

CITIZEN J

DANIELA OLSZEWSKA



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J

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Artifice Books
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ARTIFICE BOOKS

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citizen j

| . |

j refuses to keep things
classy; she swings that hellish

hand basket of hers to
+ fro like a dank demonette.

a bag of pseudogenes w/scarletish
tail—her valves have become

accustomed to ratcheting
up a notch, to really addling

over the complex system
of bicycle parts breathing

her in + then out + then,
at the very last second, in again.

1.3

—of landmine.

she compromises
the integrity

of structures. *concretely*. j helps
about the presentation of some

of yr more radical elements.

she is so burgeoning intolerably.

all full on addendum, all full
on according to plan,

to the point that j takes
to looking up

at the moon + crying

out that it is pockmarked
+ gelid + way too orange.

this moon responded ungently:
ripped itself out of the sky

+ conscientiously objected
all over until j's reactors

hit the prodigies of pi.
the after-arithmetic made

our lil' citizen get caught
w/upside down ribcage

+ a rather bloodless
coo. the genomes

got split in halves,
the phalanxes, in thirds

j—

j—

j—.

in the midst of dressing
up to go messing up

the magistrate's new
motorcade, j takes to

the notion that the insides
of her toasters are miked.

she goes to consult her pet
magic mirror, but he looks

miked too—wired to heads
that can store more than

the traditional three minutes'
worth of incriminating

soundbite. thus, j resolves
to take distance, to make

haste w/ignition

+ several cans of fireworks.

j ducks down;
j gooses up;

she walks into
one of those bars

+ the sky thickens
w/frog:

*i'm going to need you
to dumb that drink*

down for me.

etc. etc. etc.

*love me;
love my crutch.*

but this isn't warsaw,
baaaabyyy, + j isn't

being coy—when
she says she *wants*

to be alone, she doesn't
mean w/you.

j hides out in the forest
they keep underground.

mornings, she goes out,
lulls the polymer

pigsuckers into a false
sense of lullaby—

this isn't a game
for blanks. she un-bones

it before the safety-
proof even knows

what hit what.
then j serves

herself the big deal
on a museum-quality

platter: all sauced
up + yes, j bends

a tire iron into a kind—

1.8

—of utensil.
thank goodness

she doesn't have
the usual tongue

thick w/on-the-verge
of fresher associations.

we caught j w/the help
of earnest accessory,

we made certain to make

eye contact. when j saw
the sheriffs ranging down

in zealously-patterned
ties, she tossed
her free lunch +++

+++ instructed the fire
escape part of her

brain to shrink
to a little bigger

than miniature,
a little bigger than cell.

1.10

j is this month's
designated example;

we like but don't
love her for it.

wielding hold-on
sharpy-sharps,

we rig her head
w/proper

sedation helmet.
not surprisingly,

her body loses

its sphinx form,
turns less limbic,

+/or more ferris
wheel screw.

| . | |

we barbwire igloos
over j's hexagram-

heavy chest, siphon
off the bad

blood b/c home
is really where

the heart is etc., etc.,

etc., + j's heart is in need
of some serious moving,

some serious max-
strength dutifully
beating clean.

over the course
of our interrogation,

we waste a lot
of earwig, we tangle

a lot of neural.

some antipodes go
along w/everything.

j flinches, it's gristle;
she doesn't fit the ingot.

the pleasure principle
gets invoked, *twice.*

j's main membrane
trembles like cello string,

already, she's apologizing
for things that haven't even

happened yet.

the twelve husbands of citizen j

babushkaed, j tried to soldier across the westernmost border. with a trigger-tight smile, the hall monitor in him winces, but resolves to wave her on after she agrees to grease his lunch break with a little good old-fashioned godsend. the tent was impressive. set up on cement blocks. he moved all the cameras to the right side. luckily, j had already stretched her legs to just about perfect length. lo! his anticipatory mustache. her glint-antics colored rightly. it was a nice time for trading tits, tats. they made their straight-alongs shimmy with everything. j claims that these are the most unmessy movements she's ever made. it soothes her so, she says, the way he studiously avoids her hip spot, her problematic feeling button.

