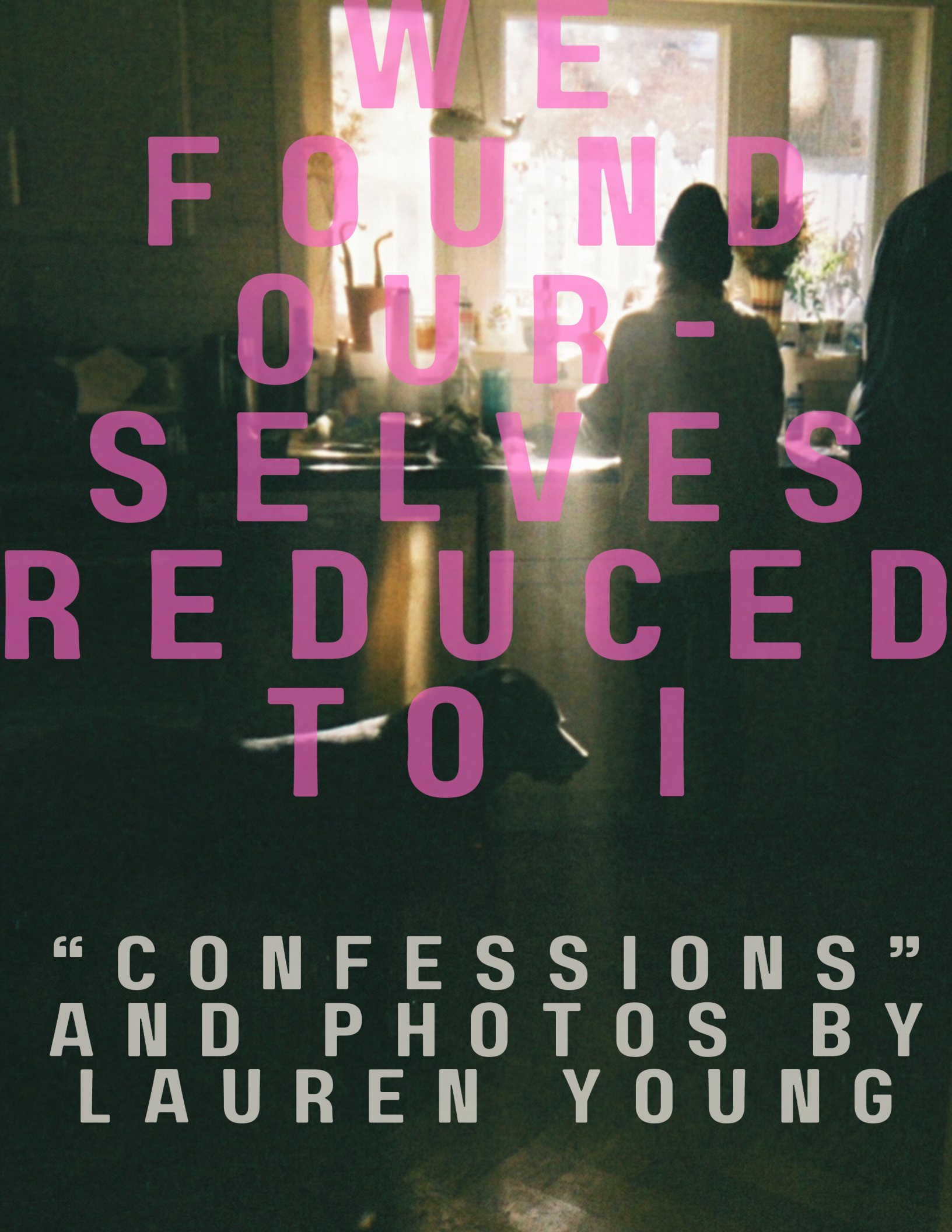


A photograph of a person standing in a kitchen, seen from behind, looking out a window. A dog is in the foreground, looking towards the person. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the window. The text is overlaid in a bold, pink, sans-serif font.

