

[SCENE]

The face is the initial uncertainty, the first of many wrong answers. The concept of one exists within us as the concept of something, a matchstick, for example: one catalogues two—one matchstick fits into two matchsticks. You are not you here, etc. Horses vanish in the west without anyone to notice, the sea splashes mildly. A boy at a certain age is mistaken for a girl. Masturbating, I am surprised how easily everything bleeds.

[SCENE]

When I was still a fetus my mother told me the wrong stories. This is the cock, this is the screw. “Oneself” meaning one’s place in line. Men abandon ship, dragonflies unfurl their long fingers to take us away. I assume the position in white socks. Almost all of my friends are dressed in neckties. The field is nearly dark. I am the man the man declined to be. Unwelcome to the club.

[SCENE]

The woman, the baby, the bedroom. In certain social settings, one defers casually to ready-made hierarchies. I have said nothing about the woman, nor her relationship to the baby. Neither have I mentioned to whom the room belongs, nor what happened there. We make weather simply believing in it. The self occurs but only as proxy. I have said nothing about the man who does not speak to the woman so much as flex his tongue.

[SCENE]

When the music ends the stranger appears on stage in a suit of human hair. The shock of nudity, the actual body. Now that I'm here I could be anyone. (Carnivorous I. I of the graven image.) The role of the boy is played by a skeleton inside a smaller boy. The old woman is played by a younger woman with white hair. Wind is defined as a crooked line, a voice of various proportions. Birds explode into smaller birds.

[SCENE]

Nothing's the cause of these clouds. I've endured my life as a man in another man's image. I watch the moon in an empty bowl where the moon is floating. The headache ensues. Whether in bed or at sea, love is simple. Two boats abob in gray sink water. Rain falls into the teacup. I'm coming into my own.

[SCENE]

A slow dance where we touch each other's boats. The fingernails shimmer in the toilet bowl. The sequins float out with the tide. A wine glass resembles a woman in a dress, or a child's swimming pool into which the child is bleeding. The audience cheers when the wounded body addresses them directly. My face is a mirror, other faces come and go.