they had heard that, in certain circles, cannon fodder was making a comeback. we think that he really did love j, it's just that, well, he loved the revolution more. there were all kinds of picketless fences going on. in budapest, they worked out a sort of amnesty in reverse. for only twice the historic fee. though, when he missed morning drills, j felt her lungs fold into worstcase scenarios. this is how a person can make you act in the presence of unguent. j claimed that she had never been with him during the blueprinting, but our sources say otherwise. thankfully, the artillery portion took pity on her. in the case of a loved one, trap doors *more* dangerous. it's true that, the last time they spoke, the only thing he said to her was *what*.

j brings him his little pick-me-up. he was a bulwark, an ice axer, a real thick piece of trotskyite. she wanted them to go baltic, thinking he would touch her there since here seemed to be such a problem. but he had already planted a flag or two all deep-like in their front yard. to reassure the neighbors that he was only kidding that one time he said that it looked like an excellent day for a parade. sometimes, he threatens to cancel the whole j out of her. it's especially bad whenever they start up on the subject of those suspicious coldsssssores. so, sighingly, j leashes her swollen fingers and takes them for a walk. for the time being, she has nothing to do but keep her hands out where everyone can really see them.

lately, j feels the gore ball bouncing up against her sternum in time to the special broadcasts. he was no longer significantly othered enough to spark her. j had fallen for him because, not in spite, of his minus one kidney, two fingers, and three teeth. but last week's parade-day incident had caused most of those parts to groweth back. he had become entirely too whole for her and even those white velvet shorts of his weren't really working anymore. j found herself filling out forms to request a transfer to an apartment across the street from a crematorium or practice surgery parlor—someplace where she could really work her triage without fear of undue judgment from the now healthier half of the relationship.

in danger of being understood too well, j and her husband gathered up their orthodoxies and made for the sugar hills. they really needed a night with a certain kind of feeling to it. the room was filled with harpsichord and accordion accompaniment. j merried-up rapidly. he dazed his way through her too-brights whilst the community giggled at the keyhole. one of them peeled an orange in approval. j pretended at remarkable good grace-like. we suspect she wasn't really relieved to have such a live studio audience. it's well-known that she has recently taken to being fundamentally dishonest in four separate languages. it's well-known that she worries herself over who is getting credit for these courses of action she has so lately and surprisingly taken upon herself.

j went down to the well and brought herself back a matrimony. he had rode in on a well-fed whitehorse with head. under a twenty-gallon hat, he looked all hung-up hubris. traditionally tuxedoed, though, liveskinned enough to make j lose it for once and for all. he gave her a tape recorder and an heirloom decoder ring. j displayed herself quite properly on a bed covered in sprigs, made in the fashion of. she tried her best to look blithely appropriate. rumor has it that they both totally put those arias in their place. though, really, the groom didn't know anything about martial law and j, she kept touching on the subject by accident.

j rendezvouses with him in public restrooms and mid-sized luxury sedans. he is all gussied in ascot and champagne cork heel. speciously complimenting j's proliferation skills as he slides a stirrup around her hot hot holster. nobody is giving anybody a heaveho tonight. casually, j twists his loose mammal skin into a party favor shape. an heir to a tin can telephone empire, he has always been an expert at getting his people to the front of the breadline. they have so many levels and layers in common. tenderly, he suggests they hire someone to hold her hair back while she's working. it was never nothing personal. yet j says she aspires to one day be on his side of the business. she wants ambulances to chase her for a change. she wants, she says, to be able to act as if she is at least as infamous as him.

