



Bath Visions

Nour Pamela Materak



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Sunsets on white walls, vanity mirrors, valentines crawl out like twenty two border collies without a face, hairless and squinting had they had they had—had they had eyes.

Monterrey, Mexico, a place where women came and went with a lot of pillows under their dresses. I didn't feel fooled, though I pretended to be. I swung my arm back and forth and told them to carry on, looking back at the steak on my lap. A small deck of cards beside me.

Monterrey, Mexico is a place that I may go to one day. I've never been to Mexico. I can dream of Mexico, if all else fails. When I feel that all has failed, and I imagine my wrists unlacing into marbled water, I can instead imagine Monterrey, or the Yucatan Peninsula.

6 men stand in the tops of 6 trees there, looking down at a woman with a pillow in her dress, standing alone, holding the pillow up at her crotch. They see the ray of scalp between her hair, pointing down toward the sand. She talks gently to the baby she's pretending. She tells her baby all about daddy.

"He's tall, and very white. Blue eyes and blonde hair. He usually wears mustard boots and ketchup shirts. He loves you very much already." The lady pauses and strokes her dress. Her hand caresses clusters of dogs, paws, confetti, and hearts. "He's Placido Domingo's pilot." Her right hand maintains an adoring, circular motion, as she moves her left hand to support the great weight on her lower back. The pillow drops a little. She lifts it with her right hand, and man number 3 hacks a coconut with his machete. It falls down to the sand. Struggling a little, supporting herself now against one of the coconut trees, she blindly lowers herself left hand still backward on back, and sits in the sand, her mesh sandals eventually kicked out in front of her, and resumes stroking her belly, now with

both hands, and with vigor. "He knows though, he knows, he doesn't call it learning it the hard way, he calls it learning it the real way, you know. Oof. He's good but he's stern, which is good. He'll kick the grin out of you if you talk back, but you'll learn not to do that real quick, baby girl. Third eye stuff." She pauses for five minutes. "He'll cut your hair outside your consciousness."

All that, pretended, I sit in a bathtub or on the bus. People screaming, essentially that up top, but instead of sand there's fine shreds of receipts and haughty dailies, rendered invisible to the naked eye under the thoroughfare of electric wheelchairs, walkers, and walkers. Madness climbing to banal depths, fully integrated. In the bathtub I'm no better. Scratching my thumbnails.

There, my kidney.

Right there.

My kidney.

Right there.

Now then.

Right there.

My kidney.

Now sixteen.

Guilin.

Dispatched. I lay back feel it reacting. Rounded mountains. My kidney cocks its little head. My shoulders, eleven years later, sink down into the hotter liquid. There's something there. A wonder at split mist. But I locate now my appendix, and send it to first love, in a bar bathroom, underage, getting fucked until the sink falls off the wall from under me. Veronica says, "I don't know what you did, but it took ten minutes". Crude, all of it, but my appendix is there and glows for me now, and I'm allowed to think what I like in the

bath. Split three ways I hone and merge. This person puts her head under and hears whale song.

Eyes closed, body glimpsing, oily water softening my hairs. They brush my nipples, and my brain thinks of love. His fishy pout, won't it join me? A walnut is elsewhere, and I don't know what he is thinking. My ear canal a canyon I once careened through with a helmet on. An adventure package, from 9 until 5, I signed on and got wet suit. Litigation mitigated, New Zealand at my death drive, my ear canal bubbling as I swallow. All masters and doctors cliff diving, and then a young man babbling in a ward, in the mountains, snowy peaked, looking down at the palm trees.

I ride my bicycle.

I ride my bicycle and red eyes in vinyl in metal on tires with engine aching slowly
Hey-- Hey-- Hey-- Hey--
 No one though
could ever do shit to me, I know that already.

82nd, you are the equator. To me,
all cross streets are sacrificed to zero, for you.

Fubonn, fair durian embassy,
With cratum and

Shoguns armored in pork belly
Buck hunting beside marble statues of carp I rest here and suck a
hot green pastry. Plastic lemon trees
dangling fruits
damn sweeter
by reverie.

Hello my bun bun city

* * *
Water is lapping my tongue, I bite a taste of my bath and get Canton
sweat, calendula breath.

It's the memory theater. The umbilical annex.

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The bathhouse starts to gather.
My bath bite falls out my mouth.
Aperiodicity is climbing, talking, and
locking.

Bath 1 ÷ ≤ ≥ ÷

Bath 2 ≥ ≤ ≥ ≤

Bath 3 ≥ ≥ ≤ ≠

Bath 4 ≠ ≤ ≥ ≤

Bath 5

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A g-string is removed, caked eyeliner runs, balloon breasts float,
and people wash.

