

2016

# Things I (say and don't) mean

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# THINGS I (SAY AND DON'T) MEAN

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A Thesis

Presented To

Eastern Washington University

Cheney, Washington

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In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Master of Arts in Creative Writing

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By

Caitlyn Lee Finger

Spring 2016

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THINGS I (SAY AND DON'T) MEAN

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

SPUN SUGAR

OUT OF PRINCIPLE .....	5
THINGS THIS MAYBE ABOUT.....	6
2003 .....	7
TELEVISION MONSTER.....	8
(THINGS THAT HAPPEN) WHETHER WE WATCH THEM OR NOT .....	9
NOTES ON A PR PITCH TO GOD TO VISIT THIS SIDE OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE .....	10
THINGS WE (TASTE) LIKE.....	11
COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: INITIATION .....	12
RIVERBOAT CASINO .....	13
IF (ORDERING) THINGS (ONLINE) COULD HELP ME FEEL WHOLE.....	15
NOW.....	16
COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: PARTICIPANT.....	17
IMAGINATION GAME .....	18
TRIPTYCH.....	19
THINGS ABOUT COOKING .....	20
	ALTERNATIVE MATH
THINGS (PROBABLY) OVERHEARD FROM OTHER PEOPLE WHO ARE (NOT) MADE UP .....	22
LAWN ORNAMENTS.....	23
FISH FLIES.....	24
NOTES ON COMPARISON, TWO WINDOWS .....	25
WANTING QUANTIFIABLE EVIDENCE OF LIFE AFTER DEATH .....	26
THINGS (YOU ARE) PROBABLY NOT .....	28
DAILY.....	29
THINGS I THOUGHT I WOULD REMEMBER MORE.....	30
EN ROUTE.....	31
SELFISH: NOTES ON BECOMING .....	32
THE GUY.....	33
LATELY EVERYTHING .....	34
SMILE/MORE.....	35
DREAMING STATE.....	36

(ANOTHER) TRIPTYCH .....38

AD FOR ROBOT SEX DOLL .....39

THINGS SEEN WHILE WALKING TO A BUS STOP .....40

THE GUY (AGAIN) .....41

WHEN SMARTPHONES DATE .....42

QUESTION .....43

THINGS I HAVE YET TO FACT CHECK .....44

THINGS WE IGNORE .....45

THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO DECLARE .....46

ANXIOUS .....47

THE GUY (AGAIN) AGAIN .....48

HUMBUG STATE PARK, OREGON .....49

A DIFFERENT IMAGINATION GAME .....50

THINGS I’VE SEEN DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF MYSELF DO .....51

THINGS I (SAY AND) DON’T MEAN .....53

(THINGS I AM) WITH ALL OF MY WILDNESS .....54

NOTES .....55

VITA.....56

SPUN SUGAR



## OUT OF PRINCIPLE

God said in an interview  
there are six universes  
between which the  
only differences involve  
which *Friends* actor remains  
popular after the series ends.

So, when my mother watched the last  
episode of *Friends* and cried  
this was understandable,  
it was the end of an era.

Now I refuse to watch the final episode  
of a television series,  
even the shitty ones, just to be safe.  
I know this isn't Schrödinger's  
cat but why risk the quantum system's  
superposition and a dead cat?

## THINGS THIS MAYBE ABOUT

Maybe this will be about how I inherited a pair of matching green reclining chairs, lightly used, from my grandparent's when I moved into my first apartment. How I put one in the living room and kept the other (the one my grandfather died in) in my bedroom, because it was the one place I could sit and not feel anything or how when they didn't fit into my next apartment I sold them for \$50 to some fraternity brothers and left those recliners to die in a fiery booze soaked glory like I believe my grandfather probably wanted to, if he had still been allowed to drink. Maybe this will be about how I can't bring myself to sell this used couch of ours on craigslist because I am not quite sure how this one wants to die.

2003

Babysitting,

(I wanted to create my  
own babysitter's club),

channel surfing,

(in my defense an infant  
has no real program preferences),

Bush (the second) announced the invasion of Iraq,  
or something. The television playing B-roll  
or was it live footage, of  
some place previously nonexistent to me

(still nonexistent to me),

flashing into smolder

under green-gray smoke.

Panicking

(scare tactics work,  
at least on this thirteen year old),

I called my mother,

they did not teach this situation  
in the course I took at the YMCA  
that certified me to essentially  
channel surf with small children.

If a stranger knocks on the door  
or someone lightly scrapes a knee  
those I had training for,

(I thought maybe we  
could add "what to do  
when your country invades  
another country"  
to the meeting agendas, as)

my mom explained war  
would not happen *here*,  
at least *not like it would there*  
also to *change the channel*.

