

VER 5

# Matthew Dickman

24 hours

onestar press    matthew dickman    24 hours



Matthew  
Dickman





ONE

I went outside to see if I was there.  
I went around the corner of the first time we met.  
I went into your bedroom and found a little bit of night but just enough.  
I went and got sick and now I don't know what to do.  
I went to school and was punished.  
I went to school and sat in the coatroom and was on fire.  
I went outside and the sky was a computer program with no father.  
I went home early.  
I went to the store and thought of fingernails.  
I went over my happiness in fours and fives.  
I went into the citrus coffee cups of your hands and stayed there.  
I went to my mother and asked her to stop talking.  
I went to my mother and asked if she would hold me.  
I went into a city I didn't know and I was ok with it.  
I went into a city I didn't know and something like an accident killed me.  
I went home after the blood tests and you sat beside me.  
I went over to your house and destroyed things.  
I went but I didn't know what I was doing.  
I went behind the garbage truck to be ok.  
I went on vacation and lived like a boat for three days.  
I went for it.  
I went into the forest and all my friends were digging up their brains.  
I went to the sea and thought this is what I came for.  
I went into the city of hammers and rang like a bell and rang like a bell.





TWO

I lost my body in the fight for my body.  
I lost my brother because his body hated him so much.  
I lost time.  
I lost the way and was happy and the moon was above me.  
I lost the feeling in my fingers.  
I lost some friends but found a secret room in my apartment.  
I lost the chandelier light behind your shoulder blade.  
I lost 1975.  
I lost the hat you gave me and have never been the same.  
I lost the polar bears and I lost the tigers and I lost the elephants.  
I lost the ship at sea.  
I lost the bottle.  
I lost the rib that God gave and the rib that God took away.  
I lost the sheet you had cut the two holes in for my eyes to see through.  
I lost all my money.  
I lost nothing that might have kept me alive.  
I lost the light in the puddle with my face in it and a stick.  
I lost the way to be with you.  
I lost the wind coming through my window and the bed below it.  
I lost blood.  
I lost blood and stars and the fifth grade.  
I lost paint-by-numbers and the color yellow and blue make.  
I lost all my fillings.  
I lost a fight in which I paid cash to fall and not get up and never get up.



### THREE

The light invented who I was supposed to be.  
The light told me I was king.  
The light bent down and whispered shame on you.  
The light huddled around the house.  
The light arrived and was the shape of a stamp.  
The light pours and pours.  
The light slipped around your finger like a ring.  
The light lifted up the gown.  
The light slipped into the pilot's left pupil and sang.  
The light left.  
The light did not care who I was though it knew I was bad.  
The light was Atlantic.  
The light crawled and begged across my bedroom floor.  
The light did not shiver.  
The light pooled when the blood pooled and your long fingers.  
The lighthouse.  
The lightroom.  
The light bought drinks and loved the children in the park.  
The light came down and taught everyone a lesson.  
The light made a pillow and then went to bed and didn't get up.  
The light you are standing in.  
The light turned against me because it's the right thing to do.  
The light on the table and the pencil.  
The light was electric and stuck in glass and broke when I punched it.



## FOUR

I made a way so nothing would ever work out.  
I made cereal.  
I made a crook in my arm for your head.  
I made a star out of apple seeds and two of your hairpins.  
I made a mess out of the party.  
I made four plus four and then I made you cry.  
I made my bed.  
I made a bed that would be impossible to sleep on.  
I made this thing happen.  
I made my body get bad and then I made nothing.  
I made a box with a horse on it for my mom when I was twelve.  
I made a bee die.  
I made a slug die with salt and it was forever.  
I made dinner out of all the things I've been embarrassed about.  
I made myself eat it.  
I made no progress with communion or cherry blossoms.  
I made a sign of the cross and meant it.  
I made snow out of my brain.  
I made lost and found.  
I made lost.  
I made you think you were crazy and also laundry was hanging.  
I made a place where I could go on-and-on.  
I made longing out of a toothbrush.  
I made a goodbye and so long and fuck off and what are you doing.



FIVE

I did go out and find what I was supposed to find.  
I did what you wanted.  
I did go missing.  
I did like the way your hands were cool in the movie theater.  
I did wonder when I was going to die.  
I did get excited.  
I did pass out and woke up and looked to see if anyone wanted me.  
I did write a letter out of Valium and tea.  
I did wonder about Mercury.  
I did laundry and dishes and dinner and cocaine.  
I did read Revelations.  
I did the alphabet backwards.  
I did the color of grass and the color of cloud and the color of glass.  
I did the car accident.  
I did think you would want to marry me.  
I did my body so it would go when I needed it to go.  
I did think in a park.  
I did wonder about you on East 92nd Street and Broadway.  
I did sympathy but only cared about me.  
I did take off my clothes.  
I did my inner-life in a chair in my therapist's office.  
I did the light in their like September.  
I did campfire and hotdog and seashell and death-wave-scream-salt.  
I did wait in your yard in the dark but didn't know how old I was.



SIX

This planet that's in outer space.  
This way I am with strangers and silverware.  
This exact time and trees.  
This looking past your right ear and at the ocean.  
This piece of limestone.  
This resignation letter I made out of dinner and a bottle of wine.  
This bell ringing.  
This hammer the size of my closet with me inside it.  
This letter I wrote to you with the packet of honey and salt inside it.  
This razor with my family history inside it.  
This room right now and how it's outside of everything.  
This tired.  
This talking and talking and wind and grass and midnight.  
This ambulance in my hands.  
This is how happy I am with you.  
This thumb and mouth and ribbon and ice and asshole.  
This Sunday.  
This place like any other place.  
This body like any other prescription filled blue pill.  
This weekend.  
This ghost in your room pretending to be your older brother.  
This pair of running shoes.  
This afternoon.  
This car that I'm driving made out of blood and guts and coupons.





## SEVEN

I slept inside the mansion of my grandfather's mouth.  
I slept inside the traffic.  
I slept inside the core of an apple that was atomic.  
I slept and slept.  
I slept inside the body of me.  
I slept inside the made bed and dreamt about the unmaking ocean.  
I slept for goodwill.  
I slept inside the part of you called This Will Have No End. Amen.  
I slept and didn't hurt.  
I slept and didn't hurt anyone while I slept.  
I slept inside the idea of a zoo and in the workings of a golden clock.  
I slept inside the washer and the dryer.  
I slept inside the strychnine I swallowed in the park the night before.  
I slept inside a particular song and also the drums.  
I slept like a motherfucker.  
I slept so I wouldn't feel like dying and also the light in the street.  
I slept without you and didn't sleep.  
I slept while someone else kept you up with his body.  
I slept while someone else kept you up and what were you saying.  
I slept in part to be cut in half.  
I slept like a magic trick and the heart of a rabbit.  
I slept inside the worst of it.  
I slept though I never learned how to be ok.  
I slept outside and you came with a pillow and a blanket and cried and cried.

EIGHT

I happened to myself and everything disappeared.  
I happened to be walking.  
I happened and you were there and scared.  
I happened to be an addict.  
I happened with the glass in the bathtub.  
I happened and there was a sound that came from heaven.  
I happened and it was quiet.  
I happened and your mouth blew open like a soda can.  
I happened in high school.  
I happened in my mother's lap and the dead starlings.  
I happened to be standing next to you.  
I happened to the room before the room hung itself.  
I happened to be lying.  
I happened to download all the things that make you insecure.  
I happened and it began to rain.  
I happened to be an orange you were eating.  
I happened to be a body that moves like a long dash and a semicolon.  
I happened to be the stove door and the pretty lady, circa 1950.  
I happened to be nothing important.  
I happened like a cake full of light bulbs and a bat.  
I happened to be barefoot and a worm.  
I happened to be the worm.  
I happened to be there when the dog turned back into a boy.  
I happened to the scissors when all they wanted was to happen to me.





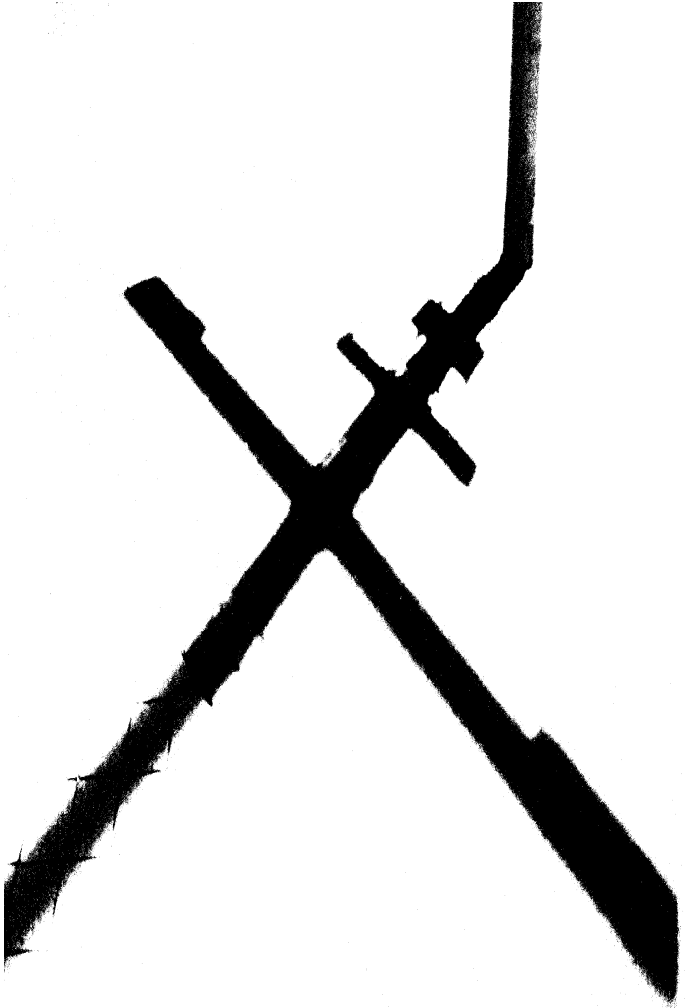


## NINE

I don't know what happened.  
I don't know what I look like and also this morning.  
I don't get why with your feet and fingers.  
I don't know where I will be buried.  
I don't play any instrument and also October is coming.  
I don't get the light's somatic response system.  
I don't do this.  
I don't do my brain in order of the Stations of the Cross.  
I don't do fuck you give me some more.  
I don't know how not to.  
I don't know why I arrive without ever being somewhere.  
I don't vanish and white sheets with two holes for eyes.  
I don't steal flowers anymore.  
I don't enter the cool-forest-dark and also it's a brain trust.  
I don't do light everlasting.  
I don't do a plastic bag around my head.  
I don't campfire without you and your son and the beach grass.  
I don't talk about the murder trial.  
I don't not-ever-not talk about it because it's in everything.  
I don't hash tag my heart.  
I don't glass breaking at night.  
I don't gas station at night.  
I don't elevator between the floors of my brain.  
I don't know what to do now that I've done all of this to you.

