THE MAKING OF NARRATIVE POEMS THROUGH
ASSEMBLAGE, COLLAGE, AND DRAWING

A Thesis
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
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ABSTRACT

Memory is an imagining based on factual events. The event or events no longer exist except within the creative imagination. Specifics often shift and change over time as detail slips into a collective pool of experience. The essence of an experience or collection of experiences is conveyed in the layering of pieces and fragments from memory of occurrences and actions. This juxtaposition of specific memories in narrative detail creates a poetry in which the fundamental nature of an overall experience is conveyed.

I have been exploring the creation of narrative poems through large-scale assemblage, collage, and drawing. The work I am currently engaged in comes from this imagining and is based on physical, psychological, and spiritual experience. Images of inanimate as well as animate forms appear throughout the work and are representative of human characteristics and experience. Through the use of imagery and material, fractures and pieces come together to form collective poems in which emotional catharsis through narrative is of ultimate concern.

The written thesis begins with a general description of my current work. This description is followed by autobiographical accounts from early childhood
through my undergraduate college experiences that relate directly to my artistic development. From there, I describe in depth my processes of material research, imagistic concerns, and the making of individual works. The final section of this thesis contains several short narrative passages which come directly from memories and dreams and are an integral part of my working process.
Dedicated to my husband Chris
and
Slinky, Oscar, Bruno, and Fox
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Section 1

Introduction

Memory is an imagining based on factual events. To narrate these imaginings is to tell or relate the stories through recitation of detail. The event or events no longer exist except within the creative imagination. Specifics often shift and change over time as detail slips into a collective pool of experience. The essence of an experience or collection of experiences is conveyed in the layering of pieces and fragments from memory of occurrences and actions. This juxtaposition of specific memories in narrative detail creates a poetry in which the fundamental nature of an overall experience is conveyed.

I have been exploring the creation of narrative poems through large-scale assemblage, collage, and drawing. The work I am currently engaged in comes from this imagining and is based on physical, psychological, and spiritual experience. Images of inanimate as well as animate forms appear
throughout the work and are representative of human characteristics and experience. Through the use of imagery and material, fractures and pieces come together to form collective poems in which emotional catharsis through narrative is of ultimate concern.

My method in the making of these paintings corresponds to my process of remembering as layering and fragmentation of material and the tearing back into the hidden and camouflaged. Domestic materials including roofing paper, clothing, fur coats, and wallpaper dominate the paintings. Many of the materials are used and discarded from domestic environments, while others are new and ready for home consumption. I have used materials which serve different functions, however all are materials that either beautify or protect or both.

Drawing within and on top of these material paintings is an important part of the process. The marks bond the layered materials by pulling them together as a single field. The process of drawing is a way of claiming the materials of the painting and the painting itself by marking it and disregarding its preciousness, serving as both notation and graffiti. Acrylic paint, pastel chalks, and charcoal are my primary materials used for this direct mark-making process. I also think of tearing and collaging of materials as kinds of drawing using more physical, tangible material. Both serve expressive means in their ability to capture quick gestures of movement and thought.
Scale is an important factor in these works. The large scale allows for a greater physical involvement in the making of the painting: my interaction with the painting becomes confrontational, undeniable. In creating works of a personal narrative, the format is larger than life, fantastical as dream and memory often are.
Section 2

Brief History of My Artistic Development

The story-telling tradition of my Appalachian ancestors was passed down through generations and remains as an important part of relating our history to the present. Story-telling is a means for dealing with conscious and unconscious fantasies, desires, and fears. It is also the way in which the history of my family remains alive. My fondest memories are of an old house in my mother’s home town in West Virginia. Our cousin Gregory lived there with his parents while he was in college, and my brothers and sister and I, during our visits, would climb onto his mattress on the floor just before bed as Gregory prepared the room. He burned incense, turned off all the lights, and read to us in candlelight from books about fairies and spirits. He told us about living, breathing forests and other environments where people, animals, and inanimate objects had magic powers. Gregory introduced me to the fairy tale and the fantastic.
At the college Gregory attended there was a rebuilt 17th-century fort, a
living Appalachian history museum where Gregory was first the apothecarian,
then an apprenticed basketweaver. The apothecarian shop was a small wood
cabin with herbs and other medicinal plants hung from the ceiling to dry.
Pungent dried yellow chamomile mixed with the smells of the old wood and
Gregory’s scented oils. I spent a lot of time in the shop with Gregory, listening to
the stories he would tell visitors as they came through. When he apprenticed to
an old man named Nick, I followed him to the basketweaver’s cabin and sat on
the floor while he and Nick weaved, and Nick told stories about ghosts and old
people long since dead. Through these experiences, I now realize, I began to
associate the act of storytelling with the manipulation of materials.

