

# CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION  
SENTENCE || BODY || LAW  
by Rob Halpern

## FOR WANT AND SOUND

**Part 1: Book**

I 13-35

II 37-61

III 63-85

**Part 2: Breach, Recoil**

87-112

Text beneath text.

Bone beneath bone. Unreachable, lacking  
the desire distinction—touch

Bridge beneath bridge.

The polluted waters of the story in the back.

Instead of moving we kept making additions,  
imagining additions. Window terrace room.

The men never came.

He hated his neighbors and drank easily their water,  
saved below text.

A baby book.

A flyleaf.

A bible.

A bottom.

The rolls and reams curled so tightly.

The effervescence, translucence buried

Bequeathed but not in time.

Her picture falling out.

The floorboard that nothing could hold.

The innocence the projection.

But it was so long ago.

The book beneath the bed.

The cover completing story.

A bridge that no one mentioned. That curled against  
its own beginning. Which was marked  
in stone. In curl calamity and leaf.  
In rotted twining. Calm.

The word for when.  
For want.  
For hold, for help.  
The Sound covering our speech.

The room for want and sound.  
Structure and sand.

A rocky beach.

A breech birth that no one remembers.

Closer to the door or to the window.

And the roots that needed to be wrung out.

# Book

*I want what no language holds.*

Nathalie Stephens

**I**

Names, leaves, jackets with stripes.

A number for a name.

Beneath the covers  
was a sailboat.  
What I feel pressed  
close to the tree.

A number for a nation.

They couldn't believe it. Nascence  
away and  
into my head  
a question.  
Into my head a list.  
I stood up and was counted.  
No notion going to ash.

Act 1, Step three.

The rise and fall of the balloon.  
The many balloons.  
The man on the bike.  
The rise and fall. And the animals (red, yellow,  
purple).

That we made.

Of him.

Gasping for breath.

The noise above the static.

The nation calling to me.

She drew a rope around the bed.  
Made breath, rope.

Jackets with stripes.

He touched me there and there  
I touch you.

There—

She drew a rope.

At age 19, long-legged and shiny haired.

We laughed at the sprinklers,  
the rain falling softly.