TEN

I thought myself into myself and there were lights in the branches.  
I thought you were meeting me.  
I thought about mescaline and bus passes and my siblings.  
I thought about how real getting your blood taken feels and snow.  
I thought no one is coming for me.  
I thought my room was a nurse and would hold me and say shhhh.  
I thought myself into the building.  
I thought myself onto the roof.  
I thought as long as there were puddles and grass I would be ok.  
I thought about how leather tastes.  
I thought about how gasoline smells and also condoms.  
I thought you into something you were not.  
I thought about the bed inside the UFO and also the dentist and fluoride.  
I thought about how I sound on the phone.  
I thought this is best I will ever look in your underwear.  
I thought if I really wanted to.  
I thought if I really wanted to I could bend like a child's arm.  
I thought about my inner-organs.  
I thought the gray mouse and the brown bear and the yellow sports car.  
I thought this is it.  
I thought about all the people I will never know.  
I thought they were lucky.  
I thought about the t-shirts I bought and how they smell like California.  
I thought if only and if only and something has to happen.





## ELEVEN

I let trees be in the night.  
I let myself think I was more powerful than I am.  
I let the car float into the other lane.  
I let the television float inside me and then it was winter.  
I let myself behave badly.  
I let the night into what we were doing.  
I let the streetlight and moonlight and refrigerator light go missing.  
I let the wires in my head be clouds.  
I let everyone kiss me.  
I let no one touch me but also there was the imaginary glass head of a saint.  
I let his tongue be his tongue.  
I let my hands be homeless and always doing shadows.  
I let suntan lotion be my dream of summer.  
I let your thighs be my apron.  
I let in everything you shouldn't.  
I let alcohol be my mother and father and girlfriend and baby-boss.  
I let the world be an airplane in the sea.  
I let this shit just happen.  
I let belt buckles and ribbons and electric tape and emails.  
I let the beginning of what I am off its leash.  
I let myself pass out.  
I let the cake be on fire and also be a swimming pool.  
I let my t-cells be a wedding party.  
I let myself know who I was by bouncing my head off the car's steering wheel.



## NOON

I stayed inside while everyone else was with the others.  
I stayed inside your body too long.  
I stayed and I thought a country would rise from the water.  
I stayed and stayed.  
I stayed and addressed the crowd and it was no one.  
I stayed in the darkest corner of your hair.  
I stayed for the dishes and the towels.  
I stayed inside the dotted I of my brain.  
I stayed inside and waited for the Surgeon General to call my name.  
I stayed near the light in your window and the red leaves.  
I stayed long enough for your son to love me.  
I stayed inside an unknown planet.  
I stayed because I didn't know what else to do and also knives.  
I stayed past my bedtime.  
I stayed though I am a little boy with a bedtime and a mother-mind.  
I stayed and helped clean up.  
I stayed for the love of ferns and rain and the sand in your shoes.  
I stayed and drew flowers on my arm.  
I stayed and carved the flowers out.  
I stayed because they told me there would be medicine.  
I stayed because there was none.  
I stayed for the sundial and the blowjobs and the Christmas lights.  
I stayed though I was asked to leave.  
I stayed because leaving is like a plane exploding inside a nursery.



ONE

I wanted to be a person.  
I wanted the sky over your house to be the sky in your mouth.  
I wanted alcohol.  
I wanted to be special so I ruined things with my mind.  
I wanted my mind to be in the night.  
I wanted my mind to be a window at night and a warm apricot light.  
I wanted to shoot a gun again.  
I wanted smoke and snow and leaves and traffic far below.  
I wanted everything far below and in front.  
I wanted your body to be the thing.  
I wanted to stop passing out unless it meant you would come over.  
I wanted the King of Spain to love Diane.  
I wanted the flies to love Michael.  
I wanted the B.I.B.L.E to love Julia.  
I wanted to be lifted into the air by all my mothers and fathers.  
I wanted a mother.  
I wanted to be a rapper and skinhead.  
I wanted what no one could give me and also space and outer space.  
I wanted my body to stop being a space station.  
I wanted out.  
I wanted not to leave but was built wrong.  
I wanted the injury I was not to be you and also yoga mats.  
I wanted how books smell.  
I wanted no clocks and no hours and cool grass and shadows and all of it.



TWO

I did kneel down in front off all that was wrong.  
I did not sleep.  
I did think that this was my one and only chance.  
I did look to the West.  
I did the car wreck and the brain wreck.  
I did alone.  
I did with everyone.  
I did the ruins and brought my boom box and looked at the sky.  
I did turn off the lamp.  
I did do the ambulance in different voices.  
I did want it to be different and also chopsticks and nail polish.  
I did the lullaby and missing coat and also the missing coast.  
I did the disappearing body and the immovable body.  
I did the body without knowing.  
I did the dark theater and also all the water.  
I did the walk home and now I am nowhere and where are you.  
I did telekinesis.  
I did four beers and three whiskeys and two shots of Nyquil.  
I did the finish the exam on what the fuck is wrong with me now.  
I did the outer light of the wedding party.  
I did go stag.  
I did horns growing out of my head and the little blood and earache.  
I did the thing I was not supposed to do.  
I did wake up though my body was a weird box you might bury me in.



### THREE

This room of my disappearing act and valentine.  
This chest that's blown out and honey-honey it's really ok.  
This record player.  
This bed and all the times it's been made and also drowning.  
This sea and foam.  
This time I have really gone and done it.  
This time it's all rubber gloves and surgical masks and seaweed.  
This amphibian inner-organ green.  
This smoke.  
This pillowcase and razors and salt trying to be a human being.  
This car alarm trying to be a human being.  
This way of thinking and also climbing the stairs to who-knows-what.  
This answer.  
This couch and cutting board and carrots and lamplight.  
This Mojave dessert.  
This chrysalis branch that keeps breaking over my shoulders.  
This kind of thing.  
This going backwards so now I'm like a door in a house you knew.  
This cellphone.  
This two-way calling of the brain's prayer, Amen.  
This park at night and also yellow tights.  
This scary.  
This sound of someone on fire and also how the body is all water.  
This epilepsy and also the ground opening up and the ground closing.

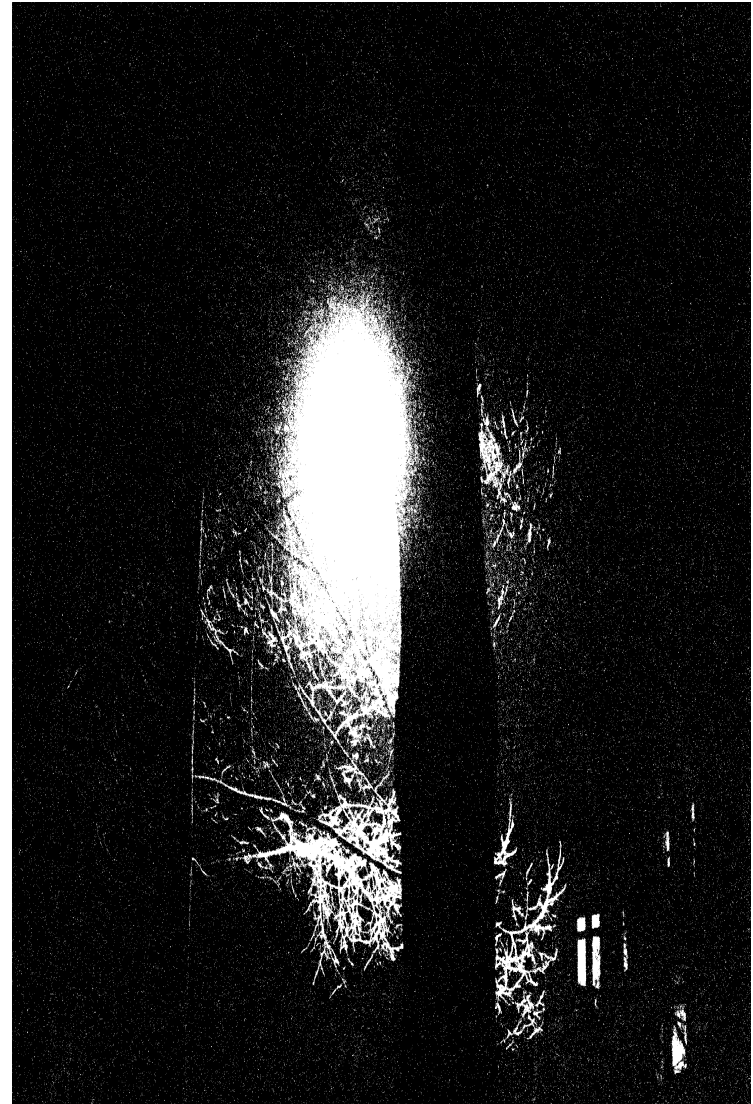
### FOUR

I wonder about my brain and how it's a freeway and also tulips.  
I wonder about your post-structuralism.  
I wonder about your feet.  
I wonder about the time I was twelve and also electrocution.  
I wonder about the faces on milk cartons, 1981.  
I wonder about what I've done.  
I wonder about tunnels and bridges and both of them in the sky.  
I wonder about my mother and father.  
I wonder about the oxygen around your mouth.  
I wonder about trees and lampposts and synergy and oxycodone and God.  
I wonder about the hierarchy of Mass.  
I wonder about the sounds you make and also pillowcases and coffee.  
I wonder about what I'll do.  
I wonder about what I didn't do and then it was two months.  
I wonder about the yellow eyes of eggs and how you are not a currency.  
I wonder about Justin and how the war is going.  
I wonder about his body being torn apart.  
I wonder about the nightmare of my body and the still pool of your lap.  
I wonder about your fingers.  
I wonder about paper bags and clouds and also it's September.  
I wonder about hospital lighting.  
I wonder about cancer and ginger ale and SWAT teams and their minds.  
I wonder about the moon as an optician.  
I wonder about how time bends and if I can bend it and also you.