From the time I learned to read, I made my own books with school paper
and a stapler. Animals were the main characters of these elaborately illustrated
stories. Later, I expressed my desire to write through journals and romantic
fiction. Emotional content was important in the work that I was reading, and I
became attracted to extremes in literature as well as other narrative forms. I
wrote and read primarily for emotional catharsis and was intensely attracted to
the tragic, romantic, and absurd.

In my early teens, I developed a desire to draw and found the act of
rendering came easily to me. I kept sketchbooks much as I had kept written
journals, and the associations I had made between storytelling and manipulation
of materials led to a desire to draw objects as characters. Remembering stories
as I sketched, drawing for me functioned like Nick and Gregory’s weavings. The stories in my head were recorded in the repetitive marks of the pencil on paper. These drawings were not illustrations but expressive portraits of people, animals, and objects that peopled my intricate narratives.

I became obsessed with death and dying. A boy from my class had died, and though we had not been friends, I drew his portrait several times from a photograph I had kept from a class trip. Gerbils from an unintentional breeding experiment ran wild through our house. One of our dogs brought a gerbil out from my mother’s closet and laid its wet body out on the carpet. My favorite drawing came from this gerbil that was not quite dead when I found him but died in my hand while I sat on my bed and drew his portrait.

As an art major in college, I devoted my energies to narrative painting as a means of catharsis for both myself and the viewer. The paintings I engaged in were painfully emotive, employing the imagery of dolls, dogs, and houses. The subjects of these works came from my childhood and my interest in memory: dogs and dolls represented emotional parts of myself, while the house represented for me an unpenetrable unconscious. I painted with heavy and opaque oil paints and used aggressive and startling colors to further the emotional experience.
The houses in my paintings dominated the canvases and eventually became the only visible character. I gradually increased the sizes of the canvases until they reached six by seven feet. The houses then evolved into windows, which also dominated the picture. The physicality of painting was not enough for me, so I took the canvas off of the stretchers and sewed them together to create three-dimensional paintings where image became object. It was at this point that my subject matter moved into the interior of the house; the interior of the subconscious; the place where memory and imagining are one.

In the next series of work, the legend of the Sumerian goddess Inanna was of particular interest to me. Using chicken wire and papier maché, I began making three-dimensional torso shapes with a wax and pigment painted surface intended to represent rot and lichen growth. These wall sculptures were directly related to the part of the descent myth in which Inanna's mutilated body hung lifeless and rotting on a peg in the underworld. My painted objects now had a direct mythological reference.
Section 3

Material Explorations

Believing my interests to be primarily three-dimensional, I entered the sculpture program at Ohio State with the intention of leaving the wall altogether. My idea was to create a free-standing sculptural work, and I found myself struggling with the form this would take. As an experiment in response to a challenge from visiting professor John Wigley, I went into a clearing in the woods behind the foundry building armed with a pocket knife and some string. I cut branches from a nearby tree, fashioned them into a hut shape large enough to shelter me, then tied the pieces together with jute. My repeated searches for sculptural materials brought me to several thrift stores where I purchased used nightgowns to use specifically as a covering for this structure. I chose each nightgown carefully based on fabric texture, pattern, and color: most were pastel and made from a variety of polyester and cotton printed fabric. Many of the nightgowns had stains in the armpits and smelled of sweat. By ripping them into even strips, I was able to tie them together to create a single strand over three
hundred feet long. Weaving the rope through and around the tied branches, I covered the support, leaving an inverted V-shaped opening. For group critique, we brought the work into the Clean Space. Once removed from the environment in which it had been made, the surface created by the wrapped fabric became more important to me than the original structure, which eventually collapsed from the weight of the fabric. I kept the fabric in its continuous strand and rolled it into a ball approximately three feet in diameter, the final form of this work.

