

PERFORMANCE/CABARET/3 A.M.

Tyler Mills

1930

A spotlight blackens the brick wall

An aura The lit-up bricks somehow personal

Nipples and areolas I am a clown

with opium eyes — guess if I am

real I mean I am part

of three acrobats a geometry of bodies

a triangle Now my mouth shares a string

with another mouth My eyes punched in

with absinthe Dust brushed on

Bangs and side part Part shaved Unshaved

arms raised I am part of a line of legs and skirts

kicking up Spotlight shadow palms the wall

Empties it like an eye

I/SELF/WOMAN IN BERLIN

Tyler Mills

1930

Lindens rain gold moons
all over my shoes when I break
my left heel in the grate above a drain.
We'll wallpaper the nursery with money,
I overheard someone laugh in the hall.
One of the other girls. The company
picnic, the dance, the tennis match
this weekend and next weekend, the season
warm and windy. In the park, children fly
kites with crossed pencils as bones and wings
of paper money. The sun stencils
the numbers — I think of cross-stitch
holes and of my mother. I think of
autumn and how I will be
paid again late this afternoon.