Conversation with Eva Hesse

Where do you live?
On the block with lots of 5’s.
The one with the glass doorway, the wavy glass.
and a one-sided shaky banister.
All the houses are pressed together
like boxcars, pulled by the Victorian
on the end.

What do you say to your lover?
Up came
an Eighter from Decatur
then he found her
went around her
but what do you care?

I feel like my knees.

To what bakery do you go?
The Ukrainian one with the pastries
that have raisins like my mother’s eyes.
You’re not always sure what’s inside.

Where is the park you walk through?
It has an ear in the lake
and I imagine 14 legs under
the surface holding it up.
I wish it were indoors. I can’t stand those outdoorsy sculpture gardens
with big-leafed plants and trickles.

You can’t name a simple phallus
unless it belongs
to this body    body of water.

Is this piece finished?
Too right and too beautiful.
I’d like to do a little more wrong
at this point.

I called it stove-pipe dreams
and then I sat all night wondering
what to put inside the head
later called it
circumflexion    maelstrom

Does it speak?
There’s no fucking space—
I put myself in front
    then behind this screen.
Here, a stem comes out of the mouth
    a tired mouth.
How will you see it through?
   It must arrive
   without me.