## FIVE

I heard the dog crying all night in the car and felt right at home.  
I heard the rain.  
I heard about what was happening in that place.  
I heard the freeway and elevators and landing gears and also nothing.  
I heard I was dying.  
I heard the room when the room walked away.  
I heard the floor when I fainted.  
I heard everything that was left over and also someone calling out.  
I heard the brain seize up.  
I heard about what happened and how it sounded really bad and I'm sorry.  
I heard the call to prayer.  
I heard white linen and floss and dispatches and a single piece of paper.  
I heard dark all around.  
I heard dark all around and a seashell.  
I heard you would never come back and also the moon.  
I heard the moon knocking its teeth out.  
I heard the computer start up and the rice cooking and the groom smoking.  
I heard myself and wanted to cut it into ribbons.  
I heard the party start.  
I heard people laughing at me and why shouldn't they?  
I heard I hesitated.  
I heard the expression on your face and people speaking in a submarine.  
I heard the men in the stairwell.  
I heard the biting and pulling and also someone saying I love you I love you.



SIX

I was in the shape of the cross.  
I was nothing and also my feet and my hands and my mouth.  
I was going to tell you.  
I was standing in the street with the cars and also the police cars.  
I was the violin in the envelope.  
I was making a kind of music everyone hates.  
I was really little.  
I was look at me when I'm talking to you or I swear to God.  
I was shut the fuck up.  
I was you're ruining Christmas is that what you want?  
I was the ashtray and the umbrella and the lipstick and nothing.  
I was in two cities at once.  
I was born on this day.  
I was born and also Novocain.  
I was going to show you.  
I was the thing you never should be and also pocketknives.  
I was ringing.  
I was only going to be a minute.  
I was the walk into the park and also what happened there.  
I was the grapefruit spoon and the eye.  
I was the migraine and the hydro-motion of very, very, tall buildings.  
I was the skateboard and the bat.  
I was the you get in here on the count of five or you're gonna get it.  
I was the projectionist and the grave.





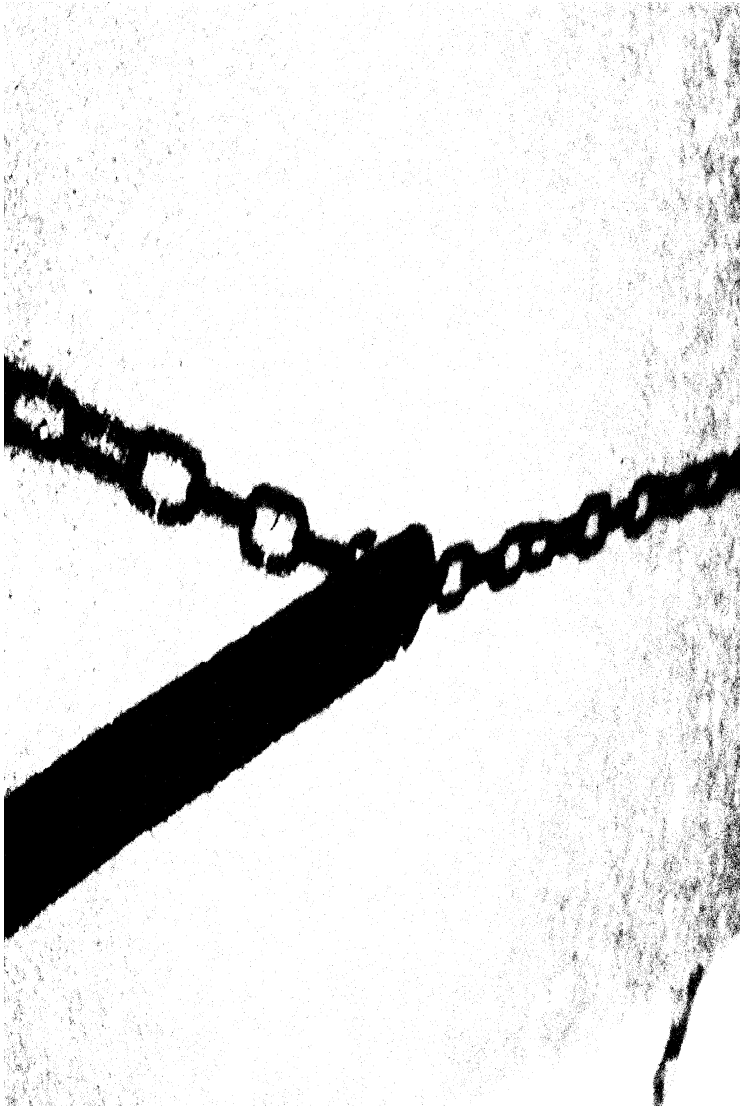
## SEVEN

I lost all the votes for the weak and the sick and the wounded.  
I lost the way into my own body.  
I lost my keys and the sky grew dark and unhappy.  
I lost the biochemical synergy of my third eye and of course I did.  
I lost the forest.  
I lost the sea.  
I lost the ticket stub and the movie theater floated out and away.  
I lost time.  
I lost the article you wanted to read.  
I lost the bloody rant and train of thought.  
I lost the father and the raging of the father and also pipe tobacco.  
I lost the exorcism of revolving doors.  
I lost the shiny night-sweats of the girls from Salem, Massachusetts.  
I lost the burning at the stake and the not floating in the lake.  
I lost to whoever challenged me.  
I lost the apartment.  
I lost the smell of Pine-Sol and lemons.  
I lost the front porch and the loose doorknobs of cigarette smoke.  
I lost the hair I pulled out of my head.  
I lost control.  
I lost the things I liked most about Easter and also the Resurrection.  
I lost feel better soon.  
I lost before the attempt and after.  
I lost the reason I had come here and also Xanax and paper sailboats.



## EIGHT

I could blow my brains out and then I'd really get it.  
I could walk all over this place and never remember who I am.  
I could taxidermy and darn socks.  
I could lungs and blood vessels and cartilage and lift with my knees.  
I could walk away.  
I could hello everyone I'm so glad you're still here.  
I could do lost keys and lost credit cards and lost days and also September.  
I could in any room in your house.  
I could light the light.  
I could make it rain the way I am with you and also the freeway at night.  
I could be here forever.  
I could do the dying and let you do the funeral stuff, the sad stuff and all.  
I could toy trains and mothballs and skeletons.  
I could suck my thumb.  
I could suck my thumb if you wanted me to.  
I could do dusk and what is left moving around the leaves in the maples.  
I could decide against it all and also my testicles.  
I could if I wanted to.  
I could run to the store and milk and baby please come back to bed.  
I could beg the way I was taught to I am so good at it.  
I could video games and hours of television and rosemary and Mexidol.  
I could make soup.  
I could make tea and make it all up and also are you alone.  
I could have done something to make you proud but who are we kidding.