The bath's steam cruises through the crowd, and I remain stunned,
with my loofah. The ascension arises, I must take my post behind a
malachite column.

A lady steps out ≥ ≥ ≤ ≠, approaches another,
"Locking flashes, flocking lashes".

"Oo!" Out ≠ ≤ ≥ ≤, she walks out the beaded door,

"Cui cui, cui cui,

I feel like writhing!

like writhing!

like writhing!

like writhing

with my paramour!

In

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≥ ≥ ≤ ≤ ÷ ≤ ≥ ÷ ≥ ≤ ≤ ≤
÷ ≤ ≥ ÷ ≥ ≤ ≤ ÷ ≤ ≥ ÷
here he comes

Ippolito II d'Este, with a gut full of urine, awaits maidens and men
at the stairs of Bath 5.

MOODSHINE
THE MOON, DIVINE
THE ETHER BENEITH HER
ON STREAMING COMES FLEETING
A VIOLET-LIPPED PARADIGM

On streaming the steam
 licks the paramour's aura
And above her a yellow cascading upon her

Bath 5, Bath 5, scorched water by slaving jets,
Encrusted in tiles made of colors of the sunsets

Cream is the sand and the color of her palm
Photo, a copper, the left tile, her lower and upper,
Las Vegas Sunrise is the color of her fingernails and song.

Now, Heartbeat, magenta as 9:30 in summer, offsets this mouth.

And cream the color of her palm,
Up to Heartbeat, her lip balm,

Placed feverishly on his, his lavender embouchure,
Fluted lips, he plays the bath girl and crying,
She writhes.

Behind the malachite column I sat,
Seeing strange lovers on tiles and sunset behind a Duquette.

A fountain alights.

Daily I deal with the mentally ill,
the poor, and the wealthy:

Locking flashes, locking sounds,
a Prius is prepared for solitude.
Flocking lashes, a girl surrounds the man
who will buy her her evening food.

Melvin comes in, and he's singing.
The sunset has fallen, the sun doesn't even exist anymore, flat-lining
like a cartoon. The whale song is muted,
completely erased.

Towers of sermon cardboard felt-tipped for our
comprehension, stacked, on a crosshatched chariot, wheeled
with clothes and fine bed linens inside, he sleeps on. At
sundown he takes his dove literature to the locker room
and exits with velour sleepwear hiked up. Zion and hell on
veneers.

Perhaps it's time to transport another organ
Out of this bath or chair that spins, rolls, reclines.