Having recognized the importance of surface and tactility of material in my work, I embarked on an exploration to find exactly what kinds of materials I was truly interested in. My travels took me to thrift stores, fabric stores, hardware stores, construction sites, and other places where domestic materials could be found. Childhood memories influenced much of this exploration. As I shopped for new materials I thought of wool-gathering; the satin rubbed from the inside lining of the ears of my favorite stuffed dog; the rough cool cement inside our fireplace; my mother's blue velveteen coat hanging invitingly inside of the closet; and still moments when I lay down with the dog, caressed his coat, and pretended we were the same animal. I collected several coats made from real and fake fur and tore out the lining to study the inner seams and clothier markings. The pairing of brocade silk linings with animal skin and fur outsides fascinated me. My collection of materials grew to include roofing paper, new and antique wallpaper, bedding, and clothing. I found in my explorations an attraction to soft, "pretty" materials, and to two-dimensional patterning.
In another experiment, I tore a single fur coat into strips and sewed them together to create a line of fur that ran the center length of the Clean Space. The strip was approximately two inches wide by thirty-four feet, just short one foot on either end of the length of the room. Using silicone, I adhered the strip to the floor and hair sprayed the dark brown animal fur so it would stand up. The narrative I imagined as I sewed the fur and stuck it to the floor was of the Clean Space riding on the back of a giant wild animal with its hair coming up through a crack in the floor. At the heart of the work for me was the awareness of the animal in all of us and how, despite our sophistication, it emerges uncontrollably.

My next works were a series of drawings from petrified seagulls, photographs of wolves, and other birds such as the African Stork. I also continued to use the fur and the satin from inside of the coats to make small fetish-like dolls. It was at this time that I embarked on a series of drawings based on these small sculptures that would eventually lead me to the material paintings in which I am currently engaged. The drawings are dramatic and dark from heavy charcoal marks and erasings. An important part of the drawing process for me is to be able to make marks and either erase them, or let them stand, allowing even the erased marks to be partially visible. The drawings were made quickly and deliberately; they are gestural and expressive. This series of mark-making based on objects belies my attraction and connection to particular kinds of articles in the process of making.
The small fur and satin fetish objects had a primitive, Native-American feeling that I enjoyed for its evocation of nostalgia for a romanticized animism and spiritual connectedness. On the other hand, I could not honestly claim these qualities of cultural memory as my own experience. As a way of working more directly from my own sources, I returned to the imagery I had used in my earlier paintings: the doll, the dog, and the house. Instead of drawing houses directly, I have employed the materials found in my explorations to invoke qualities of domestic space.
Section 4

My Return to Painting

On one of my regular forays to the thrift store, I purchased several red mink stoles with the bodies of the animals still intact, including dangling legs and peeling noses. The animal skins were sewn together to look as if they were biting each other's tails, and the creatures had been given ridiculous carnival eyes made from brown speckled plastic which lend them a whimsical yet horrific appearance. I found something about these animals to be both pitiful and freeing at the same time. I began to draw them.

About this time, I acquired a roll of Victorian-era textured wallpaper. The paper was pink, with a white embossed pattern of standing and seated deer surrounded by lines representing knotted rope. Parts of the paper had water stains and tears, but it was essentially intact and in good condition. I immediately thought of the mink stoles as existing in the same time and space as the wallpaper, not only in terms of my introduction to both materials but in the historical period which they were made. With acrylic medium, I mounted the
wallpaper on a large sheet of drawing paper, approximately five by seven feet. As I drew the individual animals with charcoal on the wallpaper, I thought of the wallpaper on an actual wall and the minks being liberated from their stole and flying away, up the wall and beyond. The drawing became a part of the whole piece, rather than simply a work on paper, because of its interaction with the embossed design. The raised deer and knots function as part of the texture of the drawn minks, somewhat exaggerated by the shadowing effect of the charcoal. This piece, *Minks* (Illus. 1. and 2.), marked my return to painting and the beginning of the quest for a structural support which is integral to the painting itself.

The question of how to integrate the painting with its structural support continues to be a central issue for me. I came to the realization that I had to have a support of some kind to be able to layer materials as heavily as I wanted to. The actual painting and not the support became the most important thing. I decided to accept the stretcher or a panel as support in order to explore further the possibilities of different materials and to allow for the problem of the support to solve itself as the imagery and layering of domestic materials developed.

