LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

We are so pleased to share this issue of The Yale Literary Magazine with you. The student writing and artwork featured this semester range both in content and in form, and are presented in no particular order—we encourage you to take the magazine apart, pass it around, send it to loved ones (or not).

Special thanks go to our board of editors, our staff, Nancy Kuhl, Carmen Cusmano at Yale Printing & Publishing Services, and our brilliant designer Julia Lemle.

With love,
Sam & Orlando

PRIZES

The Frances Bergen Memorial Prize for Prose was awarded to Sarah DeLappe for "Half-Life." The Frances Bergen Memorial Prize for Poetry was awarded to Sarah Matthes for "Sedentary." Poetry was judged by Nancy Kuhl.

COLOPHON

This issue was designed using two typefaces: Nobel and Archer. Nobel is a geometric sans-serif that dates back to the 1930s; this version was produced by Andrea Fuchs and Fred Smeijers of the Dutch Type Library in 1993. The type foundry Hoefler & Frere-Jones created Archer in 2001. The designers call this slab serif “sweet but not saccharine.”
UNTITLED
LEERON TUR-KASPA
gum
7 x 5 inches
SELF AS CHUCK
CATHERINE WHITE
charcoal
25 x 19 inches
UNTITLED
HANNAH SHIMABUKURO
two-color lithograph
22 x 16 inches
GRACE AKA MYUNG
SUSANNA KOETTER
oil on canvas
dimensions variable
A man walks a wire between two towers. Too far below to really matter, onlookers stand in stunned nervous silence, afraid at the upwelling of something they can’t help but feel has found him so far beyond them. He looks so small set against the sky its ordinary vastness awes. Carrying a beam for balance, he walks the wire back and forth. And now he lies down somewhere near the center—he’s so still the whole sky’s a stillness in which he begins to feel, to know, he won’t fall. After such fear, such peace it’s unreal... It seems he has no plan to ever come down, the way this moment goes on even now that those towers are gone.
It had nothing to do with spectacle, and everything to do with plainness. When I squinted away the sky shining plastic behind small rips of clouds, and collapsed the flat landscape into proportion, I was left with a supervolcano beneath the earth, and what then was that ground I was standing on but skin.

Wyoming has always been nothing. I think of milk, or maybe wheat, but I’m sure that’s wrong. I remember the grid that is the west, the flatness only possible inside the skull. I keep coming back here, to the violence underfoot:

*The dirt quivers, neurologically. The sun-blanked clay exposes bright shoulder blades to the morning. A hunger turns and heaves, unexcavated. Caldera—*

that’s what it was. The exhaust of the earth. The rocks that would not support what I meant when I said I am standing here. They kept telling me I could not claim as much. I kept looking for corners to back into.

I kept—I keep these stones, these clipped wildflowers, in an old box in the closet. Otherwise I would always want them with me.
Notes

Ages
Joseph is 17. Lee and Susan are 15. Caleb is 11. Isaac is 9. Ezekiel is 6.
Crying
No tears.
The Funeral: September 4, 1959

Stifled, barren, alone:
Still.

Lee. A concrete girl and her fallout shelter.

But something spins.
“well that’ll be the day”
Black vinyl. Fingers clench the record player to her lap.
“when you say goodbye”

Each revolution refracts the light from the lone hanging bulb.

Light hits the walls—
“yeah that’ll be the day”
Grey, poured, 8 inches.
“when you make me cry”

Light hits the shelves—
“you say you’re gonna leave”
Canned chicken, canned tomato, canned milk.
“you know it’s a lie”

Light hits the gas masks—
“cause that’ll be the day”
White, eight of them, staring.
“when I die.”

It runs out of things to hit.

Her eyes refuse.
“that’ll be the day”
Her fingernails shrink.
“well that’ll be the day”
Her black dress hides.
“that’ll be the day”

But her translucent skin submits.
“yeah that’ll be the day, when I die.”

The record plays until it’s not.

A flash of blinding white light.
Blackout.

Susan's Home Sick: May 10, 1958

A sheep stampede.
Silhouetted children fall into place.
Lights up.

St. George, Utah. The Smith kitchen. A wooden table with eight chairs.
One is empty.

