

# DEBORAH WOOD

Dear Mr. Jonson,

The word palindrome should be a palindrome. This is very disappointing to me. Thanks Mr. Jonson. Disappointment is contagious & plagues my bamboo plant. It began to green in Queens, then tried Brooklyn, upstate New York, drove across the U. S. of A. in a rented blue minivan unlimited mileage dubbed Jose. Listened to Berg's *Lulu*. Did a stint in the Mission, now patiently dies on Bernal Hill. I cut its leaves with orange handles. Nonetheless, I agree with you about Julius Caesar. I must get a handle on my sadness, my despair. Despair has the kiss of death. When sleep covers my eyes life becomes a palindrome and I am almost there. Almost there. There. My words are squared. Remember to breathe following the patterns of ellipsis. Always archiving & converting files. The unconverted carry a stigma. A rose is a rose is a rose, a red A, a red lettered day. I started the fire so I could dial nine-one-one. The unconverted carry a temptation older than Eden. Beside Bamboo a plant to derange my cat. Ben, you felt oppressed. All that trying. Molecules merely nourish, manifold & subtle. The unconverted marry underneath a sky. Crowded with the confusion of birds. The behavior of moths, consumed by fire. Forget how to walk. Join the ministry of the wasp & the orchid. Maintain a resonance. Speak a vocabulary of the unaccepted. Wishbones from thirty year old thanksgivings. Removed from sudden moves. Misgivings. Did you consider the promiscuity of death? The following sentence is false. The preceding sentence is true. Reuse because there is no such thing as recycle. Dig up and find the hidden benefits of disorder. I confess I saw my pride upside down. I confess to witness the hidden benefits of disorder. Ben, your baroque metaphors turn me on. I confess while massaging the alphabet with my tongue, with my toes. I confess while tying cherry tails to make meaning. Index to middle. I fill my mouth before I swallow. Swallow without the ess. Wallow. Wallow will do.