

## **Determination: A Poetry Collection**

Ruby Lee Lowenstein

Submitted to the Faculty of Bennington College, Bennington,  
Vermont, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of  
Bachelor of Arts.

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Recommended to the Faculty of Bennington College  
for acceptance by:

Marguerite Feitlowitz (1st reader)

Jenny Bouilly (2nd reader)

## Acknowledgements

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And last but not least, thank you to my wonderful family for being literally the best family in the entire Universe. I love you guys.

Ruby Lee

Lowenstein

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

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determination

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

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A poetry collection

**One**

## Talmud

Let us read together together  
Let us study what is it called  
Safaria.com is when you call  
What's it about skin the skin  
Necklace they will strip from me my neck  
Skin when I'm alone in a room with a man  
Who is not my husband, amiright  
What's it called when a Jew's a nun  
Dyke. don't you mind you don't mind do you I do  
Every week let us read of two watching each other  
Have you ever met a son who sucks  
Down meats and wines, Italian ones  
With unruly men  
On his parents' dime  
Well have you  
Ever killed an unruly son  
Kill a son who doesn't exist  
For me. if he runs away for a year or two he can  
Come back to us, good, and with nothing. ours.

## End of the World

When we are lying in the grass

Why are we covered in gnats?

And why are they all having sex all over the place?

Why are the gnats having sex

On the picnic basket, my compostable container

My book, both front and back covers? I don't want them

In the air, the air on the grass and

On us. why is it so difficult for us to give them any privacy?

We watch a big gnat and a little gnat

Have sex, as always.

And then the big one tears off its wings, an ant

A secret ant this whole time

And walks away.

## Unravelling

My room is the pit of death and destruction  
of little death and a little destruction.

My room is the sexiest when it's messy  
and I don't know what's going on.

Is it weird I can't come once I've cleaned  
my room? The reason I can't come  
is because I'm sitting in my room, apparently  
people who sit too much never come.

I am dirty when my room is dirty and it's hot.  
I get clean when my prude room cleans me.  
I scream every time my room starts to scream.  
My room has started to scream all the time.



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1882 1910 1915

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## A Dream You Had

This morning when we wake up  
you tell me about last night's dream  
in which you were delivered  
a \$45 ticket for crucifying someone

allegedly. You felt pretty bad about it  
in the dream and you think it might be  
related to a picture of a shirtless person  
you found in an ashtray with its face

burned off. When you show me the polaroid  
the plastic bubbles, "This is some witchy shit"  
"My thoughts exactly," And into my overalls  
it goes. None of this is mine to save, but still

## Boxelder

I've got a confession: I can't kill  
a bug. If it's already dying  
I still can't. There's been a box-  
elder here in my room for more than five  
years now, half-squished on the floor,  
writhing. And I just can't  
kill it. I can't. Each time  
I catch a glimpse I close my eyes  
and walk away as quickly  
as I'll never unsee and this gets exhausting.  
That's why I have a tissue  
box. On happy days, in order to give  
the bug some privacy, I pinch a fluttering piece  
of rose-white flatness out of the box and cover it, gently.  
*Maybe you don't want to die*, I whisper under my breath.

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted] following [Redacted]

[Redacted] Aron [Redacted] birth [Redacted]  
[Redacted] birth [Redacted] Sara [Redacted] birth [Redacted]  
[Redacted] birth [Redacted]  
[Redacted] Chaim [Redacted] birth [Redacted] birth [Redacted]  
[Redacted] survive [Redacted]

[Redacted] Chaim  
Heinrich [Redacted]  
[Redacted] Red [Redacted]

[Redacted] his birth information

[Redacted] search [Redacted] Please [Redacted] Red

[Redacted]

~

[redacted] answer [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] from Austrian [redacted] inquiry:

[redacted] September 15 1882, place  
[redacted] Balschovce, and [redacted] December 29, 1915, place  
[redacted] Vienna [redacted] A-1020 Vienna, Obere Donaustr. 10/5  
March 14, 1939 [redacted] Latvia. [redacted] unknown.  
[redacted] July 22, 1910, place [redacted] Podhayce [redacted]  
[redacted] September 2, 1942. [redacted] the end [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted],





[redacted] a gift. [redacted] and War Victims Living Center

Dear Ms. [redacted]

[redacted] information [redacted] regarding your inquiry:

Mr. [redacted] birth [redacted] place  
of [redacted] date of birth [redacted] place  
[redacted] last [redacted]  
[redacted] of [redacted] Their further fates [redacted]  
[redacted] of birth [redacted] place of [redacted]  
[redacted] the end [redacted]

[redacted] of this response  
[redacted] we are not [redacted] information [redacted] great [redacted]  
We are [redacted] you [redacted] in making [redacted]  
[redacted] you can tell [redacted] information relates to [redacted]  
Red [redacted]

We send [redacted] we [redacted]

We are still [redacted] from [redacted] tracing [redacted]  
[redacted] you [redacted] progressing. [redacted]  
[redacted]

[redacted] Holocaust and War Victims Center

Dear Ms. Lowenstein,

We have received the following information from Austrian Red Cross regarding your inquiry:

Mr. Aron Meier Schachter, formerly [redacted] of [redacted] and Sara Szechter, date of birth December 29, 1915, place of birth [redacted] last address [redacted] Vienna, Oberg Donaustr. 10/5 on March 14, 1945, with destination [redacted] unknown. [redacted] Schachter, date of birth July 22, 1916, place of birth [redacted] to Auschwitz on September 2, 1944, did not survive [redacted] of the war.

[redacted] personal information previously provided conflicts with [redacted] portion of this response [redacted] a uncle [redacted] providing it to you in the hope that you may be able to assist us in making the determination. You can tell [redacted] whether or not this information refers to your [redacted] Cross [redacted] as possible.

We send our condolences as we convey this difficult information.

We are still [redacted] tracing [redacted] your [redacted] your local [redacted] Cross [redacted] status [redacted]

Sincerely,

## Living Room

Curled up on the couch, I start to ramble to my sister

I say: "I know the Universe"

"personally / how to chop"

"and it is a big baby / to make the air fly"

"a huge baby / to be made"

"with lots of reflexes / of graying plastic"

"and feelings / and cobwebs"

"and like most babies / and a thin metal chain"

"it is uncoordinated / a few dead flies"

"and flails every time / a few live flies"

"it feels anything / a light"

"anything at all / the baby is"

"feels the Universe / watching one of those"

"and it's eyes / ceiling fans with a lightbulb"

"are weird and wise / in the middle"

"like most baby eyes are / and it knows"

"weirdly wise / it just knows"

"the Universe is one / from watching"

"of those babies who is watching / how to move"

"the ceiling fan / like the ceiling fan"

"has been watching / and tries"

"this specific ceiling fan for hours / and flails"

"and knows things / as babies do"

"about how / when they try really"

"the ceiling fan moves / anything"

"and notices how / anything at all"

"to circle / tries the Universe"

"on and on and on." My sister listens

with zigzag scissors and paste. She is making a collage.

## Revenge

“The squirrels all gathered round”

“us” “Us like cartoon princesses”

“and wanted to help” says my sister

“They wanted to help. That was before I saw it”

“dead in the road. I”

“drove by a little body in the road and cried”

“a couple minutes”

“later because I’m pmsing.”

I say “That reminds me of a time—”

I say nothing because I am pmsing too.

She says “What?”

I say “Well”

I say “I saw a squirrel twitch, jagged”

“back. I walked by to the shuffle of laying oneself”

“down to die”

“I thought”

“to die. Why is this squirrel”

“always dying all the time?!”

“I picked a flower (I never pick the flowers)”

“because”

“murder?”

“What’s it called”

“when they gather round? Murder? Why”

“does it sound like murder?”

“That’s crows.”

“So”

“I picked a flower for the first time in forever for my road”

“side funeral but low and behold I came back”

“to more twitch” “stumble” “itch” “circle” “and—”

“Your squirrel”

“sounds” “alive” “doing”

“its happy” “dance.”

“—since that day I feel”

“their eyes all”

“the eyes beating”

“me. Waiting”

“just waiting”

“for the moment”

“the squirrels all gather round”

“like we’re in some sick”

“cartoon. They are ready”

“I know it”

“just waiting”

“to—”

“help—”

following

Aron/birth  
birth/Sara/birth  
birth

Chaim/birth/birth  
survive

Chaim  
Heinrich

Red

search/Please/Red

answer

from Austrian/inquiry:

September 15 1882, place  
Balschovce, and/December 29, 1915, place  
Vienna/A-1020 Vienna, Obere Donaustr. 10/5  
March 14, 1939/Latvia/unknown.  
July 22, 1910, place/Podhayce  
September 2, 1942./the end

Why Filthy Lying Kikes are Afraid of the Truth Plastic  
Surgery Kike Model Emily Ratajkowski Mocks Easter with Her  
Fake Ass and a Masturbating Furry Evil Kikeroaches Win Cash  
Settlement from New Jersey Town They Invaded and Conquered  
Austria: FPO Continues Absurd Campaign to Appease Christ  
Killing Kike Rodents



answer

the end

personal/portion

we

We are/you in/you/to assist us

you can/or not

We/our

We are/from/your/request. Your

our/your

you/of your

Jewess Dyke Rachel Maddow Says Someone Fed them  
Fake Trump-Russia Collusion Documents Jewess Writes  
Washington Post Op-Ed Urging Jewish Jokes to Cease,  
Because Muh Anti-Semitism Tweeting Jewess Tells  
Colored Hordes She'll Help Them Fight Against Hurt  
Feelings Jewess Sarah Silverman's Hateful Thanksgiving  
Tweet Disgusting Jewess' Nipple Displayed on the Front  
Page of the New York Times  
Sneaky Jewess Paints Swastika on Own Door

a gift

Dear

information/regarding your inquiry:

Mr./birth/place  
of/date of birth/place  
last  
of/Their further fates  
of birth/place of  
the end

of this response  
we are not/information/great  
We are/you/in making  
you can tell/information relates to  
Red

We send/we

We are still/from/tracing  
you/progressing.