I watched for some time,  
without understanding

(still without understanding)

until I got bored

and moved on. This is how we are with the news  
(and maybe our interest in  
babysitter's clubs too).

## TELEVISION MONSTER

A robot has taken my job at the library,  
for now it just collects money for the copy machine,  
but I can tell by the mechanical swivel of its  
emotionless eyes that it has higher ambitions.  
Those eyes will leave us thumb twiddling  
with nothing to do but watch the television monster  
eating up our humanity,  
after having infiltrated our homes, bars,  
hospitals, airports, even the parks and public restrooms  
for a longitudinal study on how much a life is worth.  
And if not the television monster than surely the microwaves,  
automobiles or possibly the dish washers and let's not  
forget the computers.

(THINGS THAT HAPPEN) WHETHER WE WATCH THEM OR NOT

city noise slept          with the sun's setting

it's getting loud out as

a spool of spun sugar

(thanks to just the right atmospheric pollution)

purple in color

wanders into oncoming day

not listening

## NOTES ON A PR PITCH TO GOD TO VISIT THIS SIDE OF THE INFINITE UNIVERSE

I've known the inside of this supercluster for thousands of years now and find it particularly suitable to this millennium. It has some of the safest black holes on this side of existence, with rent to own constellations and over 100 quadrillion other planets. Our bonus offer this month is club access to over 100,000 galaxies in any sister supercluster of your choice. Full disclosure, there is a still slight human infestation in one regular sized galaxy, although I believe that it is limited to one planet.

## THINGS WE (TASTE) LIKE

you are my  
caramel salted sardine  
flavored laugh  
I am your  
various prescription  
serotonin reuptake inhibitors  
we are mostly  
chemical reactions  
heartbeats of  
angular momentum

## COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: INITIATION

It was out of comradery  
or a deep sense of wanting to,  
the scavenger hunt  
calling for t-shirt and toothbrush thievery  
and running, actual running, from campus  
police while trying to access the roof for more clues  
and being blindfolded in the back of a car  
tricked into a low stakes Rumpelstiltskin-esque  
drinking game, to be  
abandoned drunk  
under the glitter of actual starlight  
in the crisp quilt of Iowa farmland.



## RIVERBOAT CASINO

The hotel employees are told  
not to treat Tony Danza like a  
celebrity, the exact instructions are:  
do not ask for his autograph, do not  
look him directly in the eyes, do not  
try to live out any teenage fantasies,  
do not ask him about this latest  
movie,  
    (the one he was working on with  
    the dreamy actor I now claim to know  
    through less than six degrees of separation)  
    and you are asked to remake a bed  
in his suite and tell me about how  
from the window you watched  
his entourage and their matching rented  
Corvettes as they zoom from  
the parking lot of the hotel  
to the one across the street attached to  
the casino. The Diamond Jo, which at one  
time was a fully functioning riverboat casino  
before they let her grow legs,  
walk ashore, and morphed  
her to accommodate  
Tony Danza doing whatever  
it is one does to  
entertain the human moths  
with their wings of cigarette smoke  
bouncing off the neon of slot machines,  
    some of which migrated over from  
    the old gambling cruise, (now  
    anchored in a neglected barge harbor  
    by where my mother traded grain for  
    years, before the commodified niche river tourism  
    before there was money pulled from river bends  
    renovated from abandoned packing  
    houses, particle board factories,  
    and hidden porn shops on leftover  
    brick roads and  
    while all of this  
    was under construction, we hid in  
    in shadows with backpacks  
    full of beer moving  
    construction signs to

block off new streets,  
caution taped whole  
intersections, walked  
through what buildings  
we could find our way into,  
left a bread trail of empties,  
making our way down to the  
recently closed grain station,  
where my mother was laid off,  
where the empty river boat casino  
is docked just close enough for us  
to try to scale, we took turns trying  
to climb aboard, watching for the  
police or ghosts of the millwork district.)

## IF (ORDERING) THINGS (ONLINE) COULD HELP ME FEEL WHOLE

I'm seven orders away from  
feeling like a complete human,  
    (just missing a populations-worth of books  
for the library of *things to pretend to have read*  
when they come up at a cocktail  
party that doesn't exist and no  
one will ever be invited to,  
but this dress,  
this dress is:  
completeness in  
5-7 business days, is  
a pair of spanks or a slip away from a sense of  
confidence  
in things owned  
(even those yet to be owned)  
so I can assign them to (separate  
categories of) myself.

