

ERICA BERNHEIM

THE OVERSIZED WORLD

There is always time to choose new curtains. What to
keep: a lightbulb the size of the city, a tank bent on

reconstruction, pilots and bubbles, sixty-one ways
to evacuate a twin with a twin with more twins in it.

Imaginary babies ask for organic juice and whole milk.
I wait for each day to be over. I am the breaker of

interrogations. Remember: everything is a test. See
who protects you now, gardener of leaves, leaver of

sleeves, creator of estate jewelry and actual sizes. If you
remember, everything looks like it should be in motion.

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Out-of-step, following inconstant signals and misfired
fires onto pages made of ham. The oversized world

passes its scream-test. The oversized world pulls out
its knife, but only for show. It's like your bones died two

weeks before you did. People are saved when no one
notices they are there. Think how things shrink from

cold. Not just things, but *things*. We are retreating
from the touch of a hand equally unsure, hypnosis, its

static, its stasis, its desire to be drawn, to be filled-in.
Something will be built, bulleted, discussed, danced

a light two-step through, the naked, the pale, the
please stay here, the one who prefers to be with me.

It's like taking down glass from a window. The
blessings have been blocked. The men stand around,

talking lawsuits out of their necks' creases,
saying, *Here, baby, let me do something for you.*