

ERICA BERNHEIM

Pretend Fiction

Tell me about it: the broken wing, the tutu, the light becoming not light, the generator out of sync, the troubled hairpin turn, the locomotive skin rebelling against itself, the care, the train of cars, the bank of power, the penny for your good thoughts, the plants rotting on the outside, the race to the finish, the unreal cut of the head's last angle, the fake gazelle transformed, the luckiest man, the man most unlucky, the empty gas tank, the blonde dress, the float that doesn't want to, the motor, the spotter, the mixerman, the good tool, the overheights, the organic barrage, the top speeds, the depraved, the shank, the forty, the reasons for calling, the good kind of cut, the bad kind of avoidance, the hooker in the bowler hat, the dead-end alley, the purpose, the canned speech, the goat sawed away from its knees, the flexbone, the rubber concrete foam, the root cellar ensemble, the attack of gnats, the first sunlit field, the army of earthworms, the mold, the better tool, the blackened fillets, the fantastic colors, the things you did not know, the things you wanted to know, the visions you wanted and did not get, the dolphins and their hand-wing arms, the science project, the hydraulics, the articulated, the sloppy cannons, the pretending to plant plants, the tent instead of the tickets, the aloe, the alibi and the claims, the hopelessly stuck, the particular clam, the saxophone, the viewfinder, the complexities of the boom, the imagined secrets of real people, the collapse of a heavy boil, the lonely pedophile, the bezoar necklace, the precarious and the idle, the names it calls out, the voice that tells you not to, the right words, the wrong words, the things you say when it's over, the heights, the cigarette's recollection of the mouth's interior, the way you look at yourself, the lying subscriber, the demands of each hit, the storm, the animals fleeing in advance, the birthday of someone you hated last year at the same time, the traffic rotating in its sad and lonely patterns, the still noble largesse. I did it and I thought I heard someone saying all along it was you.