For the next painting, *Raven, Raven, Jackdaw, Crow* (Illus. 3.), vinyl stretched on a traditional six by four foot stretcher seemed the best solution to the question of support for my experimentation with heavier collage and assemblage. For subject matter, I took elements from a Pacific-Northwest creation myth involving the character Raven and re-introduced my own character
of the dog into the narrative painting. In the creation story, Raven kills his brother and becomes the embodiment of both good and evil. He creates the creatures of the world, including humans, after he has absorbed his brother's imperfections. Raven is represented in the top portion of the painting where I layered roofing paper and strips from bicycle tires torn to suggest feathers. Before tearing the paper, I wrote a simple poem about Raven. Some of the text can be made out, but for the most part it is reduced to fragments of letters and words. On the lower half of the work, I layered wallpaper on the vinyl then painted a pattern of red dots based on a previous printed pattern still visible in parts of the paper. On this ground, I drew the head of a wolf-dog in charcoal, with his mouth wide open, drinking in the dots as they appear to rain from the top of the painting. For me, the dog is representative of parts of myself as she absorbs Ravens wise but imperfect blood.
Illustration 1., *Minks*, mixed media on paper, 6' x 7', 1998
Illustration 2, *Minks* (detail)
Illustration 3., Raven, Raven, Jackdaw, Crow, mixed media on vinyl, 4' x 6', 1998
Section 5

Discussion of Work from Thesis Exhibition

Though some of the works mentioned previously were included in my thesis exhibition, I consider this last group of paintings and drawings to be a cumulative body itself. From Wall to Shoes, these paintings are layerings of fragments and pieces of memory and imaginings. I have begun to re-examine the doll, the dog, and the house and what their symbolic meaning is to me. In addition, I have begun to explore new imagery related to previous works: the dress, doll shoes, and a favorite childhood toy still in my possession.

The paintings Wall (Illus. 4.) and Dog Skirt (Illus. 5) were the first of this group and were made at the same time. Both paintings took several weeks to finish and are the most textural of the group. Wall is an assemblage of materials on stretched vinyl, four by six feet. My intention in making this work was to replicate a wall within a home using strips of fur, nightgowns, lingerie, and paper as wall covering. In establishing this underlying format, I was thinking of domestic decoration where there is panel or paint on the lower half of the wall.
with wallpaper above. The lower section of the painting is paper on linoleum glued to the vinyl, while the top portion is more heavily textured. I tore the materials into similar sizes and layered them heavily onto the surface of the vinyl. The fur is white and the other materials, mostly cloth, are pastel and would normally be associated with bedrooms. The materials are pulled away at the center where I scratched and ripped the vinyl so it is possible to see through to the actual wall.

The support for *Dog Skirt* is also stretched vinyl but is slightly larger at six by seven feet. I began this painting by fixing pieces of torn and faded linoleum to the vinyl. As an experiment, I glued fur to places in the vinyl then painted directly on the surface. By repeatedly layering the surface with paper and cloth and adhering the materials with acrylic gel medium, they began to appear wet. Paper layered on top, without the gel medium on its surface, made the painting appear drier. Within the final layers of the work, I drew a wolf’s head and a skirt form in charcoal and pastel chalk, layering the drawing over with paper and redrawing it several times. In some places, I tore the paper back to reveal parts of the original drawings. The action of drawing completed the painting by pulling the layers together as a single field.

*Roly-bear (yellow)* (Illus. 6.) and *Roly-bear (blue)* (Illus. 7.) are six by seven foot drawings based on a toy that I have had since I was a young child. Drawing a specific toy with charcoal and acrylic paints enabled me to move away from the generic “dog” or “doll” form to something about which I have actual
memories. The size of the image transforms this play object into something absurd, making it both funny and horrific at the same time. Overlaid on the drawing is a grid pattern of cut-out paper dots with pearls glued to them, a process that was, for me, reminiscent of quilting or blankets. The drawings themselves were made on textured wallpaper that I found at a hardware store. The texture of the wallpaper and the painted cut-out dots bring the drawings together as single objects. In both drawings, I chose to use acrylic paint with charcoal to emphasize aspects of the bear. In Roly-bear (yellow), I emphasized the yellow ball and red painted feet as well as the large eyes. In Roly-bear (blue), I used the acrylic paint to emphasize the blue shirt and, again, the red feet and large eyes. The works were made quickly and together, and exist as a pair. The eye-level of the bears is above my own, thus reversing the original size relationship of myself to the small toy. A connection has evolved between the works, though the exact nature of which is, as yet, unclear to me. In this pair of drawings, I intentionally avoided stretcher bars so the works would exist as objects in which structure and imagery are integral.

