



The Animal

THE ANIMAL

elicits giggles.
Takes place
whatever is thought.

Dead animal on street,
blood on tires.

Animal arm I bit,
nuzzled. Some
have arms
some bear them
procreate etc.

Higher order dreams.
Even aliens are handed
animals. Wear
them, complaining.

Whimper, muscle,
elegy animal.

Thinking break forms. Scribbles found
in code manual.

Animals must remember
eye exercises
back stretches.

A sad lot. Meant
to say sand.
Picking nits, some say.
Give examples say others.

When locations are wrong
they shut down.

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The day the animal  
first spit on a  
digit, rubbed  
a corner, a page  
turned

Now it only  
journals encrypted  
so the pack can't  
read

Better than solitaire  
No more slap slap

A square of paper  
holds a trip. Animals  
depart. Desert.  
Carrying their  
young. Kept in laps  
to save

~~~~

Urban bred beasts
tiny for tiny
condos, held
at crossings

Plastic bag a
glove, it too
is fashion

Dress replica
in window, bound
breast, spitting
image

Are at their
best equinoxes

What fool
am I they

say in their
tongue, I've
a grandmother
a dimple like
anyone

~ ~ ~

SURVIVAL

I moved to San Francisco as a young woman with \$80 in my pocket. I found out the university would loan me money if I took classes there so I did, and they did. I fell into a group arrangement that was dirt cheap: the two upper floors of a rambling house on a quiet street. The young attorney couple lived downstairs. I slept on a black futon with a girl I barely knew. We tolerated each other, which meant, we became close friends until the moment we didn't have to share a bed. A hippy impresario, older than everybody, with red skin and straw hair, put the whole scenario together. He knew what had to be done and how to do it. Later on we all got kicked out when the attorney couple made enough money to renovate.

