

CINDY JUYOUNG OK

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I stay outstretched in a November
coat, not abundant and not wanting
to be. A machine I own mistook *shootings*

for *students* in a transcript, ushering
me to tilt canals toward titles and curate
hedges into pages. I once thought

I was a shape but it is a form
of furniture, not a prop but not yet
a structure, the way I eat with pairs

of sticks and repeat the attic antics
outside my house. Having been spit on,
sat on, I hope not to mind (mine) being

pathetic, but keep loving to be
pitied for trivial troubles. It is always
wartime here so I do render to reenter,

stir to thirst, offer this crate of skin,
roster of resting text (you can eat
the paper). Not a performer, I know

the figure of the student exceeds—
includes—that of the teacher and I think
it is for you I wash and rotate the wish.