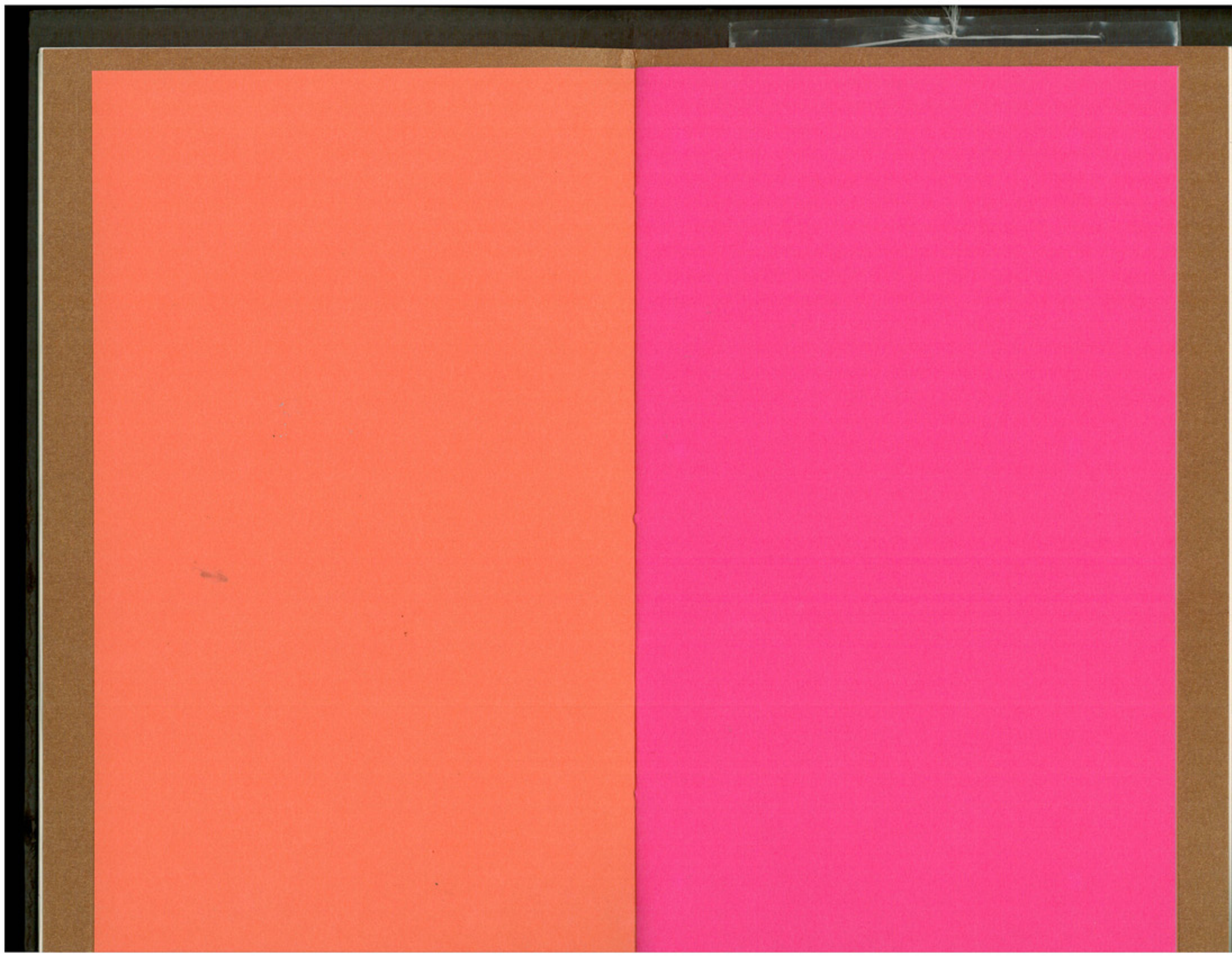
I can walk and see a spiral-cut bush on a big lawn's corner,
It's hot and sunny in February, the suburb still.
The bush, in a corkscrew, does not move. I stare for minutes. It
does not move.

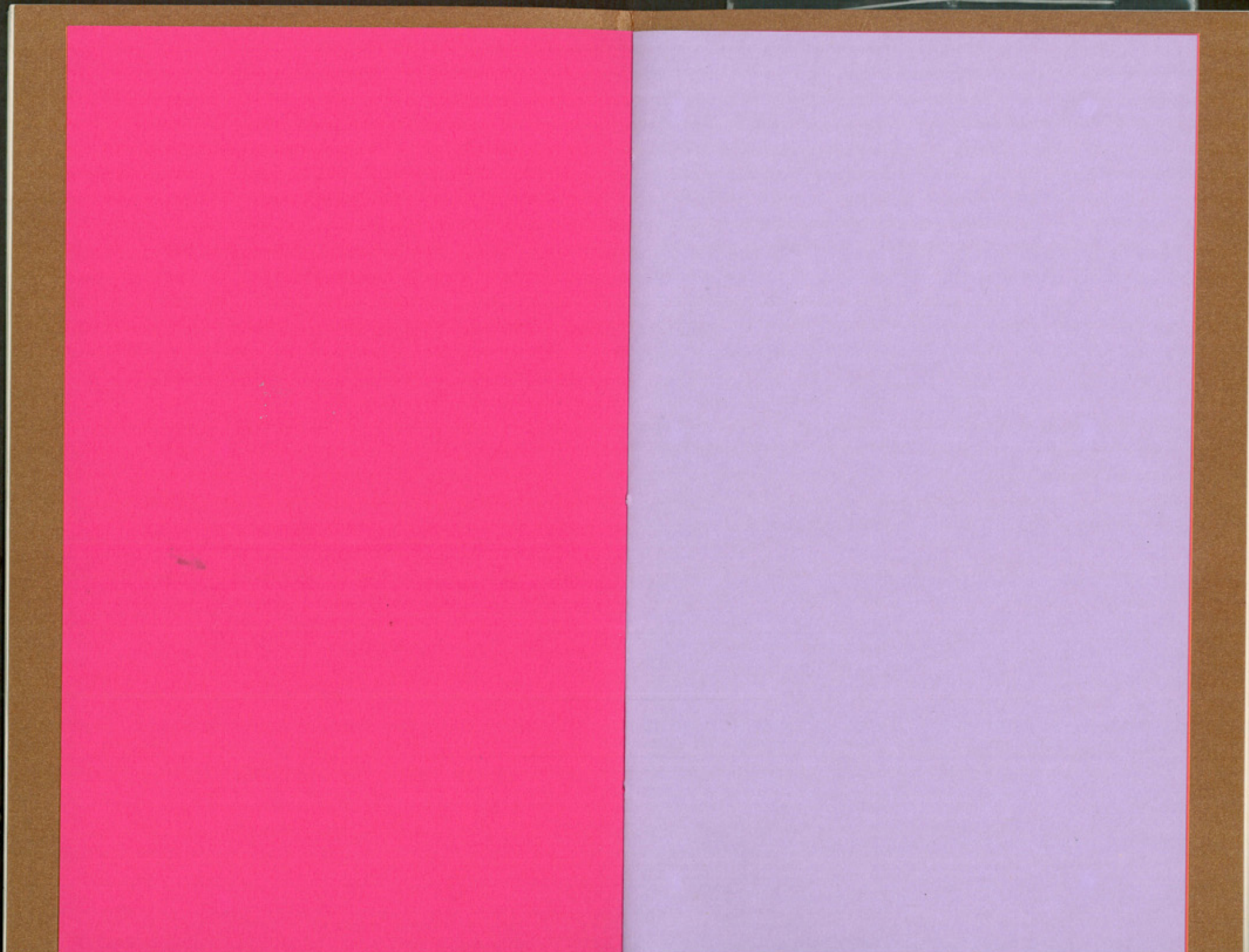
Then I see its head shooting stuff.

