

# WE MAKE LISTS

IN THE LOWER PART OF MAIN STREET THE LANES ARE  
DISAPPEARING. TUNNELS OF SMOOTH CONCRETE WHERE  
LOFT PARTIES AND THEIR SLEEK GUESTS SIP FROM CRYSTAL

WE STOP AND LOOK TO THE BOTTOM OF PITS  
PUMPS SUCK UP ANCIENT WATER  
A BUILDING LISTS DANGEROUSLY  
CLOSE TO THE EDGE. CHILDREN'S TOYS HANG FROM THE  
REBAR

THERE IS NO WAY OUT BOYS

WE STEAL THE DUMPSTERS FOR OUR OWN PURPOSES. WE  
DRAW CHALK LINES ON THE CONCRETE

WE CHOOSE TO LIVE  
UNTIL THE NEXT  
LINE!

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# WE CAN HEAR THE FOUNTAINS, BUT CAN'T AFFORD THEM

HERE THE LANES LEAD TO THE OCEAN. WE PICK WAYS  
TO HUNT. THE SMELL HERE IS PART SEAWEED PART DIESEL

BAMBOO SHOVES ITS WAY  
THROUGH THE CRACKS AND A  
LADY WITH A HAIRNET  
HACKS AT IT. HER BLADE GLINTS  
IN THE MOONLIGHT. SHE HUMS  
BETWEEN SWINGS

A MAN IN A DRESSING GOWN  
LOUNGES AMONGST HIS PILLOWS.  
HE MEASURES HIS SQUARE FEET.  
CONDENSATION SLIDES  
DOWN HIS DRINKING GLASS

## ARCHITECTS WAKE UP!

**WE SMASH** GARBAGE ON  
THE PATHWAYS!

**WE DRAG** OUR FEET ON THE  
TILED FLOORS

**WE UNBUTTON** OUR  
FLANNEL SHIRTS

**WE LISTEN TO THE  
SCREAMS** AS WE WHIRL PAST ON  
OUR NIGHTLY RIDES. THERE ARE SO MANY FUTURES  
THAT HAVE EVADED OUR RECORDS. THE STRAPPED ON  
PLATFORMS BLISTER OUR ARCHES. PAINTINGS ARE NAILED  
INTO TELEPHONE POLES. GARDENS SPILL FROM THE  
PARKED VANS. LAYERS OF ROCK PEEL AWAY REVEALING  
ALABASTER EGGS, MISMATCHED DRAWERS, MURALS,  
HANDMADE FURNITURE. IN THE FALL WE WANDER THE  
LANES SEARCHING FOR ARTISTS. WE RIDE PAST PARKS  
WHERE GIRLS WRITE THEIR NAMES IN BLOOD IN THE SAND  
WE TALK OF FAILED RESCUES WHILE ANOTHER LANGUAGE  
FLOWS FROM OUR EARS

# WE FILL OUR INNER AND OUTER GLANDS WITH GOSSIP

WE RIFLE THROUGH OUR  
POSSESSIONS. FILMS FLICKER IN THE  
CORNER ROOM. DECORATIONS DIG  
INTO SKIN AS WE PASS A SMOKE TO  
THE STRANGER ON A BIKE

WE HAVE BEEN GAGGING AND  
STARVING ALL DAY. OUR HANDS ARE  
TOO FRAIL. WE SHARPEN OUR  
MAGNIFYING GLASSES IN OUR HUNT  
FOR FOOD  
IN OUR POOR STAMPED BONES ROBINS  
SING THE WRONG SONG

WE LICK THE LININGS  
OF OUR MACHINES

WE ARE  
WOMEN IN LOVE WITH  
OUR CITY!

WE ARE **GENIUSES** AND  
WOMEN