

TINA BROWN CELONA AND JOSHUA WARE

“Please remember you are dealing with a human form”

after David Lynch’s The Alphabet

I.

A scale of letters unfolds the letter
“A” like a heart, flashing
accompaniment to the high-
pitched whine of
nerves. Like a sentence
the body thinks of itself,
undoes itself, rewrites itself
like an amoeba exploring blindly
the condition of language
which is the nature of blood.

II.

We are operatic in hand-
drawn suns: our voices letter
lost in the flower’s newborn cry.
A head engorges and the birth of
script delivers all our failed alphabets.
This tells us nothing,
of course, besides the fact that
we were born in bloody beds
without language.