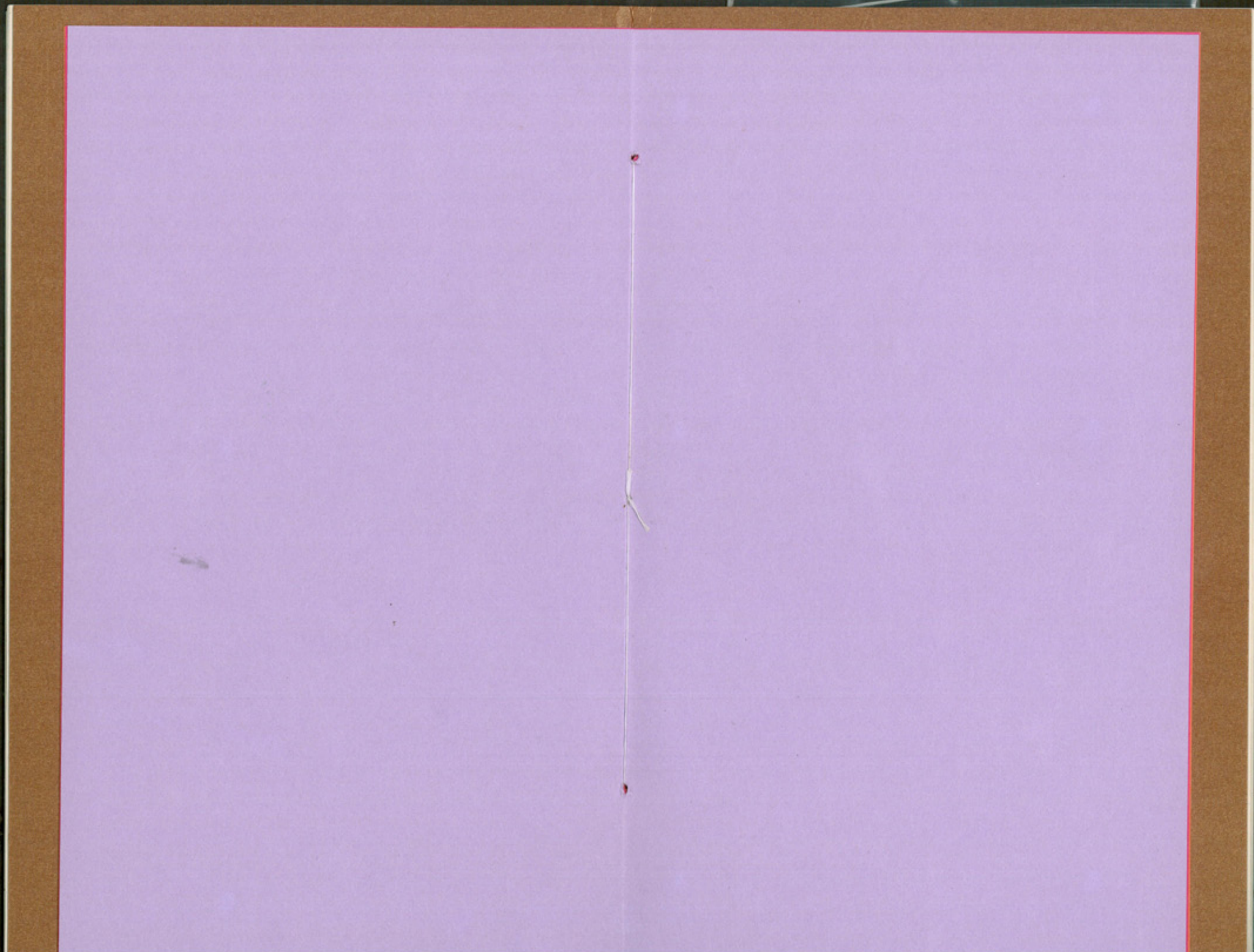
At night, the detritus of centuries, is caught hanging in the sky
Turning to solid tubes the light waves that radiate from electric signs
My nose sniffles on and I glance up as I power walk.

