



Dear Loren Erdrich & Sierra Nelson,

“Wait”— I showed *I Take Back the Sponge Cake* to my students
because it is my heart—it is heavy and impatient to help them engage the blank (of)
“get out the gate” anxiety, blank openings, the vocal blank
need unfolds, it’s the antecedent of a pin-up x-ray, of saying it over and over—
of two heads turned away from you that at any moment the word grows burls and escape-pegs
might reveal their faces previously hidden in board-game & native hardwood

leads to “Painful Landscape” forests. I thought about these drawings walking
the bone of what holds the heart in a mountain-bike trail through an ex-pine-tree farm
that dark space where things congeal grown so close together only the tree tops were green and full
birds in their hollow ones—winged like a “dark head the lower majority finding an other echo growth pattern
full of dark thoughts,” there I met the “tide” that was a deep, rough, ghostly play in palimpsest
“tied” to go seaward, go cephalopodic poltergeist ink
homed where creatures write their own tails and possessed vessels are synonymous
“by fin by tentacle” or “wave by wave” which, blank tells me and my students, does not mean “same.”
we reach shore or perhaps tumble arm in arm So I appreciate the detail of your work space
shoulders in hand, “my brine-black blood” and the way it helps me re-map “convergence”
the “wreck” of shared walls’ of artists, mouseholed
“reck” of our embrace, so we ruin memory of childhood, a cartoon robot mouse in drag
and surface sponge cake or Bugs the more dimensional trickster
make sense of closed eyes switching one language for another
make sense of messages in bottles bombing out the benign, so sense is

at sea—we “wade” in or are “weighed under” the ticking blank
we are made of nothing: choices that sound the same not synonymous
we monster by drawing wider and wider circles
we top our heads with our bitey faces of habitat. Of course they are not illustrations
(‘Hush, now I am sleeping.’) in the sense of representation
& “sure” we know our “shoer” but through deep repetition
to absurd our bikinied animal faces “Worn heels show up discrete & leading
out Parades” “Cough and Shimmer” partly binding, bound to parting. If there is one position
we are stopped by a chorus questioning a game’s instruction
we are joined by frequent returns of another, there are siblings
to song birds scratching out new repeats.

Megan Burns & Jen Tynes

Megan Burns writes letters to Claude Cahun. There she says things like: I too like to amuse you more nor less than the unexpected negative, dictionaries, a fish out of water. And then I want... but I wallow within arm's reach near the dolls of the human souls.

Jen Tynes writes all her letters in the shower. She never mastered cursive script but block-prints so quickly that she makes scam alphabets and chimeras.