

EXCERPTS FROM

*BLUELAND* *[TENDER GIRL]*

FAITH PATRICK

CHP 1

PAGES 1 - 7

Feb 21

there wunse was a girl who wore a face

and thought a thought which was not heavy

despite its weight

*percentage wise who am i*

*if i am made of what i actually am and 7% of some other kind of stuff*

*is there an equation for this Girl wonders*

*if there's an equation you should square it Someone suggests at lunch if you multiply you by you you might*

*get your double*

*even if says Girl mentally i am only 93% me, that seems a decent percentage*

Someone shrugs

Someone's silence is different from the others

a song comes on in the diner

Someone sings along *these are the seasons of emotion this is the mystery of the quotient*

with Someone Girl feels a distinct sense of usness

one or maybe seven days later

*the more i feel about it the more i feel about it* Girl admits  
*sometimes these things happen* says Someone *for instance*  
*earlier today I was sure I saw a spider crawl under the bed*  
*but I couldn't be sure if I was seeing it or*  
*it was seeing me*

Someone Else *mmms* in agreeance

*that happens to me too all the time*

Girl does not understand she does not know what Someone and Someone Else know

*have you two been talking about me* she asks

the three continue walking

*sunday air is anxious*

Feb 22

Girl fixes her eyes on a picture of a window on a poster on the wall of the clinic

the poster is posted next to a window

a conversation happens beside her

*did you hear about that man who chose a spot to contaminated suicide*

*yes, awful, he was such a good looking boy*

*the paper said his skin was like velvet they couldnt believe it wasnt velvet*

*well, one cant really be sure*

*about a thing like that, no*

*especially these days*

*this is true*

*plus I heard his mother is a bit of a psychopomp*

*[chuckles] well, sometimes these things happen*

in the waiting room

the clinic's PA system crackles on

through static a voice reads *our apologies, this hour has been cancelled*

Someone stares out the window and wonders how the sky was hurled into the sky  
this time of the season makes Someone blue

Feb 24

*we need to talk*

*ok*

*what you said earlier*

*yes*

*well its just the more i think about it the more i think about it*

*one may never be free of thought*

*i suspect if i keep on waiting around thinking about it i will implode*

*there is another way of looking at things*

*my brains are on the pillow, go on*

*you need to feel-hear, speak-listen*

*but there are repeatedly misunderstandings*

*misunderstandings always reassert themselves as misunderstandings try to focus on the smaller elements like numbers, letters, and spaces*

*but how am i supposed to paint a picture with only 26 syllables*

*work sleep, work sleep, work sleep*



November, in space and time

*what's the matter*

*iamsbdyels*

*what*

*we have no money to buy inspiration* Girl enunciates

*why don't you ask your mother for-*

Girl shakes her head

Girl's silence is different from the others

he finds her foot under the table with his

*want to play* his delivery is tender

*the year has weighed me with formality. i am not colour blind* says Girl *go play by yourself.*

the clock tiqs softly sooftly soufflé

## CHP 2

PAGES 25 - 29

Girl in the mood for love

[ for piano ] C minor, D flat, A sharp major,

*[ for violin ] D minor*

*hummmm hum hum*

*da dum dumb dumb*

*c-cum cum cum*

Ummmmm!

relief, brief as the crack of a knuckle

there are too many angles to see her from

she is in every foreground

she is flattening herself against a wall

she is flattening herself against a shelf

she's stuffed herself into the cupboard above the sink. shrunk herself down,

pressed her new slick body against the cold flat surface

March fourth

( fore / foar/ )

Girl spends the night in her new slick body cold

she has a queer way of walking

in her new vertebrae body

in her way of moving now she goes running running crawling

early morning morning is her favourite time of day there is a difference between morning and morning morning every roach knows that

Lizzie are you listening



the padded sounds of women and men pass through the cupboard door into Girl's insect earholes

the dark is a temperature

something her girl body large soft pink padded body was not sensitive enough to know

and which her new cold slick clackety body, is

the dark is certainly a temperature

and it is soft like the bottom of a pond

las, she does not smell she has lost the olfactory sense

Girl learns of her new body

that there are unexpected drawback(xsss)

she misses perfume and the smell of white piano keys

pang of sadness

pang pang pang ssssssadnesssssss

silently she boils and it is prac-tic-ally out loud

*is that really all i get a f-fucking kiss on the cheek on either cheek on both cheeks first this one then the other one p-please is that really all  
i get how cultural how awful*

his body makes her slow like honey and her voice humid like a swamp

he notices and points to her neck only because he cannot point to her throat which is inside of her

pointing he says *you talk like the words are dropping out*

*she yes on purpose i do that*

*he oh really like prince and michael*

she laughs and agrees *yes [laugh] oh yes* even though she doesn't understand the michael bit

maybe one day she will be honest about it

it is good to be true