j found him in an ill house of plush repute, shaking thin in a way that suggested he was already used to following somebody else's directions. she spiked his hair radium red and taught him everything she know about the fundamentals of promiscuous discourse. j's friends pulled some strings to get him amped through the primetime moreover. he propagandaed j's lyrics like a natural-born panflash. the soldiers' kids fell in love with him instantly, raucously. station managers fell all over themselves to bring the pair whatever brand of lithuanian pheasant j fancied that week. in interviews, j wisely had him insist that there was more than enough of him to go around. one fateful midnight, a group of the soldiers' kids overturned a truck full of cardboard promo cutouts of his profile haloed in red sparkles. this, of course, only led to more glossy-good coverage.

there is such a thing as a bad idea. attempting to clone stalin or eat a sheep's brain are just two for-totally-real instances. he told j that he choked on waiting for her hold-on-tight nites under their company's exit-wounded sky. before the words even finished fleeing his mouth, j resented the reverie. if she had wanted romance, she would have married a man who was, you know, actually romantic. j faltered with his tassels, with a touch of tyrant. he perforated the pillow rounds—which weren't the feather-filled kind (they hadn't made those in years...). j told him that she needed flux in her life to keep couraged in the face of. he said he understood but, notoriously, decided to hellfuck her motorbike for good measure. it was all therapeutic-like, he felt, the smell of her missile fluid burning up into the macroverse.

j never knew how he figured, but when he did, he capsized the floating hothouse he had gifted her in the days before they took out those death insurance policies. we heard he woke up the neighbors with all of his shoutshooting. now, j had been wrapping her blanket over somebody else's pig, this is true, but to call this a *vectoring into the nuptial void* was all kinds of overkill. surely these indiscretions didn't *have* to mean that they weren't still sidekicked to one another. that there was no need for all this invoking of wind-up life preservers. we knew that j still hearted him most and when he gulped that the feeling wasn't mutual, it wasn't anywhere close to convincing.

j wrenched her way aboard a pirate ship with a peg leg taped to her envy berth. he took off the mouth patch and told his parrot to ask her to name five things people do to avoid scurvy. j raveled her hair; she pretended to be in dire need of a situation. he threatened to go overboard if she couldn't offer him the right kind of proportional response. below them, the mermaids perked and circled. j panicked and sobstoried up an intangible to blame in the midst of a storm eye. she had already fallen out of favor and vogue with the crew. it was already half past mutiny. the sky shook fully with boils. the pirate started to fish around for more truth but realized that he had anyway lost the heart to make anybody walk the plank.

lately, he had been engorging her with a toxin slipped from the laboratories where we make strawberries glow-in-the-dark. his aspirations had become too concise, j thought, in a thoroughly tragic manner. she resolved to join the ranks of spouses with white flagships blocking their erstwhiles, with no-such-things strung through their help-holes. j closed his breath under the cauldron, easy-like, in the style of prewar filmstrip. it was not so much an act of violence as she had mercy on her mind during the planning stages. j set the remainders down under an enormous cactus. the crows queued up. we expected some kind of fortifying face leakage on j's part. for years, we'd been holding out for that satisfying bow. though, per usual, she delighted in disappointing. she just went about her business whilst humming in the manner to which she had become accustomed.

citizen j trains for many different kinds of
careers

| . |

something in this copy room is going to make
j feel good about herself. oh honey, don't touch

that too hard or it will die in the middle of a space-
time continuum. she co-opted gypsy cab culture

like it was *nothing*. after lunch hour, a professional
got locked in the curing unit. j trembled appeasingly—

(that's some fate worse than, that's some fate worse than.)

—our new hire was covered in good-luck-w/thats. in the sexy sores
that come from wearing a badge wrong. here's a smart bomb for you,
a smart bomb for you and...the two in back are going to have to share.
j couldn't for the life of her. come on now, it's good practice
for when we're all actually of age. now, who wants to learn
how to compose a ransom note? so, she said, yes inspector,

(that pencil pusher was always supposed to have gone there.)

at this stage, everything feels catastrophic. remember kids,
only losers cross picket lines in pairs. it's a shame j's not taller—

she could almost pass for one of them. piano wire, yes and acres
of minor skirmishing. everyone is either aggressive or passive

aggressive. so vitamin-rich, it's scary. this machine is the best
j can do and we love her for it. stare like we're *downtown*.