In Dress With Dots (Illus. 8), I used textured wallpaper, charcoal, and pastel chalks to create a large-scale drawing of a small sheer cotton dress with faded dots. I found the dress in the baby clothes section of a thrift store and was enamored by the diaphanous cotton fabric, the blue piping around the tiers of the skirt, and the delicate collar with lace trim and a small white button in the back. The dress appeared to be very old, and it was not until I took it outside
into the sunlight that I noticed the faded polka-dots. The translucence of the fabric and dots made the dress appear ghostly. If not for the solidity of the blue piping and the small button, the dress seemed as if it could disintegrate into particles and disappear at any moment. I wanted to capture these elements in the work. By first rendering the dress in blue pastel chalk, erasing it so that a slight drawing is left, then drawing on top with vine charcoal and pastel chalks, I was able to depict the sheerness of the delicate fabric and my perception of the dress as both a solid object and a disintegrating vision. The charcoal is light and barely perceptible in some parts of the drawing. With the pastel chalks, I "solidified" the work by making bold blue lines to represent the piping and by coloring in the dots that had all but disappeared from the original dress. As with *Roly-bear (yellow)* and *Roly-bear (blue)*, I increased the scale of the dress so that it would become larger than myself.

The last two paintings of this series, *Two Dolls* (Illus. 9) and *Shoes* (Illus. 10), are both further experiments into the marriage of structure, material, and imagery. As support for these works, I built two six by eight foot panels to replicate the solidity and flatness of a wall. In *Two Dolls*, I applied several layers of lightly striped wallpaper to the panel and painted large pastel circles on each layer. During the process of layering, I tore back into the work to reveal parts of circles that had been papered over. The circles represented for me the dots that had faded from the cotton dress. In my imagination, the dots were flying upwards in the same direction as the minks on the pink wallpaper.
The central images of the two dolls came from an antique plastic kewpie doll I had slip-cast several months earlier. The heads from the casts did not turn out, and I was intrigued by the outcome of decapitated ceramic doll bodies. I painted the images of the headless dolls over the layering on the panel, leaving the circles and torn paper visible through the translucent acrylic. The dresses and shoes of the dolls are intentionally the most prominent features of the images; I drew the arms and legs in pencil so that they are not immediately visible. For reasons I am still exploring, the dress and shoes as coverings are more important to me than the body underneath.

