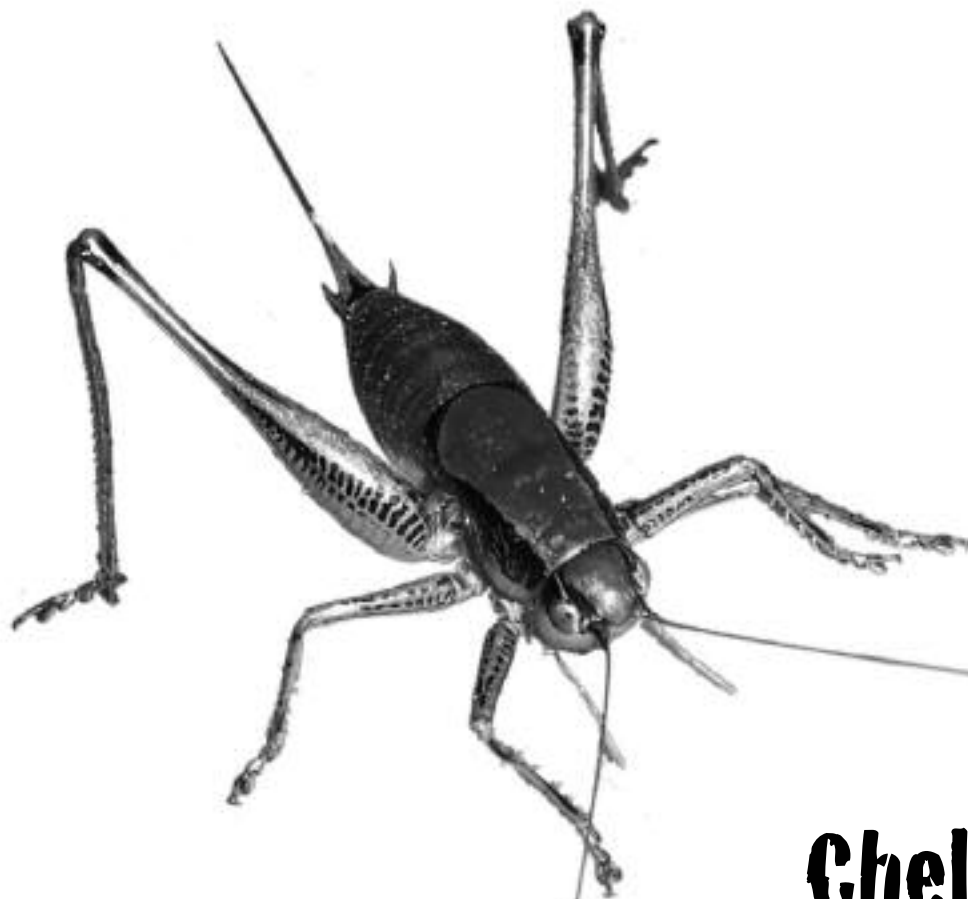


# Morning.



## Chelsea Bayouth

Tuesday is blue. I mean, I am wearing blue.

Crickets follow me wherever I go. I see them on the ceiling, on the floor by shoes.

November I woke in a puff of smoke from a dream about Kat.

So many relationships lost. The vessel has holes.

She was in the street with my letter waving it around and looking to see who had given it. But I hid in the bush by her house and struggled to keep my mouth shut.

I am cold. I am so cold.

My hands are like talismans. Dead already from the cold, and wrinkled and white.

I woke up and my face was pressed flat and was cold and white and my lips were cold and white, and the crickets are in my shoes and Kat is gone, and Marina is gone.

The friends are falling through the spoon holes and my hands are pale wrinkled prunes that cripple inside and can do nothing to stop it.



Chelsea graduated CalArts in 2008. She makes cakes, sock dolls, poems and forts. She lives in a tree stump and wears an apron.