F 2 F

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Writely

I won’t ever know.

You could shape words with your mouth as you read silently.

Whisper them, sibilant, into a translucent ear.

Couldn’t catch you doing it.

...  

*Doing it.* Yes?

The Os like kisses, the smiling *Es*—
You couldn’t watch me scratch
with the fountain pen:

Read me. Scratching it out.

. . .

The contract mandates camouflage

(you won’t watch)

(so I don’t care where you begin)

. . .

Can’t picture me, can you? We can’t picture ourselves.
Not in our “real lives.”

Start at the bottom of the page and read up I wouldn’t know it.
One day she was there speaking from the flatscreen.
He was there one day saying things.
Typing.
We say *saying*, meaning *writing*.
You liked the things written that were as if said.
She or he “interesting” you.
You stayed online.
[Idiom for *connected*.]
Giving your madeup name.
To himher, whobeit.
You did not, on this level, trust.
You had things to say, meaning *write*.
To the one who died, whom you can’t shake.
To the succubus. She stole your manhood.
To one your memory renders foreign.
To the incubus who fucked you unseen & left you a demon baby.
To your mistakes.
To the bodiless Deity.
To your longing.
You say these things, meaning write them, & look at them & click where it says

*send*.

Reader, you did these things.
Glassicaglia

for now

so long for now!
(wave)
(for now!) for nowt

for nought we see for night night-night!

we see / we see through
it’s glass

we see you through

see through you now

(for now) (or nigh)

see
mirror error . . .

for now we see nought through the glass
naught naughty
nighty night

darkly kling

darkling we listen darkly we see

through a glass dark glassy dark
we they do see through a
glass darkly

but
mirror hear

error

it’s glass

face to face f2f then

they (for they shall see God)

for now we are seen through a glass darkly

error

face to face

can you see now?

see darkly
Comes in at the eyes

(they were little girls)

ey and Eurydice
spied on Psyche

(E standing suspicious
considering nearly visible
riskous girl)

their moms had said
P was the most
beautiful, in such a way
to convey

the value of being that
but an impression—
as a direction
    an order
and they could see their moms trying
to be like P
ah        Desire

... 

grown women looked frightening
to them

even the beautiful ones
especially
all the moms wanted

beautiful daughters, girls

gods would fall for

good, groomed, gifted

who didn’t skip a day of cotillion

knew to say no to
E: no.

wore red all the time
dyed her hair red
grew long nails wore omigod comical makeup
like a raccoon

smoked

...

red red red
nothing like P

moms got migraines

from
looking—