It rained constantly. Leaf laden trees drooped under the rain's weight. I stood on the steps of a campus building. I didn't question the rain, it was part of the terms of this new place/life. Two pigeons pecked the ground near me. One especially, its feathers insistent blue, became my friend. It pecked around my feet demanding that I preserve our dialogue by writing it down. It wanted the dialogue to express its, the bird's frustration. I

wanted friendship while the bird was looking for a messenger. It was using me, but I was lonely and therefore eager to comply. I worked hard.

Sarah: I never thought my first friend in the West would be a pigeon. I guess I didn't really think who my first friend would be.

Bird: : peck of hunger feathered anger::::::::::::

Sarah: Why do you keep pushing my colons and indents around on the page?

Bird: : : :: clawtap cement crave crumbs

Sarah: You're sabotaging the very thing you claimed to need.

Bird: : empty beak ::::::speak me

~ ~ ~

Hold a book
sideways, what
are these marks

Lie in sun next to
Winnebagos, change
crashing on heads.

Chew smart roots,
it helps their stem.
Many grind
hunger between
teeth, crust and rind

~ ~ ~

Do you mourn
the loss of
endlessness?
Now a yard
bounds the
animal. Do
you know the
matter? It eyes
visitors, dozes,
navigates to
furthest corner.
Restive before
feeding, provides
serviceable fear,
pacing in eights.

~ ~ ~

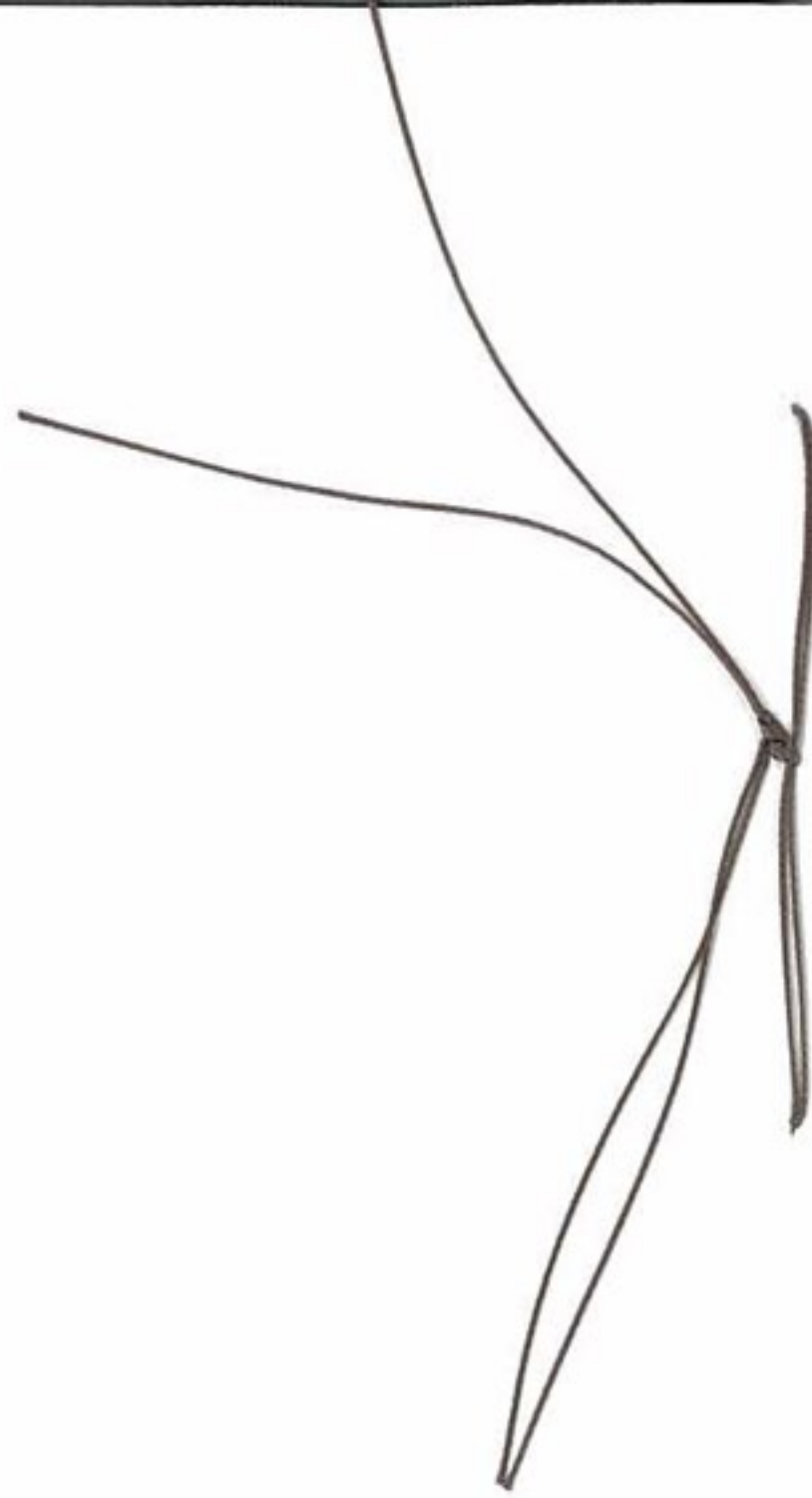
The animal is
hungry in winter
after wars

Stories are made
from footage
as if this
and that animal
cared, broke bread
or bones together

The narrator
states the happily
ever after tale

Forget the narrator.
The choices are
vegetable, mineral,
or animal

