

from ANEMIC CINEMA

by THOMAS COOK

Afternoon (1)

Tablecloth like the dress

Sun and yeast

She is before the mirror waiting

The keyhole

The blade

Tablecloth like the dress

The dresser in the bedroom mirror

Her blood black curls falling

Before the mirror waiting

Down the stairs her hair and the bread

In the sun and sitting in the dress

Tablecloth like the dress

The bread and dress

Her dress and sun

Before the mirror waiting

The glass knife filled with bread

Her shadow like the blade

Tablecloth like the dress

She is before the mirror waiting

Afternoon (2)

Woman Dress Dress

Cement Woman Dress Cement Shadow

Black Walk Black Walk Black

Sun Tablecloth Dress

Blood Black Curls Keyhole

Woman Dress Dress

Keyhole Bread

Blade

Black Walk Black Walk Black

Dress Blade Tablecloth Dresser Mirror

Dresser Bedroom Bread

Woman Dress Dress

Curls

Curls Black Blood Bread Dress

Black Walk Black Walk Black

Woman Sun Bread Bedroom

Sun Dresser Dress Bread Woman

Woman Dress Dress

Black Walk Black Walk Black

Afternoon (3)

Fearing the dark, closing in, toolsmooth yeast, space, noon, shadow, height,
and woman

Drained of color, grave, burned, dry, cracked, folded, scratched, dashed,
ground, stabbed,

bitter,

She, ritual, fomenting, searching, groping, feeling her dark black blood curled
hair out aglitter,

The light side lined like the sidewalk and lifted off the linseed side

In bright afternoon, the damaged record playing the damaged needle,

The voices of her mother and sisters broadcast back from the old maid,

And taking the mirror she cast in two pieces, making the tablecloth yellow,
stained, and frayed,

For most of her life had come into this room now, through the dresser and the
key hole.

Her black bread curled hair wound around the staircase and pulled her down

Until each thing proceeded red from like lip

And she dipped her head down and her hair over the top, wet.

The bread had been wearing the tablecloth as a gown,

The dresser as the blade of the knife that curves from the tip,

And the sun was drying all the house shadows out and making objects glitz.