Why You Don't Want Kikes in Your Right Wing Movement  
Kike-Lover Lauren Southern Should Shut Her Slut Mouth!  
Tranny Kike Encouraging Children Chopping Their Dicks Off  
Also Encourages Obesity Germany Recognizes Algerian Kikes  
as Holofoax Survivors; Will Start Paying Shekels Creepy Christ  
Killing Kike Doctor Busted for Pushing Pain Pills Kike Social  
Media Poisons Your Brain Tranny Kike Promotes Dick-Chopping  
to Children on YouTube Expert Knife Fighter Nick Fuentes Debates  
Massive Faggot Arthur Schaper Over Kike Menace Jew World Bank  
Admits Globalism is Designed to Kike the Goyim Kike Greed  
Causes Soaring Use of Anti-Depressant Drugs Kikes at the ADL  
Using AI to Shoah Every Right Wing Channel on JewTube and Other  
Social Media Trump GASSES Ratfaced Kike NYT Reporter  
Maggie Haberman Kike Rachel Maddow's Descent into Madness  
Empress Melania Attacked by Filthy Russian Kike Julia Ioffe in GQ!  
HuffPo Calls Tranny Kike Targetting Children "Lovely" and "Fun"

Center

We have/Cross

formerly

unknown.

did not survive

personal/conflicts with  
uncle

determination/you can tell  
your/Cross

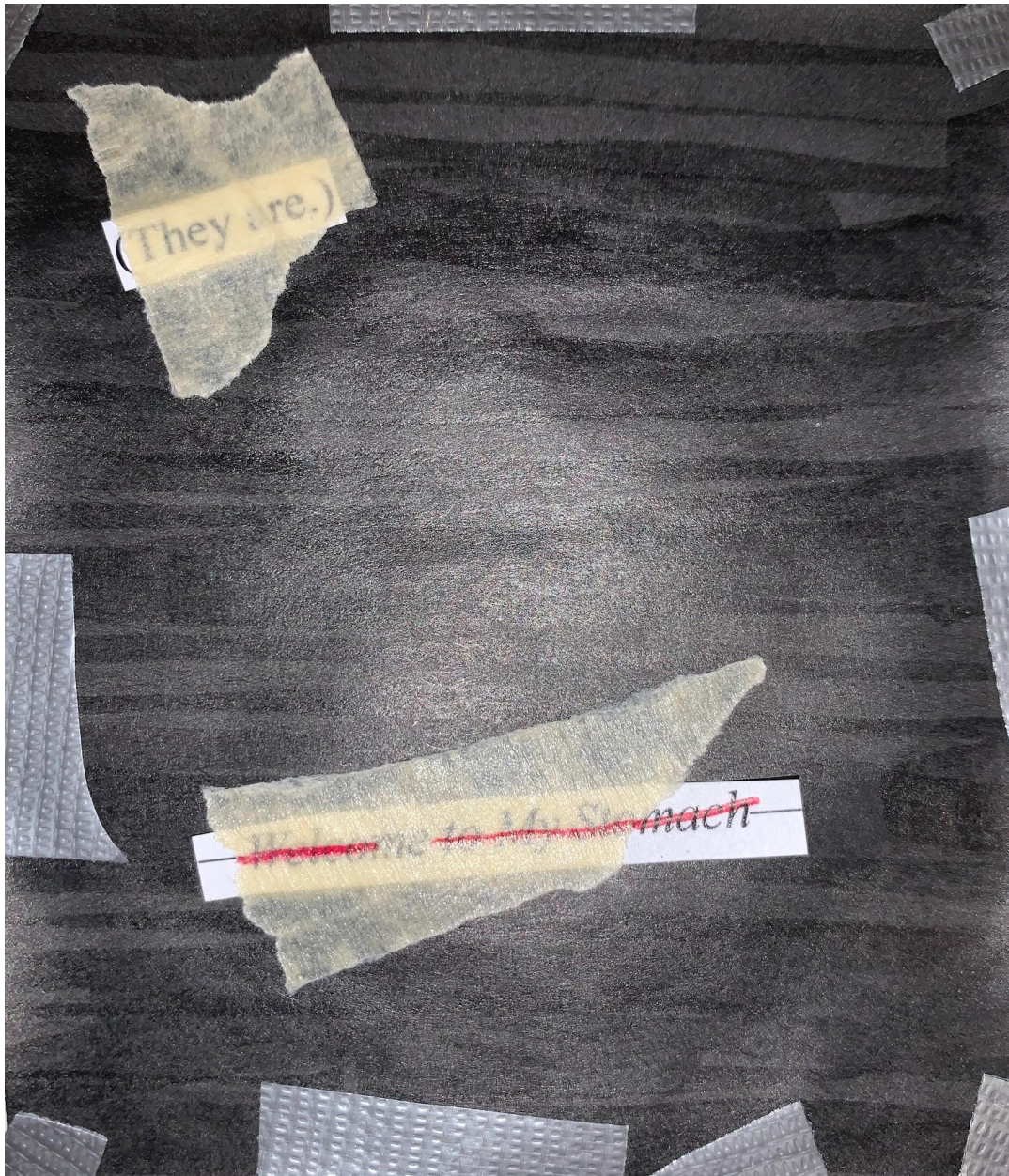
as we convey

We are still/tracing  
you/your local  
Cross/status

Sincerely

Anti-Semitism: Heads the Jews Win, Tails the Goyim Lose Jewish Bulldyke,  
Problem Glasses Feminist and Asexual Communist Teddy Bear Teach Toddlers  
About Class Privilege How the Jews Shut Down Bad Goys and Perpetuate Their  
Hoax Goyim Must Stop Having Babies or Else THE WORLD WILL EXPLODE!

**Two**



DOOR: WELCOME



SHE IS FASTER ; THEY CAN'T KEEP UP

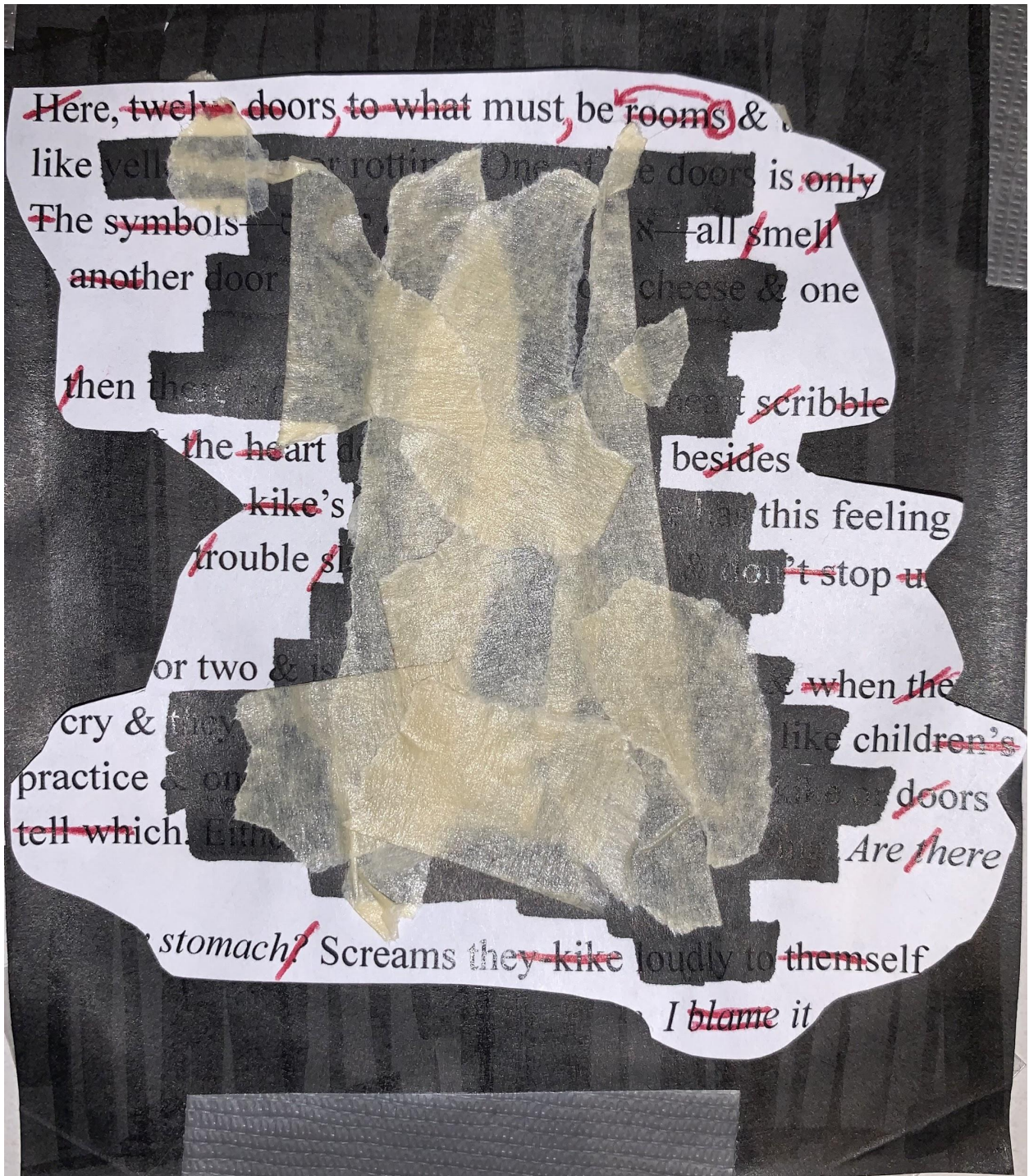
Split-me soup is This Kike's favorite kind of soup, mostly because everybody is here in the spoon: she-kike, they-kike, waspman & to rest, waspman less welcome than two rest. Looking closely at the spoon is dangerous & makes This Kike's gums tingle & tense like hearing the word POPSICLE. Words like POPSICLE hurt the teeth & the spoon's metal

flesh might be cold, but nevertheless, This Kike sips & swallows tight with the commonest gag. *KIKE THROAT is what I call our private slip 'n slide!* she-kike squeaks, zooming past they-kike who breaks out: *The same!* (They are.) By now, as always, waspman soars way down & away! *What makes throat THROAT other than slipping? Is it the most delicate*