Heads lowered and hands clasped.

CALEB
Heavenly-Father-thank-you-for-this-day-thank-you-for-the-food-that's-been-prepared-for-our-use-please-bless-it-to-strengthen-and-nourish-our-bodies-and-do-us-the-good-that-we-need-bless-that-we'll-go-about-our-travels-in-safety-bless-that-our-sheep-will-be-healthy-and-strong-say-these-things—

Up pops one outraged head.

ISAAC
You forgot to bless that Joseph be safe in Africa!

And another.

EZEKIEL
Mama, Caleb interrupted Isaac...

And another.

CALEB
Did not.

ISAAC
Did too! You never said it!
JOSEPH
Isaac, I don’t mind—

CALEB
I did so say it I said bless that we’ll go about our travels in safety.

ISAAC
But you never said—

His head still lowered, his eyes still shut, his fists still clenched:

FATHER
PRAYER WILL NOT BE MADE A MOCKERY OF IN MY OWN HOME.

Silence.
The penitent mumbles.

CALEB
Yes sir. Sorry sir.

Heads back down, hands re-clasped.

Bless that our brother Joseph be safe in the Congo spreading your divine and holy word and that he come back safe too. Say-these-things-name-jeziz-crise-amen.

ALL
Amen.

They slurp soup.
The calm before...

MOTHER
Quite a blast this morning.
The storm.

EZEKIEL
It was huge!

CALEB
I saw it out the window ‘cause it woke me up cause it was so loud—
ISAAC
Zacharias said his Uncle drove him up to see it at the test site and he said the cloud was so big that he couldn’t even see the sun.

Whoa!

Zacharias is a liar.

CALEB
But he is, Mama! There’s no way a cloud could cover the sun.

ISAAC
Have you ever seen an atomic bomb?

No, but—

ISAAC
Then how would you know?

*Touché. Caleb returns to his split peas.*

EZEKIEL
Isaac, is that really what it looks like?

ISAAC
Uh huh. And Zacharias said that it’s so bright and so loud and so hot that it melted the soles of his shoes right to the ground.

*Spoon down.*

CALEB
Yeah right!

ISAAC
They did! He showed them to me. They were super sticky. And Zacharias said...
That's enough about Zacharias.

More slurping.
Round two.

Lee, how was school today?

Fine.

Did you give Mrs. Romney my note?

Yep.

And you turned in Susan's essay for her?

Yes ma'am.

And did you remember to bring her primer home?

Ma, Susan's been sick before. It's in my book bag.

They only do one set of homework anyways.

Yeah, and then the other one copies it and turns it in too.

They do?

It's no fair. Why couldn't I have a twin?

Oh grow up. We do our own work and you know it.
JOSEPH
And you always do it too. There isn’t a mischievous bone between the two of you, and that’s a shame.

LEE
Just 'cause we don’t shoot at cans doesn’t mean we don’t have fun. You’re a boy. You wouldn’t understand.

JOSEPH
I see. You mean like the fun I heard you were having with George Tucker?

LEE
Joseph!

FATHER
What’s this about George Tucker?

JOSEPH

Slurps.

EZEKIEL
Where is Susan anyways?

LEE
She’s sleeping upstairs.

CALEB
No fair! How come Susan gets to miss dinner when she’s sick?

MOTHER
Because, Caleb, she’s not only sick when we have brussels sprouts for dinner.

ISAAC
Samuel Henderson’s been sick for three weeks now.

EZEKIEL
Three weeks?

ISAAC
Yep. He’s missed school every single day.
Whoa!

What’s Samuel come down with? The measles?

That’s the crazy thing. Nobody knows. It’s a mystery disease. Spooky, aren’t it?

Isn’t it.

That’s what I said!

Rebecca Henderson’s my year. She won’t talk about it, but she’s looked pretty shook up these past few weeks.

Father, has Preston said anything about it to you?

Father?

Hm? About what?

About Samuel?

His son. Preston’s son. In Isaac’s class.

Oh. No.

Maybe I should give Elizabeth a call...

Yes. Yes, Mother, I think that’d be best.

