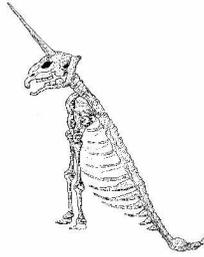


The Unicorn



The Unicorns



by
Carrie Hunter

Thanks to Suzanne Stein and Michael Slosek for the encouragement.

The Unicorns

1.

How sometimes an assumption is the only polite thing.

Something secondary to the duality of hope/despair.

A list of all the different lists I could make.

The ghost of Johnny Cash.

Where are the Unicorns?

Cobra around my neck.

Celebrating our future ghosts.

2.

“Just don’t kill the pizzerias.”

A craving for cherry sours.

The Unicorns say: “Sometimes they forget
the price of umbrellas.”

The theme song to the Bionic Man.

Only two other people
know how to do this.

Always dropping things.

3.

A Process Improvement.

A song where every verse is a chorus.

Not the bridge I want to be on.

The Unicorns are silent.

I abhor a vacuum.

Sign-language and how it is only others
who can wake you up.

4.

Dreams made up entirely of multiplication tables.

Women in heels who walk around gratings.

I need a secular eternity.

Riding on their backs today.

How I never put foundation on my forehead.

The terror of elevators.
The terror of stairs.

5.

“Geraldine.”

Is this the answer or the question?

It is only the third floor where everything smells
atrociously good.

The absurdity of excessive gratitude.

“In your convalescence...”

pawpads on skinflesh

Remembering going on a roof and a spiral staircase.

6.

Creativity as materialism.

The intention to look at fireworks but looking at stars instead.

What

the Unicorns have hidden

lies here.

The way you steer a unicycle.

A man whose last name is Secret.

What I am deleting.

7.

Where is a ribbon saw when you need one?

The solution is not the solution.

The Unicorns say:

“That key is not active here.”

Maybe the solution is the solution.

“Not in this kind of relationship.”

8.

Going through revolving doors.

The verso page.

It is not poverty,
but anti-consumerism.

People with nametags.

Things I cannot fix or will not.

A desperate readiness to risk everything,
but then not.

9.

You sit in your chair like a drowning person.

The guy who says obvious things
like they are not obvious.

“Not usually in the praying
position.”

Bobby pin smear on white stair.

Finding everything out in the elevator.

10.

All the little earthquakes you don't feel.

Decision as a verb.

Miles later, a greeting.

There are not even horses here.

On Tuesdays, a musical in my head.

Woman walking on the street,
trailing her headphones behind her.

What the homeless want to give you.

Opacities in the color S.

The horn's myriad uses.

Angels don't have this option.

11.

A dream of being sketched.

There is always that one tree.

But where are the Unicorns

waiting?

Construction workers always want a soda.

Sometimes looking at knives.

They turn in circles, digging holes.

12.

Because we are in the interim,
is why we write the story.

Coming up the wrong way.

Facing the door that will not open.

He is early today.

Keeping someone company who is not here.

A prediction of rain.

13.

Erasing slogans.

Johnny Cash has been pardoned.

Obsessed with duplication.

Ripping off buttons.

A fascination with homicide rates.

Waiting for the woman in green
to be done with things.

Because next door is older.

14.

The mystery of the Scroll
Lock.

The ultrasonic hurts more than the hand scaling.

Something secret that even the dream will not reveal.

Navigating a body is easy.

A piece of string in the wind.

Flying birds don't think
that they're trapped.

"This may take a long time."

15.

I don't see anything until I see somebody
photograph it.

"In his mind maybe
the parameters are different."

Everywhere a fucking clock.

Invalid sign placement.

New supplies all over the place.

A smirking chivalry.

Finding more ways to be stoical.

rerethinking.

“When we receive it, we don’t have it.”

16.

Moving furniture around.

The best singers are the worst.

Throwing out all the throw-
pillows.

The unpredictable.

“Look at you, puddle-walking.”

The D.J. equivalent of red.

“I like the asset allocations.”

17.

How many times

I have counted these
square blue tiles.

The many play with the one.

Getting lost in the Oracle
convention maze.

Eating in order to eat again.

Sleeping in order to sleep again.

We repeat our selves
in order to avoid becoming.

Elusion becomes allusion.

Why people like snow.

The history of zero.

18.

“Trying to find the taste-memory,
but I haven’t found it yet.”

Cold-air stacked up.

“I’ll tell you the flat truth —”

The man with the suicide marks at the ATM machine.

Clocks turn
into.

The elderly have no appetite.

“I have never lost a real parent.”

19.

Blue seats are for seniors.

That even thinking up preferable illnesses
is a bad idea.

What the Unicorns can not do.

The child in the store window
playing the harmonica.

Horseshoe pattern on the bottom of a woman's shoe.

20.

Funny when a dead bird does mean something.

The man with the clarinet, never plays.

Driving exhausted, saying ICY with a short I.

The year we saw the rock slide.

Remembering less of what I've photographed
and more of what I've written.

Red and yellow make orange.
Red and green make brown.

Nothing makes blue.

21.

"This is geology."

Meadows in meadowtime.

It is then that we will see them.

A propensity for missing signs.

Snow fog.

Not the opposite of windy.

Waiting to hear my name called.

Masquerade of feathers.

Hardened orange peel, tile.

Doors that are grayed out.

“I’ve been on both sides of it.”

When all I wanted was to read about gyres and vortices.

22.

People who enjoy the company of pigeons.

“This is the best corner to stand on,
everybody comes through here.”

Can’t stop thinking about the wrong thing.

A dream about running so hard
taxicab becomes train.

What streaks down like water but is not.

What is out there is not in here.

I will not use the word inchoate.

23.

The hidden crescendo.

Everything is mirrored.