*gag or the pointiest apple?* They-kike is a philosopher & winces to breathe on a mound of caught cartilage. *Throat is the way to innerspace*, she-kike muses as they breathes & breathes & jumps again, down, down, well past the welcome sign — wooden, crooked, red lettered — *Welcome to My Stomach?* — guess the kikes in unison. Neither could ever handle it

how to read: guessing does just fine, for most parts — plop! The party-kikes have arrived, one after one. Here, twelve doors to what must be rooms & they-kike can't tell if they are moist

TEXT: WELCOME



DOOR: HERE

THERE IS CIRCLING ; SHE CAN'T TELL

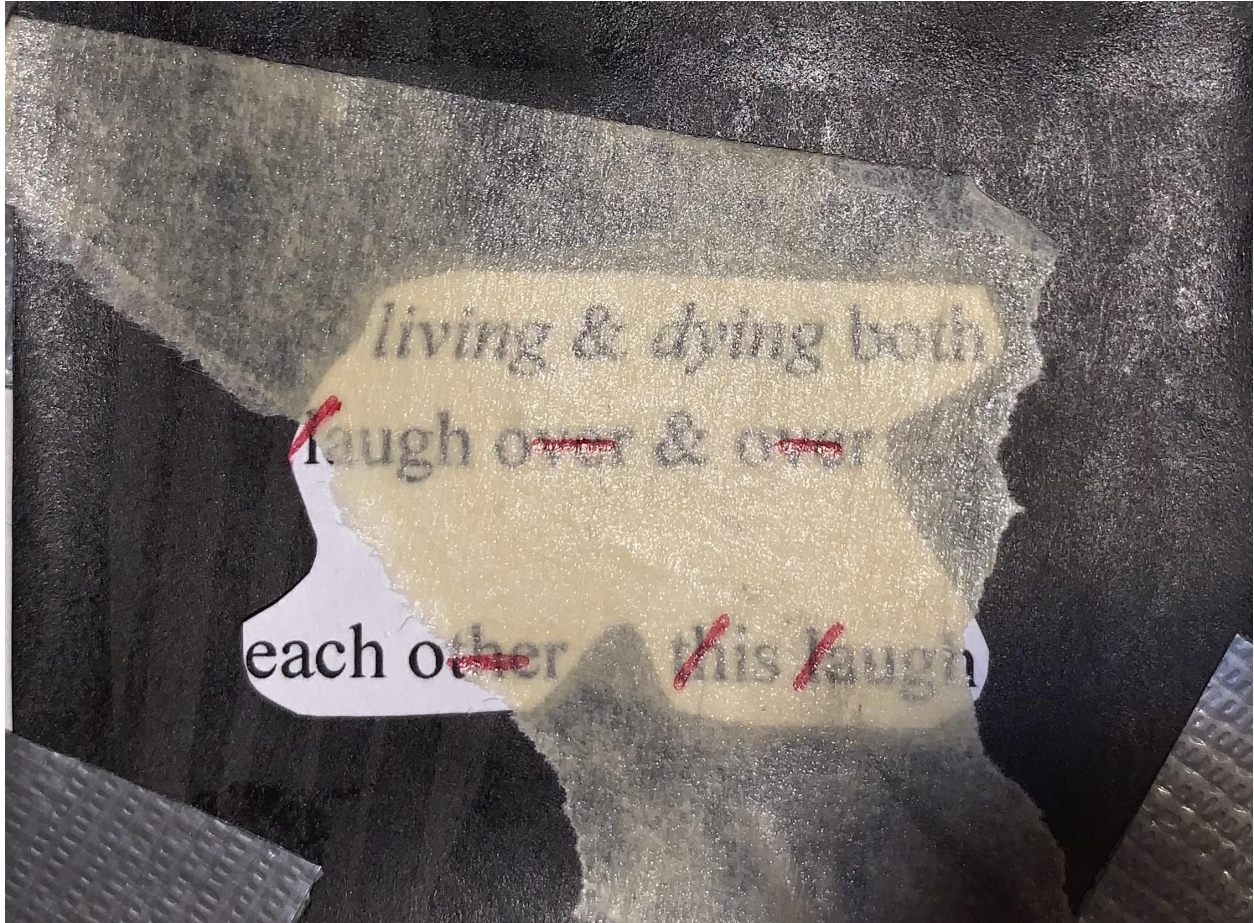
After one. Here, twelve doors to what must be rooms & they-kike can't tell if they are moist like yellow cake or rotting. One of the doors is only a hole & six are made of symbol. The symbolmade — ם & ן & ן & ן & ן & ן & ן — all smell of goat birth on a hardwood floor & an eighth one smells of gooeyed cheese & one of prairie grass, no no that's weeds.

Then there's one with a powder-pink heart, scribbled, holds a delicate center. Besides the heart, the heart door is orange-gold, glowing in gentle strokes through they-kike's eye-pits, they-kike has a feeling if they stare too long it'll mean trouble sleeping, so they gaze, don't stop until a feeling, their hair

grows: an inch, two, is catching all kinds of fluff & when they do look away they want to cry & they don't & then the door of must like children's books or aging cursive practice & one of piss and feces & they-kike circles or doors do but she-kike can't keep up. Whatever started it, something in here is dizzying. *Are there this many doors*

*in every stomach ?* Screams they-kike loudly to themself. *I've been told to pay more attention in Biology. In my defense, I blame my blinking on Attention Deficit Disorder*

TEXT: HERE



DOOR: HOLE

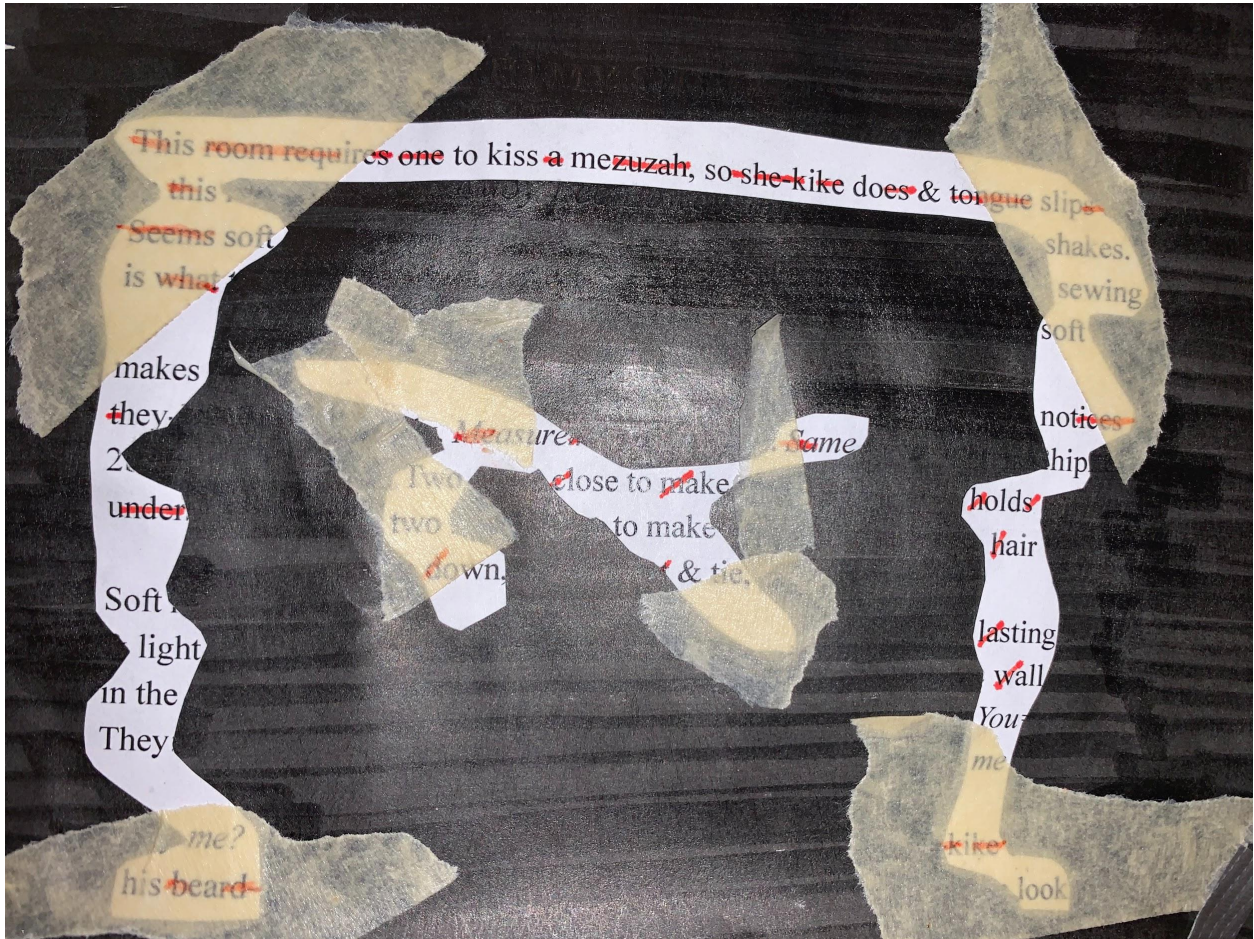
## SHE LEARNS TO LIVE AND DIE WITHOUT THEM

*Attention in Biology. In my defense I blame my blinking on Attention Deficit Disorder,* hears they-kike, an echo through the door hole & immediately there is only she-kike. *Who is here?* She calls. It is inconceivable these walls could be walls, due to tangled eyebrows & arms waving, jiggling elegant under-flab & ligament popping in then out of sockets.