WE
FOUND
OUR-
SELVES
REDUCED
TO I

“CONFESSIONS”
AND PHOTOS BY
LAUREN YOUNG



Table of "Confessions"

- 2 → (can I say it if I hide in parentheses?)
3 → space marble
4 → paradise found me
5-7 → spectrum of future
8 → what camera I used and where I ~~live~~ live

PREFER NOT
CURSIVE?
@LUCIPAMPLEMOUSSE

"In those years, people will say, we lost track
of the meaning of we, of you
we found ourselves
reduced to I
and the whole thing became
silly, ironic, terrible:
we were trying to live a personal life
and yes, that was the only life
we could bear witness to

But the great dark birds of history screamed and plunged
into our personal weather

They were headed somewhere else but their beaks and pinions dove
along the shore, through the rags of fog
where we stood, saying I"

- Adrienne Rich, "In Those Years"

greetings from
stockholm (poor them)
greetings from sunny
dissociation now from
them from sensory
overlays:

on Sparkle Bay "tyranny"
Baltimore Boat ("cargo ship") stuck
dead lost unrecovered
sleepwise screensavers
come true. (Violent
delights have violet ends)

Be still, be still! You're hiding
on the kitchen floor, a clever
girl around the corner. You (or
was it me) clutching our
sibling, taking turns distracting
the monster, rattling ladles
and fragments of a candy moon
dipped in night shade.

Clever girl, she's opening doors
(Shoot her!) the messenger with talons
too late for gently sweeping sand
off fossilized sharps, scaring of the kids
Monday this of FEMA sand, contractor orange.
Mother so big so cold,
mermaid purses filled with dead Ancients
("whose arm is that on my shoulder?")



thank you, space marble, my wiley minx

my god, my home, my lonely queen
does the moon send you mixed signals,
too? Do you rage against her separate-
ness, when she used to be yours?

of course not, my pale blue gem,
you hold her at the distance she asks,
the embrace an open hand,
a love that rises all tides,
secure attachment celestially
manifest

paradise found me a hundred times
a thousand flicks

I shook it off and tried again
to find my shaft of light

in a box of disasters, pretty babes,
in shame and self annihilation

I disappeared on purpose:

clawing the empty hole
where I had **been**

who tastes me in their water,
straight from the hose?

Would I drink me and never know?
never.

paradise found me so I'll always
sense the disasters

I am and
will often **be**



my past and future friend
built a garden on the internet
in fast-forward. Shards of his
speed leaving certain things smashed
fragile translucent things
it was all too quick
what will grow? do vegetables
exist? everyone I remember
is a fruit or legume
or root.
will the fragments sprout
into a tree of glass

Working, I muscle-memoried:
explain Queens? explain Flushing?
explain from above?
I can't see from above like that
but sometimes I think I can smell
pheromones like a dog
who smells a raging before its start

his eyes on me
like I can quench a thirst
no future can remove.
I can look away,
but I don't want to.
I want to see what comes up
from the tilling. I want it
to feed me, too.

I've been filming myself
in time lapse cleaning the bathroom
room, this bottle scrubber
made my coffee
less bitter

bedroom laundry basement,
pending

usually I can't take it
all in but I
eat 2 yolks
morning meals like a
mouth of papier-mâché,
golden centers only,
albumin skeletons on daisied plates

at this point .i've used the toothbrush
i bought him more than he did
inside my mouth, soft
Canker-sore friend soft as dog
down undercoat
soft under cult-y fluoride-free toothpaste
preaching eating of eating of eating
of knowledge.

when vines run wild under
August yellow, friend, bless me
with a meal of glass, a prism
grown apart white light spread,
spectrum of future

A photograph of a wooden table in a dimly lit room. On the table is a glass of water, a sandwich, and a pair of sunglasses. The background is dark with some out-of-focus lights.

KODAK
EKTAR

LAMBER
T VILLE,
NEW
JERSEY



READINGS OF CONFESSIONS @ LUCIPAMPLEMOUSSE

