

Camille Roy

Lucy In The Sky

I put the boy to bed
turtle scout mixed from rub & spring.
Then I washed the knives, to get rid of the black stains.
There was Lucy's note, waiting
on the kitchen table.

"Dear Camille,
We appear in our meat clothes and then erode. It's forty three by the clock. Now I've got these big boobs and a sturdy helping of meaty muscular. But I'm casting my ear to the winds, so to speak. Pulling my eyeballs out of the mud. That is personal. The deal with history, as I fill up my shelf, as I clutter it: my story will outlast the tale. The daffodils with their yellow shock, the mental shock of yellow upthrust from green, it's so French. I mean I've had this story all along and I've waited for it to become... uh, like animal skin.
---Lucy"

I composed a reply.

Lucy---

You were interested in lovers as dream states.
You entered the personal only through that doubt.

...so much tissue wasted on a dream!

LUCY

When your arms crunched my ribs,
holes opened up in my psyche
& I was spongy & clear...

LUCY

with the big eraser,
all my feelings
turning
vapor--

Each of your gifts, we hauled across the plateau:
such as a light cunt, lightened by aperture.
And something we were letting coil in our ears, those pushy disturbances.

Now I feel, uh, wedded to evil. My brain keeps serving up nasty pop-tarts
in which peace of mind is indicated by bubbles of lust.

What you & I did was so good it was nauseating.

xox

Camille

Dear Camille,

Happy about your note. I didn't expect it. It's weird, that moment of being sexually attracted to someone who might be dead. You weren't the first. When N. died, I loved her desperately, my feverish hands closing over a ghost.

Last night's bath left my scalp itchy. This morning the view out the kitchen window down to the port (factories and warehouses) was of a dreamy peachy pink sky over the glossy bay. The colors were so pretty they whirred.

I'm sick of being here, in pretty-land.

Bad sex. Abusive sex. Kinky sex. Established sex. Tunnel of love sex.

Buried muscles in chalk. Big toe in a bottle, buried again.

You can imagine my amazement when I heard you were not dead!

Your living warmth made me sleepy. I slept for four days.

Love, Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I'm rattled. Every night a different rattle.
Every day, waiting.

This may be the weekend he dies. They're all gathering.

His knees are bigger than his thighs. He weighs 95 pounds. He's covered with lesions.
He crawls around the house and if we don't watch him there's shit everywhere.

Today the boy woke up early & came down my stairs crying *Where are the clouds?*
It was before dawn and the sky was white.

Lucy, our frantic episode was undercut by embarrassment.
Surrealism and embarrassment and a humor like heated fur.
It resembled a meditation but was more painful. It was romance.
Slowly rags crushed their paws into my chest.
Lungs bleated while the aroma seeped from my nipples.
I was still singing, *Can this go on?*
while sitting cross-legged among the stinky pillows.
Dear Lucy, your body is judicious...

Baffled reader of my own life!
Camille

Dear Camille,

I read somewhere that dialog is tongues-in-a-nest.

My tongue is wagging in my stomach & it wants to be scooped out. For a cluster fuck.

A closure fuck. A placement.

Please don't forget me. Instead

we'll practice breathing as you deviously surround my nipples with tiny barracuda.

You'll press your palm to the mirror of my face,

& I'll have nothing to say to that palm.

Tunnel of air is all I'll have to kiss you with. I'll be nude then!

Camille - I need your brainy ideas because you're... because I'm...

You are supposed to love me particularly, to pluck my plum. To wet fur me aside.

Everything else was just a sex toy.

(Note: my pants need gathering & squishing.)

pleadingly,

Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I calm myself with magazines.
Stare at you from the greatest distance I can imagine.
Your hands cup my tremble and I could piss
just from relief. That's my feeling.
It's invented & pleasurable & underage.

Tiny tongue marches in the welt
then whiplash. The joke stares before jumping.

Or something! Stuffed with plans and paranoia...

This is what I'll do:
I'll gather my interests into a Herd,
& head for that valley of blood known as the brain.
I'll drag myself to the shore, flop by the water, suck a bottle of soda.
I'll feel so complete, sunning at the beach next to my own guilty corpse
wherein appetites fester.
Giving you up...
... a waffle between flattery and substance.
Opening my life to what's intelligible!

I always wanted to be a gangster but I guess I'm just a punk.
still yours, Camille

Dear Camille,
So many little scams --- out in the world, etcetera.
Who cares! I think about our slinking attraction,
everyone ignores it if they can. But it's the nugget of our story.

Did I tell you what your boy said when I took him to the fireworks?
The adventure is in the sky. The adventure is falling down.

I thought you were the white legs in the grass
gleaming & moonlit. Seeping their whiteness.
You were my miniature city
but this room is my hole, with its greasy sheets
& queasy fantasies (slick this ending with regret).

I took a mud bath & understood what was so great about being an earthworm
With no problems & a brain as pure as a cloud.
If emotions aren't reality, what is?

Goodbye, architecture of my life ---
love, Lucy