

i saw a tall black poodle today

kim dawn

j'ai vu un grand caniche noir aujourd'hui

Un jour en marchant au soleil, kim dawn voit un caniche noir qui déclenche ses souvenirs d'enfance avec toutes les retombées émotionnelles qui les accompagnent. Elle se souvient avec détail des framboises le long de sa route, de la grange décrépite où elle devait chier et uriner dans un trou creux et effrayant qui avalait tout, des oiseaux et des chauve-souris qui vivaient dans la grange, et de l'eau, toujours de l'eau, des rivières, des lacs et des jets d'eau. Elle se souvient de la période la plus heureuse de sa vie, des géraniums roses, d'un petit chien, et du pain blanc maison avec de la mélasse. Elle se souvient de sa mère qui lui disait qu'elle n'était que peau et os, mais elle était beaucoup plus, un composé de son bonheur et de son expérience, incapable d'exprimer l'intensité de ses impressions sensuelles.

analysand
14th, 1997).

i saw a tall black poodle today (saturday, june
it drove me back, way back

(

. remembered the blind black poodle from my

cousins

camp when i was little.

his eyes were like glass. a

pale

blue white water/glass. there was a

huge

field. it was pouring

back too

fast. i tried to tell him about it. i was there momentarily.

(stillness trembles

always.)

absent in my presence, disembodied. embodied in

the past. i couldn't utter it all fast

enough. i could smell the place. i could smell the

time. my amnesiac body was losing its slippery little

girl fingers on these moments. they were fleeting.

and i was scared.

i was scared.
 i conjured up ;
 (a.) raspberries along the way. (b.) the walk to the
 bridge where (c.) the eels swam low and large
 beneath. (d.) there were black berries too,
 which were poisonous. (e.) there was a
 decrepit barn (f.) where we had to shit and pee in a
 hole too deep you never heard it land. it swallowed
 everything up. (g.) there were families of swallows who
 swooped by the field near the barn. they would hurt
 you to save their baby s/wallows. they would eat
 their babies if they were starving. (h.) there were small
 bats inside hanging inside. still. waiting. (i.) there was a
 small lake out back with tall grass and lots of large
 friendly flies as large as my small fists. (j.) there was
 also a river, palette river which we had to drive to. we
 drove in the back of the truck. we jumped off big rocks
 and plummeted in the holes of our hot black tire tubes.
 (k.) there was a tap of huge gushing natural spring water
 along the way to the bridge. our mouths. underneath. so
 cold. so cold. the taste of metal resting upon our small
 pink lips.

analyst where were you when this onslaught of fragmentation
 occurred

analysand i was walking in the hot sun.

analyst how did you feel

analysand i felt like i was under under under. flailing
 falling. i wanted to cry . i wanted to go
 back there. but be happy. this was the happiest place of
 my childhood. this and my grandmother's
 house. she had things like:

1. thin (seethrough) orange curtains. 2. pink geraniums that
 smelt like dying breath. 3. a dog, captain,

on a short leash. 4. a barn, which was falling
in on itself gradually and did so the moment she
died. 5. a long table. 6. homemade white
bread. molasses. thick hard chunks of yellow butter. cold
meats. refried potatoes. iced water in a yellow plastic
pitcher that tasted like the fridge. 7. my grandfathers war
medals. 8. framed photos. fading. 9. a tv with a full ashtray
beside it, this is the room that christmas tree went in. this
is the only time i went into that room. i only ever saw my
grandfather at mealtime. 10. large, tall grass field that went
on and on. my cousins and i would make impressions
and rooms with our bodies in that grass.

analyst can you picture you then

analysand i was scrawny. with bony legs. my mom said i was
going to fade away. (i believed her) she said i was
nothing but skin and bones. i had short red
hair. fair skin. a few freckles. blue eyes.
i had no mouth.