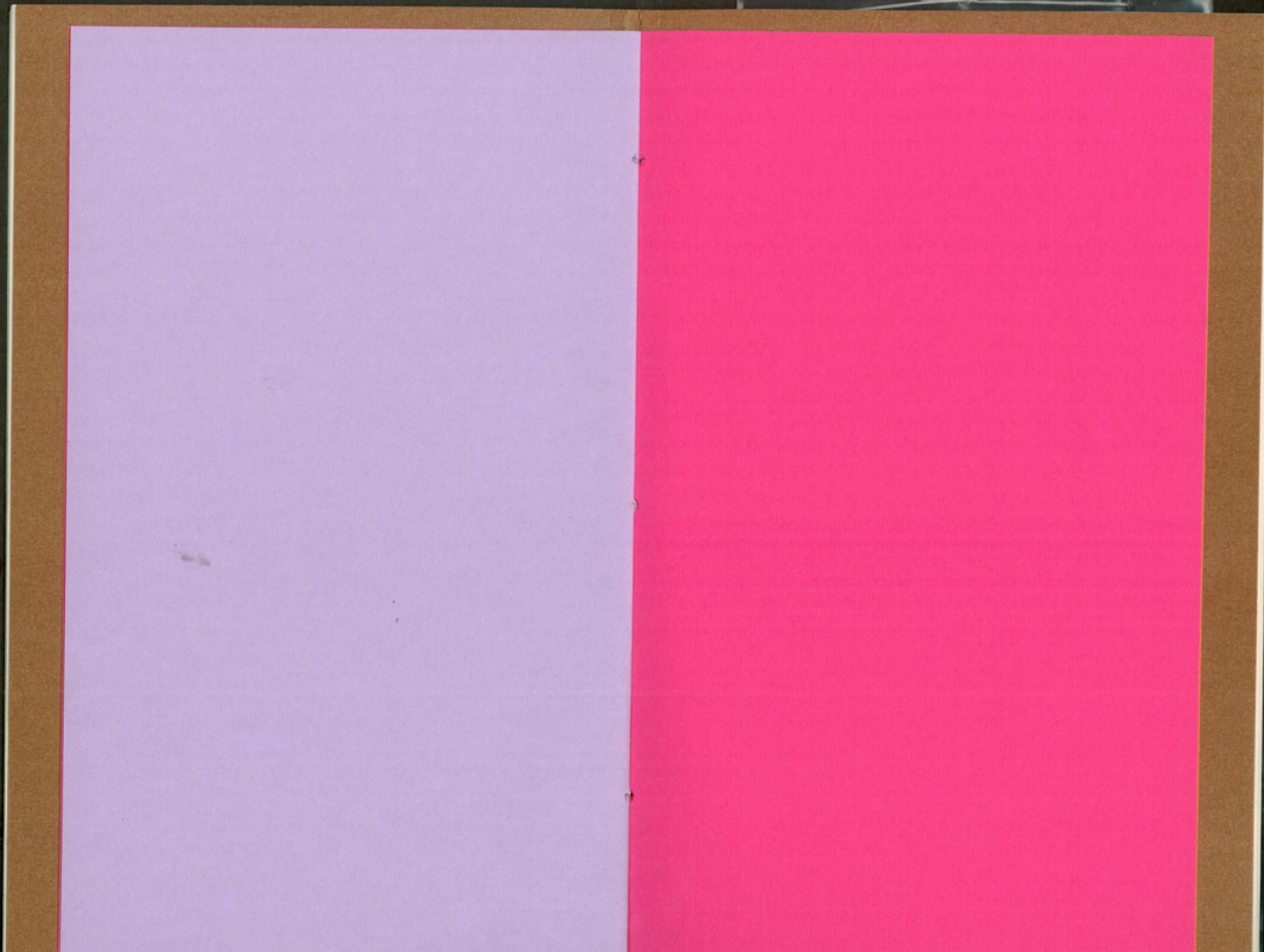
In Cairo, Mahmoud's youngest daughter comes out the large
family's only bedroom to reveal her rhinestone jogger. Her father
and mother coax her and watch her. I insist she does not have to
dance for my boyfriend and me, but they repeat that she wants to.
They switch the television to 32nd notes and the girl, before child-
top-modesty, closes her eyes and with hips and thighs and shoulders,
she writhes.