The ceiling & floors are 100% rot of talking pasted over talking & talking over hear: *Here! a living room!* She-kike has barely registered before overhead: *Dying room! This is a dying room!* But LIVING and DYING both mean STOMACH-STUFF to her, hence the refusal to read & the voices sound silly & laugh over & laugh over & so does she & never stops. The room

& she-kike laugh along with one another & & this laugh is a kind of quilted laugh, swaddling feelings in a burrito, so there's no other motion but laugh burning to happen. Armed, one wall is baby-blue & she-kike & the room recall when she-kike curled herself up, a baby boy. Suddenly, *where is they-kike?* Says she & they're not in the room & the room was not in-

formed. Terrified, she-kike blows & wishes not to die until she's ready & it is time to go. This room requires one to kiss a mezuzah, so she-kike does & tongue slips out.



THEY RETURN TO TRY ON A SUIT ; SHE SEES HER FUTURE SOMEPLACE SOFT

This room requires one to kiss a mezuzah, so she-kike does & tongue slips out. In this room is a tall, delicate man. He shakes on the inside, with little shakes. He is soft & making. *A baby daddy*, dreams she-kike. He is sewing & sewing makes the room. She-kike squints. *No floor; just a pile of hats!* The soft man

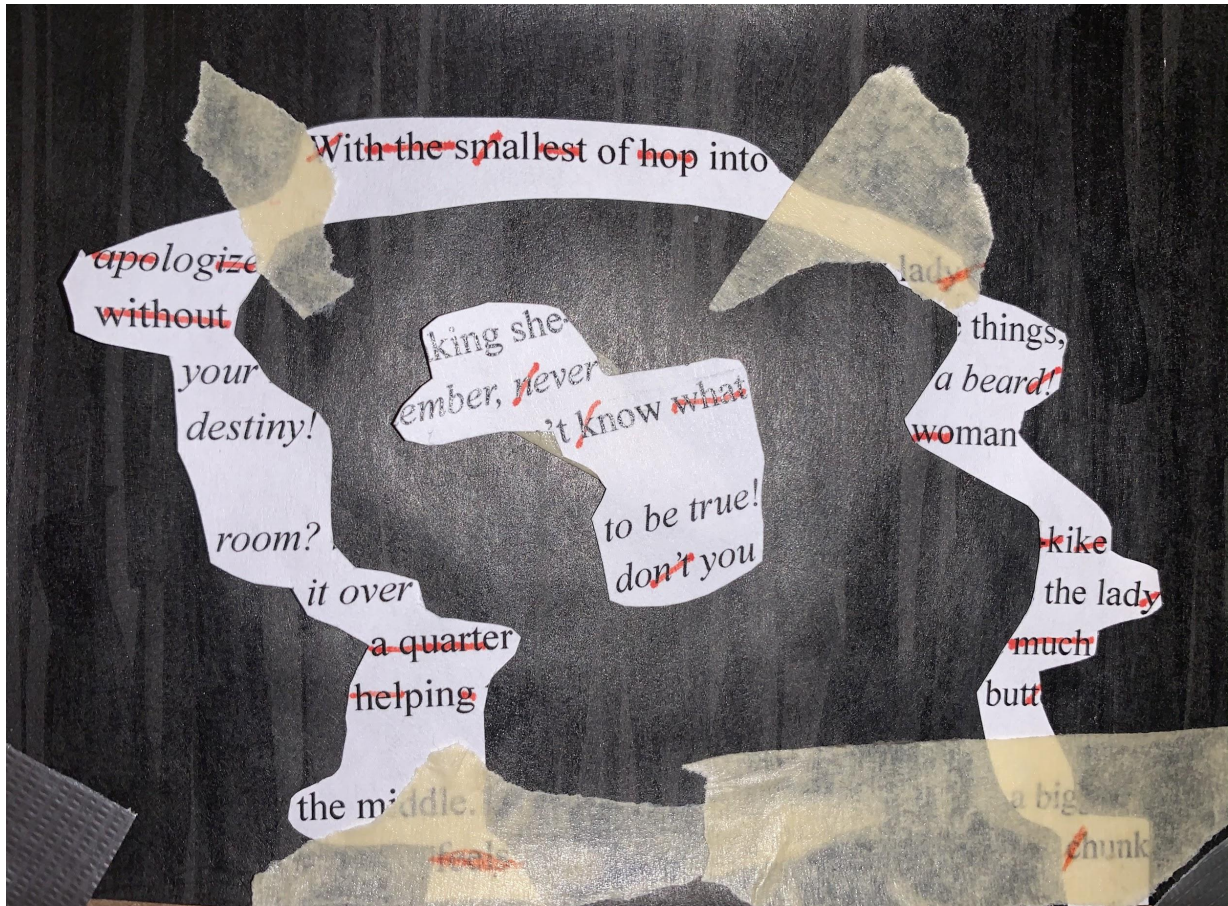
makes hats, mostly. *Measurements?* He asks. *Same as yours*, she-kike notices they-kike. *True?* He&she come close to make sure. *Yes!* head2thigh2palm2hip2belly 2button2 & the two have to hug to make sure again. This hug holds stages: undershirt, buttofdown, coat, pant, tie, pocket, briefly boxers & hair, cut all over the hat pile

Upon request, the soft man scraps together a suit, made special for they-kike, out of hug fragments & light blue thread from sewing hats. For all three, a perfect fit. On the wall is a chat in the mirror. She: *It's all upside down in a room where hats are piled on the bottom. Marry—*

He sobs: *Will you please be careful? When you wear me I am crying!*

—*me?* She-kike asks, sinking in hat. When the soft man cries, they-kike can see time in his beard—*Please marry me?* He asks low & they-kike looks up & in looking jumps

TEXT 8



DOOR ,



THEY CALLS A LADY A BABY ; SHE TRIES OUT BEING A PUPPET FOR A WHILE

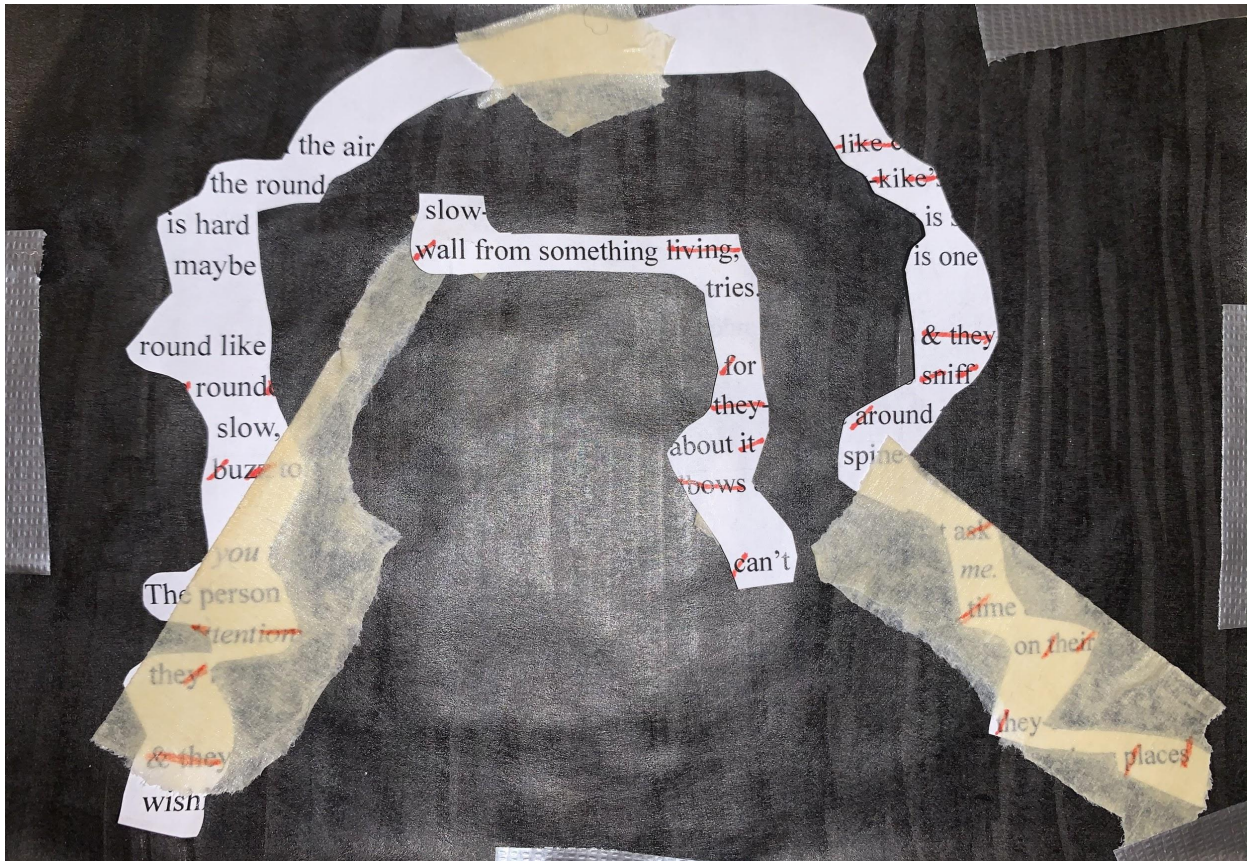
In his beard—*Please marry me?* He asks low & they-kike looks up & in looking jumps into a tiny chirping—*Do not marry a man with a beard!* so they-kike makes themself forget. The chirp is from a two inch lady, *So tiny!* They-kike mistakes the lady for a baby: *Hello baby!* Provokes the minisculest skip into they-kike's palm: *I am a grown up lady. Now*

*apologize* & she-kike does immediately. The tiny lady in they-kike's palm puppets she without even trying, making she-kike do more & more things, like, *always eat icecream with your nose! Don't forget! Never marry the man with a beard! A tiny pillow room is the place to be!* She-kike mostly doesn't know what the tiny lady's talking about, *tiny*

*pillow room? Sounds too good to be true!* She-kike says figuratively & does believe her. *We will discourse it over lunch. Why don't you fix me lunch,* offers the lady. The stomach gurgles & this is lunch: a quarter inch can oil & sardine, half that much purple eggplant mush, one tastebud's helping of tangy olive tapenade & a triangular crumb of buttered toast & all

split in three. Forgetting to chat, they-kike follows a dialectible food-smell out to another room where the air globs like oatmeal to breathe & tastes gloopy like chunky brown sugar.