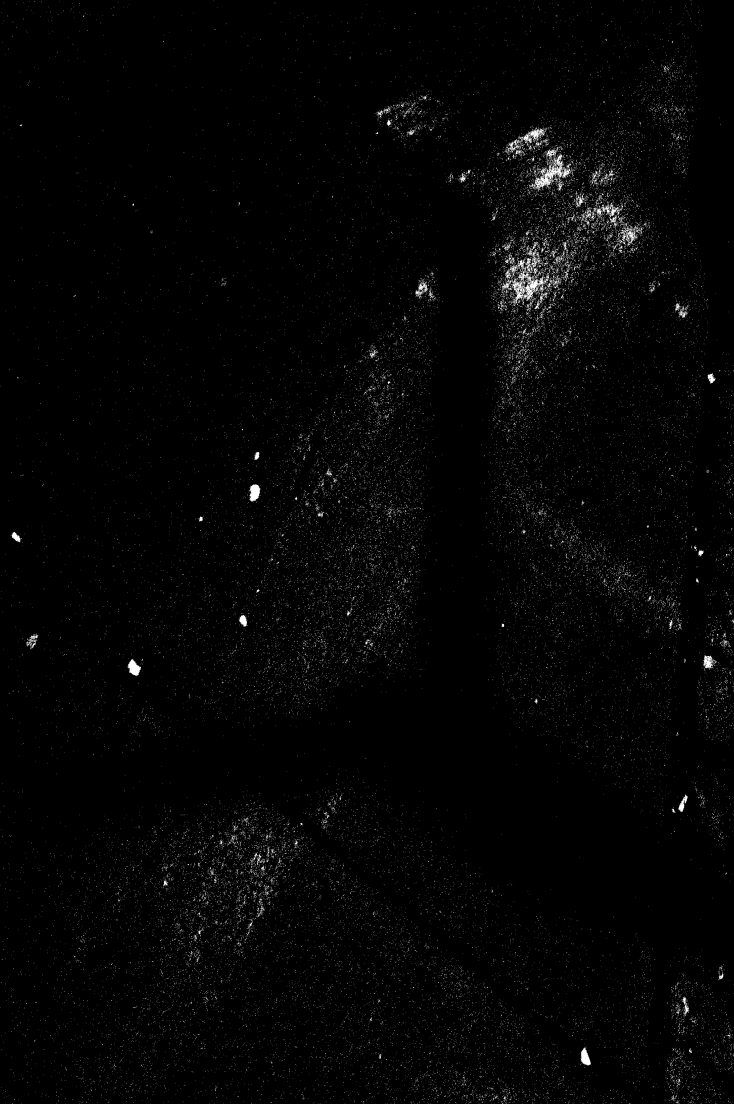
## NINE

I had a bottle of Hydroxyzine and water and two cigarettes.  
I had a friend.  
I had a friend buried underground and also coming over for lunch.  
I had a feeling this wouldn't last.  
I had thirty-five new emails and a bad cold and also it was getting late.  
I had can you hear me, and stop, and pain as a measure of time.  
I had can anyone keep me from being nothing.  
I had beauty and a bowl of ice water.  
I had rain and a Plaid Pantry and a heart defining itself as atomic light.  
I had no way out.  
I had anxiety attacks and two brothers.  
I had misogyny and two sisters.  
I had a room all to myself and crayons and apple juice and carrots.  
I had the mall at 3AM and one car and some weed.  
I had what comforts me and the legend of nothing and also me.  
I had a car crash.  
I had fruit in all its narratives and also a falling away.  
I had to leave the room.  
I had to be at work.  
I had to call you back and also the sound of geese and zeros and zeros.  
I had six watches and no one standing next to me.  
I had to make it that way.  
I had my own blood and shadows and touching myself.  
I had a lamp and a dead fly and talked to it all night asking it questions.

TEN

The dark kept calling out to me over the waves.  
The dark was extracurricular.  
The dark found me and told me I was going to be somebody.  
The dark under the bed and inside the hands.  
The dark between footsteps.  
The dark keeps putting me to bed and feeding me with a bib.  
The dark turned its back and growled.  
The dark kissed me on the forehead.  
The dark gets born in the navy-blue jackets of school uniforms.  
The dark and also where have you been.  
The dark matters.  
The dark takes off its belt and pushes me to the floor.  
The dark smiles and says come here.  
The dark clerk of my brain.  
The dark radiant hallway and also the knives in the drawer.  
The dark keeps telling me to shut up of course it does.  
The dark angels of letters.  
The dark and how I never wanted anything else.  
The dark goes out and comes back.  
The dark beer and dark coffee and dark wine and dark windows.  
The dark buys a round for the house.  
The dark puts on its lipstick.  
The dark yard and the bees and the pollen of God on everything.  
The dark holds my hand and says it will be ok and to close my eyes.

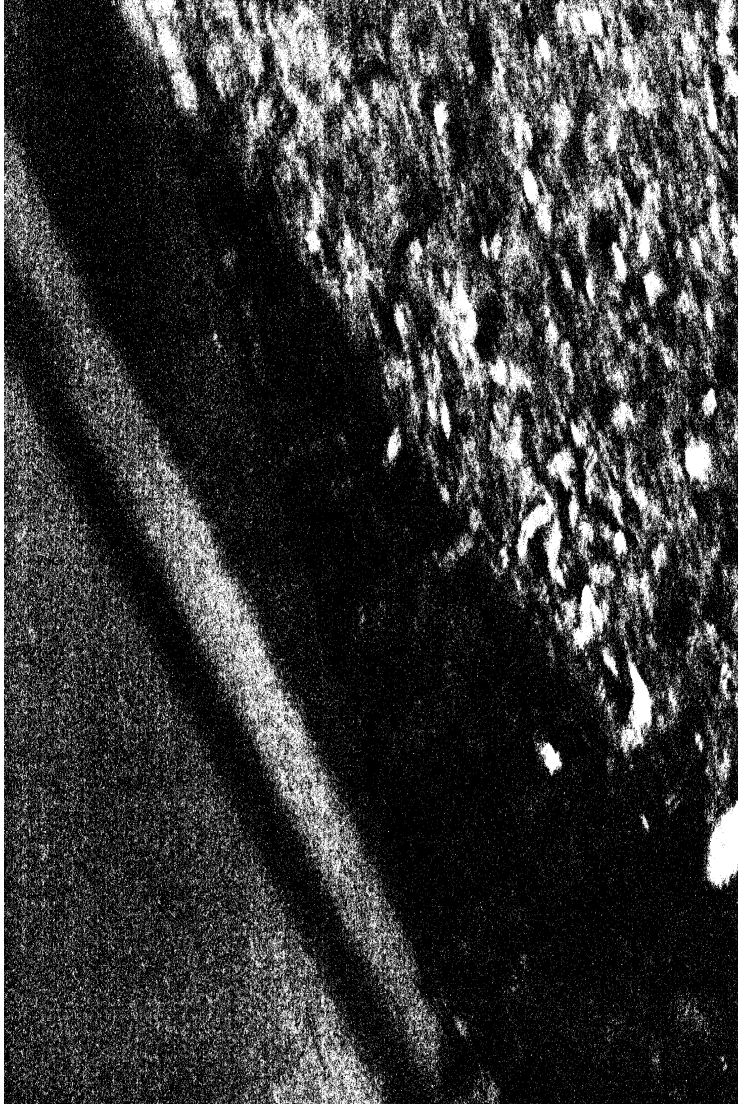




## ELEVEN

I knew nothing was going to happen for a long time.  
I knew the white cloth and the communion.  
I knew a little French.  
I knew how infinity was my childhood.  
I knew Coke and Pepsi and the movie about the dead girl.  
I knew the boy who killed her in real life.  
I knew real life had to do with winter and also the market place.  
I knew who my inner-organs were.  
I knew what was coming.  
I knew how it would taste and also Halloween masks.  
I knew I couldn't do it much longer.  
I knew it wouldn't be anything I could dream up.  
I knew gasoline and paint thinner and lemons and rags and mint.  
I knew about the garage and the dark in there.  
I knew you would come if I fell apart.  
I knew the West Side and the East Side and also two bridges.  
I knew this would cost money.  
I knew the leaf falling onto the sidewalk was a fake-ass friend.  
I knew my heart was king.  
I knew my heart was king of what was fundamentally wrong.  
I knew where we were going.  
I knew my body because of the holes in my body.  
I knew enough to not say anything.  
I knew if I said anything a small animal would crawl out of the ground.

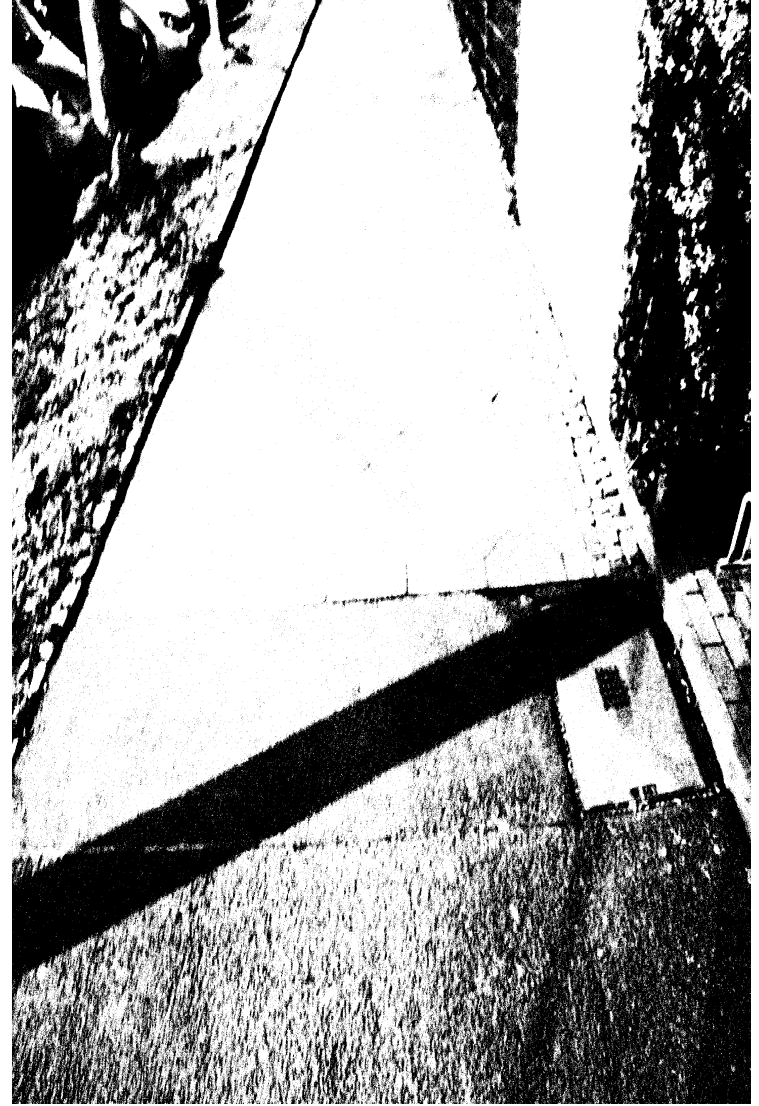




## MIDNIGHT

Now everything is going to be anti-depressants and roses.  
Now I get to go home for real.  
Now the light in the bathroom is flickering.  
Now my brain is jump ropes and licorice and also tubes.  
Now my mother is calling.  
Now my father is coming home.  
Now fluorescent lights and the unbuttoning inside the MRI.  
Now don't look at me.  
Now let's just all calm down and what exactly happened here.  
Now tissue paper and magazines.  
Now I can just hide in bed and carve our initials into the bark.  
Now moonlight and lip balm.  
Now say whatever it is you were going to say.  
Now settlements and rocket launchers and also I have champagne.  
Now I can be the air I have always wanted to be.  
Now you won't be bothered.  
Now the doors and the windows and the fuzzy-peach streetlight.  
Now don't touch me.  
Now don't worry there's enough here for everyone I promise.  
Now parades and confetti and sugar-covered almonds.  
Now the extraterrestrial abandonment of the self.  
Now no more belts and bras and keys and room service and sheets.  
Now this is happening to all my insides.  
Now this is not what I expected I'm sorry it will only take a minute.