Final slurps. Perhaps some bowl tips.
Can I be excused?

It's may I. And yes.

One scampers off.

Me too?

Yes, just take your plate out.

Another.

Can I go too?

That bowl's looking a little full from over here. How's about eating one more big spoonful for me?

Another. For Mother.

Can I go now?

Yes, Ezekiel. You may be—

And he's off.

Bless it if that boy doesn't end up just like his brothers. Well, Lee—

She's already stacking plates.

Lord knows what I'd do without my two little girls.

Oh Ma...

She's off to the kitchen, loaded with dishware.
Start the hot wash, I'll be right in.

*Mother clears the table.  
Joseph clears his throat.*

Pa?

Hm?

Could I borrow the Ford tonight? I have evening prayers at the temple.

Key's in the hallway.

Thank you sir.

*He's—*

They're working you hard now, aren't they?

Yes sir. Michael leaves two weeks from Tuesday.

Michael?

The Lowell's oldest, dear.

Oh, Giles' boy? Shoot. Where's he going again?

The South Pacific.

That's where they sent Giles. Nice for them to keep it in the family. Say, did I ever tell you about the time—
JOSEPH

Sir, I should get going. Elder Spencer's likely to kill me if I'm late again.

FATHER

Of course. Wouldn't want that.

Son?

JOSEPH

Sir?

FATHER

Best two years of your life.

JOSEPH

Yes sir.

—off.

Father sits at the head of his empty table.
Mother's still clearing.

Silence.

MOTHER

Penny for your thoughts, Father.

FATHER

Don't.

MOTHER

How about a dime?

FATHER

Mary.

MOTHER

We lost 300 sheep today.

FATHER

What?

A third of our flock. Henderson's lost round 250, Buck's down 280.
MOTHER
That many? Jacob, how'd you lose that many?

FATHER
We were grazing them at Pine Valley this morning. Early, 'bout when the blast hit. A jeep drove up, bunch of GIs hopped out, they had one of them Geiger counters. Said we were in a hot spot, we'd best clear it. We drove the sheep out. Got to the Pass and they just started—dropping.

Jim waded through 10 minutes in. Came back out and said he counted 30 dead sheep.

MOTHER
Bless.

FATHER
Tomorrow we have to go back out. Burn the corpses so the coyotes don't get smart.

MOTHER
Could you tell what did it?

FATHER
Myers figured it was something in the brush.

MOTHER
Worms?

FATHER
Couldn't say.

MOTHER
Bless.

Hot water runs. Lee hums Buddy Holly in the kitchen. Blackout.
Susan's First Day in the Hospital: May 20, 1958

The girl, the bunker, the record.

"I can mash potato, I can mash potato"

The method for eating cherries in a fall-out shelter:
Suck it in. Bite. Mash the flesh. Spit out the seed. Let it bounce against the concrete. Let the red stain the grey. Don’t pick it up.

Repeat.

"Now do you LOVE me, do you love me"

Repeat.

"Do you LOVE me, do you love me"

Repeat.

"Do you LOVE me, do you love me"

Take the bowl.

"Now"

Turn it upside down.

"That I"

Let them fall.

"Can"

Smash them.

"Dance dance dance dance
WATCH ME NOW"

A dance. Dionysus stomps his grapes.
Roll in them, stones and juice and ooze and spit.
Sheathe yourself in cherry kisses.

Flash of white light.
Blackout.
Susan’s Diagnosis, or, The Spelling Bee: May 27, 1958

EZEKIEL

Leukemia. L-u-k

Buzz.

ISAAC

Leukemia. L-e-u-c

Buzz.

CALEB

Leukemia. L-e-u-k-e-e

Buzz.

LEE

Leukemia. L-e-u-k-e-m-i-a. Leukemia.

Ding ding ding.
The prize: a red ribbon.

Flash of blinding white light.
Smile!

Blackout.

After the Henderson Boy’s Funeral: July 12, 1958

Suppertime at the Smiths. Quiet. Whole family in black.
Two empty chairs.

ISAAC

Amen.  

Spaghetti.  
Silence.  

FATHER  
Bunch of GIs from the test site in town tonight.  

MOTHER  
What are they down here for?  

