

[[EARLY THAT MORNING WORDS WERE MISSING. (MISTAKEN FOR OTHERS). I MEET YOU IN THE CAR. SILENT ON OUR WAY RIDING TO THE SECOND MOUTH INN, YOU PUSH IN THE CASSETTE. MISTOOK TAPE X FOR TAPE XX.]

at the Second Mouth Inn
we drive, park and take a room. i write my name in every one of your books.

—
you send for a second 2nD dry gin. another last line. furniture, speakers, the curtains make shadows. (wake me if you need another poem).

AT the Second Mouth Inn
i dream !oh marvelous error. that there was a hive of bees and these bees were making white combs out of all my failur3s. we were dream natives you and i. sleep requires a lot of space. it is stranger than habit. you see, i didn't want a pony for xmas i wanted a wolf. if the body is an idea, then it is an idea made of fur.

@ the Second Mouth Inn
i'm on All Fours trying to take my shoes off. too late, a repeating foot.
@ midnight + 1 you give me the book Women Who Run With The Wolves saying, she can articulate herself better than any of my words can. (and i marvel at her ability to place the world in brackets (a bracket's worth of mirages (quotes or/ spoons!?!)) is all i ever needed)).

athe Second Mouth Inn
i spend the morning with you rewriting spelling mistakes. with a hotel pen, erasing all mistaken rituals. with every change there is a betrayal. let's suppose that language is compatible with my 3rrors. ??? your face is (pure) query. tell me more about the animals, you said. ah, tiny experience.

~~at~~
~~at~~
at
the Second Mouth Inn
memory can edit reality in some such ways, and the memory proves too good to let go. what memory is no longer a gripping thought? suction cups, i mistook it for a happy song.

(at) the Second Mouth Inn
sometimes a person's tongue becomes a whole dining room table, tasting. i undo the button to my jeans.

cheek of a fish.
nails as teeth..
words we read whilst sucking an olive.
the secret juice of unripe peaches.
heels of bread left for tomorrow's hard tasting.

atthesecondmouthinn
you choose a pick which holds sandwiches together. you say it's to live a life better than everyone else. a pick which holds sandwiches together, i mistook it for your finger.

,
i mistook your eye socket for a basin. i mistook you for an empty well. mistook yours for my baAhd breath. you mistook me for thunder. i mistook your spine for a judge, the only authentic instrument with(in) which to measure your spine, i mistook it for a stack of lemons. i mistook your furry nose for a calm voice. mistook a voice for your voice. only your tail was human (and you now only use long words). i mistook the smell of tiredness for rain. blue light for a dark night. i mistook your sadness for thirst, then felt like rolling in the dirt, eventually to become one person gathered up in moving pixels.... i mistook your hair for a public garden, they sprouted & then i itched. mistook your pussy for a kiwifruit. i mistook, etc.

ae the Second Mouth Inn
nothing reveals me quite as much as when i/m misbehaving. on the edge of a mistake is a flavour of fear. i mistook my leg for your leg. mistook your mouth for my mouth. arist0tle thinks a mistake is an interesting mental event. says that metaphor causes the mind to experience itself in the act of making a miztake. let's do another take!!! do another take.

in the Second Mouth
i imagine my mouth in so many mouths. speech is the surplus of the kiss. you are not a neutral instrument, you are kneeling woman. and you speak of leaves. (speak in leaves). you are spacious like chance. i mistook you for a field.

.....-> the Second Mouth Inn
i read from your book about the archetype of a neglected hotel, a place of the female psyche. i read that La Loba, the female wolf, collects bones of old women in the mountains. gathers them into a large basin until she decides on a song. then La Loba opens her mouth and begins to sing and the bones begin to grow hair. i mistook it for a birth somewhere. her furry body starts to run, and aS she turns into a wolf she drives into the sun. nothing is more dangerous than to leave -----
-----> the default option. i say this to the fly sitting on my shoulder. then through the window of your car i go to give you back your book. know full well you'd say, 'no you keep it, &my ::'politeness:<* kills the mood. off with such speed you become impersonal. at such speed you become mist, or a light gel.

at the S.M. Inn
what remains is just a library of gifted books, mistaken for second mouths. sitting in a line, amongst the vases of fake flowers.

still life + 1
MISTAKES.
(n00n + 1
xheap dates).

mouth

mouth

(13 errata: on what we mistook for our mouth)