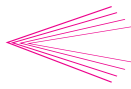


these are printer spreads:  
print on 8.5" x 11" paper and  
fold pages in half. Order to  
make a booklet.



## **Wilily**

Daiana Feuer



9.

You're tangled in my air wire. You're picking up crumbs to take with you. Whenever I see those spinning blades, I'll wish I had to press buttons. I know they say the wires are all around us. Blocking out nature. A barrier between us and the energy of the world. But with you here, I see your wires and they're like veins. And I'm inside this concrete body with you...and without you, I will be hot and probably sweaty.

*animate  
w/ wires...  
part of nature  
ally*

1.

I close the door. Heat sets in without delay, reminding me it never left. Mid afternoon, the room lit up in pure day, nothing mysterious. Except the task at hand. I plug in the box and pull the fan's white cord. I plug the fan into the box. I didn't bother to turn the fan's dial to off. Maybe I'll be electrocuted. I don't know. It's a chance I'll take on a quiet afternoon. The rubber skin around the ball reminds me of childhood. Pacifiers. Sneaking into my parents room when they slept, into the bathroom to find them.

The ball is dirty already. *sticky*  
One second on this carpet.  
What goes on in a place like this?  
I don't even know.

I find my way to all the buttons. I press them, one by one, ignore the phone, the messages, the cars crashing outside...  
How many are there? *oracle*  
A light inside the ball says one.  
Air sounds ensue.  
The dirty ball has a retainer or a hairclip for a rib.

I have called it Wilily.  
As of now turning it off is highly satisfying.  
I like the click. Reminds me of a door for something tiny.

2.

What part of my body is a still center around which another part spins?  
Do you wonder if the fan will drop on my head?  
It would need to be my torso. My arm can spin while the rest of me doesn't but it's not exactly a true comparison. If anything it points out the difference between me and the fan. The fan is not me, not like me. The fan gives me light and moves the air so I don't rot from heat laziness. Or I wear less clothes. Or I shower more. But the fan doesn't turn as the world turns. The fan has to be switched on. I don't know where the plug is. I know the switch. But Wilily, it's not about the ceiling fan.  
Wilily is attached to the box fan. Wilily, it's not that fan either—Wilily, I don't mean to talk about you as if you're not here.  
You're the hamster I always wanted...without the poop.

'you'

8.

I feel like a horse what been broke to double harness suddenly traveling alone.  
The law, she means something.  
Better you keep your pistolas loose in the holster.

And now mis amigos we must ride.

Where you hanging your sombrero now you've lost your rancho?  
Beneath the stars in the purple shadows of a canyon where only a coyote could find them.  
And if I was a coyote mi amigo?  
You would follow the path through el diablo pass until you will come to the rocks underneath la baraca don't leave any tracks.

We'll soon see how your old friend lucky has made out.

anime  
memory  
ally

7.

She was a spark plug, killing it.  
You're much shorter than I thought.

3.

When I think of you  
Andy Gibb is singing behind us  
I'm holding you close  
Your rubber tickles my chin  
Then I look down,  
at your crumb and dust covered face  
and I notice  
you have no face

*head*  
*sticky*

5.

I named it Wilily because it's a word I just discovered yesterday and it sounds like Willy, but stuttered.

Don't touch it!

Just don't even touch it.

*what is it?  
mystery*

6.

I wish I could take my head off and..... put it down.  
Just now when I ran my hands up the back of my head,  
I wanted to take my head off and put it right here.

Would you still be able to talk?  
I wouldn't need to.

But would your head be able to talk?  
It wouldn't. It's off. Get it? Off.

*animate*

*on/off as  
life/death*