FATHER  
Temporary leave. Closest liquor to camp, I figure.  

MOTHER  
Since when have we had bars in town?  

FATHER  
Irish place down on 2nd St. Calvin was running his mouth off about it.  

MOTHER  
Bless them but I just do not understand the Catholic Church.  

Glasses of milk.  

EZEKIEL  
Mama?  

MOTHER  
Yes, dear?  

EZEKIEL  
When is Joseph coming back?  

FATHER  
When he's done doing the lord's work.  

MOTHER  
Two years, Ezekiel.  

Spaghetti.
And Mama?

Yes, dear?

What about Susan?

*Lee twirls her fork.*

When the lord decides.

I don’t know, dear.

*Twirls and twirls and*

Mama?

Yes, Ezekiel?

If Susan gets a funeral like Samuel did, will Joseph come back early to see it?

*Lee’s gone. Screen door slams behind her.*

*Father’s up.*

LEE ELIZABETH SMITH YOU GET BACK HERE—

Jacob—

THIS IS FAMILY TIME, LEE.

Jacob—
You don’t walk out on family.

_Father_

He sits.

_Mother_

Yes, dear.

_They eat._

_Father_

Where does that girl go to anyways?

_Caleb_

The shelter.

_Pardon?_

_Caleb_

Me and Isaac saw her go in the shelter last week. She goes in all the time when she thinks no one is looking.

_Is that right, Isaac?_

_Isaac_

Yessir.

_And Father's up again._

_Father_

She’s been playing in the fallout shelter? Goddamit! That’s only for emergencies, you hear me? Only for emergencies. Bless I’ll tan that girl’s hide—

_The power of God._

_Mother_

Jacob Smith. You let her be.

_He’s quelled. Sits._
FATHER

Yes dear.

Spaghetti.

Blackout.

That Night: July 13, 1958

The bomb shelter. 2 am.  
Voices from the world above.

ALLAN

You sure you wanna go down there?

LEE

Yes.

ALLAN

Well alright then little miss. Bombs away!

Allan—GI, soused, 27—makes a splash landing.

Whooee! Quite a hideout you got down here.

LEE

Move aside.

ALLAN

What was that baby? I can't hear so good—

Lee falls in, Allan falls over.

ALLAN

Jesus H. Christ! Ya gotta warn a man before you bonsai in a hole like that!

LEE

I told for you to move aside. And don't take the lord's name in vain.
ALLAN
Yes ma'am. Sorry ma'am. Will that be all, ma'am?

He pinches her behind.

She whirls around. Stops herself. Looks down. Walks to the shelves so she has something to stare at.

LEE
You hungry? We've got chicken, peas, Irish potatoes...

Allan laughs.

LEE
What? You don't like Irish potatoes?

Allan stares hard at the sway of her back.

ALLAN
Oh sure, sugar. I'm hungry all right.

LEE
Well what for?

ALLAN
Can't you guess?

LEE
No.

Allan walks up until he's right behind her.

ALLAN
Come on, baby. You think I jumped all the way down here for some canned peas and shredded potatoes?

His breath is wet on her neck. They don't touch.

LEE
How about some beets?

Allan chuckles. Backs up, slumps on the bench.
ALLAN
Lordy. She waltzes into the bar, swinging those pretty little hips, and dances with me all night, and says she just has to show me something and wouldn’t I like to go to her place. Now how do you figure that special something is a jar of pickled beets?

LEE
Don’t take the lord’s name—

ALLAN
JESUS! I’ll do whatever the hell I want!

_He whips off his hat. Wipes the back of his neck. Sweat._

How old are you, anyways?

LEE
Old enough.

ALLAN
Old enough... bet you’re still in high school. What are you, seventeen? Sixteen?

_No answer._

Got a little sister about that age. Linda. Prolly as old as you are now. Looks a little like you too—same stringy yellow hair. God I loved that girl. Used to do everything together, the two of us. Go to the swimming hole, take her for sodas—

_Lee turns around. Pulls off her dress. Her collarbones hit the starched cotton straps of her white slip._

LEE
I said I’m old enough.

ALLAN
Well alright then. Now we’re talking.

