

Mimosa

“Nobody sees a flower — really — it is so small it takes time — and we haven’t time — and to see takes time — like to have a friend takes time”– Gertrude Stein

I. Her eyes slip from their holes as the day dims over the grass. She imagines that beginnings are always dangling in darkness before the world clatters with willingness. Someone told her that the beginning was a word, but Carrie doesn’t believe in beginnings (wobbled into universe fixing long words with toothpicks). She believes in what is stuck on the tip of her tongue (a set of instructions that I misunderstood and misapplied, but they slipped out of her mouth anyways, in a humming kind of melody). She looks at herself in the mirror and sees a changed face. Same, but not quite. There is something maddeningly attractive about the untranslatable, about a word that goes silent in transit, a sensible form that will turn directly into a part of your nervous system. She looks like a mushroom. How many times a day does she forget that she must die?

II. Carrie is late for brunch and probably won’t pay for her mimosa. When she finally arrives, she spends the day not listening to A but staring out through the window with her fingers fishing blindly for bits of something in her two glasses, thinking that chewing cucumber and lilacs together is for her where forest meets meadow in spring. Her thoughts keep wandering, like a poem that begins with a movement and ends with two empty eye sockets that seems to be seeing perfectly into their own little world. She desperately wants to travel. Her fingers continue to float through the air, into her hair and out of the picture. Perhaps that is a sign. Just like a letter is a sign. Just like A is for Aristotle and all that he doesn’t feel like explaining between his chewing. Anyways he is shit at making conversation, always caressing the nouns. Would be nice with a change, or a sign for a change, like repeating and retreating gaps and rhythm (she grunts to herself while sipping bubbly juice down her slender throat in splendor). Aristotle continue in all continuums saying, “all forms of poetry is tragedy” and “centuries of a vowel for endless refutable corrections.” ex: EMILY DICKINSON CAME TO EARTH AND THEN SHE LEFT while pulling her body out of the goddamned house with both hands and she couldn’t help but be of two minds, three minds, smooth like a silk-tree blooming.

We think we don’t love our dead, we do, but we don’t remember them. And Carrie cries a flood for Emily Dickinson’s silk-tree.

III. There are places she is from that I have never seen. There are faces in the dream that reminds me of her. But her image is what I have forgotten. It curls itself out of fragments of words and the unaccustomed nerve.

IV. A sees red when Carrie goes silver. Her hair is sensitive leaves which seem to mimic conscious life. Her fragrant curls are pompom-like clusters of silky pink threads with bees, butterflies, and hummingbirds swarming around. He tries to laugh her off, talking about the vision of Beatrice Cenci, saying, “every gentle piece of marble in the sun was once beaten into shape” – and something like, “eat your repetitions and cut-up poems with noodles.” Carrie ignores him. She takes his sentence and let Google translate do its magic. Like stammering or a spell, she translates his words over and over until satisfied and eats the new ones with noodles. Then, sliding like a fish, her hair swims through her eyeholes as gaps in choral with a title like “Swann’s way or windy haven”, or something similar.

V. Everyone at the restaurant is dead serious. Everyone in the restaurant is musical and sings like swans at their approaching death (by the third century BC the belief had become a proverb). The mixed scent of tea and alcohol furnishes the sesame that opens, at least briefly, the door to the treasure trove. Having not encountered this scent since childhood, the fragrance evokes memories that takes Aristotle the whole day to explore in an intense nonsense, copying skills lost in the flood of Lethe. (at last) Carrie excuses herself and forgets to pay for her mimosa. She grabs a taxi and is surprised to see Miranda, Samantha and Charlotte already seated, waiting for her in the backseat of the car. She takes the front, “Present is tense, and the sentence is said, (you know what I mean)” says Emily Dickinson’s dog driving the taxi. For how long did they all travel like this? I don’t remember. Beyond the park, beyond the forest, beyond the path that someone treaded a long time ago.