

by Fin Sorrel

I get an internet connection and send this poem out in haste:
Drugs, New Orleans

[illegible][illegible]

✱ ✱ ✱
 _____!!

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A curve of wife, cruel storm of shadows, a thousand images they
wet by in a dream and take away your headache, the storm crawls

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/fin-sorrel/to-sew-the-night-together-at-last----a-hybrid-essay>»
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near on electric alligator switchblade that the wife holds dear to her black mass, a collapsing shadow box there in her chest of oranges and rainbow antennae, as in a deeper thirst of rose thorns and barbed wire and electric lines, her power is but a massive growth she has learned to carry, and watching her eyes roll back while she is destroying with her trimming scissors neatly plucking at the dead leaves of those trees, to stray here is the wandering heart she cannot yet destroy in full, because tarp shaped clowns wander up St. Claude watching the hours at great clocks made of tin foil and shoelaces, sheep skin and barnacles. A curve of the wrist, creole tongues lapping at the great water, tinsel, fish, pearl medallion drooling America, and neon, and blue hair from their stomachs, their shrimp guts, their intestine, baked in flour, flopped and grilled, and fried and powdered. A yellow righteousness, crazed, insistent on gravy, and winning cheap shots of neon, and America, and blue hair. spin wheels rotating fabric space, thin circles round and round big white swooping throwing wheels, rotating, revolving and the place spins passed, hair all a retard.

Curling snack, snack, snack, snack, curling rondevoie, and let it be known the turns, trigger fine hairs, speak a language under umbrella laughter, curling back a cloud or hay, a chimney or a mule, for a fourth night in paradise.

I havent gotten a response back. So I continue.

Shape the name in a small glare of legs in statues through window blinds

Legs of a runaway circuit raising a small confusion that marks purple lines in the rocks of the shore -- for a history. The fan blades another kind of parade already on the way as a centipede of laughter through a hundred legged puddles landing horizontal in their gloves --

After cars collide, two nights with a coy fish spinning in my gloves, along the wrist of the afternoon, I am dealt a hand of sun light and am drinking the moon --

And all of their ugly mirrors angled with the fishes, a language of wires, a tucking\

and intersecting of birds, a welded line of futures at the dripping-cloth-tongue all guessing and flannel and wooden --

Spiral down electric neckties, electric eye glasses -- To sew the night together at last

A beautiful, normal space and corner in time as well as the persona standing perched

at your front door -- you've made your mask and you smile inside this cloud and swim an eel infested distance.

Butterflies to down syrup ~ elongated in halogram -- blinking blue, red, neon feathers to stray --

-- TWO FISH --

To sew the night together, we need a rewinding hat, with an operating rodent on board, to get inside of the machine -- We will need (among other hanging objects) a heating device, in which long strands of egyptian time may be pulled, thumb piano players all around the curtain room are playing Mozart, Bach, and Schopin -- Zeplin, AC/DC, and Megadeath -- their masks blur at the edges of the room -- glowing ribs, and skulls, and spines --

We may need (among other, hanging objects, two double long bicycles, stacked with working (and yet glued together) radios, with antennae.

The sea will be our music (in at once,) splashing so forth, a mist of shanties along the glass bottle, and a ship for us inside -- hinges -- and door frames, wall paper, and galoshes for everyone aboard -- those who entertain the idea will be offered great woolen blankets, and a new pair of garments: shoes, and socks, powdered, first. Included are the radio bicycles (among other hanging things) which will spin the tale of the fish, and the water bearer -- the love entangled web of their story, to the sea together --

A dress -- a rabbit -- masks -- a russian hat -- ties -- wool shirts -- necklaces -- and

**a harp -- Orchids -- sprays -- acrylic paints -- blankets --
bracelets, and jackets, and shoes! All will march in a parade
of misguided watches!**

To sew the night together, we will need to gather a bit of chalk for
an over all out line of the moons slight, and subdued cubes, those
sugars that drop, and dissolve near my boat in the lakeside -- by
watching the curve of the swamp, and move of the frog, we will sew
the night together at last --

Galoshes, and Russian hats for this night --

naked, amidst the neon making legs and arms and

**handles of napes and necks out of knees and with neon
tube, the whole lot of the night floating boating, and glowing
every surface lined in color. Green to be blue, and sewing with
Sewing Bee Orchestra on the barge, buried behind us,
lovemaking neon lights -- all sewing together the edges, and
fabrics, and colors of the night at last --**

In the beginning of the shape -- of an elongation -- a fluer de lise,
a lock of hair spinning --

trying to make clouds out of trumpeting horns and shattering
drums --

Terms:

*THE SEA: A deep conciousness, closely related to that of
companionship,*

a feeling that overwhelms the lovers. freindship.

*HANDLES: "moustache with particularly lengthy and upwardly
curved extremities; a shorter version is named the petit
handlebar."*

*HARP: &a multi-string musical instrument which has the plane
of its strings positioned perpendicularly to the soundboard."*

TO SEW: to insist, and create a change that is irreversably
beautiful,

and perfect in every measurable way for human and all other
existing animal, mammal, fish, frog. Cow, Snake, Rat.

Notes: Dream Journal Excerpt (no. 1)

A dark black cobble stone french quarter, where I was able to sneak back into my hovel, and wake early to the streets, with police passed out at bottles of Vodka, and beer, snoring while cats hopped passed and shuffled. Strangers lurked -- where I could even meet Brandy [Meesh ' ka] at a dark quaryard around the cobblestone street, near shops that opened up and a mechanical shapeshifting color animal rode on tracks, [around the dark abodes, on cobble stone pathways chasing cats and a girl all pale made me feel safe at the inside of an old,] french museum -- I could even sneak into hovels there with the furniture of *victorians*, all welded by hand. In the shadows of the ornate dream town -- This place was not a place for fears but for us who could cross into the night. A **london maze** where spirits could hide in houses no longer forced to co-miserate in the cobble streets. _____

The pale girl was happy to tell of all her most secret of sculptures and artistry's, as well as her best hiding places for us other creatures --

Waking to the sound of bulldogs, we notice a cat entering the squat on Rampart. Brandy says God sometimes uses animals to wake us up, and I say no its the cat they're barking at.

"This is a cat squat." I think.

[The wallpaper, peeled everywhere (must have been caught in hurricane Katrina.) Old boxes of tools, [can] see to the second floor through slats - paint chipping like old roman paintings - light comes in through white sheets molded over the doors, broken windows. Cat piss smell and old chairs stacked by ghosts, and holes in the floor everywhere, leading to a room in the other shotgun. A stack of encyclopedias is the most exciting thing i've seen in a long time... What used to be a fire place.] The white cat sneaks to this area (...) ceiling caved in, at the back house, knocked out walls we enter through --

Brandy and I wrap in jackets, and sweaters for warmth, hold each other tight, breathing on each other for an organic heater.

*We sing a song in our heads, while roaming the streets until we
seperate.*

Drunk on gin, I yell: "Poem for a quarter!" on lundigras.

"Let us hear it." A man and his wife say.

Esplanade Clouds

Oh, how do we tie our hair
in the doll house windows, to the
cat, a length
all philadelphia telephone wires
as branches, our
cedar ties the hair back
in a willow rosetta, ornate
forget me nots, around bristle
spirals, winding one hand
through our hair even in
the sea at the epicenter,
french iron work, weaving
with algae, the eye of the
storm, a hurricane of celtic
cats, ornate
cats through
our hair - tied back into
pigtails in one
long pony tail to the sea,
and the moon --
(2014) New Orleans, Louisiana