(because those bags make us look like we're terrible doctors.)

j's job description may be ahistorical, but at least it contains a surprising number of references to baby panda bears.

in the latter stages of the project, we only looked at art that was dead on. everyone wore black to the company potluck

and security mistook j for an actress of consequence. it was a well-lined whale of a time capsule, that's for totally sure.

(then there was no telling what else she might say about us.)

j's supervisor thinks that the room could use some more helium-filled hemisphere and maybe, finally, an explanation

for all of this clapping. at the sound of the beep, everyone shout out their preferred blade size. though we really did lose a lot

when we outsourced our witch detectors. she doesn't know what it means, but she likes it. yes, part-time. fucking foreigners. sorry,

(j thought she *was* on speakerphone. no, no, we'll hold.)

j, baby, please put that pout out now and think of all those back at the ranch who can only *wish* they had this qualified of a human

resources manager. let's divvy up the last slice of birthday party pony before the real boss gets back. she's right, we did take that

totally out of context. you know, there probably is such a thing as a hassle-free environment, but, come on now,

(let's try and stay on the safe side.)

we were asked to be more proactive in regards to the ghostroll.
maybe add some clip art or a laser background. that's too tight

for the workspace. j will return the feedback in a timely and riveting
manner. what we need here is a good case of attendant circumstances.

it's probably time to start orchestrating another corporal meltdown.
we guess all roads really do lead to home branch. did the jumptruck

(driver really ask her which one of us was the *most* ticklish? the *least*?)

think of it this way: if not for us, j probably would have grown up to be something of a cossack. before our leader died,

she was forever prattling on about some accident-prone section of our princess phase. with an axe to grind up against the official blood

brain barriers. everything means something else when we convert it back into celsius. most of what got stuck in the shredder—

(would have made for the worst kind of craft projects.)

—we were bad first but then the rampager on sector 4 was bad best.
we'll fire her. through our teeth. hey, tell that one joke j knows

how to tell well (someone is about to be in the mood to hear them
some harmonica!) flap about the satellite covers from our very last

public partnership. those chemical enhancers weren't meant
for severance pay. but we did a good job at getting them back on

(the street safely and with no further need of the white van man.)

at cooler time, j claimed that she'd always had that set of high octaves.
this is the last of the secretaries we stole off the snuff film set.

it was bigger than a breadbox, but smaller than a samsonite. every
morning, she woke up in a different recently-renovated train. if

you give a drone a mallet, it's going to want a ceramic ostrich.
nobody wants to get assigned to that factory. not that j is particularly—

(*unlucky*, it just seems that way when she's standing there.)

|.||

—j paid for it in cash. she departs with aplomb and a halfway decent cartographer. we were the last ones to get on that plane. to appreciate

the intricacies of blackbox. nailbiting was forbidden between the hours of. let's suck on exoticberry cough drops to stave

off a case of the previously-fashionables. j mastered the art of bayonet just in time for our biannual. no, all the receipts were hidden—

(under different birdnests. ones from the mountains.)

—she always has an interesting take on futures. be sure to never put that in the coffee ever again. let's be truthful, if the computer dies,

boss is totally going to have it framed. what if j fainted on purpose? sonofagun, no one ever sees or hears in big pictures.

those meditation gardens were *always* out of style. when in doubt, paint flames around the edges. hate to do this, but, SPOILER ALERT!

(nothing's on fire, that was just a trust-building exercise.)

citizen j

2.1

j bit the lustrefruit
+ for a good seven

minutes, she dicked
about, sucking, the sun

seamed thru the treetops
+ the animals started to act

less affectionate-like.

2.2

the bomb-making workshops
in j's cavities
started to slide

in + out of operation.

2.3

she tried to hide it
w/gingham + tropical

prints. though we took
to using our insidevoices.

the doctors suggested
a suckerpunch. don't ask

us to explain in terms
like *patty* or *cake*.

