“Manufacturing as a city of fairies”

Erika Howsare

Jen Tynes
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Manufacturing as city of fairies, claiming no loss, just kilowatts. Numbers turning. “Bifurcated geography” pits tongues against necks. Seeing past yards because towers are wider, and nobody steps on themselves. Lick themselves. For once a corner means something. “Proprietary about the areas” of shaved, little curl at the end, a sweet gasp toward seedheads. Imagine a whole country just for sleeping, another for waking, a third for lying. Sitting in brackish water with complete control. In the center of the pot, one quick shoot. It, as follows, we will grow together. Down where Ten Mile Creek comes in so rural it rots. We find each other’s animal. One per bend the rules of the house. “Rules: only those” whose swim will come up for air. And that, a zone of water or of bricksand, a blend of extents. And other patient places.