

JENNY SAMPIRISI

EXCERPTS FROM *CROAK*

THE NARRATOR:

you find the way because you have two hands stretched out

you find the way because you know the way and there's nothing mystical about it

you find the way is not the way but another place you couldn't have been looking for

you find the way because you change your name

you invent the way and there is no real way to speak of

you find the way because the world was formed in advance of your arrival

you find the way because you're feeling lucky

you find the way because your body aimed for it

you sit in one spot and forget the way

you ascribe directions to words and they lead you

once you've found your way you sit

once you've found the way

you've found the way and you need a new word for it

you've found the way and the way is a conclusion

GIRL

I've not found the particular foreground and background here. What counts are functions. The key goes in the hole and the door opens. When I speak of body parts I move my own in the same way. Specifically, I'm speaking for hands and limbs. If a digit expresses sense then there is an aboutness. That's what we know. But already, there are too many limbs to speak of. They branch out. So what I said was a response to what the narrator said. It had nothing to do with limbs but everything to do with the way the sun hit the field or the certainty of tone that the narrator took when she spoke of certainty. These are options. More than anything: The first one to return is the pinky. Left pointer is F. Right pointer is J. Middle left is D. Middle Right is K. Ring left is S. Ring right is L. Left pinky is A. Right pinky is uncertain. Thumbs hover over space.

Pick your past or present and use them.

Jenny Sampirisi is a plucky narrator of one thing or another.