TEXT ,



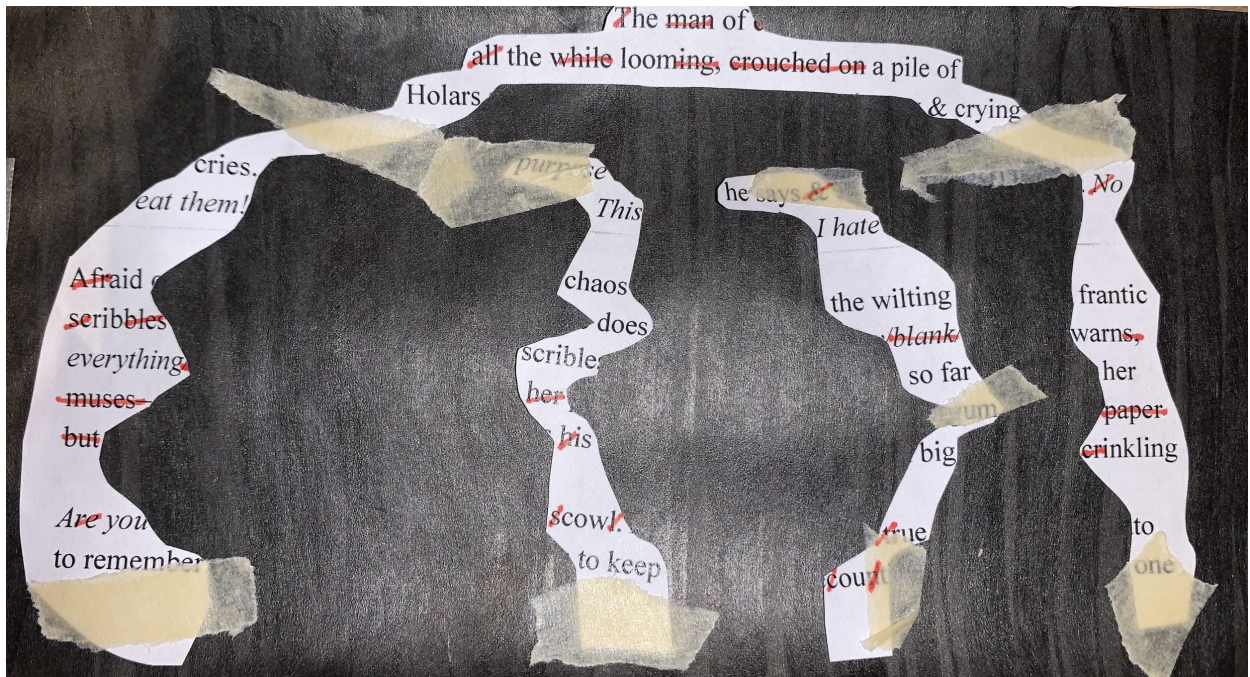
## THEY FINDS THEMSELF WHERE FLYING BUGS FEEL SAFE

A room where the air globs like oatmeal to breathe & tastes gloopy like chunky brown sugar. In the roundest room, walls are the essence of a slow-eyed cow. Cow guts handle they's mind like finger knitting. There is something living here or maybe many things. Here, no one tells air from wall from something living, but they-kike tries. There is one strong mass, round

like the room & cow tongued, watching they-kike for a while, sees they-kike looking back. The gentle, roomlike being extends their hand for they-kike to sniff & then hold. They move slow, the being, intention to their facia & all around them a miracle! Bees, flies & gnats crawl in the safety of their elbows & spine-flesh & stay there, still.

*Have you met a man by the name of wasp?* They-kike can't help but ask themself aloud. The being doesn't recall. *I have no memories. All moments are new to me. I blame it all on Attention Deficit Disorder.* They-kike can empathize & thinks a long time about how they might place their arm on their arm, their hip on their hip, their cheek on their cheek

& they are both wondering, which takes the longest time & after wondering, they-kike leaves, wishing not to disrupt stillness, with arms, hips, cheeks & thoughts of placing them places



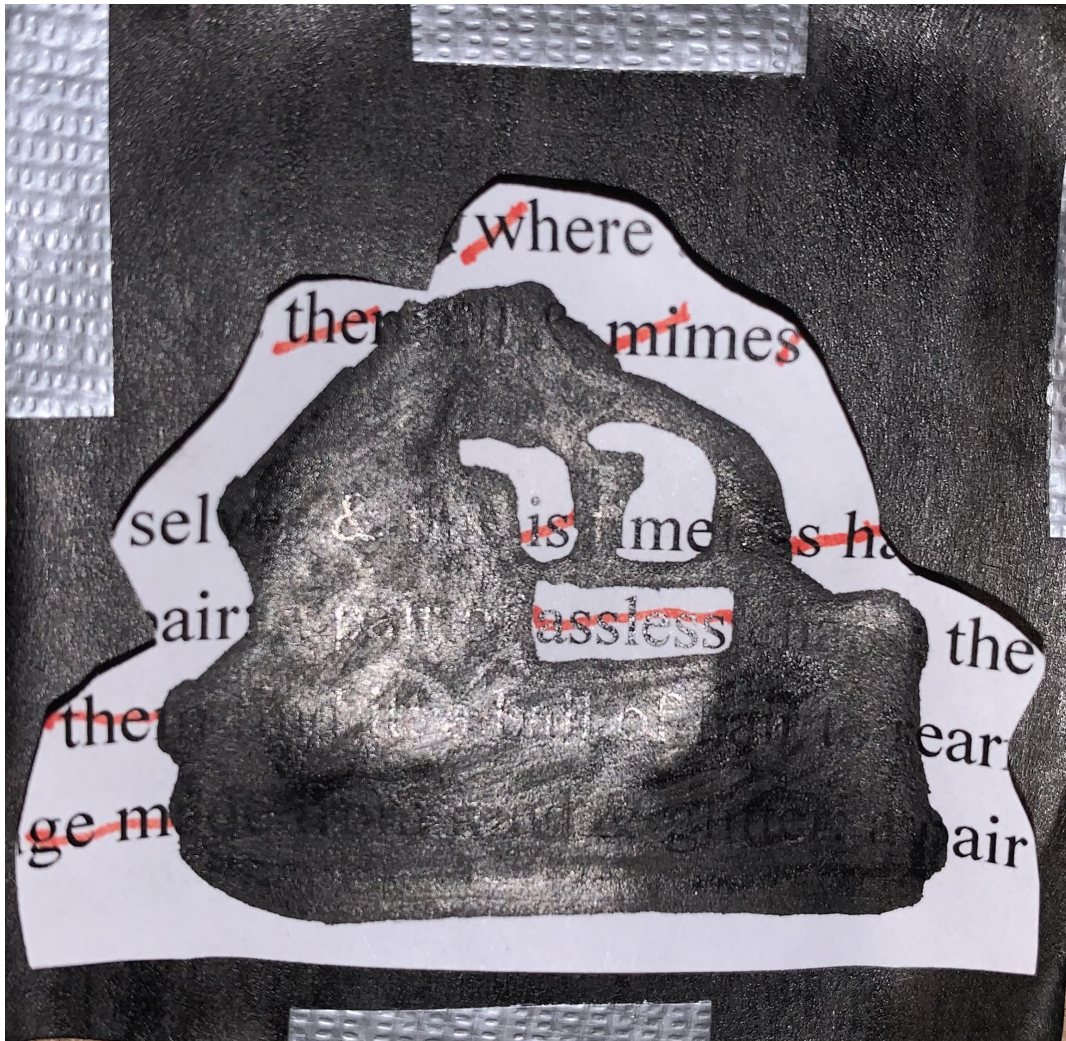
## SHE MAKES A MEMORY WORTH KEEPING

Wishing not to disrupt stillness, with arms, hips, cheeks & thoughts of placing them places, there is a man of chaos in this room & he is too many ages for his own good. That is, exactly three: 7, 28 & 86 & his face looks all of them. The man of chaos babbles like a baby & sucks a wooden pipe, somehow rusting, all the while looming, crouched on a pile of potatoes. *No floor, just a pile of potatoes!* Holar she-kike, briefly pondering matrimony & crying inside

with little cries. *Potatoes require less intention than hats*, he says & seems to hate himself. *No don't eat them!* He snaps at the assumption. *The potatoes are for sleeping on.* I hate one thing: *change!*

Afraid of an incoming tantrum, the man of chaos copes by filling the wilting walls with frantic scribbles & invites she-kike to join him & she does & *never/leave/any/blank/space*, he warns, *everything/inkless/is/wasted* & she-kike scribbles the symbols she's seen so far down here, her dybbuks—וּ ך ם ם O—& the symbols make her play at being braided bubble-gum or tissue paper. The man fills in every space as he cracks his back against the back cracking potato & crinkles

*Are you my little sister?* In a most needing scowl. *I hope so!* says she. It's true. She pockets a potato to remember him by before leaving & he prays to keep time, recounting potatoes & missing one



DOOR ?