_He slides to attention, then to her._

I mean now we’re really getting somewhere.

_He grabs her neck. Kisses it. She lets him. She doesn’t close her eyes._
Mister.

He’s too busy for conversation.

Hey, Mister—

Allan, doll. It’s Allan.

Alright. Allan.

What can I do for you, miss?

Tell me about the bomb.

What’s that, baby?

The bomb. I want to know about it.

Well what’s to know, sugar? They drop it and it goes BOOM!

His hands snake down her slip. She pushes away. Obstinate.

No. Tell me about it. What it’s like.

Alright, alright, hold your horses! No need to get upset. Uncle Allan’s gonna to tell you all about the big bad H-bomb.

He pulls her to him. Cups her face.

First, angel, there’s a bright white light. Brightest light I’ve ever seen.

Like God?
Back to the neck.

ALLAN
Sure, just like God. Swore I could see straight through to my bones, it was so damn bright.

Then what?

LEE
He sits down, pulls her to him. Hands sculpt her torso.

ALLAN
Then there's a shock wave. Big ol' wind blowin right at you. It'd knock you out if you tried to stand up in it.

He kisses her belly button.

LEE
You weren't standing?

Pulls her to his lap.

ALLAN
Course not! I'd be knocked right over.

Fingers her straps.

Nah, we kneeled. Kneel down on the desert floor in a big old huddle. Like—

Praying.

No laughter this time.
He kisses her shoulder.

ALLAN
Yeah. Just like praying, kid.

Her arm. Kissed.

As long as you keep your head down and your mouth shut you're fine.

Her palm.
Then the sound hits you.

    Hands trace up her leg.

Loud. Shakes you in the base of your spine. And the earth is shaking too, everything’s moving, but you can’t see shit cause of the dust.

    Left leg: pulls down her hose.

And then, then, there’s the fire.

    Drops it to the side. Now inches up her right leg.

Big white column of smoke just rising on up to the heavens.

    Hose off. Drops it to the side.

And it doesn’t stop. Keeps growing up up up. Most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.

    The stare.

    She’s not there.

    The kiss.

You ever done this before, baby?

    She doesn’t answer.

Don’t worry. It’s just like dancing.

    He lies her down. Lifts her white slip. They dance on the dirt floor.

Oh baby.

    ALLAN

Say my name.

    LEE

What?

    ALLAN
LEE

Say my name.

ALLAN

Susan. Oh Susan.

*A barefoot girl in a white hospital gown.*
*A steady line of blood streams from each nostril.*
A determined German cleaner destroyed a piece of art valued at £690,000 by cleaning away what she thought was an unsightly stain from the artwork... The work was on loan from a private collector. —The Telegraph

Hermann's on the phone from Basel: in Malibu I'm raising the bedroom blinds. It's okay, I say, to be upset.

The rules, he keeps saying, are very clear, very clear, about what is the art. *Twenty centimetres away, please, we say at all times, excepting for the video installations.*

I can't stop thinking about the four Rothkos in the TV room. Brown tones, deep ochres, that series. The chocolate series.

But the piece in question is very avant-garde. It's a sort of plywood structure, slats of wood, and under the wood, a bucket, with some crud in it. I used to think it was a metaphor for the Holocaust, but my wife, who had an inoperable tumor, told me it wasn't.

Well, it is what you think it is, I said. We were trying to bicker good-naturedly like old times. But I should have said: What do you think it is?
Among the things I find incongruous
is how we want to keep what
eventually will just break.
Because there's all this time of
wondering,
When will it be ruined?, and then
that moment comes and inwardly
I am relieved not to have to worry
anymore, because it's safe,
whole, now that it's
gone.

I say, Look, Hermann,
there's money involved.
It's not an affair of the heart.

And I'm looking out on the nine o'clock
beach and the waters that I don't swim in.
They're so blue I can't imagine how they got that way,
like someone poured divine cleaning solution down into
the great drain of the ocean but some stuck around, swirling
in that big basin, in and out with the tides,
in and out.
ANOTHER MOPE OF INDEFATIGABLE LACK #2
KENNETH REVEIZ

Living, looking up to the stars
or whatever. How your inaudibility bulldozes
shaking me. Bombed city. May we warmly raise
the imaginary necessary architecture,
again.