ONE

I went outside to see if I was there.  
I went around the corner of the first time we met.  
I went into your bedroom and found a little bit of night but just enough.  
I went and got sick and now I don't know what to do.  
I went to school and was punished.  
I went to school and sat in the coatroom and was on fire.  
I went outside and the sky was a computer program with no father.  
I went home early.  
I went to the store and thought of fingernails.  
I went over my happiness in fours and fives.  
I went into the citrus coffee cups of your hands and stayed there.  
I went to my mother and asked her to stop talking.  
I went to my mother and asked if she would hold me.  
I went into a city I didn't know and I was ok with it.  
I went into a city I didn't know and something like an accident killed me.  
I went home after the blood tests and you sat beside me.  
I went over to your house and destroyed things.  
I went but I didn't know what I was doing.  
I went behind the garbage truck to be ok.  
I went on vacation and lived like a boat for three days.  
I went for it.  
I went into the forest and all my friends were digging up their brains.  
I went to the sea and thought this is what I came for.  
I went into the city of hammers and rang like a bell and rang like a bell.



TWO

I lost my body in the fight for my body.  
I lost my brother because his body hated him so much.  
I lost time.  
I lost the way and was happy and the moon was above me.  
I lost the feeling in my fingers.  
I lost some friends but found a secret room in my apartment.  
I lost the chandelier light behind your shoulder blade.  
I lost 1975.  
I lost the hat you gave me and have never been the same.  
I lost the polar bears and I lost the tigers and I lost the elephants.  
I lost the ship at sea.  
I lost the bottle.  
I lost the rib that God gave and the rib that God took away.  
I lost the sheet you had cut the two holes in for my eyes to see through.  
I lost all my money.  
I lost nothing that might have kept me alive.  
I lost the light in the puddle with my face in it and a stick.  
I lost the way to be with you.  
I lost the wind coming through my window and the bed below it.  
I lost blood.  
I lost blood and stars and the fifth grade.  
I lost paint-by-numbers and the color yellow and blue make.  
I lost all my fillings.  
I lost a fight in which I paid cash to fall and not get up and never get up.



### THREE

The light invented who I was supposed to be.  
The light told me I was king.  
The light bent down and whispered shame on you.  
The light huddled around the house.  
The light arrived and was the shape of a stamp.  
The light pours and pours.  
The light slipped around your finger like a ring.  
The light lifted up the gown.  
The light slipped into the pilot's left pupil and sang.  
The light left.  
The light did not care who I was though it knew I was bad.  
The light was Atlantic.  
The light crawled and begged across my bedroom floor.  
The light did not shiver.  
The light pooled when the blood pooled and your long fingers.  
The lighthouse.  
The lightroom.  
The light bought drinks and loved the children in the park.  
The light came down and taught everyone a lesson.  
The light made a pillow and then went to bed and didn't get up.  
The light you are standing in.  
The light turned against me because it's the right thing to do.  
The light on the table and the pencil.  
The light was electric and stuck in glass and broke when I punched it.



## FOUR

I made a way so nothing would ever work out.  
I made cereal.  
I made a crook in my arm for your head.  
I made a star out of apple seeds and two of your hairpins.  
I made a mess out of the party.  
I made four plus four and then I made you cry.  
I made my bed.  
I made a bed that would be impossible to sleep on.  
I made this thing happen.  
I made my body get bad and then I made nothing.  
I made a box with a horse on it for my mom when I was twelve.  
I made a bee die.  
I made a slug die with salt and it was forever.  
I made dinner out of all the things I've been embarrassed about.  
I made myself eat it.  
I made no progress with communion or cherry blossoms.  
I made a sign of the cross and meant it.  
I made snow out of my brain.  
I made lost and found.  
I made lost.  
I made you think you were crazy and also laundry was hanging.  
I made a place where I could go on-and-on.  
I made longing out of a toothbrush.  
I made a goodbye and so long and fuck off and what are you doing.



## FIVE

I did go out and find what I was supposed to find.  
I did what you wanted.  
I did go missing.  
I did like the way your hands were cool in the movie theater.  
I did wonder when I was going to die.  
I did get excited.  
I did pass out and woke up and looked to see if anyone wanted me.  
I did write a letter out of Valium and tea.  
I did wonder about Mercury.  
I did laundry and dishes and dinner and cocaine.  
I did read Revelations.  
I did the alphabet backwards.  
I did the color of grass and the color of cloud and the color of glass.  
I did the car accident.  
I did think you would want to marry me.  
I did my body so it would go when I needed it to go.  
I did think in a park.  
I did wonder about you on East 92nd Street and Broadway.  
I did sympathy but only cared about me.  
I did take off my clothes.  
I did my inner-life in a chair in my therapist's office.  
I did the light in their like September.  
I did campfire and hotdog and seashell and death-wave-scream-salt.  
I did wait in your yard in the dark but didn't know how old I was.

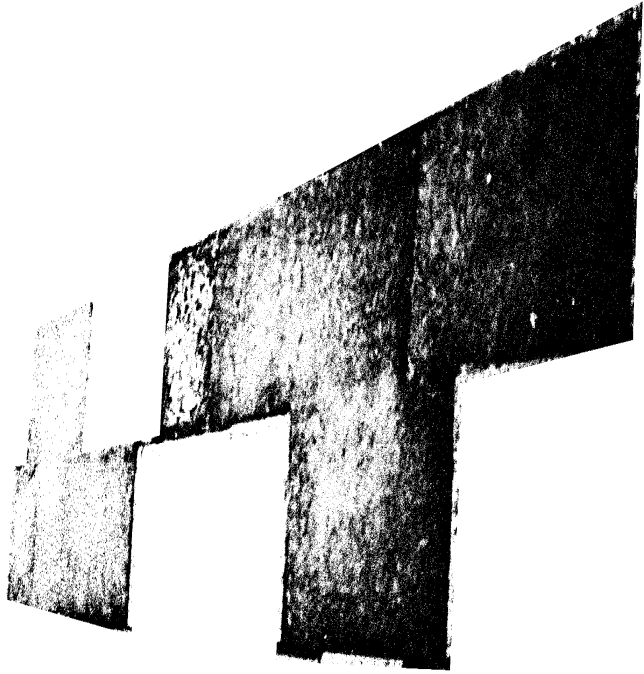




SIX

This planet that's in outer space.  
This way I am with strangers and silverware.  
This exact time and trees.  
This looking past your right ear and at the ocean.  
This piece of limestone.  
This resignation letter I made out of dinner and a bottle of wine.  
This bell ringing.  
This hammer the size of my closet with me inside it.  
This letter I wrote to you with the packet of honey and salt inside it.  
This razor with my family history inside it.  
This room right now and how it's outside of everything.  
This tired.  
This talking and talking and wind and grass and midnight.  
This ambulance in my hands.  
This is how happy I am with you.  
This thumb and mouth and ribbon and ice and asshole.  
This Sunday.  
This place like any other place.  
This body like any other prescription filled blue pill.  
This weekend.  
This ghost in your room pretending to be your older brother.  
This pair of running shoes.  
This afternoon.  
This car that I'm driving made out of blood and guts and coupons.







## SEVEN

I slept inside the mansion of my grandfather's mouth.  
I slept inside the traffic.  
I slept inside the core of an apple that was atomic.  
I slept and slept.  
I slept inside the body of me.  
I slept inside the made bed and dreamt about the unmaking ocean.  
I slept for goodwill.  
I slept inside the part of you called This Will Have No End. Amen.  
I slept and didn't hurt.  
I slept and didn't hurt anyone while I slept.  
I slept inside the idea of a zoo and in the workings of a golden clock.  
I slept inside the washer and the dryer.  
I slept inside the strychnine I swallowed in the park the night before.  
I slept inside a particular song and also the drums.  
I slept like a motherfucker.  
I slept so I wouldn't feel like dying and also the light in the street.  
I slept without you and didn't sleep.  
I slept while someone else kept you up with his body.  
I slept while someone else kept you up and what were you saying.  
I slept in part to be cut in half.  
I slept like a magic trick and the heart of a rabbit.  
I slept inside the worst of it.  
I slept though I never learned how to be ok.  
I slept outside and you came with a pillow and a blanket and cried and cried.

EIGHT

I happened to myself and everything disappeared.  
I happened to be walking.  
I happened and you were there and scared.  
I happened to be an addict.  
I happened with the glass in the bathtub.  
I happened and there was a sound that came from heaven.  
I happened and it was quiet.  
I happened and your mouth blew open like a soda can.  
I happened in high school.  
I happened in my mother's lap and the dead starlings.  
I happened to be standing next to you.  
I happened to the room before the room hung itself.  
I happened to be lying.  
I happened to download all the things that make you insecure.  
I happened and it began to rain.  
I happened to be an orange you were eating.  
I happened to be a body that moves like a long dash and a semicolon.  
I happened to be the stove door and the pretty lady, circa 1950.  
I happened to be nothing important.  
I happened like a cake full of light bulbs and a bat.  
I happened to be barefoot and a worm.  
I happened to be the worm.  
I happened to be there when the dog turned back into a boy.  
I happened to the scissors when all they wanted was to happen to me.



