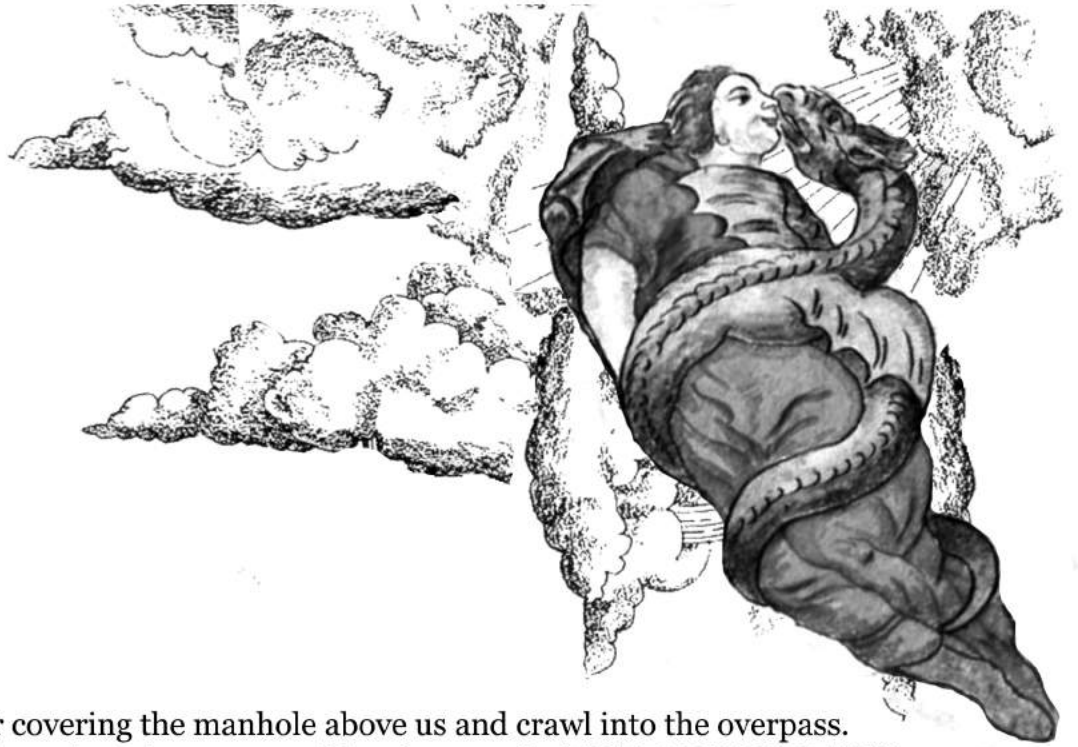


Teo Rivera-Dundas

“Vetch /
Violet /
It Is Exciting /
Clover /
Violet /
Ivy”



We remove a squat disk of rubber covering the manhole above us and crawl into the overpass. Now we're inside cement; it's hollow. A truck passes, making the sound of SUDDEN LIME-PINK: BLUE-OVER-VELVET: STEEL DRUM: BEDSPRING. The aperture at our feet holds a ring of sunlight just wide enough to reveal computer pieces and medical equipment. It's an art installation nobody knows about, assembled out of every thing. We brought flashlights, click them on. We see OAK-BEATEN PLASTIC: DRAG-HARP: THREE SYNTH PULSES: EYES EYES EYES EYES. The vector of one flashlight's beam writes rather than illuminates.

Years later, we climb an ice-caked hill, bracing against late-season wind for the basketball courts. At this point we form a band. We feel as though we're on the edge of a new history: history just needs us to speak up, deploy minor corrections, as easy as agreeing on the pronunciation of our name. But then one of us slips, the wind takes, and we smell: COLD-HUM-GOING-SCATTER: CONSTELLATIONS: OUTSIDE FIBERS: VOCAL RIP. Something's trying to get through. The rest of us jump. We taste: OPTIC: DIALS: FLOWERS: DOORSTEP. The wind blows softer.

Now only one of us does it. One of us is buying a bomb at an estate sale. One of us lies on the shag carpet listening to the frequencies. Scatters ashes across Zabriskie Point. Feels softly. One of us finds an opening in the chainlink, enters.