## SHE MAKES A REALIZATION ; THEY KISSES THEMSELF

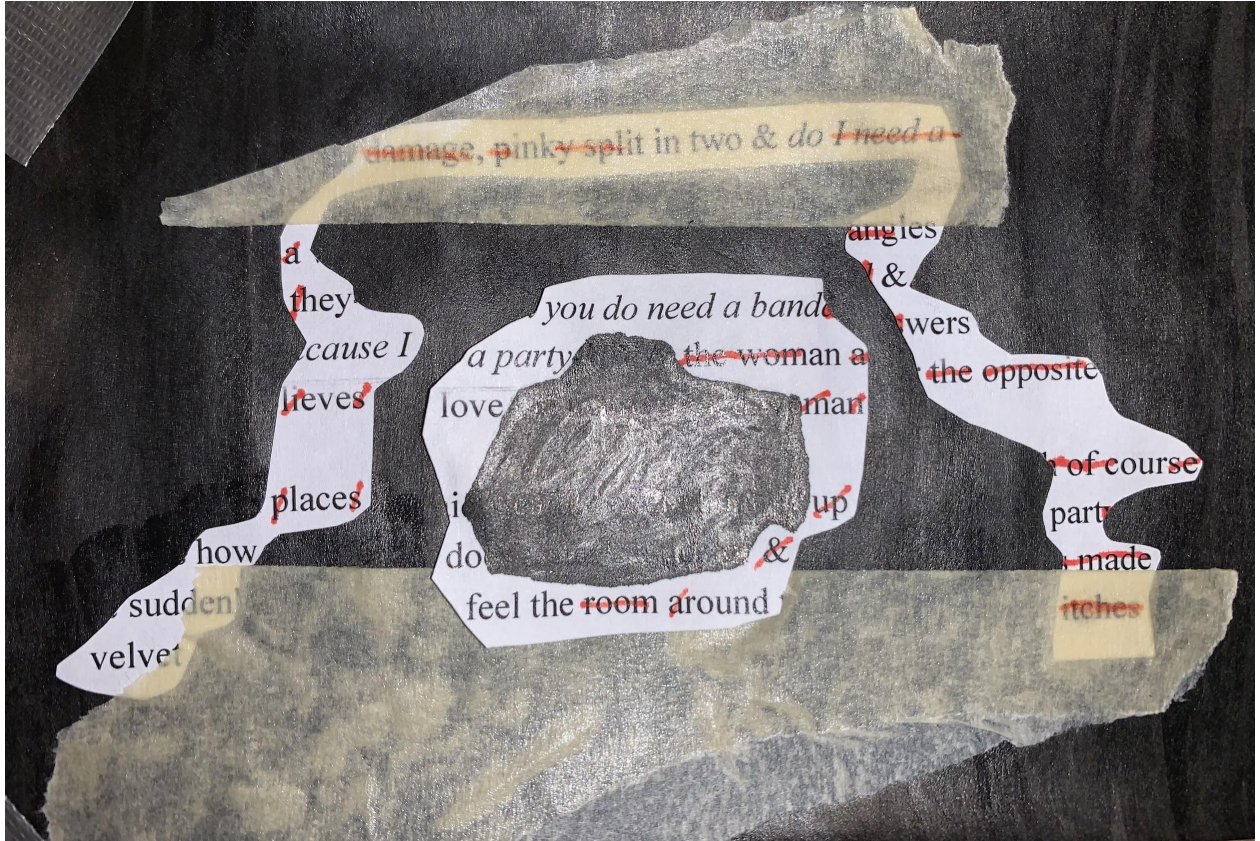
To remember him by before leaving & he prays to keep time, recounting potatoes & missing one whom he remembers dancing, though she-kike wasn't dancing then. But oh, she does dance now in a room made of mirrors & there's a pile of costume pieces, each in place of a potato & they-kike is there too. They tries them all & mimes the drums & thrusts & kicks high as they change

beside 14 other selves, this is timeless happy. Here is a list of they-kike's outfits: de-flowered dress & bonnet pair; a single assless chap; the shirt which makes her lose their chest & the shirt which makes them find it; a ball of hair to rearrange as mustache, beard, or brow; two full fists of hodgepodge made from mud & glitter; a pair of bloodstained boxers & quite a dapper corset.

They-kike dances she away in the mirrors & then dances she back again & this is what being a party-kike is all about. *How can a man of chaos really hate change?* She-kike wonders between ecstatic belly twirls & rolls *I just love it!!!* & they-kike gives each & every mirror a kiss on the lips because that is the only place mirrors ever want to be kissed & then to catch their

breath, they-kike places themself in the soft man's special suit & many of their selves sigh *thank you*. The door slugs open like aged oatmeal, harder & heavier than to rest & this room is

TEXT ”





## THEY GETS BANGED ; SHE ATTEMPTS TO GIVE THEM SOME PRIVACY

*Thank you.* The door slugs open like aged oatmeal, harder & heavier than to rest & this room is the second which requires one to kiss a mezuzah & they-kike kisses their own fingers first & their pinky graces wooden post just as the door comes banging back—blaamm!!!!!! A pinky split in two & she-kike sees the damage, & *need a bandaid?* They just mutters *wait*

*here.* There is a woman in the room, a woman made of angles & every angle is intelligent & the woman says to they-kike, *I think you do need a bandaid* & they-kike answers *I think you only like me because I am a party-kike* & the woman answers *Yes* & they-kike explodes a smile. They-kike believes they like the many-angled woman for the opposite reason so it's okay.

The woman layers bandaid steady over chunked up finger, though of course they-kike knows how. The woman does & plays a doctor & takes they-kike's party-kike-hand soft & sudden & they-kike can feel the room around them. It's six sides made of tight blue velvet enveloping tiny pillows. Many, many, tiny pillows & they-kike itches to touch them

all. *This must be the tiny pillow room,* she-kike whispers to herself. Then it's gone before she's ready. *I tried to stay still but must have tripped out,* says she-kike to explain the interruption.



DOOR: GOOEY CHEESE

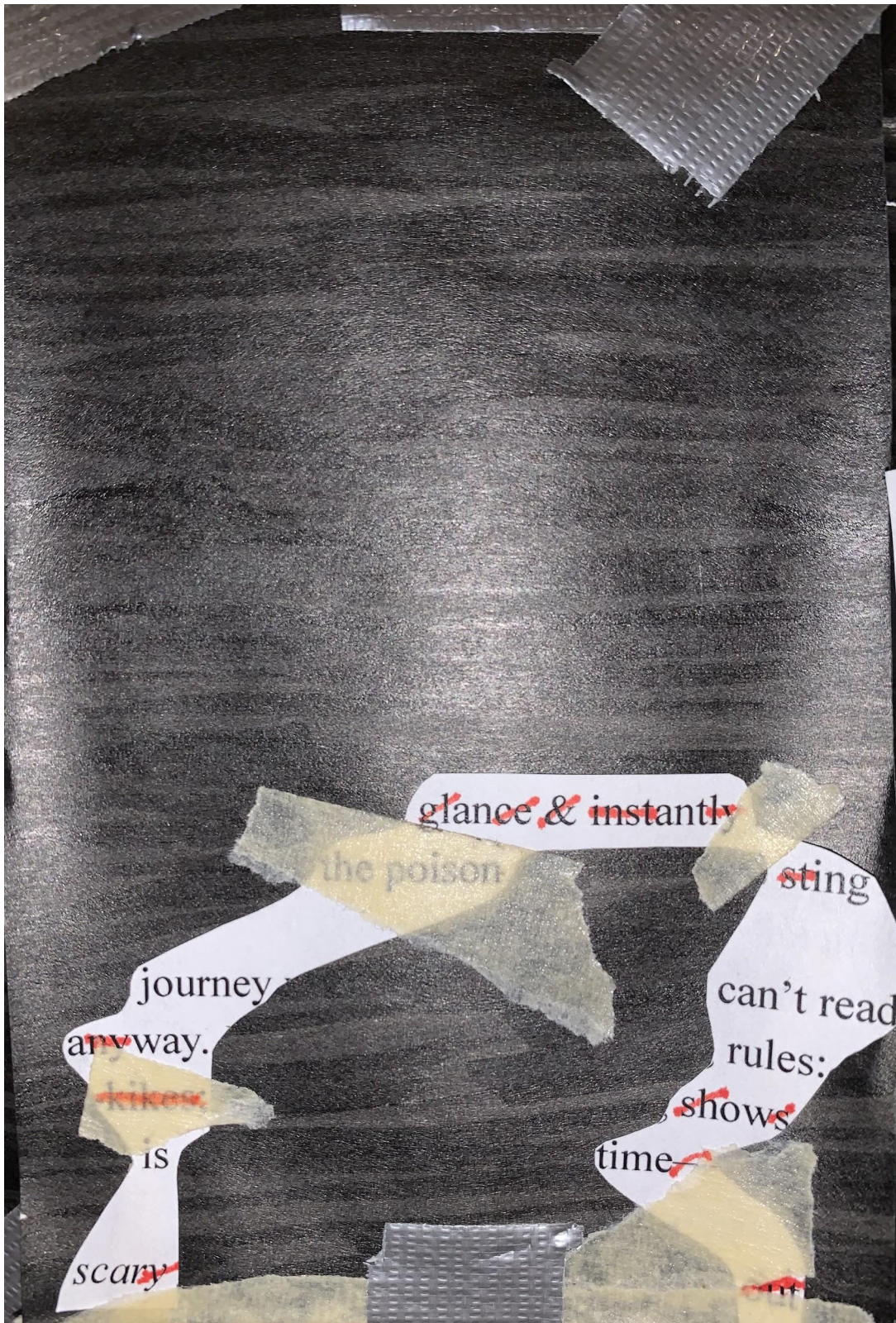
## THEY IS RAVENOUS ; SHE TRIES TO PROBLEM SOLVE

She's ready. *I tried to stay still but must have tripped out*, says she-kike to explain the interruption. Now, *this isn't a room at all*, but a garden with a burbling Tree. She&they-kike believe this room's accidentally in pittsburgh so wail for ever&ever. The Tree is ever: shifting, saply translucent with lumps & bruises all bluing & it moistens, growing & animate. *Alive!!!*