NOW

I see only the comet tail of your black aura  
as you pass quickly by the fisheye lens of my peephole,  
or the light flash of your reflection in a review mirror  
from the backseat of a car in which you will never ride.

## COGNITIVE DISSONANCE: PARTICIPANT

After having earned my sisterhood,  
the scariest part was driving back roads,  
looking for a group of girls who've been told to stay  
linked together  
and to hide in a ditch if they hear a car coming, and hope  
that they were good at hiding  
and this wouldn't turn into a Lifetime movie.  
So, I did not assign chores or encourage  
tangoing with bored campus security but  
I did eat the meals others were asked  
to cook and whispered the way back to town  
in the ear of the most sober  
because someone had once whispered it to me.

## IMAGINATION GAME

Imagine one day, you as your kid self walking around, perhaps at a playground or on an unsuspecting beach where you pick up a rock. Imagine you have to keep that rock because suddenly that rock is your half-sister. Now, imagine you are five and dressed up as a pumpkin because it is Halloween and imagine the person who just rang the doorbell in football pads and pigtails is that rock. Not rock as a metaphor for a strong person, and not to imply she is not a strong person, but rock as a door opening that quite frankly you could've used a warning for. Imagine explaining that to everyone who politely asks you if you have any siblings. Imagine trying to work in the second half-sister to this. Imagine years later finally understanding a six month age gap and what that would have meant to your mother. Imagine never calling your father "dad." Imagine it just gets easier to lead with trick statements like, "I am my mother's only child," the code words for your social class, imagine it's not. Imagine you fear you won't understand your own children if you have more than one.

## TRIPTYCH

1.

In order of most to least important  
the other parts of the car are breaking down in support  
of the neglected check engine light.

2.

This satanic symbol spray-painted  
on the middle of the bridge better view  
of the river than you do from your apartment.

3.

You woke up from a dream and this is little league,  
everyone gets a trophy except for you, you had a shit attitude  
and we warned you about that.

## THINGS ABOUT COOKING

There is no love in this meal  
just two empty plates,  
the table's nipples basking  
in an air buffet. The idea came  
from a cooking show or someone  
else's imagination. I deconstructed  
it all from scratch and threw out  
everything that looked too  
beautiful. You rave, it tastes just like you  
licking the reflection of yourself  
off a spoon.



ALTERNATIVE MATH

(THINGS PROBABLY) OVERHEARD FROM PEOPLE WHO ARE (NOT) MADE UP

I want a neon orange leopard print pumpkin spice latte  
with an extra shot of a few thousand followers  
to constantly update my false sense of achievement.  
I want to feel any sense of achievement,  
even if false. I want to be chased off the end of a cliff like an Acme cartoon character and hover  
so I can snap a picture of it all.  
I want to do club drugs with God,  
honestly if I had the chance I would totally fuck him  
but I doubt he is the hook-up type.  
I want to crawl to the middle of my ceiling and die with the spiders who have already done so,  
making a spectacle of ourselves.

## LAWN ORNAMENTS

Midnight bandits  
shoeless by moon-light,  
we stole cheap lawn  
ornaments to see if anyone  
would even notice us,  
    until they did  
and put up a sign in their  
yard pleading for the thieves to bring  
back their lawn angel, the one  
to remind themselves of their dead  
someone.

    Instead we lined  
our loot up on someone else's  
front walkway a sacrifice to mischief  
in return for a false sense of control.

    As pay back,  
we must always feel  
guilty when we remember this,  
blessed with scars from  
when we tried to  
grab time and it slid away  
burnt our hands.

## FISH FLIES

They feel like silt in the mesh of swimsuit lining or the annoying creep of sweat that pools and then glides behind the soft spot of a knee.

They incubate between the moist air and steaming grime of the river, hatch from the top skin of water with the smell of fish, invade after sundown and paint the downtown buildings a glossy pale yellow.

Instinct tells them to migrate towards the stars but confused they stay to eat city lights instead. On nights like this even the houses above the river valley feel dirty as they make their way up the hills.

Driven mad by the dead still of summer, we would drive fast just to feel wind again. They covered entire parking lots with their stupid eyes and sticky feet bathing under the florescent glow; where we would test centrifugal force by skating our tires over the smooth squish of their stained-glass yellow wings listening for their popping sounds as they let out the rotten smell of the river.

## NOTES ON COMPARISON, TWO WINDOWS

1.

At home I had to keep an old candle lit (one from those catalog parties I used to attend with my mother on school nights, the type of gatherings that featured mayonnaise based finger foods and buy three get two free specials in which we could never find a fifth scent we agreed on), in an attempt to mask the smell of smoke I pushed out my bedroom window and fooled no one. I listened to the absolute silence that is an Award Winning All-American City comforted by the same houses I've always observed tucked into the familiar hillsides.