The painting Shoes came immediately after Two Dolls and represents a grid arrangement of red doll shoes. Drawn in acrylic paints and pastel chalk on wallpaper and sheer fabric, the shoes often take on the appearances of other vessel forms. The shoes are not arranged in pairs; each shoe is drawn to be different from the others. As I was making the arrangement of shapes, I was thinking of the collection of shoes of concentration camp victims at the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.. Thousands of shoes were strewn in piles in a room behind a guardrail. This exhibition of personal effects in such quantity was meant to give the viewer a sense of the sheer numbers of victims as well as a
personal identification with them. At that time, I had a strong desire to begin lining up the shoes from the exhibition into some kind of order. In the making of the painting, I am not sure whether I was thinking of the doll shoes as a kind of memorial or as a way of enumerating whatever it is that the dolls and doll clothing are coming to represent.
Illustration 4., Wall, mixed media on vinyl, 4' x 6', 1998
Illustration 5., *Dogskirt*, mixed media on vinyl, 6' x 7', 1998
Illustration 7., *Roly-bear (blue)*, mixed media on paper, 6' x 7', 1998
Illustration 8., *Dress with Dots*, mixed media on paper, 6’ x 7’, 1998
Illustration 9. *Two Dolls*, mixed media on panel, 6' x 8', 1998
Illustration 10., Shoes, mixed media on panel, 6' x 8', 1998
PART II
As I am working in the studio, narrative texts and recurring memories pass through my mind and influence the tone as well as material and imagery choices of the paintings and drawings. Because these are an important part of my working process, I am including several short narratives based on experience in reality and dream which are heavily influential to the paintings. No single passage describes a single painting rather, each narrative is a fraction of each painting.
Silvery yellow and blue-green stripes undulated across the white cement dotted with melting gum. She was oblivious to the worn red Ked above her. My intention was to smash her in front of the boys but my foot fell each time either to the left or right as if both my foot and her body were of the same magnetic force.
His nose was dry when he slept. I lay beside him on the cool playroom tile and inhaled deeply the sour smell of sleeping dog. We are the same size on the floor. I extend my arms and legs to mimic his, wrapping them around him in a canine embrace. Long red fur sticks to my skin, my tongue.
The house had a presence as if someone was watching you from every room. A train barreled through town at midnight, sounding its whistle not a hundred yards from my bed. Terrified, I woke to hear the sound of breathing.
Chris swam away and Jeremy held on to me, pulling us both under the water and holding us there. A whistle blew. The chlorine burned my eyes watching filtered sunlight through thrashing, panicked limbs. After that, nothing.
We sat on the wood floor covered with oak and maple excelsior from a summer's worth of basket weaving. The old man spoke from his caned chair as he twisted and laced the thin wood bands together in a working rhythm, telling the stories of ghosts he had known from the hills around Salem. I kept feeling as if someone was behind me. The cabin floor was still cool from the morning.
Egg pooled and dried on the upstairs front windowsill. In the morning, small brown birds would come and eat the petrified substance from the sill, breaking off small pieces with their beaks.
Dirt and bits of dried leaves still stuck to the sweat on his forehead and the sides of his face, he came running into the house with the small lifeless dog in his arms. My mother wrapped the body in a green plastic garbage bag and placed him in the garage where he lay for two days in a puddle of oil and gas. Finally, he was taken to be incinerated.
Rotting inside the living room wall, a honeycomb stain appeared and spread slowly across the ceiling and down to the floor. The wall vibrated with the memory of thousands of bees.
Garbage littered the house’s insides from ripped open bags piled high in every room. Trails were cut through them to allow for movement to certain areas: the kitchen, the stairs, the television room. The living room became uninhabitable due to the build-up of animal waste. Dogs ran wild through the house, chewing holes in the crotches of everyone’s pants.
The dogs dug and chewed their way into the center of her mattress, leaving a crater of foam and springs. A favorite place to bring their treasures, the hole filled with chewed debris: an old blue running shoe, a Wendy’s cup top with the straw still intact, a pot pie box. My mother spread a sheet over the side of the mattress and slept there with the dogs.
The red plaid pattern of the couch fabric was barely recognizable in its shredded condition. The dogs ripped and tore into the furniture with the reverence of wild animals, chewing through to its bones and pulling it down into a pile of rubble. Hauled out to the patio, it rested as a kind of chaotic monument.
Panic rose from my stomach spreading like cold fire through my veins and pulsating like tiny pin pricks in my arms, hands, and feet. I closed my eyes and flew low through red caves of blood and dung, suffocating from the vision and disintegrating into discrete particles of dirt and dust.
I could not find my way out of the maze of hospital corridors. Blood was spilling from their necks as their mothers were standing in the windows, slitting their daughters' throats. The young women were screaming.
My mother turned him over on the mattress in the abandoned storefront of the old Realto theater. We had looked all over but no one had checked this room filled with dusty cardboard props, opaque reflective paper covering the windows. He closed his eyes hard and giggled like a little kid, then cried out in terror. Someone called an ambulance.
Running my fingers over the words engraved more than a hundred years ago on the cold marble slab, I thought about a butterfly I had found once after a storm. The beautifully painted wings turned to dust in only a few months despite the care I had taken to preserve it.
I felt the wind blow through my limbs and belly as the waves mixed with the rush of blood and fluid inside my skin. I stood within the horizon of beach, marsh, and ocean as if in the center of a shallow flatland bowl. For this moment, the sun shone through me.
The floor sticky with urine clear through the tile and boards, my mother and Paul built a wall of old plywood, pieces of furniture, and cardboard to block off the room from the rest of the house. Behind the wall, dogs whined and cried for their former freedom to roam the house.
The giant turtle pulled itself out of the marsh and across the subdivision. The moon shone phosphorescent on her wet back as she came slowly down the sand street and into our bungalow. She climbed onto our mattress and laid between us, rolling onto her back and letting us scratch her furry belly.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