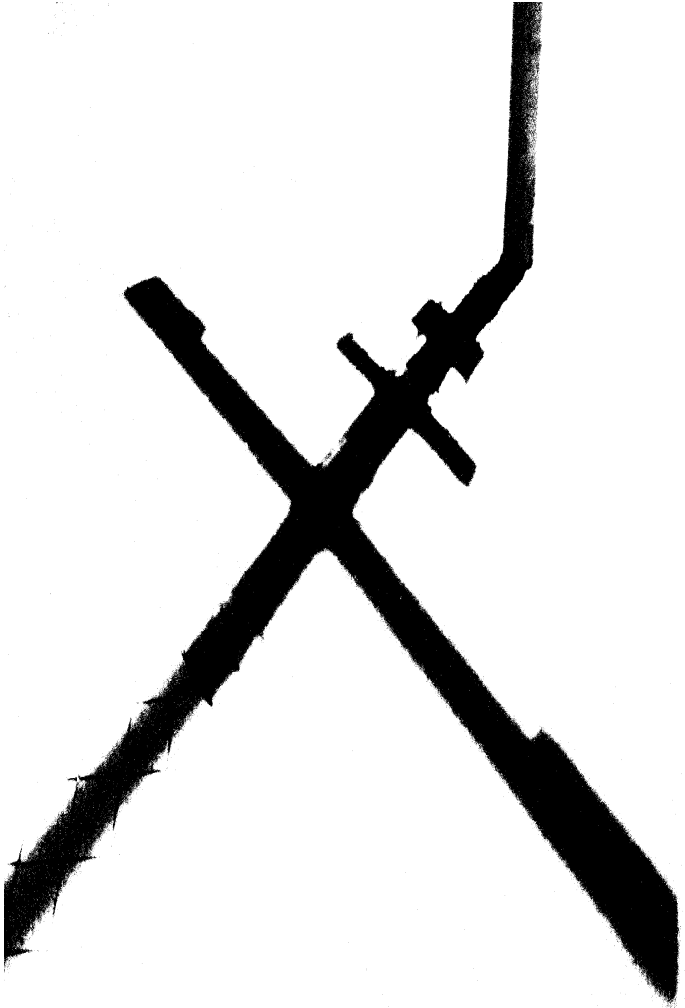


## NINE

I don't know what happened.  
I don't know what I look like and also this morning.  
I don't get why with your feet and fingers.  
I don't know where I will be buried.  
I don't play any instrument and also October is coming.  
I don't get the light's somatic response system.  
I don't do this.  
I don't do my brain in order of the Stations of the Cross.  
I don't do fuck you give me some more.  
I don't know how not to.  
I don't know why I arrive without ever being somewhere.  
I don't vanish and white sheets with two holes for eyes.  
I don't steal flowers anymore.  
I don't enter the cool-forest-dark and also it's a brain trust.  
I don't do light everlasting.  
I don't do a plastic bag around my head.  
I don't campfire without you and your son and the beach grass.  
I don't talk about the murder trial.  
I don't not-ever-not talk about it because it's in everything.  
I don't hash tag my heart.  
I don't glass breaking at night.  
I don't gas station at night.  
I don't elevator between the floors of my brain.  
I don't know what to do now that I've done all of this to you.

TEN

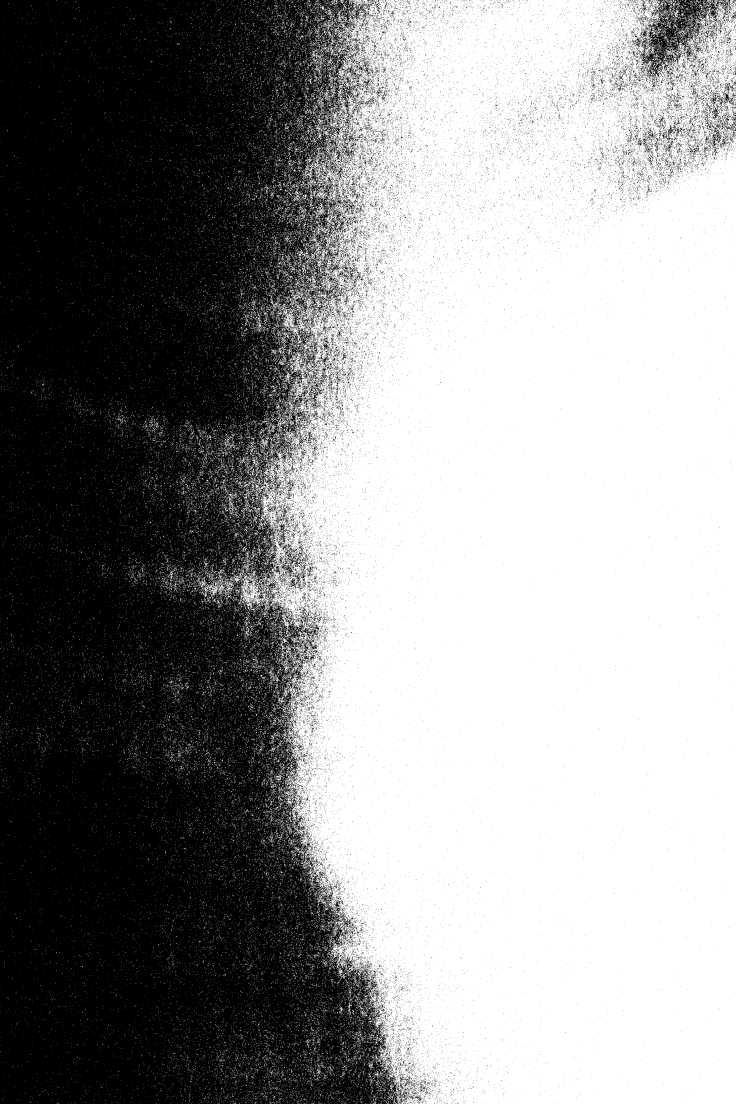
I thought myself into myself and there were lights in the branches.  
I thought you were meeting me.  
I thought about mescaline and bus passes and my siblings.  
I thought about how real getting your blood taken feels and snow.  
I thought no one is coming for me.  
I thought my room was a nurse and would hold me and say shhhh.  
I thought myself into the building.  
I thought myself onto the roof.  
I thought as long as there were puddles and grass I would be ok.  
I thought about how leather tastes.  
I thought about how gasoline smells and also condoms.  
I thought you into something you were not.  
I thought about the bed inside the UFO and also the dentist and fluoride.  
I thought about how I sound on the phone.  
I thought this is best I will ever look in your underwear.  
I thought if I really wanted to.  
I thought if I really wanted to I could bend like a child's arm.  
I thought about my inner-organs.  
I thought the gray mouse and the brown bear and the yellow sports car.  
I thought this is it.  
I thought about all the people I will never know.  
I thought they were lucky.  
I thought about the t-shirts I bought and how they smell like California.  
I thought if only and if only and something has to happen.





## ELEVEN

I let trees be in the night.  
I let myself think I was more powerful than I am.  
I let the car float into the other lane.  
I let the television float inside me and then it was winter.  
I let myself behave badly.  
I let the night into what we were doing.  
I let the streetlight and moonlight and refrigerator light go missing.  
I let the wires in my head be clouds.  
I let everyone kiss me.  
I let no one touch me but also there was the imaginary glass head of a saint.  
I let his tongue be his tongue.  
I let my hands be homeless and always doing shadows.  
I let suntan lotion be my dream of summer.  
I let your thighs be my apron.  
I let in everything you shouldn't.  
I let alcohol be my mother and father and girlfriend and baby-boss.  
I let the world be an airplane in the sea.  
I let this shit just happen.  
I let belt buckles and ribbons and electric tape and emails.  
I let the beginning of what I am off its leash.  
I let myself pass out.  
I let the cake be on fire and also be a swimming pool.  
I let my t-cells be a wedding party.  
I let myself know who I was by bouncing my head off the car's steering wheel.



## NOON

I stayed inside while everyone else was with the others.  
I stayed inside your body too long.  
I stayed and I thought a country would rise from the water.  
I stayed and stayed.  
I stayed and addressed the crowd and it was no one.  
I stayed in the darkest corner of your hair.  
I stayed for the dishes and the towels.  
I stayed inside the dotted I of my brain.  
I stayed inside and waited for the Surgeon General to call my name.  
I stayed near the light in your window and the red leaves.  
I stayed long enough for your son to love me.  
I stayed inside an unknown planet.  
I stayed because I didn't know what else to do and also knives.  
I stayed past my bedtime.  
I stayed though I am a little boy with a bedtime and a mother-mind.  
I stayed and helped clean up.  
I stayed for the love of ferns and rain and the sand in your shoes.  
I stayed and drew flowers on my arm.  
I stayed and carved the flowers out.  
I stayed because they told me there would be medicine.  
I stayed because there was none.  
I stayed for the sundial and the blowjobs and the Christmas lights.  
I stayed though I was asked to leave.  
I stayed because leaving is like a plane exploding inside a nursery.





ONE

I wanted to be a person.  
I wanted the sky over your house to be the sky in your mouth.  
I wanted alcohol.  
I wanted to be special so I ruined things with my mind.  
I wanted my mind to be in the night.  
I wanted my mind to be a window at night and a warm apricot light.  
I wanted to shoot a gun again.  
I wanted smoke and snow and leaves and traffic far below.  
I wanted everything far below and in front.  
I wanted your body to be the thing.  
I wanted to stop passing out unless it meant you would come over.  
I wanted the King of Spain to love Diane.  
I wanted the flies to love Michael.  
I wanted the B.I.B.L.E to love Julia.  
I wanted to be lifted into the air by all my mothers and fathers.  
I wanted a mother.  
I wanted to be a rapper and skinhead.  
I wanted what no one could give me and also space and outer space.  
I wanted my body to stop being a space station.  
I wanted out.  
I wanted not to leave but was built wrong.  
I wanted the injury I was not to be you and also yoga mats.  
I wanted how books smell.  
I wanted no clocks and no hours and cool grass and shadows and all of it.