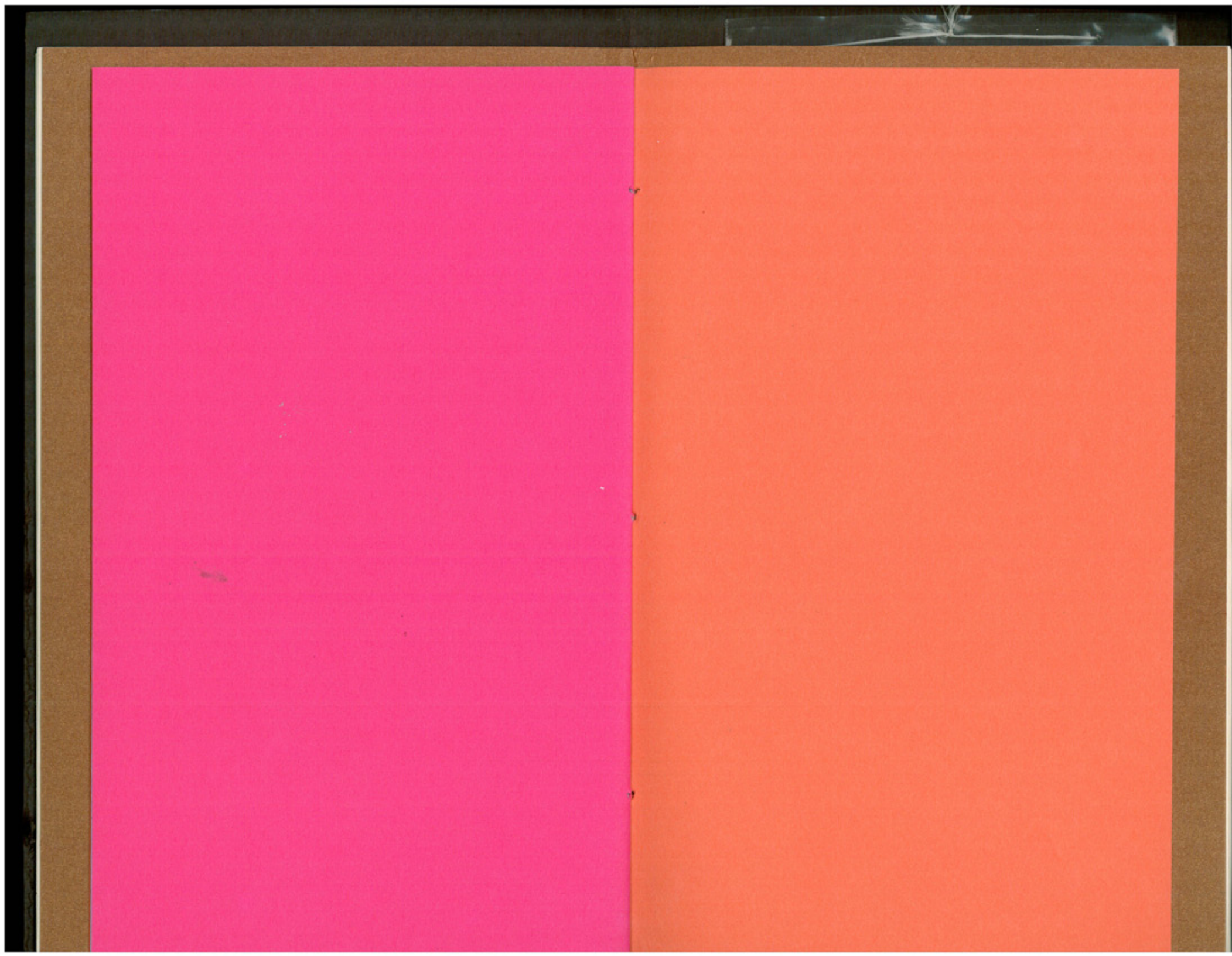
Off I send you, spleen, to when I was 13 in a 2-shop strip mall in the
endless desert of the Wadi Rum.













