

Discussing a fashion show during a casting

I discovered how outstandingly I like to say the word blue.

I love how Rena Mandel's face looks like one heron flying through it and a peacock butterfly with eyes at its wings, how it looks like it spurts upward but also is still, this countermotion between the parted scalp and the arch in the lower lip of her mouth.

Her grace makes me want to walk sweaty in summer, chime the little bells, I see a bridge over nympheaea.

In a wintery blossom of fog,

Rena speaks

to me

like her face is a sigil written into the snow,

the marble surface of her face. It is like a stamp. Swelling on her contours.

So well, then I set her in motion. I asked Rena to get up from the chair and walk.

Her belt straightens, the buttons so tight and dense, there is no glimpse of skin whatsoever under any one of the buttons revealed. She takes the poise of that attitude in the chair with her. Her skirt rustles in the wind as she walks in a field of frozen poppy. She knows that her breath marks the air wherever she lives. That's how she walks.

Strutting with her petite breasts in her funereal shirt, enjoying the body that holds her intelligent, dignified mind. She walks like a pulse. Looking at her move makes you want to fly away on her heron eyebrows, if I ever met her I would say to her, Miss Mandel, I so enjoy the arch in your brows. I like the goblet shaped sculpture in the center of your face, a perfectly geometrical sacred old Italian fountain, squirting fresh water, its spumes as white as porcelain. I feel the pull of your eyes. I enjoy being able to imagine with you how there is a line going through you from your parting scalp along your nose, how it cuts through the middle of your mouth, down the trachea to end in the valley of the collarbones on the first button of her shirt, to then keep sliding, twisting each button slightly as it crawls down on her, like a winter heavy with sweat and saliva, feels like a fleshy cold now that glides over the buckle of the black belt shortly above her navel, then follow the line down with the eye and gaze her skirt moves like waves breaking against the cliffs of her thighs. A woman a full sea as she walks, and a full shore from which she birthes the sea.

On her way Rena Mandel would walk occasionally changing the details of her mood, of her outfit. She would be in a fur scarf and a hat of course also. For spring I would have her wear earrings of violet crocuses, make her rouge more peach on the cheeks, but keep, on purpose, a dark purple for the lips. To make the point. Paint it purple.

A funereal face is seldom forgotten. I wonder what it means when you forget a thing but remember another. Where does the rest of me go?

So much of me now feels

like it is walking with Rena,

swaying with her on that ever changing, kaleidoscopic road because, within it, the landscape changes perpetually, the bright path now leading through an underwater seascape in spring, a coral reef phosphorescently shimmering in the black blue ocean room, pastel pink orange flickerings sprinkled into thick saturated blue. I like the word Mandel. It makes me think of almond, of natural sensuality, a crack between the molars (if you bite the side of the nut, as if you'd nibble their hips, you can split it: keep one side brown while you lighten the other). Soft cyanide scent, rippled veined skin, brown, pointy, cookies and lace, tea and table cloth, cakes, marzipan, dusty attics. Of nocturnal letter writing, prayers cycling through each of the moon stages, from sickle to fully swollen, hands stretched out like moths that flutter toward even the lowest dim, even if it is the low ethereal shine of the moon, spreading across her face like the layer of fog over a frozen lake fresh in the autumn morning.

She has beautiful long fingers. Like tentacles to snatch the pearls as the hours of fire, like a gasping, curious animal. With these hands she could cut throats with a lily, extinguish the old with her floral swords, she, prince piercing through thorny hedges, making openings in the spiked vines toward the one who sleeps womanly in the tower of the castle.