~~~~



So say against  
as if this  
is a play and  
you're panicked.

People and  
animals argue  
for smaller  
groups, slower  
clocks, before  
vitamins made  
giants.

Dear, away,  
to listen to peach  
fuzz. Darling  
hear the word  
and well.

Picked  
and placed in a  
bucket, luddite.

Neither you nor  
history can tell  
all the cells you've  
endured.

They,  
little eye, pretended  
away your prizes.  
Every glance has  
been broken. Fold  
a paper frog.

~~~~

Some go on dates,
eat them, cross
them out etc.

In vehicles they
listen to lectures
reducing sense
pleasures. Enough
is enough is
explained

Segments of time
are renewed like
worms

Risk is paid for,
signed off

Schools inhabit
the great barrier.
It clouds

~~~~



Dear X,

You're real, but I can't come meet you because I'm sitting in a bar looking out through a picture window at orange geese with red beaks. The color must be natural but it's easy to suspect something's amiss and think Agent Orange and Red Dye Number Something. The geese have landed and are facing their leader who's honking directions at them and then they'll take off again.

This is a dream idea of geese infused with lack of expertise. Agent Orange wasn't orange.

I'm sitting at a Lazy Susan table thinking if it were filled with food and there were a family, how perfect to spin and share. But this place is deserted except for a couple of waitresses, one of whom just served me a beer, dark and rich like a piece of the most wholesome bread. I drank most of it immediately and as you know I can't handle alcohol. So we'll see. This place used to be a top establishment but the guys who recently acquired it have let it go to hell, keep a minimal crew and just squeeze

whatever they can out of it. At least they can't ruin beer, or the solid, old wood of the tables and bar. The geese took off at some point in this writing. They were a surprise in three dimensions, tinted with fear. By the way—they weren't outside plate glass. They were right here.

I love you,  
S

~ ~ ~

Animals build up  
heat at night. By  
morning they steam  
like tea. Kick off  
coverings, luxury

Are not kept up to date

Astounding sensory  
apparatus zeroes in  
on what's crucial

They do the poses:  
cobra, downward  
dog, squashed bug

Animals are metaphors  
for animals. Facts  
are shapes, dim  
outlines seen through  
animal eye

Sometimes animals  
wear each other's  
skin. It's violent.  
Money rushing  
through their lips  
like cyclones

When sad only certain  
plants satisfy

They stand still

~ ~ ~

Amy Fung-yi Lee is a visual artist based in Brooklyn. Sarah Rosenthal is a poet working in San Francisco. They designed this book bicoastally using found and recycled paper and 10 point Goudy Old Style. They assembled and sewed it in Brooklyn on January 31 and February 1, 2011.

