

# Fog or a Cloud: Excerpt from STORY

written by Jennifer Firestone | October 14, 2019



Was the hotel room in the city with the dark wood?  
Was the mirror in the city of the beachside hotel?  
Was the mirror the mirror he spoke to as in a dream?  
Was the blanket etched with the blue running lizards?  
Was it the shower or the bathing suit dripping?  
Was the chair occupied while he spoke to the mirror?  
Was the flowing skirt wrung, hanging on a portable wire?  
Was the phone placed on the pedestaled table?  
And whom, whom would they call?

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A singular stab

inks to the furthest edge

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Cover you with blue and blue of blue

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Dip plunge immerse sting

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The sand assembled and reaffixed discretely.

“Slides.”

Like a religion where pages fluttered rapidly.

“Her fingers select one still card.”

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If they stared widely enough a puzzle reassembled.

“Sand and sand so what is the mountain.”

The film watched continuously though the hand grasping was unaware.

“A long line raked, obliterates.”

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When you archive experience it can maintain a time for a certain length.

“Maps her towel. Sands.”

The film began and they lifted their nodding heads.

“Eclipse.”

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Did you want me?

“See.”

Did you take me as this?

“See.”

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He saw a version of himself unburied from a large pool.

“Head contorts, freezes.”

His rationality sustained despite the weakening odds.

“Head lifts, forces breath.”

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We like tragedy in our movies. We like tragedy in our books.

“Wade.”

We like conflict, climax, and then control.

“Wade.”

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When it happened directly it felt obscene.

“A voice unshored, fades.”

Or not like us completely but somewhat foreign.

“The fading boat, wails.”

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They say you see a person clearly in a time of distress.

“Embering, crystal clear.”

They say you see their inner being pushed to the outer context.

“Silver with shimmered lines.”

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Did she behave according to your preconception of her position?

“Locks in place, stills.”

Did she emerge wet and coronated, past the sorrows of her human face?

“With grace, murmurs.”

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And oh tremendous moans as she emerged from the depths of another passing.

“Flits, snakes.”

Written as familiar but strangely new.

“Curling.”

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Seeing her acting was how she came to this world.

“Wrist swivels, steadies.”

The blinking eye might reveal vapidty or could be extreme fear and expectation.

“Throat. Flies.”

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Echo a name perhaps echoed across the length of land.

“You.”

Desperate calling of a name depicted in many current and former productions.

“But I was there.”

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A film is unlike a story, the story desired to be seen.

“A face. Falls.”

Her face placid or stretched horizontally as a floating screen.

“White automobile. Unreadable.”

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He observed his consciousness concerned about her survival.

“One finger, bare.”

Certain terms diagnosed such thinking patterns.

“White automobile. Tracks.”

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The long poem STORY is forthcoming from [Ugly Duckling Presse](#) this December, 2019.

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