

TENTATIVE

(Setting)

Quivering castanets.

The way she said them. What he thought he heard.

Fumbling through a poem.

(Dialogue)

Rosie defined it this way: we are responsible for what we say. Or we are unable to advance.

Which sets up argument, the battle of meaning, intention, Jack would reply

The establishing of differences, she says, I can say I did not mean

But meant to me

(Setting)

The rattling of windows

Conversation

A drive to work

(Dialogue)

A way from here to there to here again, Jack says, Well a different here from there, but here again all the same, as in agreement space as in forward

To join hands, lock eyes, recognize

From at least two locations, but near, possibly quite

Think again, Rosie says, to re-cognize from two strains the one thing, translation, metamorphosis

I think so, I hear what you're saying

(Setting)

Evolution

Stones containing fossils, flowers nutrients from soil

Composing a letter

(Acting)

Jack looked furtively at her hands says nothing wonders something fears

Rosie takes a sip from a squat glass bleeding cold

Jack sees kneebone and elbow, the sides of his tongue glisten

Rosie sighs daydreams sunlight Autumn air

Jack's fingers fidget on his chair, he's trying to remember what Rosie was going to say, what he was going to hear

She snorts slightly, internally, iron hope escape wind

(Setting)

Onslaught of dusk, indistinguishable

Dust in the air as color shading particles

Body language

(Dialogue)

When I was a child once, Rosie says, circus represented adventure unknown confluence fragmented sourcing electric chaos

Juxtaposition animal beasts beastly humans almost cultured animals equals flying dancing tumbling performing

Gradations of being phantasmagoric kaleidoscopic ecstatic you know I suspect wonder, Rosie says, reality representation my parents thought of as escape not reflection I think

Jungle love, Jack risks, adolescence, education, pain all things facetious, distracting, ridiculous, sad, incommensurable, trembling carnival multivalence

I agree, Rosie lies, life is circus, but a dream

Jack the acrobatic clown

(Setting)

Snowflakes to asphalt, adherence irregular

Varying temperatures

Individual preferences

(Dialogue)

I'm a little hungry

Jack reads range of interpretation. I've studied literature

Interesting would you like a little something

I meant in both senses, well, you know, how many ways and things to read

Here, try some, Rosie offers

Jack smiles, all hands only touch pieces of fruit and cheese

She pours a little wine

I don't usually

Only a taste then, my family produces, its fruit formed, I'm not offended but still, Rosie, gently

Jack observes the softly chlorinated coloring, a runny honey smell with something of glittering apples

In her mouth, the cracker like acorns underfoot

(Setting)

Lights big city streets

Refraction motion picture surfaces

Inspiration

(Dialogue)

Rosamond? Rosalie? All rosary for the tongue, Jack says

You studied literature eh? None of the above, Catholic though, and flowers, just Jack?

Jack was looking sharply down and away, charcoal cat, reverie

Presidents or baseball? Child's games? Rosie though happily morose if he felt toyed with, wanting the silent room quieter, glass versus plate

About the futility of knowledge, Jack says, its endlessness

Her name's Zazie, she replies, and that was my grandmother's

It is beautiful, he said, unique in the room

Mendelsohn she clicks on low level songs without words, a cello is speaking

How the cello speaks, Jack says, wondering who won, wondering the layout, wondering movement, wandering

I've read, I mean, read

Yes?

Her head inclined, hair disquieted, barely ear and eye black line, neck tuber-root bend from pale soil a bookshelf

Jack scans, twitters, cracker-cheese-pear, wine, never, but now, remorse, not alphabetical, almost curve of cursive l, gentle, longer than he'd thought, hair allowing the stretch Are there many muscles in the neck? Or thigh-like sinew securing the stem, mostly American

Perhaps not *Literature*? Rosie queries. Almost?

I suppose I prefer coffee, I used to much more, but, well, water is fine actually, do you mind?

Still wondering. Conrad is there. Kafka. Rushdie among the Bushnells and Eggers and Ball.

Neruda

(Setting)

A hamster's heart. Squirrel-scamper.

The fidgeting, the ease of unease.

Language.

(Dialogue)

What I really do, but, you know, still, and not so bad actually, Rosie disclaimers

Did not know! How long? Training? Ever, you know, can one see?

His wrists. Jawline. Feet.

How to ask for answers. See the face respond, mouth's compulsion. Probably not. I mean, ever? he says.

Worn denim. Cotton. Not particularly, but maybe, haven't considered.

Direct: would love to see what forms out of there arrowing forehead toward her skull

Thanks again, she's offering

I know, Jack nods, well and the rain, you know how rain, the erratic assemblage before a stream,
a confluence, cuts quite a figure

Fire as well, Rosie's hand on knob, breathing

And then some, he thinks, pretends, begins, and away

Click

(Setting)

The jiggling of locks

A glance's path toward gaze

Stories

“the silent tracing...the speaking of language”

Christopher Fynsk