

WHITE NOISE

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<sup>1</sup> True love waits. True love is a discipline. True love is eternal, infinite, and always like itself. It is equal and pure, without violent demonstrations; it is seen with white hairs and is always young at heart. The

hunger for love is much more difficult to remove than the hunger for bread. Let your love be like the misty rains, coming softly, but flooding the river. Friendship often ends in love. Love is much like a wild rose, beautiful and calm, but willing to draw blood in its defense. There's always room for love. Life without love is like a tree without fruit. Love is like the sun coming out of the clouds and warming your soul. Love builds bridges where there are none. You don't love a woman because she is beautiful, but she is beautiful because you love her. Only love lets us see normal things in an extraordinary way. The greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return. Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end. Love—a wildly misunderstood although highly desirable malfunction of the heart which weakens the brain, causes eyes to sparkle, cheeks to glow, blood pressure to rise and the lips to pucker. Love is a sweet tyranny, because the lover

What of her, she who abruptly plunged into the middle of a spread, invitation through the black on white on the page on her eye; a pineapple for two, then seeds scattered on separate plates—separate; side by side—her reflection on the glass in between, his the other side, a kiss through the rim; words and bodies running closely parallel to each other making waves on crisp ecru sheets—single-spaced, otherwise overlapping otherwise equal otherwise one always—always the old page on the older in the end, she thinks as she finds sheets bound well slams them ‘til traces can be unseen or made white, she see only white

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endures his torments. The lover is a monotheist who knows that other people worship different gods but cannot himself imagine that there could be other gods. Love is an act of endless forgiveness, a tender look which becomes a habit.

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<sup>2</sup> The glances of women are like certain seemingly peaceful but really formidable machines. <sup>\*</sup> Every day you pass them in peace, with impunity, and without suspicion of danger. There comes a moment when you forget even that they are there. <sup>\*\*</sup> You come and go, you muse, and talk, and laugh. Suddenly you feel caught up! It is all over. The wheels have you, the glance has captured you. It has caught you, no matter how or where, by some wandering of your thought, through a momentary distraction. You are lost. You will be drawn in entirely. A train of mysterious forces has gained possession of you. You will struggle in vain. No human succor is possible. You will be drawn down from wheel to wheel, from anguish to anguish, from torture to torture. <sup>\*\*\*</sup> You, your mind, your fortune, your future, your soul; and you will not leave the awesome machine, <sup>\*\*\*\*</sup> until depending on whether you are in the power of a malevolent creature, or a noble heart, you are disfigured by shame or transfigured by love. <sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> The female body is made of transparent plastic that lights up when plugged in. See the different systems: purple veins, blue respiratory system, green digestive system. Reproductive system optional, a matter of attaching it to the body. Comes with embryo.

<sup>\*\*</sup> Unless she has a beautiful face, big tits or ass, Average Guy wouldn't do a double-take. Or rather, Average Guy is on the look-out for Hot Girl and doesn't mind everybody else. That is, unless Average Guy is with Significant Other; Average Guy would have to fix his eyes on Significant Other. Unless Significant Other is herself Hot Girl.

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> Restraint from grinning at the thought of her, omitting narratives on what happened today but still getting caught. The fight that ensues, begs "Pick me." Kissing that begs "Pick me." Kneeling before him, hearing "Please."

<sup>\*\*\*\*</sup> Why wouldn't he, enjoying the company, finding peace and happiness, having been friends and into the same things, having her ask for donations when he was close to dying, why wouldn't he feel otherwise?

<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup> Familiar to him: overly glossed lips, white halter top defining her jutting collar bones, absence of linking verbs in her sentences, exclamation points for enthusiasm, the little stuffed dog.

Escalating numbers from brass to rust on plates where left is odd, what is even is right; oddness is left, she whispers as she walks beside him, he who looks straight through the houses their windows arched to a snarl no longer transparent; few are open but black inside a decay she knows well enough not to be deceived by the aprons and slacks and briefs dangling side by side on clotheslines like makeshift banners she takes pictures of without looking through the viewfinder, arm down, only angling her wrist and pressing the shutter hoping to look like a local like him that all is as is to them that they gaze at the same direction. It is a walk home to her as it was to him; it was a better home then with white walls care of a different her whose presence is in the absence

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<sup>3</sup> The modern biographers worry “how far it went,” ~~their tender friendship. They wonder just what it means when he writes~~ he thinks of her constantly, his guardian angel, ~~beloved friend. How is your life with an ordinary woman?~~ I know how emptiness feels. ~~I know how to make my own tears.~~ I hate sex, the man's mouth sealing my mouth, ~~the man's paralyzing body—the low, humiliating premise of union—~~ Don't thank me for my body, ~~a fine drinking skin~~ turned inside out for you. A man with cancer leaves his wife for his lover. So the average male adult ~~mates 2,580 times with five different people but~~ falls in love only twice in his life—possibly with the same person. The night you slip and hum *her* name into my ear, ~~I shall become light—I will snarl your hair, tangle your bedclothes, bind your lover in a knot of shadow.~~ ~~My eyes never left his half-open mouth for something better, unfamiliar. He never had a name. Liar, I say. Salt. Straw. Single raindrop in the desert.~~ Goodbye before you know it. All the cities are like you. Windows darken when I get close enough to see. I see we must always walk toward other loves, ~~river of heaven between two office buildings.~~ Knowing you are faithless ~~keeps me alive and hungry. Knowing you faithful would kill me with joy.~~ I imagine the two of them sitting in a garden among late-blooming roses and dark cascades of leaves, ~~letting the landscape speak for them.~~

Hers was of porcelain with little pink roses blooming by the brim under almond eyes while she try as she might she had shards of glass scattered some on her eyes on her mouth—his kiss returned, yet delayed so returned again to her lips drawn back from curves to lines to block covert words always chasing overlapping numbers increasing volume of varied voices—hers included—enough to deafen without a rest for the ears to breathe to listen as she clutches what remains of the broken glass mug; the ear its curve her body takes, reverberating another's still, vibrating as the air is still