

BRIAN TEARE

DEFEATED, YOU WILL STAND AT THE DOOR OF YOUR
HOUSE AND WELCOME THE UNKNOWN.

chronic illness
chronic non

narrative even
the public health

clinic's waiting
room more

gestural than
temporal

eventually the surface gets interesting

affect *to wait* the purling of signature

events like the calm after vomiting

the sum of a knitter's dropped stitches

a continual doing undone in which

the assembled material disassembles

without voice I mean illness has none

I speak on behalf of what expels me

barren orchid
slumped glossy

monthlies stained
public fabric

patient number
0 1 7 1 9 0 6 7

uninsured
no other place

to go I had
to bring my body

WITH THESE RECTANGLES I DIDN'T KNOW AT THE TIME
EXACTLY WHY.

	old tin tub	
	soapy water	
	tilts over	
	its rim hits	
nice image	linoleum	
for nausea		how small
washing hot		
one end		my body
to the other		has become
	I remember	again
	my mother	
	poured warm	
	water over	