TWO

I did kneel down in front off all that was wrong.  
I did not sleep.  
I did think that this was my one and only chance.  
I did look to the West.  
I did the car wreck and the brain wreck.  
I did alone.  
I did with everyone.  
I did the ruins and brought my boom box and looked at the sky.  
I did turn off the lamp.  
I did do the ambulance in different voices.  
I did want it to be different and also chopsticks and nail polish.  
I did the lullaby and missing coat and also the missing coast.  
I did the disappearing body and the immovable body.  
I did the body without knowing.  
I did the dark theater and also all the water.  
I did the walk home and now I am nowhere and where are you.  
I did telekinesis.  
I did four beers and three whiskeys and two shots of Nyquil.  
I did the finish the exam on what the fuck is wrong with me now.  
I did the outer light of the wedding party.  
I did go stag.  
I did horns growing out of my head and the little blood and earache.  
I did the thing I was not supposed to do.  
I did wake up though my body was a weird box you might bury me in.



### THREE

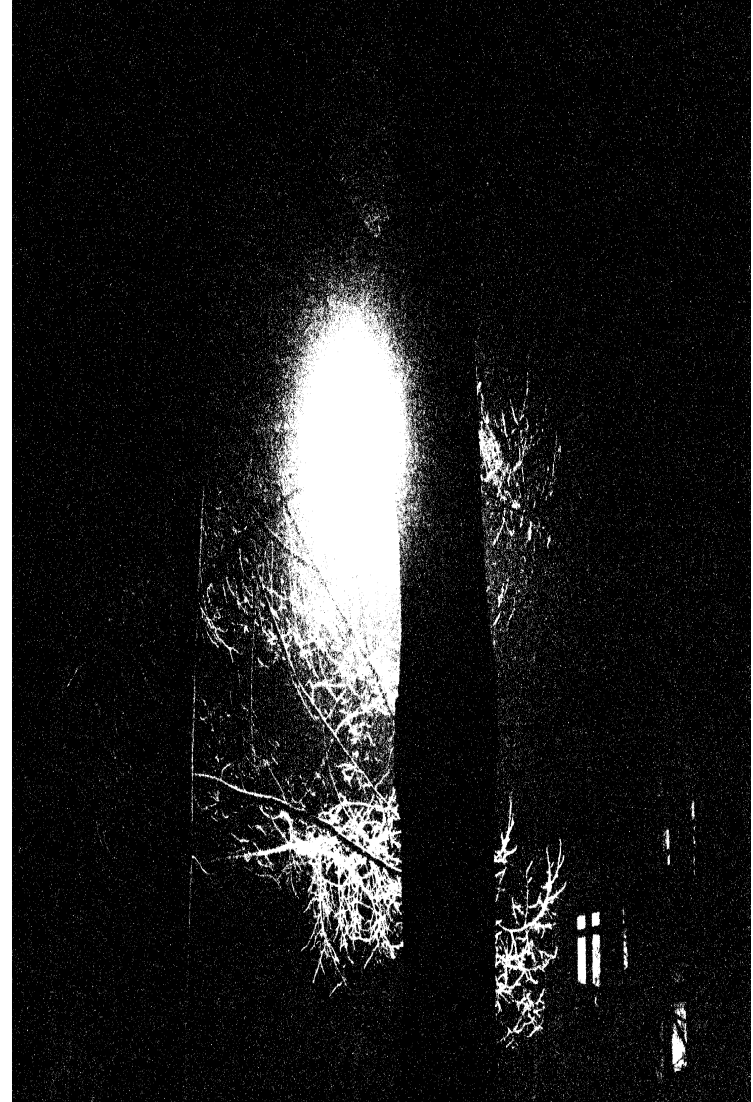
This room of my disappearing act and valentine.  
This chest that's blown out and honey-honey it's really ok.  
This record player.  
This bed and all the times it's been made and also drowning.  
This sea and foam.  
This time I have really gone and done it.  
This time it's all rubber gloves and surgical masks and seaweed.  
This amphibian inner-organ green.  
This smoke.  
This pillowcase and razors and salt trying to be a human being.  
This car alarm trying to be a human being.  
This way of thinking and also climbing the stairs to who-knows-what.  
This answer.  
This couch and cutting board and carrots and lamplight.  
This Mojave dessert.  
This chrysalis branch that keeps breaking over my shoulders.  
This kind of thing.  
This going backwards so now I'm like a door in a house you knew.  
This cellphone.  
This two-way calling of the brain's prayer, Amen.  
This park at night and also yellow tights.  
This scary.  
This sound of someone on fire and also how the body is all water.  
This epilepsy and also the ground opening up and the ground closing.

### FOUR

I wonder about my brain and how it's a freeway and also tulips.  
I wonder about your post-structuralism.  
I wonder about your feet.  
I wonder about the time I was twelve and also electrocution.  
I wonder about the faces on milk cartons, 1981.  
I wonder about what I've done.  
I wonder about tunnels and bridges and both of them in the sky.  
I wonder about my mother and father.  
I wonder about the oxygen around your mouth.  
I wonder about trees and lampposts and synergy and oxycodone and God.  
I wonder about the hierarchy of Mass.  
I wonder about the sounds you make and also pillowcases and coffee.  
I wonder about what I'll do.  
I wonder about what I didn't do and then it was two months.  
I wonder about the yellow eyes of eggs and how you are not a currency.  
I wonder about Justin and how the war is going.  
I wonder about his body being torn apart.  
I wonder about the nightmare of my body and the still pool of your lap.  
I wonder about your fingers.  
I wonder about paper bags and clouds and also it's September.  
I wonder about hospital lighting.  
I wonder about cancer and ginger ale and SWAT teams and their minds.  
I wonder about the moon as an optician.  
I wonder about how time bends and if I can bend it and also you.

## FIVE

I heard the dog crying all night in the car and felt right at home.  
I heard the rain.  
I heard about what was happening in that place.  
I heard the freeway and elevators and landing gears and also nothing.  
I heard I was dying.  
I heard the room when the room walked away.  
I heard the floor when I fainted.  
I heard everything that was left over and also someone calling out.  
I heard the brain seize up.  
I heard about what happened and how it sounded really bad and I'm sorry.  
I heard the call to prayer.  
I heard white linen and floss and dispatches and a single piece of paper.  
I heard dark all around.  
I heard dark all around and a seashell.  
I heard you would never come back and also the moon.  
I heard the moon knocking its teeth out.  
I heard the computer start up and the rice cooking and the groom smoking.  
I heard myself and wanted to cut it into ribbons.  
I heard the party start.  
I heard people laughing at me and why shouldn't they?  
I heard I hesitated.  
I heard the expression on your face and people speaking in a submarine.  
I heard the men in the stairwell.  
I heard the biting and pulling and also someone saying I love you I love you.



SIX

I was in the shape of the cross.  
I was nothing and also my feet and my hands and my mouth.  
I was going to tell you.  
I was standing in the street with the cars and also the police cars.  
I was the violin in the envelope.  
I was making a kind of music everyone hates.  
I was really little.  
I was look at me when I'm talking to you or I swear to God.  
I was shut the fuck up.  
I was you're ruining Christmas is that what you want?  
I was the ashtray and the umbrella and the lipstick and nothing.  
I was in two cities at once.  
I was born on this day.  
I was born and also Novocain.  
I was going to show you.  
I was the thing you never should be and also pocketknives.  
I was ringing.  
I was only going to be a minute.  
I was the walk into the park and also what happened there.  
I was the grapefruit spoon and the eye.  
I was the migraine and the hydro-motion of very, very, tall buildings.  
I was the skateboard and the bat.  
I was the you get in here on the count of five or you're gonna get it.  
I was the projectionist and the grave.



SEVEN

I lost all the votes for the weak and the sick and the wounded.  
I lost the way into my own body.  
I lost my keys and the sky grew dark and unhappy.  
I lost the biochemical synergy of my third eye and of course I did.  
I lost the forest.  
I lost the sea.  
I lost the ticket stub and the movie theater floated out and away.  
I lost time.  
I lost the article you wanted to read.  
I lost the bloody rant and train of thought.  
I lost the father and the raging of the father and also pipe tobacco.  
I lost the exorcism of revolving doors.  
I lost the shiny night-sweats of the girls from Salem, Massachusetts.  
I lost the burning at the stake and the not floating in the lake.  
I lost to whoever challenged me.  
I lost the apartment.  
I lost the smell of Pine-Sol and lemons.  
I lost the front porch and the loose doorknobs of cigarette smoke.  
I lost the hair I pulled out of my head.  
I lost control.  
I lost the things I liked most about Easter and also the Resurrection.  
I lost feel better soon.  
I lost before the attempt and after.  
I lost the reason I had come here and also Xanax and paper sailboats.







## EIGHT

I could blow my brains out and then I'd really get it.  
I could walk all over this place and never remember who I am.  
I could taxidermy and darn socks.  
I could lungs and blood vessels and cartilage and lift with my knees.  
I could walk away.  
I could hello everyone I'm so glad you're still here.  
I could do lost keys and lost credit cards and lost days and also September.  
I could in any room in your house.  
I could light the light.  
I could make it rain the way I am with you and also the freeway at night.  
I could be here forever.  
I could do the dying and let you do the funeral stuff, the sad stuff and all.  
I could toy trains and mothballs and skeletons.  
I could suck my thumb.  
I could suck my thumb if you wanted me to.  
I could do dusk and what is left moving around the leaves in the maples.  
I could decide against it all and also my testicles.  
I could if I wanted to.  
I could run to the store and milk and baby please come back to bed.  
I could beg the way I was taught to I am so good at it.  
I could video games and hours of television and rosemary and Mexidol.  
I could make soup.  
I could make tea and make it all up and also are you alone.  
I could have done something to make you proud but who are we kidding.



