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In Your Spare Time

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Garages

## Husband

My husband, doctor, his glassy eye, effervescent, a hook on a mirror, spent all year hoarding small codes, "Get over here," loves medium-sized dogs, me, says, "Promise me there is a chance that my being around will make you feel better," I promise, then we get on an airplane, land, arrive in Los Angeles with a Broken, Broken, and he takes my hand, strangely, I have no fingers, "This hand," he explains, "is nailed, its circumference," and I can't see out, "the veins," he explains, but I really can't see out, our productivity, copped, there's fog, multiplicative, his expertise, dripping, and I love my Husband, Husband, Husband,

**Box**

Only at night, this one wall is strung formally, cut off at the pins, a right angle to many sutures, barely a box, just by conscription of objects to a future, what will anyone ever just do, severed at the right to really engage, only strung by time, congress, This time, fruit flanked, the tank walls of a trash compacter, how high a fibrous juice, every angle onto the bed is, the same angle down, stressing the connective, you can never be alone, signage, there is only, in general, so long, gorging in on the thready air, pumping it through muscles, string the pulpy angle down, and the bed is wound, the bed is all tied, all hung, it is dangerously strung up,

### **Spare Time 1**

In my spare time I knit, I like to read a lot, I play on a computer in my spare time on my own, all of this stuff, depending on where you are standing, the neighbor's child asking a question, "Since birds came before cows, did they cause cows," I am stunned, also I have morbid/oracle thoughts, and in my spare time, in another hall, siamesedly, I am a girl's own head, and, rotating a breakdown of the head, also the human head, rotating a very loose ball socket so not whatever, stick, so ideas for more rewarding spare time, take up a new sport, learn a new skill, help others in the community, read a lot,

## **My Hand Has Been Amputated**

When the phone rings I am stroking my fingers,  
showing them off, what do you do when in the glass  
you see it, Finally, the cylindrical voids tapping along,  
the accident, what happens to all the dates you had  
gotten, do you rephrase, do you stuff the space with  
superelectric chewable tissue,