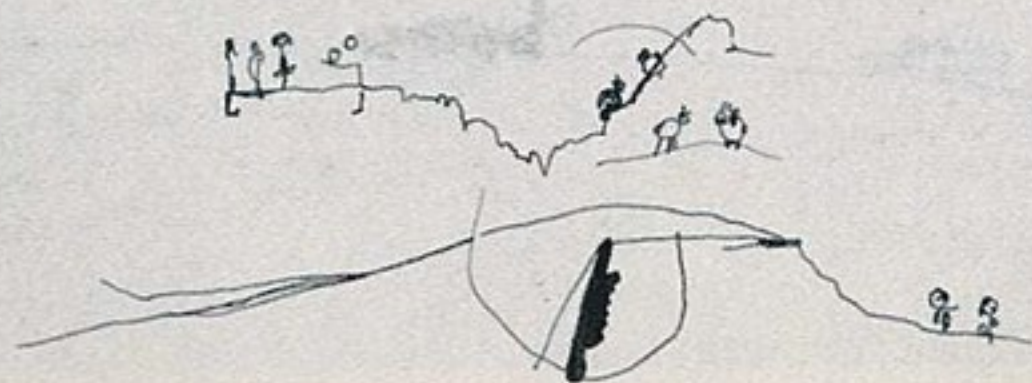
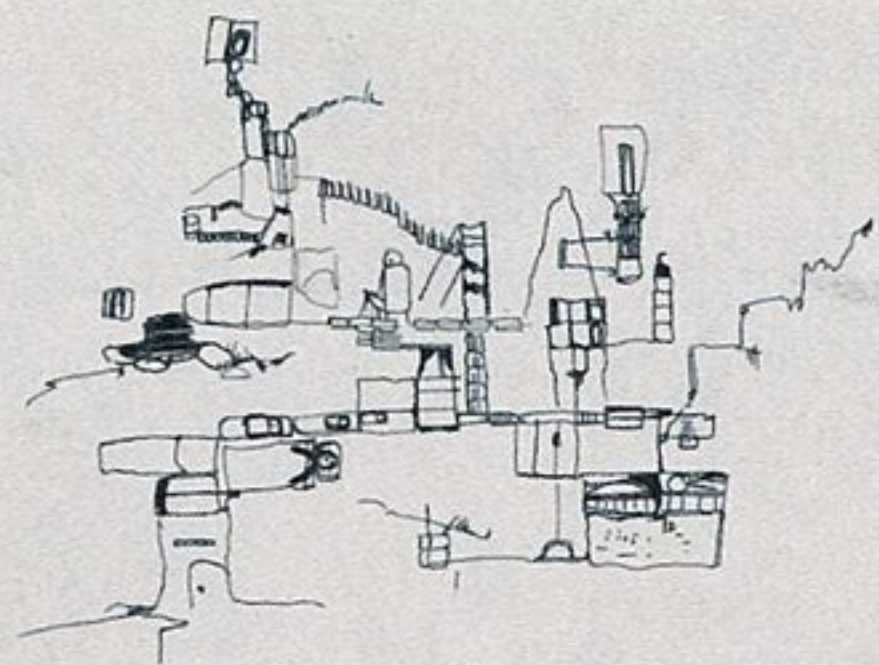
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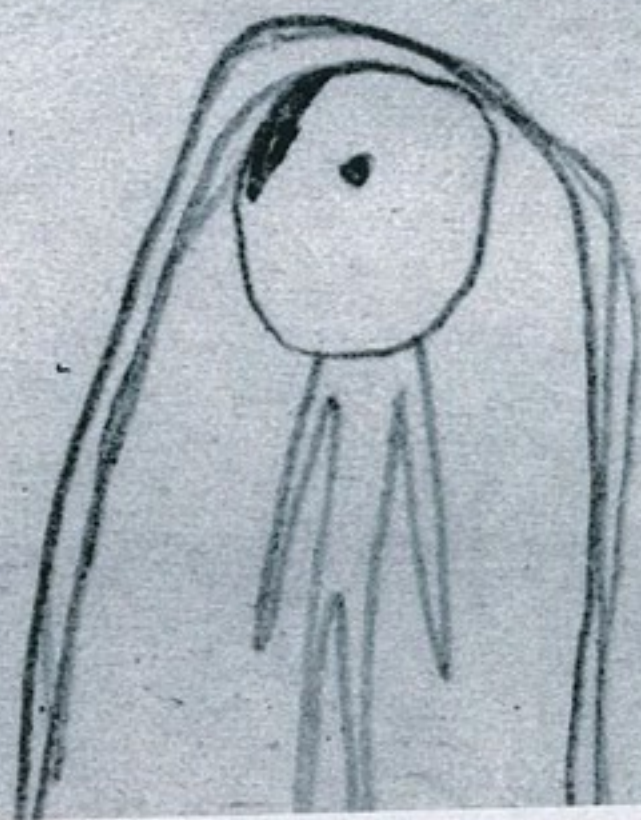
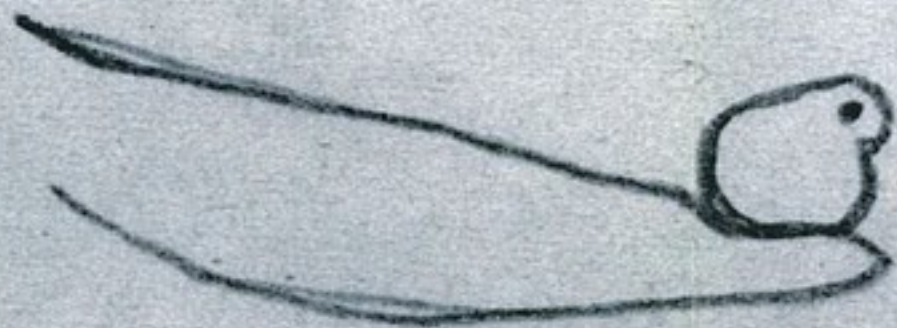
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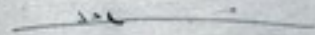
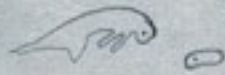
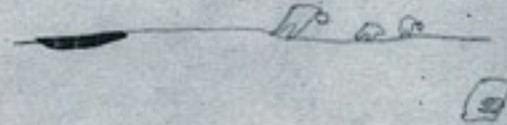
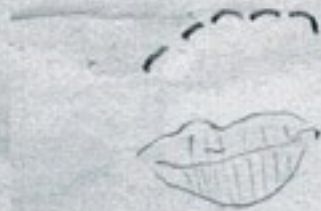


