

# Meticulous

*by* Cooper Renner

Because they were teethmarks: the way one struggles, peering across the landscape, toward the foothills, drawing the frame slowly, fingers locked, that meticulous skill, as stiffly as a boxer's, taped, incognizant of the fireworks to come.

Her one way of enhancing the guesswork, making the shuttling more personal, almost like kissing the mirror where one's own finger strokes the backside. Have you measured the cups, the conveyors' yield? Do you know the span? I am the LORD your God, she murmured. Your fever is the shell of my factory, my feral language on your tongue.

Call me Yeats, she murmured. Welcome to my sixties.