2.4

verily uncrossed, all the coat
hangers were tucked away

in the meat locker down-
stairs. as if planned.

for a while, j wanted us
to handle her w/kid gloves,

w/the kind of handcuffs
that would force her to play

like some kind of advocate.

2.5

this was something
that could turn

into a trident or a drop
of a hat. we were vexed,

vexed over the possibility
of an extra arm or eye

or two. but the doc
rather beamed

(throughout the exam).

2.6

someone was brought
in to exfoliate

j's year's supply
of lock + loads.

this was really starting
to look a lot like

that time that happened
to fall between rib-pullings.

o, but the bones can make
blastocyst. full of epicene

+ full of hemlockery.

2.7

the bones can make blastocyst.
full of epicene or hemlockery,

it grew—a viciously angled
foreigner w/placards

+ enough kickings
to cause undue mention.
to cause much rahrahripsaw.

there were more than 9
ways to peel the skin off.

it turned out. a frictional
fraction of a phoenix—

eyes pinkened allallall pretty
sans placenta.

j's uterus floated upwards
+ onwards. (hysterically.)

we tried to pin it down.
(w/style.) the doctors

brought in a parachute.
like it maybe still mattered.

oh, lo! cataclysmic,
these tenets of the glasnost,

when not checked right away.
w/nightlong holes + meters
+ meters of special tubing.

j bombshelters
herself off,

claims an overwashed
brain w/citadels poking

about her hairline.
she crumples up

 sheet after sheet
of dirty tinfoil,

hums in decametric
song: *dot, dot, dashing*

through the show. it's getting clear
that j is in trouble, she can no longer

tessellate in red,
in any color—

—j claims that this corner
of her head is an incurable

bazaar filled w/creatures
of a polydactyl

+ aggressively peacock-
plumed nature.

o, the moon is marvelously
close to j's lavishly pat

aliases. resplendent—
the precious metals

in this here cosmonaut-
brewed cure-all.

2.11

shaking under her new
astorplaid skirt, j forgets

how to pick scabs,
locxxxxxxxx. dumbly

or w/pixie points,
she acts all unawares

of her rehab by the grace
of our satellite state.

2.12

j tinkets along
w/the catch-ups

so we can borrow
this time forever.

 a back of a bluehole,
though she keeps fixating

on going to bed w/o
the animal w/a head

growing on both ends
 of its warmbody.

the twelve wives of citizen j

in a hairshirt decked out with bluebells and whistles, j raced her to the top of the stopgap. they made quite a sight, with two oft-dropt-upon heads tipping generously under the influence of so much classical training. she hung mouse pieces from their earlobes; the fur tickled their shoulder blades in a good way. they liked the cuts of each other's jibs and the points of their joint compass. this was so much better than trying to play *roger that* behind the break room. though, of course, gaping, a cloud rolls under j's chin to tweak her ladybeard. oh security agent! get thee hence. j wants to put something in her wife like it's new years. to have at least one bona fide *moment* before it's time to start shaving it all off again.

j's wife was so button-cute for her age and rank. she seemed to be numbed up with abandon. however, she was always asking j if j thought there was too much emphasis on the aftermath of her forehead. it was almost as if the anvil incident hadn't happened so long ago. j assured her that she didn't look like anyone who had been raised in a factory. together, they tried to make something empirical with their allowances. but the milkbar was always closed like a motherfucker and the wife was hungry in ways we couldn't even begin to articulate.

hanging over the siderail, the authoress bragged that her home village had set up a line of poplars in her honor. in her stead, really. which is maybe even more impressive. everyone else in the party greatly admired her shapeful prose. j had never heard of her, but she couldn't wait for the moon to come out in full force. the authoress talked of a story she had just finished; it ended with the narrator revealing that it was really just a dream. for good measure, j played with the crowbar taped under her tulled bottomedge. they agreed to circumvent the rest of the preliminaries. to wrestle with the implications of. oh, lo! this, thought the authoress, was just the kind of historical inaccuracy she had been literally pining for.

