

from *COMMANDER!*

! = an aim to please

!! = careless

!!! = i am dying

How have I managed to cultivate this nauseating coyness?

Well, it's just a little brain cell depletion due to erotic choking!

Choking reminds me of necks which remind me of my favorite summer vegetable
- squash! - which reminds me of cutting, which reminds me of knives

Which reminds me I must take mine to the farmers market today to be sharpened

Which reminds me to thank god for the rich calculus of chores!

The Commander gave me one of his freshly plucked white pubic hairs

Three things to conclude from this:

1. I should get him a laminating machine so that he can increase the durability of his body's souvenirs
2. I never know what to say
3. item #2 is often mistaken as the definition of an introvert
4. But, like, technically, he gave me a gift!!!
5. I guess actually there were four conclusions
6. and now there are five!
7. six!
8. please stop me!!

Freud is maddening in the way of parents

Jung is annoying in the way of grandparents

How delighted would I be if the Commander made me call him Daddy

None of this is what I really want to say

I can urinate in front of the Commander but cannot shit

This seems like what I wanted to say but it's really not it

Food in the nightshade family

Greek yogurt

Kitchen trash

Milkman

These items began as an epiphany but have now once again become a to-do list

Thank god! Thank god!

I am on my deathbed
The Commander enters the room
He's from the library collection agency
He works for the library AND i'm in trouble?
How do you say "sex fantasy" in German!

He has in his slender hands a scroll listing my unreturned books

He sees that it's me dying
And he sees that I had all these books in me, I just couldn't remember them, or if I
could, I didn't know how to talk with him about them, and he thinks, Hmmm,
she read Steiner's Higher Consciousness?!

I die thinking, He's thinking about me!

He dismisses my life with a pat on the shoulder
It is so terrible to be patted!
It is so terrible that I revive
And what's this?
He is putting something into my palm, my wasted, shriveled palm

It's the little muddy brown mole from his eyelid
I am obsessed with that mole
That it is more scab than mole does not bother me in the slightest

I die thinking, He didn't even make me beg for it

Sexphantasein!

Actually, epistemology is so expensive these days
And I'm too tired to know my own habitus

Simply astonishing how much time subtle abjection takes
Being a girl has so far been taking me my whole life

If we're translating the expense into dollars per day the calculations go like this:

vomiting \$40

heroically not vomiting \$55

anti-aging lotion is a cheap joke but also it is very expensive \$90/bottle

brain fluid required to daily quell expression of odious feeling \$1000

the cost of not reading Gilles Deleuze!

the cost of not reading Witold Gombrowicz!

The cost of not reading Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe!

but let's be honest, Goethe is the last thing i need right now!

In Sommerloch I ran out of dental floss
and asked the Commander to purchase some for me
He did!
The end

Not the end!
We must return to the floss
Instead of using the floss, I kept it in a precious drawer and cooed upon it
That's right!!
The end

No it is not
Weeks later my floss necessity reached its zenith
I used the Sommerloch floss, now it's gone
The end

And yet it keeps going
I saw a photo of Unica Zürn
She was naked and crisscrossed with floss
One strand made it look like her left breast was cut in half
Another made it look like her stomach was carved in two
It wasn't a pretty picture and that is what it takes to be free!

The end

It never is!

Am so quiet today because the Commander talked to me

He talked to me and afterwards I regretted that I had but two ears

I wanted to tenderly slice each ear off around the canal and the drum and the cochlea, and mail the set to him

But that's the sort of gift one might misinterpret

Then I thought of placing my dismembered ears in the grass of a meadow and taking a photo of them at twilight and sending that on-

But now I'm remembering that Ernst Jünger has a story about human ears strewn romantically amid meadow grass so that photo too might be misinterpreted-

I am not "into" totalitarianism

I just want to be commanded by someone smart

I just want to have no power

For just one day, I'd like a father

Heavy dose of paternalism, *bitte!*

But, like, a sexy dose

Probably everything I'm saying is being interpreted and misinterpreted
No matter what, don't let it be said that I don't know what i'm talking about!

"The practice of my own insane love is to shout its stupid fucking head off"

omg i got so loud just then

so sorry i'm talking so loudly

whoa i'm still talking

and my voice is so loud

so so sorry for the noise!

the ear-splitting noise

Should I speak as a 3-time defenestrator ?
Or as the woman wearing the giant ketchup bottle costume ?

Either way, I have a name, you know
and it's Splat

Today the air is so fresh
It's stone fruit season
The library has lent me Dostoyevsky's funniest novel
My breasts have dropped another good half inch
My busyness is a splendid theatre
And there is nothing but a queer divine dissatisfaction, a blessed unrest that keeps us
marching and makes us more alive than the others

that last bit is a lady talking about art
and i'm a lady talking about _____

Entschuldigung,
Loverman ?
Shhh not allowed to call him that

Captain ?
only when he's driving

Dad-
Can i call you daddy ?

because i'm not even wearing a bra!
-i'm wearing two

How often we go astray...

He lets me call him Daddy
And then there we are, boning precariously, and afterwards he is spoon feeding me
oatmeal, no he's rubbing me like a rosary, no he's telling me to scrub behind my ears

No way, the Commander would never let me call him Daddy
Not even that one time when I offered him money

But right after he declined the cash he must have felt either guilt OR a paternal spasm
Because he told me to stand up straight

How bad your posture is, he said

!!!

Say yes to anything and no to nothing
is every daddy's daughter's rule

Is it that the Commander is just a person
or that I am a voracious whoring

DARCIE DENNIGAN

Darcie Dennigan is the author of six books, including the dark, recursive, and, to some, unreadable novel *Little Neck*.