

A Bell Is a Messenger of Time

**To be performed with bells on. All reading is performance, all performance is reading.*

The neck's
Heavy load
Is lightheaded.
The single sound,
Everywhere at once.
Black bell, black bell
Have you any cool?

May all enemies be this ridiculous!
You put a face to the name of my noise.
The sum of a shadow, invisible to whom?
Can't you hear me comin'? A pyramid
Of bells, singin' from 'tween my ears.
That's why when you speak of me, my ears ring,
Ring with the melody of a thousand tambourines.
To get ahead of myself, I got freedom off my chest.

I'm a woman in the company of bells. Am I their company? Are they mine?
No one seems to have a handle on the hex, aside from the tattletale town crier.
You looked at me the wrong way. I was moved, surrounded on all sides by bells.
Barnacle bells. Irremovable attachments. Even when I ghost you, you still hear me, still
Hear me fixin' to arrive, a jingle of labor from on high. The sound does a toll on the body.
The crops respond well to sound waves. You hear the river before you see it. Ever-present
Eavesdropper. A bell is a messenger of time. Don't kill the messenger; make a killing with
The message. Forgive-me-not. The bells run interference. Ring in remove. The bells, placed
Head over heels. The mind (left in the dark), in the thicket, where all the clocks have stopped.
When all the clocks stopped, I laid my burden down. Hearing, the last sense to escape the

*Body.