Shout she&they in unison for no exterior reason & the lilac veined leaves twinkle into their bleeding. But where's all the gooeyed cheese? Both know this is the one honest question. *To stay a party-kike takes sustinence!* They yells, searching with spikey teeth & she is a diabolical baby & both, in teething notice speckled bark-slime tastes of iron &spit&spit&spit,

sos not to catch some sort of blood disease & *where the hell's the gooey cheese?* They-kike asks. Both skulls sprout & spur in the waiting. The garden's become a horny migrain & *this isn't how it's supposed to be is it?* She asks the Tree & they knows the Tree is wondering. *What'd we do last time?* She grasps, because there must have been last times & to remember would be grimey magic. *Should the tree of liver ever stop bleeding?* They's a philosopher & a waft of cheese leads them out&into—*Oh there he is!* The waspman: gumming, two spindly wings shed dust & skin stuff

TEXT: GOOEY CHEESE



DOOR: SMELLS OF WEEDS

THEY BECOMES A STATUE ; SHE ENGAGES IN HER FAVORITE ACTIVITY

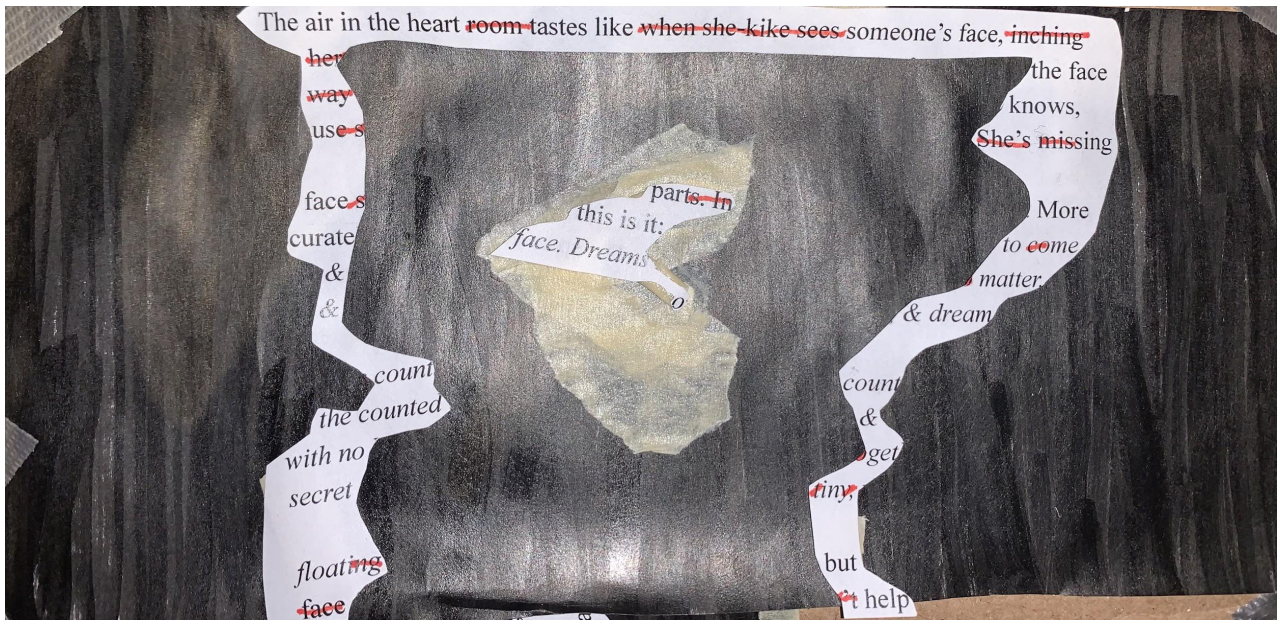
*Oh there he is!* The waspman: gumming, two spindly wings shed dust & skin stuff, a torso in segments. Waspman's presence makes they&she-kike want to close both eyes indefinitely. They-kike braves a glance & instantly is statuefied by his spindling legs & bespeckled stare & the poison of the possibility of his sting & he is aware & giggles.

*It wouldn't be a jurny without a duel.* She-kike can't spell JOURNEY so this has never been a journey anyway. Just a duel & there are dueling rules: don't learn to sting like one of those copy-kikes; if someone condescending shows up, it's just another waspman in disguise; this is an annoyance as long as time—waspmen & the hyphenated kikes.

*I'm a pretty scary guy, aren't I?* Waspman squeezes out & she-kike is sure the dust-white wings have gone to his head. *Dueling is my favorite activity!* She roars & lunges at him: *Smash! Thwash! Zoom! Shwack! Thwap! Gullunk! Gullunk! Patooe! Thwap!* Destatufied, they-kike runs, puddling, arms spread, without a waspman in the world.

She&they skip out of the garden for all they know & they sprint & she pants only to notice air in the heart room tastes like when she-kike sees someone's face, inching

TEXT: SMELLS OF WEEDS



### SHE HAS ANOTHER EXPERIENCE WITH PUPPETRY

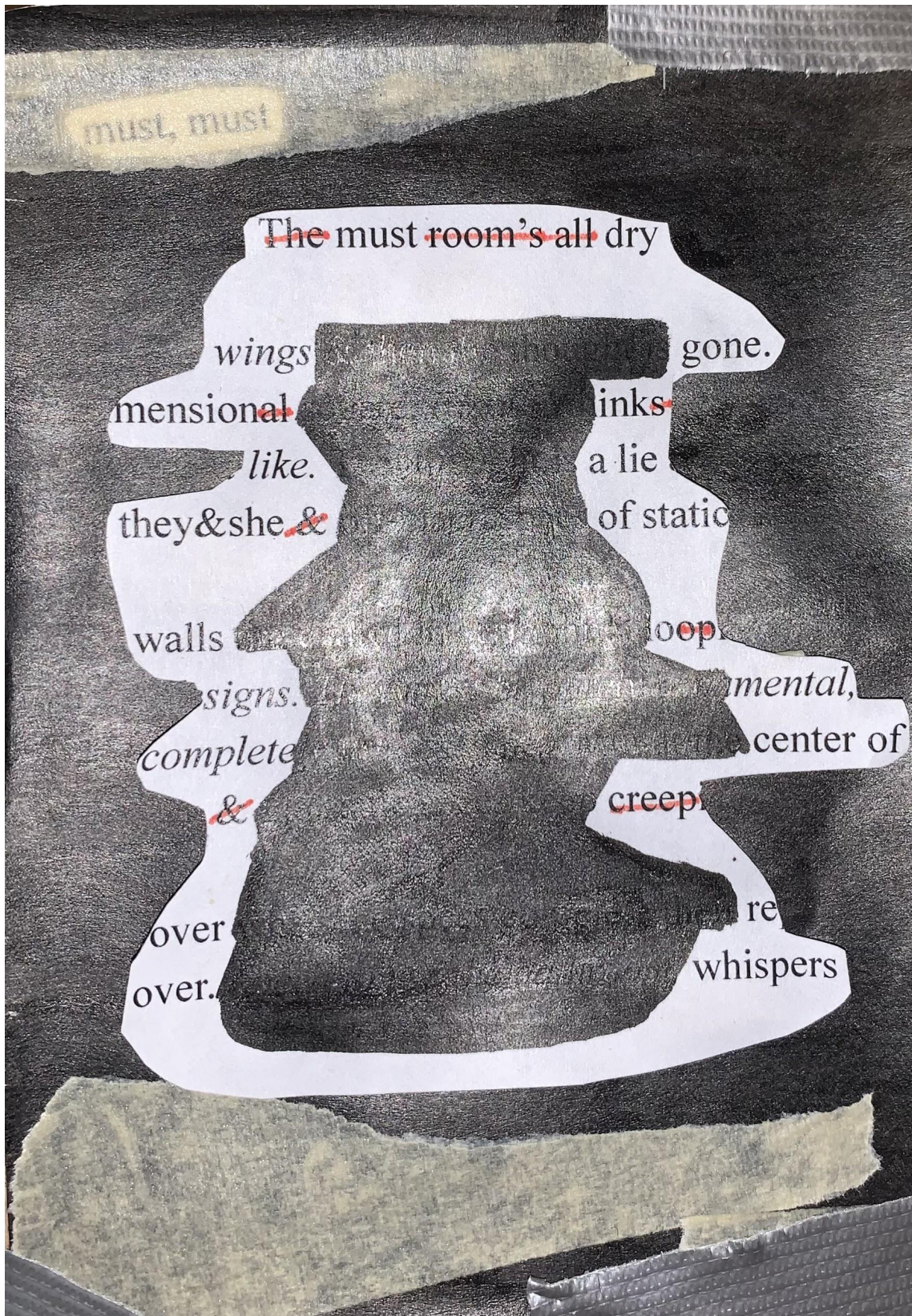
Notice, air in the heart room tastes like when she-kike sees someone's face inching into hers, but then she notices it's her own hands who cup the face, puppet the face this way, then that, but for some reason the face has no body anymore. She-kike knows, because she tried, even if she tried, she'd be kissing her own thumbs. Here, she misses

the face she cups, as much as the other parts. In this heart room are chatsonchatsonchats. More accurately, one chat over, over, over again. This is it: she-kike waits for the body to come back. Then in waiting she dreams the face, dreams two, *Are we possible?* No matter, she-kike plays catch with the face, throwing dreams through telepathy, with both dreaming it works.

