

Philip Blanc
drove to the viaduct
that paralleled Third Street
and parked under it.

He floated to the top of the raised roadway
and surveyed the flatland of the city.

He stood with his feet spread apart
and his hands on the railing.

He could see in the distance
the neighborhood of his house
on the side of the hill called
Diamond Heights.

His eyes cut a hole
in the roof of his house.

He focused on the edges of things;
his desk, his bed, the doorways, the rug.

He ripped the house into shreds
and let them run down the street
and into the gutter on the corner
of 26th and Diamond.

He went into the grocery store
on the corner and ordered the man
to give him a newspaper,
which blew away in the wind.

Philip Blanc
lay on his bed
watching the stripes
of his bedcover run under him.

He looked at his foreshortened legs and torso and thought how large he was.

*My room is a square, but it reminds me
of a short slice of sausage, chopped off
by a butcher, he said.*

He looked and saw
the square room turn round.

*I am the assistant to a magician,
and outside this room, people
are gasping to imagine
that I can be inside of it
and still be alive.*

He looked at his feet,
which were resting quietly
at the end of his legs.

Philip Blanc
sat on a seat
on the N Judah streetcar.

*These streetcars could be hung
upside down and run on the sky, he said.*

He looked at the vents above the windows,
at the steel tubing across the back of the seats,
at the curtain behind the driver.

*I am inside another sausage, he said, this is
a vacuum tube in the Biblioteque Nationale.*

He moved his feet from under his own seat
and slid them under the seat in front of him.

*I hope no one minds if I put my feet
under them, he said to himself.*

*I could lift my feet, and the seat
would be ripped from the floor,
and it would fly through the roof
of the streetcar. I could thrust
another person into the sky.*

He looked at the curved walls
of the streetcar.

*This streetcar is the carriage
of a typewriter, he said.*

Philip Blanc
lay underneath the grass
of a meadow in Golden Gate Park.

*It is cold when I face away from the sun.
It's warmer near the surface, and colder
the deeper I sink. By rolling over and over,
I can sustain an even temperature
over my entire body.*

He sat up and watched the cars
passing on Middle Drive.

He picked them up with his fingers
and ate them like candies.

He licked the paint from his fingers.

He watched the people who passed
on the sidewalk, next to the roadway.

He grabbed them like sheets of rubber
and stretched them, until they were
nothing more than wide streaks of color.

*These people have come to me
like unsigned letters, he said,
I don't know their names.*

He tied a tree into a knot.

Philip Blanc
sat inside a woman reading a book
on a bench in Washington Square.

I like the feel of velvet, he said.
He touched the palms of his hands
to her velvet dress. He pulled
his hands up against her breasts.

My flesh is deeper than I remember, he said.

He put one hand across her belly
and one hand between her legs and
pulled her out of him and into him.

It's like falling asleep. It's a double exposure, he said.

She began to turn in his body. They spun
around inside each other, and their limbs
flew out from the spinning force.

He watched this miracle and laughed.

*These buildings that surround us have made
an open grave of this square,* he said.

*Perhaps I am part woman, perhaps one of these trees
is blending with the cathedral across the street.*

He dropped his handkerchief behind the church,
as they all danced in a circle.

Philip Blanc
was reading a book.

*I am the author of this book, he said,
I am the pages, I am the cover.*

He ran through the print,
until he was exhausted
and covered with ink.

He swam between the lanes of words.
He climbed onto the sentences
and ran across them.

He ran across rows of desks
in school, laughing.

He looked at the book,
the size of his hand.

*I was a good boy once,
he said, but now
I am everything.*