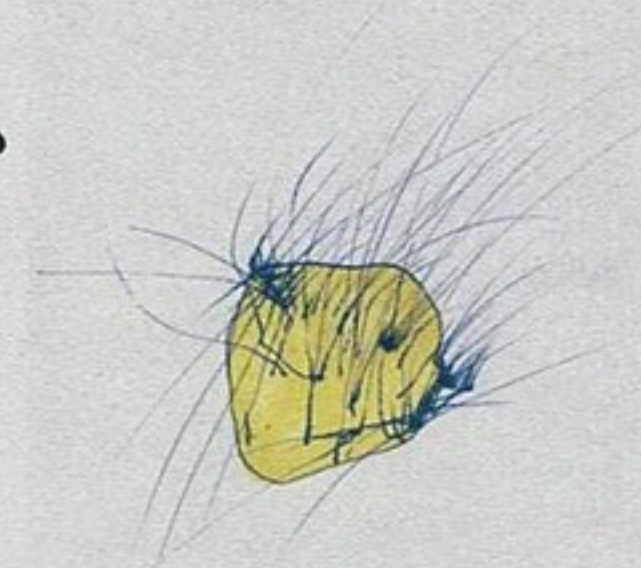
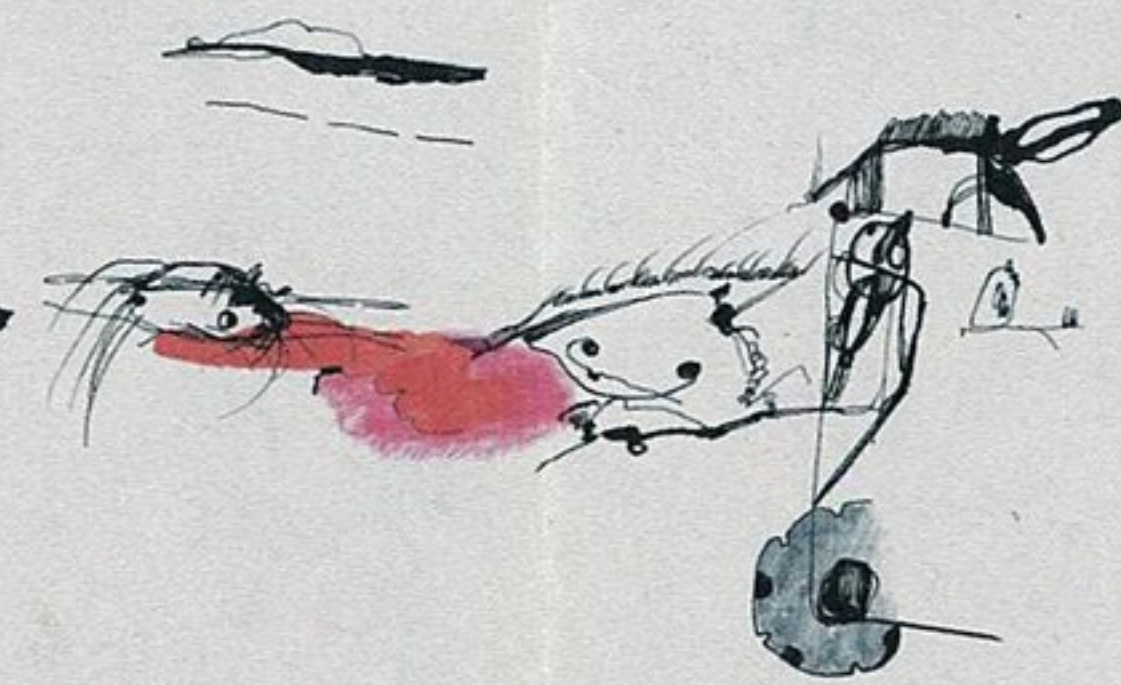
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