While the face counts deaths like melting pacifiers, she-kike counts babies curling inside. All these counted bodies can play chess together, so they do, do, do, do, do, but always end with no legal moves. The face molds with she-kike, one body together from playdough: *A secret tube stretches straight from This Kike's throat to anus, where a tiny powder-pink balloon's sent*

*floating up.* She-kike wants to never leave this room, but the face shouldn't only be face, she shouldn't only be she-kike, her fingers can't help but numb in cupping

DOOR: <3



DOOR: MUST



## SHE DOES NOTHING ; THEY DOES NOTHING

Face & she shouldn't be only she-kike & her fingers can't help but numb in cupping so must, must room must be next, the must-smell one, like children's books & aging calligraphy practice to an anti-literacy party-kike. It's strange, the room holds none of that. A tragedy. The must room's all dehydrated & cream-colored, but deader &

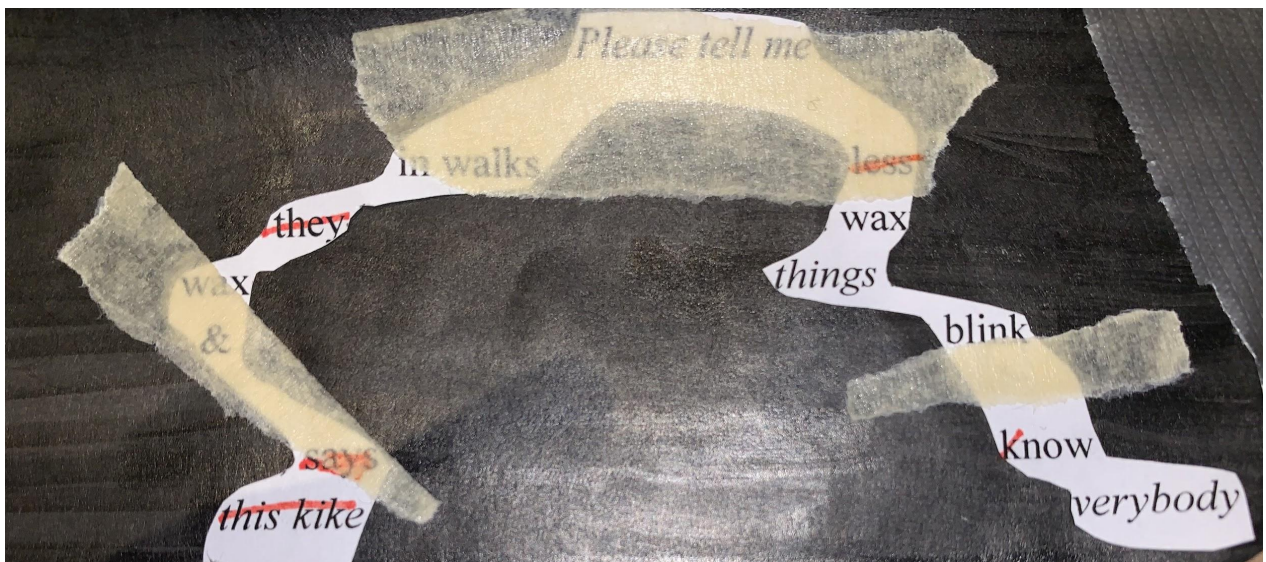
*I remember all the wings & then they's thought is gone. This room is compact: perfect, two-dimensional & square. Finally, thinks she-kike, this is what innerspace travel is supposed to feel like. That thought is a lie & therefore it ends. The space is empty, other than they&she & off-black specs of static creeping into eye-corners.*

These dead cream walls are coated in scribbling, looping, inky smears & slashes. She-kike muses: *These designs. They must be purely decorative, don't you think?* They-kike guesses: *If not, completely useless.*

The two wait  
at the center  
of the dead  
cream room  
for anything  
to happen  
& the static specs keep creeping in, which both suppose does count.

The waiting seems over when the specs complete their reproductive cycle & greyness makes everything over. *I need to use the bathroom,* whispers they-kike & that's that.

TEXT: MUST



DOOR: PISS & FECES

## SHE OBSERVES HER SURROUNDINGS ; THEY MISJUDGES A STRANGER

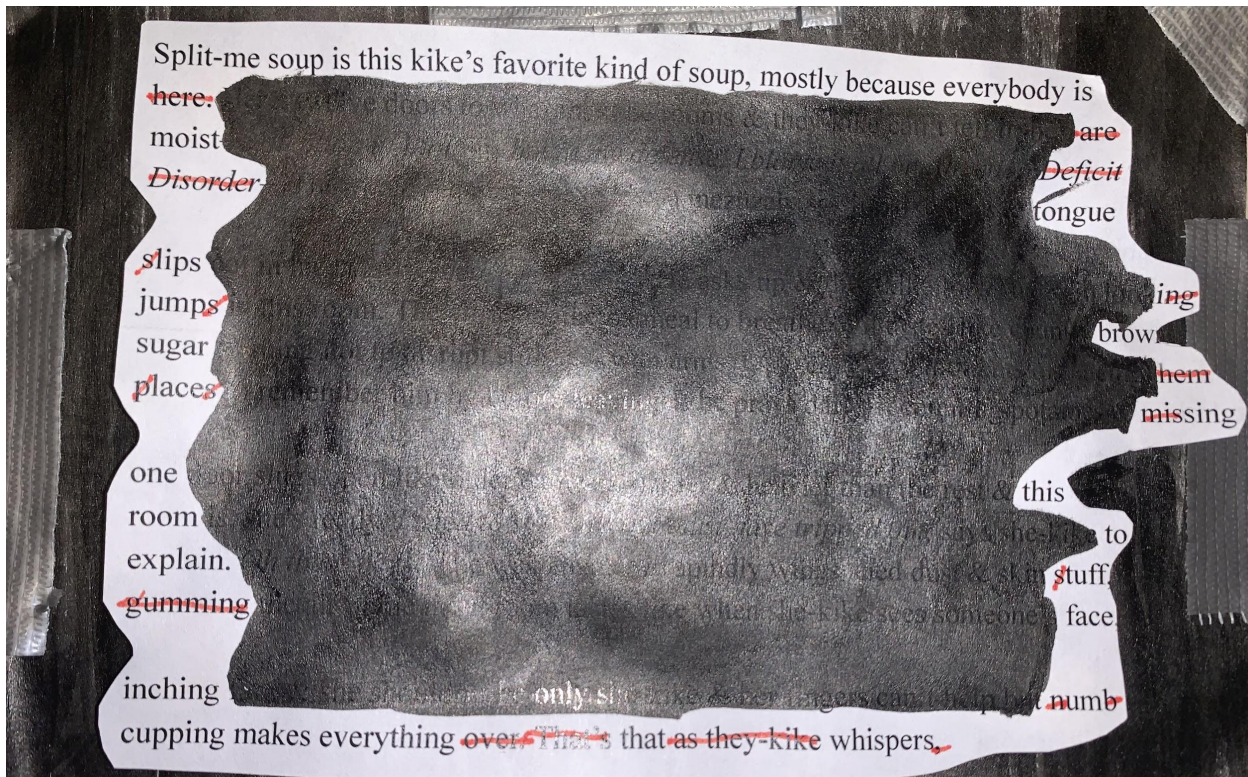
Make is when everything's over. *I need to use the bathroom* they-kike whispers, She&they deduce the door that smells of piss & feces must be a bathroom door & are wrong. It is a hallway: *It is a hallway!* She-kike shrieks. S-S-S-sssanity! comes out a guffaw. They-kike hadn't realized the negative psychic effect of stomach

grumble on prefrontal cortex, but does now in silence. The hallway is six units long & the six lead to a second other door on the other hallway-end In the hallway, light is gold & brown like honeyed milk & chocolate. *Heart room?* she-kike murmurs. *Please tell me I never left* & they is silent.

The second door creaks & in walks, well, *a waxy, eyeless figure* observes she-kike. They-kike yells: *You have no eyes!* Mr. waxy replies *Lies!* & points to two. One eye nestled in the bottom of each foot: *They've seen things they shouldn't have.* To rest the eyes, kikes & the guy lay back, feet sprawled up the wall. The foot-eyes blink off sludge to open.

Tell me who you are, starts waxy with a wink. She&they don't know how to say, so: *Split-me soup is this kike's favorite kind of soup, mostly because everybody is here!*

TEXT: PISS & FECES



DOOR: REFLECTION

## THIS KIKE ATTEMPTS REFLECTION

Split-me soup is this kike's favorite kind of soup, mostly because everybody is here one after one. Here, twelve doors to what must be rooms & they-kike can't tell if they are moist —*Attention in Biology. In my defense I blame my blinking on Attention Deficit Disorder!*

This room requires one to kiss a mezuzah, so she-kike does & tongue slips out into his beard—*Please marry me?* He asks low & they-kike looks up & in looking jumps to A room where the air globs like oatmeal to breathe & tastes gloopy like chunky brown sugar wishing not to disrupt stillness with arms, hips, cheeks & thoughts of placing them

places to remember him by before leaving & he prays to keep time, recounting potatoes & missing one *Thank you*. The door slugs open like aged oatmeal, harder & heavier than to rest & this room is, she's ready. *I tried to stay still but must have tripped out*, says she-kike to explain the interruption. *Oh there he is!* The waspman: gumming, two spindly wings shed dust &

skin stuff, notice, air in the heart room tastes like when she-kike sees someone's face inching face & she shouldn't be only she-kike & her fingers can't help but numb in cupping: *I need to use the bathroom* they-kike whispers. Make is when everything's over.

TEXT: REFLECTION

I know I don't know I no I don't  
 know I know I don't no I no I  
 don't no I know I don't know I  
 no I know I don't know I no I  
 don't know I know I don't no I no  
 I don't no I don't I know I no  
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