the war had started up again like it was trying to prove something substantial. she was so like a diamondelle pilgrim, all hopped up on protocol. but j panted over the parts of her thickened with nimbus. they had a power vested in one another. she didn't want anything to start off overlooked. thus, j and her be-ribboned lady got themselves to the altar proper. they propped each other up and down with a set of highly contagious expectations. oh, they fevered through the more immanent parts of the ceremony—all yellowed and such with pigwing plague.

j zeroed her down at the discotheque and offered to mix up a best ever molotov-style cocktail. she unhooked her gas mask and pulled off a garter belt. they had just started to dirty up their peaches when she spotted the black market box partially hidden under j's bed. it still had the serial number on the side. she hived up in the cheeks and announced her need to pop out for a brief spell. supposedly, she had forgotten that she was meant to meet a friend at the community fortune-telling stand. at that time of night. j got it together enough to act as if they might really see one another again before morning roll call. she tried to unkink her ego by telling herself that it was surely mostly circumstantial. that, lately, everything was so in retrograde that even the other card-carriers had taken to wearing piebald coats, to wearying at the slightest hint of notoriety.

she was that brand of lieutenant. a ballistics specialist, always ready for a good wing-it. yoked double, melon rinds rimmed the community center lot. they flew each other up a flagpole. so privately inclined to expand and contract with privileged information. she agitated j's tonsils with pepper spray. j scrambled her up with grenades. they invented five new ways to train cadets to sit straight. with the aid of electricity. something that feels serious like a shark bite. afterwards, she rubbed ice on j's purpling belly and they coo-cooed over one another's topical bone splits.

j agreed to let the paint dry on the backs of their legs. her belly was strifed with her wife's blood beets and cow heads. they tried not to make a mess—cleanliness didn't help the inevitable, but it was the only high ground either of them had left. j had always known that they would make it up to, but not past, the phase of the relationship experts had recently taken to calling *the camel's back*. but, really, it was unfair of her to have broached the subject whilst they were swaying in a hammock of such dubious origins. it made no sense or such, this harping. any second now, one or both of them was sure to start holding too close to the bone.

she called j her legally tender. though, normally, she wasn't so impulsive whilst on the clocker. oh, lo! it was time to be radio-free again. to rid themselves of all their sexually transmitted eating disorders. they agreed to start proceedings against the other woman immediately. there wasn't enough at stake to waste time with worldly details. no more double-dotting the more sensational aspects. yes, it was a festive trial. j deviated her testimony into a facet of. she argued that human error is just as disrespectful. the gavel-ready judge conceded that this was a case of girls will be girls and the jury was instructed to remain landlocked whilst the defense made out to the fullest extent.

j, in an over-tanked pitch, whistled along a stretch of saturated market. she sounded like an unnatural, waiting for her hungarian to come bearing begonias. for the first three years, she had been too well-known to kiss in public. now they were both more or less anonymous, but the habits still blocked out their interactionsssss. there was really no reason for either of them to know as much as they did about one another. oh, lo! in her undertaker skin, j leans against the fish stand for support and worries that all this time spent hustling for decent cover has actually turned them into something too predictable for comforting.

j holed up in the dumbwaiter amongst the government-grade meat crusts and quarter-full cups of girth. the department's maid had taken to wielding cutlery at her jugular whenever her plumage appeared uneven. it was the maid's fault, her face tensed out j's propeller system before it could even *begin* to flourish to the occasion. and, with this domestic, every few hours was getting to be the occasion. though, j played an unfair share in this too. she had, after all, been the one to bring up the doily-draping incident and the way it made her think of all those others she was no longer allowed to long for.