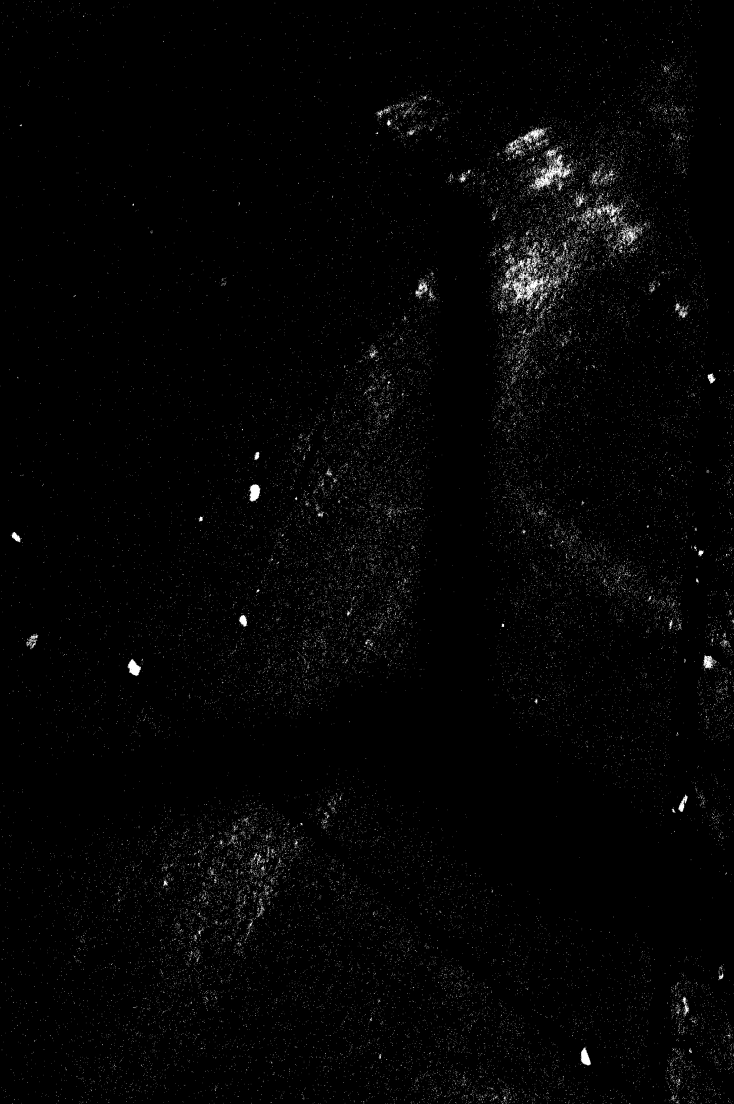
## NINE

I had a bottle of Hydroxyzine and water and two cigarettes.  
I had a friend.  
I had a friend buried underground and also coming over for lunch.  
I had a feeling this wouldn't last.  
I had thirty-five new emails and a bad cold and also it was getting late.  
I had can you hear me, and stop, and pain as a measure of time.  
I had can anyone keep me from being nothing.  
I had beauty and a bowl of ice water.  
I had rain and a Plaid Pantry and a heart defining itself as atomic light.  
I had no way out.  
I had anxiety attacks and two brothers.  
I had misogyny and two sisters.  
I had a room all to myself and crayons and apple juice and carrots.  
I had the mall at 3AM and one car and some weed.  
I had what comforts me and the legend of nothing and also me.  
I had a car crash.  
I had fruit in all its narratives and also a falling away.  
I had to leave the room.  
I had to be at work.  
I had to call you back and also the sound of geese and zeros and zeros.  
I had six watches and no one standing next to me.  
I had to make it that way.  
I had my own blood and shadows and touching myself.  
I had a lamp and a dead fly and talked to it all night asking it questions.

TEN

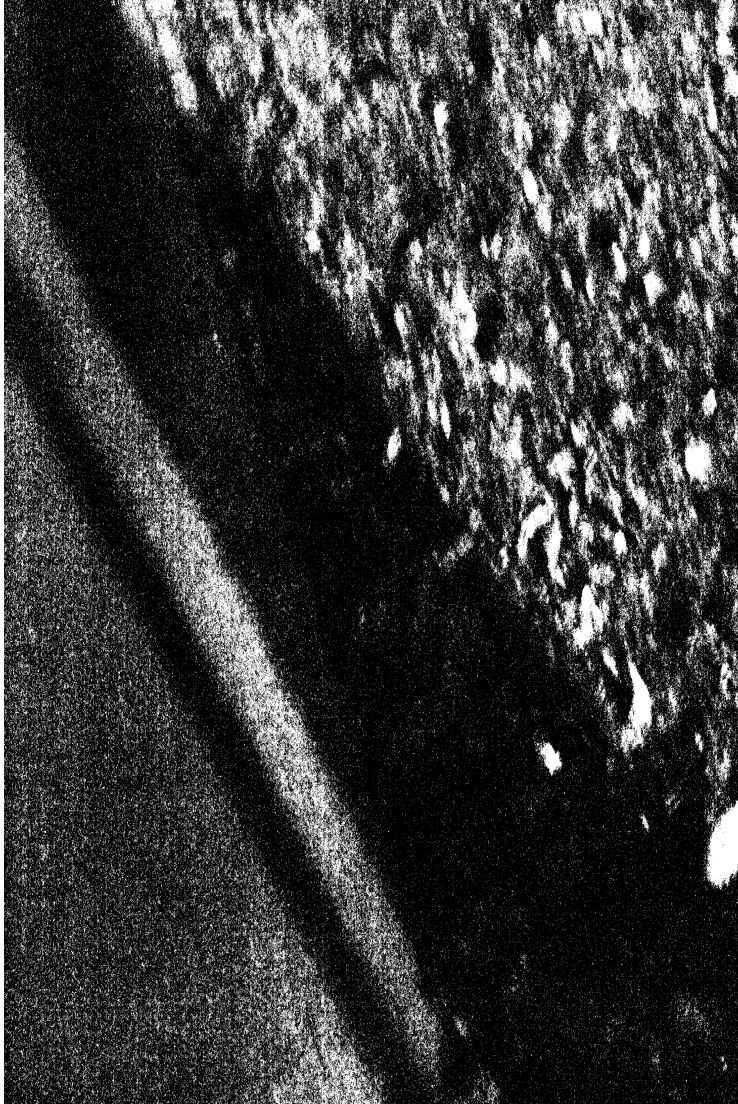
The dark kept calling out to me over the waves.  
The dark was extracurricular.  
The dark found me and told me I was going to be somebody.  
The dark under the bed and inside the hands.  
The dark between footsteps.  
The dark keeps putting me to bed and feeding me with a bib.  
The dark turned its back and growled.  
The dark kissed me on the forehead.  
The dark gets born in the navy-blue jackets of school uniforms.  
The dark and also where have you been.  
The dark matters.  
The dark takes off its belt and pushes me to the floor.  
The dark smiles and says come here.  
The dark clerk of my brain.  
The dark radiant hallway and also the knives in the drawer.  
The dark keeps telling me to shut up of course it does.  
The dark angels of letters.  
The dark and how I never wanted anything else.  
The dark goes out and comes back.  
The dark beer and dark coffee and dark wine and dark windows.  
The dark buys a round for the house.  
The dark puts on its lipstick.  
The dark yard and the bees and the pollen of God on everything.  
The dark holds my hand and says it will be ok and to close my eyes.





## ELEVEN

I knew nothing was going to happen for a long time.  
I knew the white cloth and the communion.  
I knew a little French.  
I knew how infinity was my childhood.  
I knew Coke and Pepsi and the movie about the dead girl.  
I knew the boy who killed her in real life.  
I knew real life had to do with winter and also the market place.  
I knew who my inner-organs were.  
I knew what was coming.  
I knew how it would taste and also Halloween masks.  
I knew I couldn't do it much longer.  
I knew it wouldn't be anything I could dream up.  
I knew gasoline and paint thinner and lemons and rags and mint.  
I knew about the garage and the dark in there.  
I knew you would come if I fell apart.  
I knew the West Side and the East Side and also two bridges.  
I knew this would cost money.  
I knew the leaf falling onto the sidewalk was a fake-ass friend.  
I knew my heart was king.  
I knew my heart was king of what was fundamentally wrong.  
I knew where we were going.  
I knew my body because of the holes in my body.  
I knew enough to not say anything.  
I knew if I said anything a small animal would crawl out of the ground.



## MIDNIGHT

Now everything is going to be anti-depressants and roses.  
Now I get to go home for real.  
Now the light in the bathroom is flickering.  
Now my brain is jump ropes and licorice and also tubes.  
Now my mother is calling.  
Now my father is coming home.  
Now fluorescent lights and the unbuttoning inside the MRI.  
Now don't look at me.  
Now let's just all calm down and what exactly happened here.  
Now tissue paper and magazines.  
Now I can just hide in bed and carve our initials into the bark.  
Now moonlight and lip balm.  
Now say whatever it is you were going to say.  
Now settlements and rocket launchers and also I have champagne.  
Now I can be the air I have always wanted to be.  
Now you won't be bothered.  
Now the doors and the windows and the fuzzy-peach streetlight.  
Now don't touch me.  
Now don't worry there's enough here for everyone I promise.  
Now parades and confetti and sugar-covered almonds.  
Now the extraterrestrial abandonment of the self.  
Now no more belts and bras and keys and room service and sheets.  
Now this is happening to all my insides.  
Now this is not what I expected I'm sorry it will only take a minute.





Matthew Dickman

24 Hours

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