CINDY JUYOUNG OK

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I stay outstretched in a November coat, not abundant and not wanting to be. A machine I own mistook shootings for students in a transcript, ushering me to tilt canals toward titles and curate hedges into pages. I once thought I was a shape but it is a form of furniture, not a prop but not yet a structure, the way I eat with pairs of sticks and repeat the attic antics outside my house. Having been spit on, sat on, I hope not to mind (mine) being pathetic, but keep loving to be pitied for trivial troubles. It is always wartime here so I do render to reenter, stir to thirst, offer this crate of skin, roster of resting text (you can eat the paper). Not a performer, I know the figure of the student exceeds—including—that of the teacher and I think it is for you I wash and rotate the wish.