she looked like a cleaner version of a chorus line girl j had once seen stood up in front of the firing squad. it safety-coned the starts of her ribcage to wake up every morning next to this little pilgrim-toed spouse. they barely had it in them to fake interest in the new regime. together, they managed a photo stand near the entrance to the *world's smallest slice of zodiac*. j felt she had won the swan game as she was sure her partner would never ask her for a jumpstart. or a serious conversation. it was as if they'd never been inland. and they were raking in more than enough ducats to pay their way out of any corner they might accidently back into.

j vised into the kevlar glory the youth group leader stole for her the day after she realized that they ceded one another. the leader wanted her to have a very practical piece to remember her by before they both got returned to the cold front. she threatened to cut off her braids, to deprive her practice target of having something to pull on. the leader claimed that j had ruined girls-in-knee-socks for her. so j asked her to rephrase that in the form of a compliment. or else kindly roulette herself on back to whatever third-rate parsnip farm she had fattened on. fortunately, the leader threatened to put it anywhere; to start releasing j on account of the bullets, the ones that were always straightening out in the heart of the matter.

citizen j

3.1

j tarries, brassknuckled,
w/the near comrades

designated to act out
as golden calves.

the rest of the soldiers
leeches their sweet

cheeks indolently
whilst we basked in

a
 vat of
 especially blest.

3.2

the least j could do
is give up her hosts,

but she persists—
occipital + code-

chomping, j feels
all parallelogrammed.

she takes the gateway
drug to the daisy-ripped

fields made by mad-
mouth disease. her teeth

feel like the bad end
of a coffin. j claims—

3.3

she is half-cropped
+ heteroclit. orphaned + alkalized,

j is always aiming to please. well-
trained in good x-manship:

 she fulminates,
but calmly.

her heart pumps
but legibly.

in thigh high
chambers, j is not

blushing, is all exact
timing. o, w/emphasis,

she verily makes do w/things
beingastheyare
 nowadays.

3.4

she will go post-colonial
once over the colony.

fork-tongued + menthol-throated,

her treatise, it requires frequent use

of some kind of special,
impossible-to-accomplish
set of weather balloons.

j detonates out of her nylon-
bitted star suit.

to ward off the far too many, the far too fast:
a lighting-strewn piece.
like badseed exponentialized.
as in, the evolution of.

as in, the reptilian brain.

j is coming to love

echelon, to appreciate
minefield. things being

as they are nowadays,
she sees the advantage

of cold-slicing
the universe
down to a manageable
number of hands
holding hands.

3.7

she turns over several

of those recruiting
centers that raise

loudloud roosters : : : she keeps

a something
about a symphony

of viaducts,
a community
full of distressing levitations.

(this was after the north
war but before the starlings

fled the stratosphere. what
j needs here is a fifth

cardinal direction + a season
to fall some time betwixt)

the autumn, the winter.

jjjjjjj
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 jjjjjjj

(jjjjjjj)

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(jjjjjjj)

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j obliterated all
traces of polling.

she scratched her way
to the top. using a politically-

motivated tuning fork.
someone donned us in discount
halo-style.

that's not a candidate, that's a crime against nature.

look how she goes about eating herself up.

3.10

the grace hour didn't go
w/o exception. what

w/the navigational
tolerance level

of a nobbed
off map—

3.11

—follow the leader fearlessly
into the transitive properties—

j scrapes off the relative
safety of prism. poly-armed

+ pinkish, she spends
her nights in a slovenian light

house of cards. terrifyingly lucid,
j jumps up + down through

an ever-shifting skyline, loops
her bow round + round + round—

—the loose feelings refuge
themselves in haphazard flora.

the loose feelings demand
a hard drink of crushed zirconium.

anachronistic snowstorms
stipple j's chest split

lengthwise by a parade
of dark horsefly.

eyes fuzzed + de-flower-
staged, irises deepening

w/bad abling, the bones
of some tension ensconced

in carbon-based—

thus j arrives, (burning +
melting) to meet her maker

for the third time ever.
mohawked + vested

in brownshirt, the maker
winks (progressively,

tenaciously) at her bulletproofbox.

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