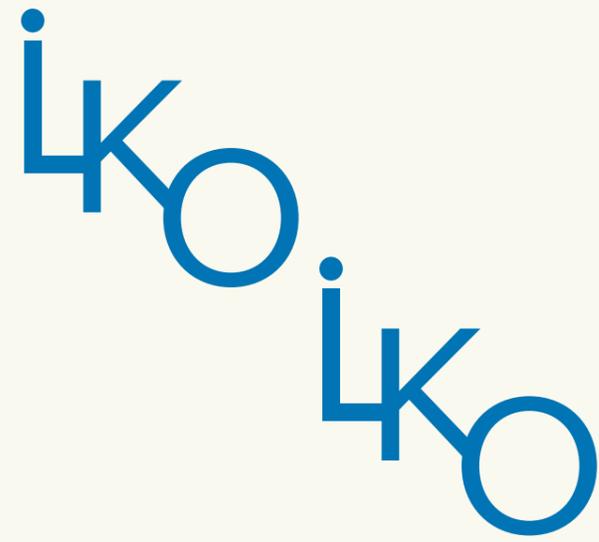




BLEACHED
BLEACHED





PRESENTS

WIDE POND WITH
A BATHING HOUSE

STEPHANIE
RIOUX

To go beyond all discrimination seemed the best choice, but I was still limited—by a bias toward a mythic, abstract, lightly booming, but still booming, register. Still limited by taste.

This round of the cycle is different, my equanimity toward taste, stronger. Abandon as much as possible. Pleasure in the weightless ecstasy that comes from opening up the one part of the mind to the other part of the mind, and initiating their commingling, each time in a different place. Lighten the language and the story strings, don't select or sculpt too much.

when you dangle in the wind like an arrow bird
and there are rocks in your pot
if the wind shimmies up your leg like a friend
and the collar of your shirt rides immaculately high
it is the magic hour, time to relax

I am a cricket,
I don't speak English.
But haven't you known about the all-language translator in your mind?
Everything I say to you is run through it.
That's how your ability to understand me fwrrpp-p-p.
But you speak to me frivolously, only to see if you can speak to me,
like how you train your dogs without listening to them.
Unless you have something to say to a cricket, you should be more respectful.

Whispery Echo

Yell in a cave—
“I don’t want this and I don’t like it!”

I can hear your cry, echoes multiplying.

Wispy, wispy your mouth.
Twopence for a peep
of your cerebellum.

I can hear your cry,
echo on its way out.

_____, _____, **where are you?**
in the bend of your arm
in the last given thing
eventually your capture will end
and all will go to sleep.

Here is something blue,
in its brightest immolation
sleeping soundly in the sunshine
long time after winking

just in time for holiday

fell

ding ding

into a bucket

ding ding

ding ding

I became part of a crayon

eventually worn

unused thrown out

living in the dark

under great pressure

still good

Learn more about A Round Object,

an ocean exploration team.

The team discovered what it claims is perfectly round.

The team looks to apply light and shadow,

target the items to round,

create a border by the sun in the distance,

estimate how big an object has to be,

and stitches them together.

blue, private, gold, sloped
purple center
glow fade glow fade
blue, nightie, gold, ascending

red, open, black, slippery
night center
swirl swirl swirl
rust crust, gold chipping

glass, diamond, glass, crystal
hidden center rainbow
twinkle twinkle twinkle
light, emerge, light, spread

PLANETARY largesse
guides cash to your door.

At any day for about a fifty year period
you would be the recipient of some of
the regime of the planet since colonial times.

At the same time,
in the costumes
that could underwrite such largesse,
a dozen planets sing a series of melodies—

“Build Your Ship,” “Whispery Echo,” and “Sun Painting.”

chick I saw stack heel white foot peach nails
back to work gray legs white shirt table
eraser notebook pencil placement
on the phone brown hair high mark meeting
“Professor?” laughter turn back coffee
like free cup? yeah sure thank you walk home
drink it all laugh with Jason all gone

hungry was the resting fawn

waiting for the dove with her seed

the street curb was a cool, comfortable home
where he could dip his head down
and get the sun and air on his neck

five dollars in his pocket
all the money you need to spend

images lined up for review in his mind
the saintly bicycle
the wallpaper sandals
a mug of orange juice
a ruddy mouth

She would fly in
Here she is flying in
Smiling big, eyes bright
laughing and teasing, breathing easy

a man who knows what he's talking about
phone on his ear, pacing on the sidewalk, lit up in the setting sun
a checkered shirt pulling against the belly of a little girl
feet light on the pavement

two on the curb are diamond earrings
turn to a beat

how sweet, how sweet, what you did when you turned
Ophelia!
Turn again. I am all await.
I tarry in my ruffled shirt with bated breath,
and whispering humbleness, my womanly eyes
for you less unstained in a candied water;
from your father I would wrest his daughter
an apocalypse in my breast rises like an orange conflagration
to consume the forest, so that dark sweet trees grow darker and give way to it
shambling to the ground

