

SAWAKO NAKAYASU

**GIRL F WAITS ON THE STREET CORNER OF
LIMBER INTENTIONS
HORNS, DELIVERY OF**

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I can see her body pressed into what is commonly acknowledged as empty space as if the angular turn of the street could inversely cut her open, as if she was not already open, spilt, missing something here and there. I acknowledge her as I crawl by, she acknowledges me as I roll myself into a ball of tin foil, tightly pack myself in, to weather the impending fight. The team of tin foil balls is usually disqualified pretty early, and that's just fine with me, I'm wussy that way. That said, there are a whole bunch of tin foil balls gathering behind Girl F here on this corner that is quickly converting itself into a platform, which makes me just a touch anxious. Last time we only used four, but this time I can't count what must be hundreds, thousands of tin foil balls, oh here come a couple more Girl Scouts with the foil that was used for tonight's roasted turkey dinner. Ball it up, little girls. Who roasts turkey on a regular weeknight that's not even a holiday. That kind of troop leader. This is the kind of troop leader I need to keep Girl F away from – to the naked eye, Girl F may look like an innocent girl on an innocent corner, but I have been made of tin foil for quite a long time now, and let me tell you, do I know how these things work. Soon the corner will be an isle, for starters. Then an island, then a mountain. Just let me make sure I make it back safely and I will tell you everything, about every single forehead I have had the privilege of hitting and bouncing, hitting and bouncing, off of and off of and off of again.

HORNS, DELIVERY OF

Don't look directly at the horns of Girl H. The aggregate time you spend with your retina focused on either of her horns will, by some estimates, be equivalent to the number of speech acts you make, supposedly voluntarily, that will come back to haunt, bite, or exploit you in the end. Calculated in one act per microsecond.

The horns of Girl G, however, are relatively innocuous. She gets them delivered weekly to her home. You can look, even stare, at them with no direct consequence. Sometimes she covers them with a homemade felt cozy, but that's just for effect and there is no physical harm in having retinal contact with the horns of Girl G. This offer, however, is not valid in the realms of spiritual, ethical, micro- and macro-emotional realms of your well-being and that of the world, so I would still caution you against removing the felt cozy from the horns of Girl G, even if she invites you. Especially if she invites you.