

## the letter A. sends

1.

A. sends me gold dust of jing and scales that balance the weight of yesterday's light. The particles are heavy; they scatter to corners that no longer exist, an erosion of time, thought and sun. Their conception arises as strict creases shaped to defy, yet instead, design and façade wash into an organic curve of skin and cell.

She, A., slides a finger along the viscous shield making curves unknown to me—beautiful under the chartreuse light. The waves continue across and down, stopping at a point beyond my understanding: An image of leaning lines with dashes round alphabetic arcs of meaning.

2.

I tell her we must go between empty walls, so she calculated our river of distance and stood on one side.

3.

A thin wire connects one syllable to tongue and the next to finger. This filament pierces the skin of her first finger, connecting it to my tongue and then back to her finger, suturing them tightly, one to another, so that my tongue and her finger speak.

4.

jing (jing) [Chinese origin] is one of the basic substances that according to traditional Chinese medicine pervade the body, usually translated as “essence”; the body reserves or constitutional makeup, replenished by food and rest, that supports life and is associated with developmental changes in an organism<sup>1</sup>;

yet

jin·go·ism [jing-goh-iz-uhm] originated around the year 1878<sup>2</sup>; it is defined as extreme chauvinism or nationalism marked especially by a belligerent foreign policy; Wenwang or Wen-wang or Xibo scripted the Yijing or I Ching, one of the five classics of Confucianism, in the 12<sup>th</sup> century BC<sup>3</sup>, prior to the origin and definition of jingoism.

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<sup>1</sup> *Dorland's Medical Dictionary for Health Consumers*, 2007, s.v. “Jing” definition on *Free Dictionary* accessed on July 26, 2011.

<sup>2</sup> “Jingoism” definition and origin on *Dictionary.com*, 2010, accessed on July 26, 2011.

<sup>3</sup> “Wenwang” definition *Universalium*, 2010, accessed on July 26, 2011.

5.

A. sends me glyphs of red stuffed wings, glitter hearts, frames of blue and neon lights.

I	red	I				
white						
L		pink	L			
				rings		Baby
O		O	ribbons		Doll	yellow
V		V				pinkpinkpink
E		E				
		<i>Lov</i>				
Y		Y		AIR N-27		
	blackbox					
O		O			flying lions	

And I I I can only see her scarved head bent, sitting between token-stacked columns that exchange object for thought, for word, for expression, for feeling. I can see her sitting, searching for the next letter to send, hoping that it is the right exchange.

6.

A. sends me halal meat. I send her pterodactyls. With beaks stretched wide, they swoop, angelically smiling as they dharmically descend on the backend of the butcher.

7.

A. rests on an image: colloquial print translated.

8.

In the middle of a sidewalk, concrete crumbles. A. walks around it; I walk around it, contemplating the weight of the largest piece. We are under construction: our minds, our language, our selves. We talk around it, sometimes circling in to test whether the next expression of thought will be understood; the debris scatters.

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9.

The rings stack upon one another: an abacus of beads. Numbers are important and names like pigments: chartreuse, fuchsia, ultra-marine. Derived from plants, this system coalesces into a wheel of gradients and shades that become more valued on walls and furniture. The stacking is important; it orders the complex chemistry devised and simulated to export an experience: exotic, spiritual, yet, calm.

A. sends me letters and moments that collage numbers and imagined words.

The stacking is important: calm.

I move through tangible space in another time zone and calculate our river of distance. I wonder: How am I derived? In what system is my chemistry simulated? A likeness or an image, words on a page, a voice in A.'s head?

The moments grow longer and the images blend into snippets of song or a scene taken out of context.

I move onto 10, thinking about numbering and a perfect ordering. Maybe the simulated me is a perfect version, a better system where faults are accepted as part of the perfect chemical composition. Maybe my simulation is available in chartreuse, fuchsia and ultra-marine—a calming, spiritual experience of self enmeshed within walls containing exotic furniture.

10.

*Hey little sister what have you done?*

A. stands alone, outside, waiting.

*I've been away for so long, so long. I've been away for so long.*

B. is inside.

*Start again. It's a nice day to start again.*

A. is converging with another former self.

*And there is nothing safe in this world. There is nothing safe in this world. There is nothing safe in this wor, wor, world. Start again.*

A. wants to explain to her selves and to B. the gold dust of jing; she wants to explain the self beyond words and images, but she knows that she will have to use these things, so instead, she stands and waits. Part of her never wants to speak again, part of her wants B. to just know innately how she feels, and part of her wants to escape her selves, B. and the rest of the alphabet.

*Come on—take me back home, yeah. Start again.*<sup>4</sup>

A. sends me letters that pierce the skin of her first finger, connecting it to my tongue and then back to her finger, suturing them tightly, one to another, so that my tongue and her finger speak.

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<sup>4</sup> Billy Idol, “White Wedding” on the album *Billy Idol*, pro. Keith Forsey, vinyl, Chrysalis, 1982.