Last night, the wilderness
body I inhabited, the important people with dawn rising,
the recurring people, and I, immediate
luxurious cloud inches away, able to be
nothing but alone, unable to receive
the enormous coherence,
sobbing a musical purge or something, only
sky within the morning, and within
the night also, too.

please Fuck hold me, throwing my body
onto you, when not even I myself know it, change
not ever occurring on its own.

& there are people to whom

you are important, you
have to think, to push
shaking through recurring streets
toward some marvelous experience in the muffled
morning.

& last night, tasting
yourself on hatchet lips, your expression illuminately changed.
You were foolishly important all of a sudden, sudden
snow, hysterical cling, inside
your sweater that you didn't take off me so I did, my body hurled onto
you.
The dawn way I have to be held, instead
 distilled. Toward deeply the end. 90% off, or whatever.
 I am even unable to have breakfast, being simply
 the enormous West; McDonald's makes me
 insane meat blood:

 I have to Fuck imitate the uh quiet,
 through absolutely transparent water, rock that I am,
 disorder my holding or whatever & astonishingly cavernous. I imagine that
 ghosts are warm. And O'Hara in his fragile sadness too, his dumped body
 glistening on mine, it helps me flee
 the hunter.

 & please P
 -lay with me
 On the quiet
 streets Under
 Eventually
 The stars
GENEALOGICAL TUBA
CONCERTO IN F MINOR
MAX RITVO

On the hills dances a shepherd
driven by a tuba.
His legs swat the hills.
He is capped by a concave neck,
capped by a sharp peak of head,
ensconced in the apparatus of the tuba.
He'll show you just what this
tuba can do.
Will the violins ever view this as more
than an encumbrance?

There is light
pale enough to kill the shepherd
in the night sky.
His tuba starlit, the shepherd, unsquinting, would make eye contact
with his reflection and become, not his own Narcissus,
but his own frozen Odalisque,
a sort of anti-Medusa turning everything to crystal.
For his beauty is not to be reached toward from himself
(Narcissus at the pond):
intimacy does not compose itself in the language of contact,
and motion is contortion, it's a non-starter.
His beauty is to make two things
that cannot help but become the same forever
upon chancing into the arrangement of vision,
setting up the cautious permanency of a parallel.
And so he travels always, staying in the sun.

One day he happens into a restaurant
in a blank arroyo, with chickens behind it,
and a ravishing waitress tells him “Ya'll hurry back now.”
The same thing happens the next day, and he is sure that they like his type round these parts.
The next day he stops at a gas station to have his tuba greased and the gas station attendant,
who is like a rotating half-stripped turkey schwarma palette
says “Ya'll hurry back now.”
There's queers even in San Antonio, he thinks.
He then realizes it's just the way they talk in this part of the world.
The violins go "wah, wah, wah,"
in a nostalgic, forgiving way that reminds you it's the sixties.

The shepherd then comes to Los Angeles and meets a beautiful occupational therapist: he plays her a song to demonstrate his love:

My back is the way
hills cover the humps
of a dragon's back.
The great beast
breathes slow as quakes,
and is after not flesh
but overlapping stomplings
felt through the ground
as lopsided as song.

My back is for you,
this layer above
movement slow as stars, (but hungry).
It will fall apart for you,
it will hold your bones,
it will let you think
you're at the bottom.

So he said with his tuba, and she was charmed despite the advanced years making the valves in his hands and chest crusty.

You might be wondering about the sheep.
The occupational therapist is good with her hands,
and fashions a tuba-warmer from the fleece.
The violinists sigh in relief.
Their contrivances supporting his trek felt like just that,
contrivances.
He keeps tubaing anyway.
The orchestra goes home.
He tubas and makes a baby (me).

