## from Pepper the Yard with Light

## xi.

Which	should Pill-fac drink-f sleep-f face.	ce, Tace,		today, I	Darling? tight.
Let's put them			together,		
on	atop		the nex See	xt	fix.
	my cre	ation;			
noses	5	flatten,			
ears		11400011,			
eyes		layered glaze	,	40.0000	
		to eyes		to eyes	,
SO	many This is no face			mouths.	
1 11		no face.		Beneath	
a skull			ekets,	teeth	
some-kind-of-skin.				waiting for	

xvii.

Lay m	iy body	out,
	begin recording,	incisions,
view	what has changed	
	from birth.	
	I have been be	orn
		many times.
Each		
	rearranges	
	my inside.	
It's m	ush-paste,	
	sticks,	
		mold-holds-fast.
Wear	a mask,	gloves.
1,11 h a	Recite what you see.	alagad
ппа	ve my eyes	closed.

xviii.

Truth in my fingernails.

They grow, dirty, clean,

cut in

unstrung bows. My creation clear at tips,

watch them read, write,

honey.

Recall where they used to slide. They'll grow

when I'm dead.

Tear hair from face, tug of rusted razor slides, pulls, cuts, seasons skin pink.

Disguise my creation,

a young face cheeked, lips pronounce new mask. The mirror warps when you look over my shoulder.

The last two masks

we see, at last together seeing

displacement.