FOUR EPISTLES

- Thesis and antithesis not through aesthetic politic but glitch
- With every new glitch, a newer novel effect is taken on

Youth culture running with every stupid accident

- It doesn't mean anything

Glyphs enhance memory

Create memory, share memory

The office was misty and smelled like gardenias

I experienced a hand frozen over your two melded faces

Your eyeglasses reflected the freeze

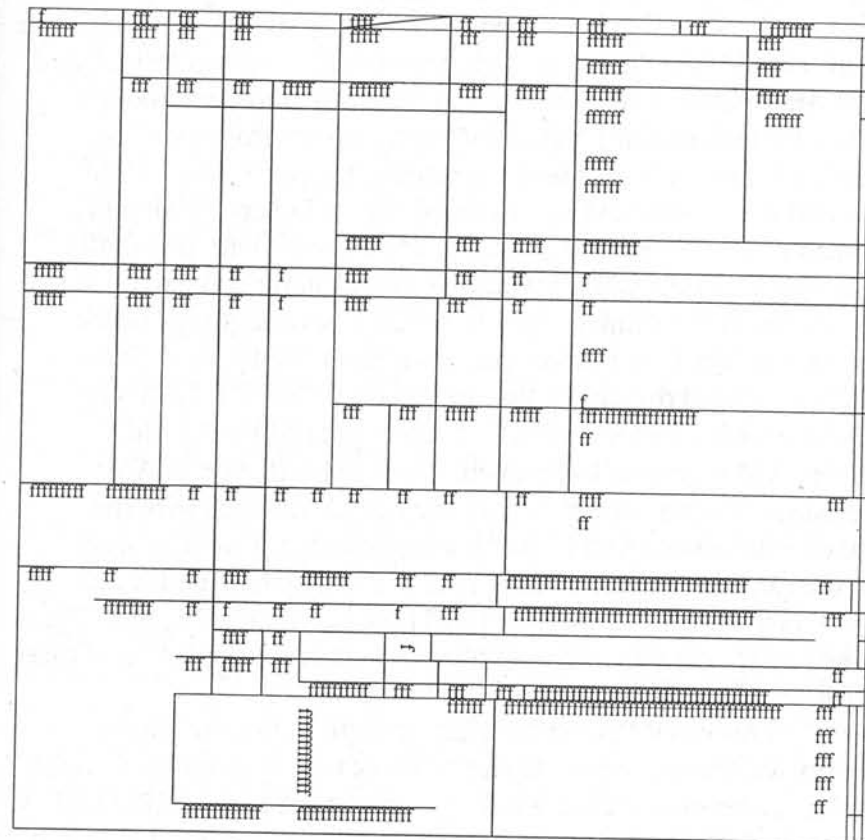
- It does

IT WAS SO NICE TO SEE YOU I AM HAPPY TO SE=E
THAT YOU ARE POSTING ON JANWEB MUST MEAN
YOU ARE EXTREMELY HEALTHY AND BACK IN YOUR
TEMPLE

HERE YOU GO I AM AT WORK I MADE THIS FLOW
CHART (ATTACHD) PLEASE GET BACK TO ME WITH
HOW YOU THINK FRIENDLY HOUSE SHOULD
PROCEED

BEST REGARDS
NOUR MOBARAK

PS IT IS SNOWING
YESTERDAY I WORE A TANK-TOP AND STOOD ON A
SUNNY ROOFTOP



Hi, I've just read pelican reports hill, instar, in the bathroom, where I fondly remember you reading from, and screaming from if disturbed, and so I just want ed to say, nice work, i've just woken up from a world of indigestion, a gluttony of cakes, tres leche included, and After School Care Snacks, and from a great dream, though when I transcribed it I had already read reports from a lovesick pelican, alone on his hill with a briefcase, the puce dawn riddling my bed with sprays and sprays and sprays of bullets, shining like roman candles, from parker's cock, when I woke with him in the morning, at a time when I would ordinarily never come to asleep, if awake, by then, i think you get it, because he brought the coffee grinder to bed. Can you imagine, your reality still puce with dawn and syncopated dream visions, and then a COFFEE GRINDER IN YOUR BED AS A JOKE? I had to get right out of there, at 7:30 AM trust that I screamed, it was twisted. At 7:30 AM, be asleep. Then I tried to rest a little but my stomach with the cakes. I descended and Parker was so ashamed. I went straight to the can with Pelican Brief. I read the whole thing and it was WONDERFUL. I especially liked how I could read it, and I like it when things eat themselves in phrases within your poems, and there I felt set up, and I felt the error that is her or him.

