehead. I want all the parts to be clear. I paint with markers on my face. There's a twin living inside the mirror and we help each other paint. Then I paint the Sibling but it's so contradictory. It doesn't understand the importance of order. When my mother sees us, she is horrified. I don't know why. I think it's right now. But mother thinks otherwise. I have to learn what other people think. I'm no longer part of her. I miss a father who would wedge himself between us and protect me from the warmth of my mother's body. It's so strange that I've become a body here. There are arms and nipples and knees and feet. I examine everything every night and morning. It could disintegrate at any moment.

So far there is only this house. Only the mother and the Sibling are *really* here yet. I dress him up as a friend. He says nothing and he does as I say. We are a circus in silence. I don't have to think about him for him to exist. He lies like a ball under my sweater. We are so close. He goes to the neighbours but always stays inside me. My mother says we never fight. We are so, smiling, long long straw, we are so close in age, *pseudo twins*, close in time. When I'm with the Sibling, you never notice anything inside me stretching, twisting, bunching up in my skin.

Now the Sibling lies heavy in my arms. I have learned everything from him. The mother and the Sibling, the sun on the brown plastic floor of the Home. The Sibling and I lie close together on the floor under the table. The mother is looking, where are we? The Cat is in our house. The fluffy dog and the Cat. The Sibling and its sibling, me. The siblings, stitching themselves together.

The mother gets lost with the car when we go to the supermarket, she cries and says that we are lost. The Sibling looks at me. We cry together. We are a salty, salty sea. Everything, everything is sea. The mother buys ice cream from the ice cream truck. We go no further. The car is broken. The ice cream runs off the stick but only the Sibling gets a new

one, I should have learned. Mother doesn't see when Sibling gives me his new one. What is given is also a theft. Me and Sibling are a circus, the clothes hanging from the drying rack are our tent and our curtain. The ring is the brown plastic floor of the Home. The narrow claws of farm animals in the soft sand. Applause.

I try to imagine that this is a childhood but I can't see that I am the child. I feel so very old. The Home has a brown plastic carpet that I stroke with my fingers. There are little potholes and I shrink into a caterpillar, crawling over the potholes. I can live in a little hole. I try to save something but it's probably too late. My mother calls out to me, *anna*. It's a punishment every time I hear the name. I want it whispered close, *anna*. It's all about the distance. I'm so far from other people's eyes. I can't see that they see me as anything but other. There is nothing reasonable in my revelation. I'm supposed to be in this Home. It will be a strange place for me. I will get into the cracks between places. I'll lie there until the next phase begins. I'll lie still and maybe cry. Pacific Ocean. I float across the dust.