The fleece of my half-sisters begins to turn into metal wires
and their deft little black eyes begin to rotate,
and tighten the strings.
We are making a history. A History of Lifeguards. 
In two volumes, Last Summer and This. There’s Marshall Field, 
the one whose name is a joke. There’s Len of the cancered mother 
mysterious and dumb. George Dragiewski, towhead, 
mine. Donny, hers. Jon, Arlene’s, those violet eyes. 
Once your mother, mean, up late, told you not a one of them 
knows who we are at all, and you ran out back. I followed and caught you 
and said it’s alright, she doesn’t know, if you aren’t in love, well what are you doing

That was the time when everyone said you’ve got all the time 
in the world, and we did, we collected hours, laid them out 
by category: the slow, the hot, the lacquered nighttime. 
The lying hours, on the carpet with your dog, looking up 
names you’d laugh at in the phone book, or underneath flashlit, 
tented sheets, where I showed you how to make light 
into all the things we had been promised: cherry-printed daisy 
dukes, first-place ribbons, confirmation rings, formal tickets, legs for days, and days

We are young and need a pile of gold to roll our bodies in. 
There is always another sidewalk sale, another 
tin of bronzing powder. You mow the lawn, 
you don’t have brothers. I watch babies, and their fathers 
cough up clammy twenties onto the leatherette 
of their front seats. After the kids are asleep I get to act 
like I own the place, creeping breathily around 
with an open yogurt, seeing where they stow the diaries, and the dirty books

You remember what I mean. Someone says I want an otter pop, 
and everybody piles coins on the table, sticky from the bottoms 
of bags, sunscreen-clouded, corroded green or black or shiny. 
A penny is just big enough not to fall through one of the diamond-shaped holes in the plastic coating of the tabletop.
Someone picks them up, one by one, and drops them in an upturned palm, and returns with lips already blue. If we don’t put a Coke can on the loose wrappers they blow and cling in the rising wind


Last night the Cavendish kid kept showing off: I can too count, watch me watch, fourteen, fifteen, twenty, twenty, twenty, what a nightmare. He wanted DuckTales, Scrooge and the room of vintage coinage. When he went down I switched to that movie, the murdery one, Diane Lane at fortyish but still she has the kind of sex with candles, blowing curtains, rain, the whole shebang. The young stay young and beautiful so long these days. How does one sort them out, where does each one go


Our birthday once, I think we were eleven, and like always you had gotten some crap thing from your sad aunt, the one with lupus and a gerbil. Maybe it was trombone music for your saxophone. Maybe worse. I had two uncles, two 14-carat necklaces. You offered yours, in its crumpled paper, up to me and whispered, trade. Like always I said no but gave you the green bow from mine and like always you stuck it to my hair and then we never did that anymore


I want to be bad news. I want to have my center splits. I want to sing the song “I Want You to Want Me” in panties in a low voice. There’s nobody inside this mirror, though. The cover of a children’s book I saw once had a drawing of a dragon sprawled atop a horde of nothing much: subway tokens, sandwich wrappers, sparkle rot. What happens to the lap of luxury when he stands up. And stretches his good-smelling self, his well-appointed, stuffed self, his self that wants for nothing


There was that night we broke into the pool, with those boys from the other middle. Somebody found the sound system, put on the song they play for lap swimmers, when the kids have to get out. Hey little girl is your daddy home ricocheting off of the concrete, off the flat neon water. We scooted over the counter of the snack stand and I started opening drawers, I liked the pull. One had taffy, one a bag of knives. I threw it to you and it split in your hands and they poured out in white splinters around you and the song went, does he do to you the things I do, oh, oh
**ENCLOSED**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In Man on Wire</th>
<th>grace aka myung</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOMAS UNGER</strong></td>
<td><strong>SUSANNA KOETTER</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sedentary</td>
<td>Self as Chuck</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SARAH MATTHES</strong></td>
<td><strong>CATHERINE WHITE</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Half-Life</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SARAH DELAPPE</strong></td>
<td><strong>LEERON TUR-KASPA</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How to Distinguish Art from Other Forms of Life</td>
<td>ECM I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ELI MANDEL</strong></td>
<td><strong>JANE LONG</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another Mope of Indefatigable Lack #2</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KENNETH REVEIZ</strong></td>
<td><strong>HANNAH SHIMABUKURO</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Genealogical Tuba Concerto in F Minor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MAX RITVO</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pooling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>KATE ORAZEM</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>