This week I got stoned late at night in front of a huge empty warehouse, white, having walls of watery shadows through aisles of one story arcade windows, only to get to the top to find the only thing, a bouncy castle, deflated on the ground. I watched it rise up in this big ballerina room, and then I bounced. I am starting piano lessons tonight with an arsonist. He had burned a mcdonalds to the ground and went to the institutions for the past 7 years but so few due to guilty but for insanity and comes to Friendly House to play chopin, over and over and over. I've started

organizing experimental piano recitals, they'll start next month, at the community center where I work, on Fridays from 7 to 9, a local brewery will donate beer, and I will sell it for very cheap and then the profits will go there, to Friendly House, where I work, to give to Homeless Families. I will do one too, eventually. There's someone screaming. The other night I arrived to my house to find a stranger with cornrows coming out the gated backyard, fearless tweeker, approached the car, I drove away, I called my roommate, I told him to lock the doors, he looked and saw his bike was gone! He ran upstairs and got a 6 foot dowel and ran after him. Eddie and his buddy were there, cracked out, I mean CRACKED out, I mean, no more feelings usually. Krag, my roommate, look up what he's named after, freaks out with the dowel, after having covered the streets in his sprints to find them, he says "WHERE THE FUCK IS MY BIKE BITCH?" and they said "ooh, I don't know!" and then he said "FUCK YOU, I AM NOT CALLING THE POLICE, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU MYSELF", and they were scared! Krag got his bike back. I went to the casino. Five videos failed to upload, which is a shame, they were the best ones, I will reupload, and then with the burger that's a monkey behind me the next morning, and then that plane is at an indoor waterpark in an airplane hanger, where waterslides weave through suspended classic airplanes. Right next to there is the airplane hanger which holds Howard Hughes' own Spruce Goose. Truly, what a sight to behold, my wooden heart swelled to widths larger than football fields. I went to the casino because I had just put gold facepaint on and needed somewhere to toot around. The casino was far though, 2 hours drive away on the coast, and we arrived by 10, so we had to get a hotel room. We stayed there and played roulette, it was a very sad place where old people hooked themselves up to slot machines

and at least you can smoke indoors. Ravaged native elders and whites alike, workers dying at dicing. Anyway, I had 2 weeks of a cold and my nose was falling off, plus I was wearing elaborations of gold on my head, the woman at the info booth suggested that me and Sarah didn't care about anything, that's right, me didn't care about anything, which actually I was pretty appalled by that assumption. My stomach now is feeling better, if you know what I mean.

Well Mike, I just wanted to say hello and thank you for the bag of books. I should go take my morning nap now. One more thing. I was in Venice a month and a half ago, and at one point a hotel manager wanted me to pay 50 more euros, unfairly, the morning after, for giving me a finer room which I never did order on the internet, in the middle of the night, and it was so glorious, I tell you this because you have been speaking of Italy the last few times we spoke, so you may like this image, me and my french friend Annabelle jumping out the window, a Venetian man aiding her up the legs down the window, white sheer curtains blowing behind us, my tossing the bags out the window, then us escaping down the cobblestone.

I'm to bed, I'm trying to lull myself back there, after I wipe my bottom.

All my Love,
NWax

Package Deals

19 December 2011.

Dear NASA or Richard Branson,

It occurred to me yesterday that "gravity" must have the same etymology as "grave". This humble epiphany evoked a world of philological landscapes in my terrestrial mind, which have resulted in my writing you all this letter, petitioning you all with the, at the very least, poetic potential of the conception of a human in anti-gravity. I hereby come forth with a plea that you grant me the opportunity to offer my sex in space as a service to our numbing and wearied human race.

I believe that our globalized society is still trapped within a surface level paradigm that cannot conceive of human life unaffixed to a surface. Our political situation is thus very grave, as our archaic-views-of we choose to utilize the gift of our systemic minds only to create more surfaces and divisions. Life on earth has always been wrought with everyone's eventual death. I think it would be very beautiful then, for the sake of our collective fantasy, to make a baby that is not only from no land, but from no grave.

I am youthful, very fertile, of child-bearing age, and belonging to no real land. I am "26, have travelled to every continent, and believe I would be the perfect candidate for this project. I thank you to please deeply consider this proposition, and to please imagine the new realms our baby could bring to the weighted human mind.

Yours in Parts and Labor,

Mour Pamela Mobarak

28/60