How everything ends so quick

and what has begun keeps beginning.

The note you shouldn't play.

The boy with the glass eye.

The night less dark now.

Agate in pockets.

24.

Orange cones in snow.

One or more bound variables.

Every constellation is not made of stars.

What my mother would tell me
if she were here.

The windowsill hurts.

Every fear protecting you from what is feared.

The disgusting insistence of life on life.

25.

A smile in poverty,
but not amongst.

Stairs that turn,
but do not spiral.

Having never learned to can.

We would all commit suicide if we only knew for sure.

"I know that you work hard for your money."

This week, everyone is starving.

26.

Using the word *more* when what you mean is *most*.

Not year of the pigeon.

"Got tired of nothing but the two and the four."

Not a man, a mannequin.

Not a hedge, a man.

"Trying to find the unknown, that's all it is."

27.

How I really just want to look at things.

A momentary simultaneity.

And purposely forgetting
that it will soon evaporate.

"That's why it's good that people die."

What doesn't call for a preposition.

The reason I like to be alone.

The lure of claustrophobia.

Unicorns rarely come out in the rain.

28.

“She’s probably a rat.”

What drunks
sunbathing
miss.

“You give him any opportunity...”

A craving for when the chord changes.

Afraid, that in this song, the chord doesn’t change.

“Because, I guess, the internet makes things.”

29.

“Desire can only sustain itself through lack.”

Disorderly horn
sheddings
thrown about everywhere.

Lack lacks itself.

“Place’s longing.”

Language’s.

Every time I have said that I’m changed.
Every time true.

30.

Shortcut through glass.

When loss becomes more a presence
than an absence.

Woman window washer
outside the Coastal Hotel.

“President’s don’t pump their own gas.”

Catching what’s falling, unusually.

“Is this regarding her business or your business?”

If we are words, or manes, or horns.

Or “the body’s mode of disappearance.”

Feathers coming in through the window.

31.

A woman with a goose on her shoulder,
who turns out, in fact, to be crazy.

Water travels downhill.

Signs blink *Open* and *Don’t Stop*.
People are seated in cafes, waiting.

“Because there is no such thing
as a Kurdish nation.”

“The real always remains the same while

the unreal changes.”

“Keep session alive.”

32.

A bucketful of candy.

Their invisible suffering.

A promotion turn-off event.

The reason for headaches.

Letting her see what I will not.

"My being reduced by what is visible in my situation."

The demise of joysticks.

These are not words.

33.

"I'm going to make it disappear."

Naps that are so long that they are really just sleep.

Precognition as flashback.

"The people who know for sure that torture does not work, are all dead."

The trick of holding your breath.

Each person's reason.

Fenced churches.

"My favorite part of the sleeping process."

34.

Luxor cab in a Chevron carwash,
hearing before seeing.

"I dreamt I was back in Istanbul."

A representative of the inexact.

Stepping over spilled onions.

Standing on edges, how one perpetuates one's own
outsiderness.

Boundaried flux.

The known and unrecognized.

35.

The corner where there are always
a lot of people standing around,
except sometimes there is no one
standing around.

Crystallized on the bone.

House shoed and butterfly
socked shuffling off bus.

"If you turn it off it will work better."

The history of zero.

People standing in front
of a door with a sign on it
that reads *don't stand in front of the door.*

36.

The scarless poor.

The color of your shadow in twilight.

That there is
twilight,
even here.

“Applications with generic
cover letters will not be considered.”

The smell of water.

The sunny-day line
outside the umbrella store.

Pigeons coming inside.

37.

“Language lives only from silence.”

An aesthetic of error.

Repetition as perfectionism.

“Cement does crack.”

When you realize that the thoughts
you've been thinking are not thoughts,
but a dream.

“If it goes down it is going to come up,
if it goes up it is going to come down.”

Vitamins strewn about like breadcrumbs.

Every step, like Dido, thinking of fire.

The signage having been changed.

Whichever way he goes, I will go opposite.

38.

Circle boxes are hard to come by.

“What is this, Gunsmoke?”

An obsession with mints.

“He is a combination of all
our personalities combined.”

“Anybody would love to have a Cadillac.”

“Bless you all day.”

Blind people on a precipice.

“I need the two informations.”

“These are not skinny jeans,
these are slim jeans.”

Other people's voices blocking out theirs.

39.

One person's alterity, and what I have already said.

“When you said yes
I thought
you understood me.”

The moment pain is relieved.

The huge difference between half-way done and almost done.

As you get older, there is more to apologize for.

“This is going to do us both good,
not just me.”

Looking for a less miserable way
to be miserable.

“If you like Chinese food, you will like this better.”

40.

When periphery closes.

“I don't have my reading glasses;
I don't know what you're saying.”

Eternity's finity.

A faith, not in mirages,
but in their miragishness.

Post-post modern is very patient

and enjoys a long wait.

A debauchery of snow peas.

All the words I love appear to be misspelled.

41.

This bridge, I want to burn.

Gauging when you're done eating
by when you finish your drink.

The Unicorns are not an army.

Feeling like a self.

“It is officially illegal.”

“Unconsciously incompetent.”

“Kids can do anything.”

The situation in which a glittering “R”
on the sidewalk would mean something,
is not this situation.

42.

Construction worker taking a picture
of the news stand with his cell phone.

The prevalence of toast-eating in the office.

A gathering of architectures.

“Deduction present.”

The good luck of mirrors in public places.

“I’m gonna start
buying a fan
over here.”

43.

Clink clink and “Liza not Lisa!”

“The brain is the first thing to liquefy.”

The intensity of apples.

having slipped off somehow

not a meadow a meadowlark

not a meadowlark a motorcycle

Why my head itches when I'm puzzled.

Rubber barefoot lifts off,

bruised by the invisible.

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