2.

Now where I am, not home but residing in cluster of boxes within larger concrete boxes, my smoke is tangled in the aroma of food I didn't cook or in the aura of those passing by in the hall. My view is of more boxes and I have gathered that many of them are empty, but there are people sleeping in the bushes outside of the empties and to stop this urban camping someone has removed all the shrubbery in the neighborhood. I memorize the clutter on window sills, the fuzzy outline of art on yellowing walls, silhouettes of people through blinds half closed to keep me out. I listen to the industrial roar and let its exhaust wash over me.

## WANTING QUANTIFIABLE EVIDENCE OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

For the two weeks you  
dangled on those hospital strings  
we wished it was over  
because conclusions, no matter  
its character, makes things easier.

//

It snowed the day of your funeral,  
the big cotton candy type of fall  
just enough for someone to write your name on  
the football field, but the ground wasn't frozen  
enough to stop the dramatic act of  
burying a body.

//

That spring in an effort to feel normal  
we went in our rented trolley  
all promed-up and took pictures  
with the portrait of you etched in stone  
above where you had just started to decompose.

//

Desperate for answers by summer  
on the clearest nights we  
swam through the hedges  
guided ourselves  
by starlight and sat pretzel-style above  
what was left of you.  
We asked the Ouija board for a name  
and it spelled out yours after that  
we took everything as the  
whole truth,  
even when we asked  
for your favorite color  
(which we knew to be orange),  
and the answer was teal,  
we accepted your ability to change your mind  
from under all that dirt.

//

We asked: Is this like a telephone?  
k i n d o f  
Where are you now?  
c a n t t e l l  
Do you miss us?  
yes  
Did you make it snow?  
yes  
Do you remember the accident?  
Were you really pregnant?  
Drunk?  
Switching seats?  
The answers mattered less as  
we returned to our familiar  
gossiping selves, comforted  
we visited less.

//

By fall we scattered away  
from home, became strangers  
to ourselves, and when we did  
return with board and blankets  
where we had left you, we asked for  
your name and it never came.

## THINGS (YOU ARE) PROBABLY NOT

There are 3.6 billion  
acres of  
self,  
occasionally it orbits  
the body like  
an inky eye floater  
(or is the burden  
of arguments  
argued with yourself or the lingering  
smell of garlic following you around from  
last night's dinner)  
or are the shells of ideas from which the  
acres of yourself  
bloom.



## DAILY

I restart my laptop 59 times  
and toggle the quantum  
network of myself, I bargain  
with the inanimate and pray:

Great Computer,  
    collect me like plastic grocery bags.

Oh wise touchscreen,  
    paint me into your still life,  
    I am an object underneath the kitchen sink.

## THINGS I THOUGHT I WOULD REMEMBER MORE

1.

Night and the view through the van windshield is the familiar  
dim flicker of an old movie projecting  
our path by headlights up and down the spiny back of the rain forest:  
sounds of howler monkeys and wind  
whipping through leaves on what I wouldn't call  
a road more like a warning as to the current state of things.  
this moment, the discovery of the scorpion in  
my shower stall after I was already naked and  
the houses are what I remember most.

2.

In rural Belize some homes are built on stilts, they look like baby giraffe legs fighting gravity for the first time over dry cracked lowlands. Those shacks hover like little islands over the flooding months and I'm not sure what they do in there while they wait for the water to dry up.

## EN ROUTE

Lost and looking for who we might be  
on someone else's map, we are  
rumbling down  
a two lane highway  
with unmarked pavement to  
self-improvement,  
which is actually just a road  
with a low shoulder always  
under construction with  
detours through valleys of contradiction.  
Big dreams are the precious  
packed cargo on delivery to  
Fresh Start,  
Out West,  
Anywhere But Here.

## SELFISH: NOTES ON BECOMING

After you've properly juiced your economy

fold two time-points of your past self in

half and use the laser of pretentious to

narrow in on your areas self-preservation.

(Use autofind function to save time.) Analyze

this for no longer than a millisecond, if

you apply your alternative math here

you should be the square root of your

parent's worst features. Download this into

several areas of your psyche to guarantee

it comes up at all possible moments.

## THE GUY

He takes a sallow bubble bath,  
fashions a bubble crown for himself,  
remembers when this is all he needed  
to make people smile.  
It takes a lot out of a guy,  
to be a vessel for God.  
He was given this tub of  
butter he isn't sure he can chisel  
into anything meaningful. He  
walks around all day with a swell  
in his chest he's not allowed to make  
excuses for, but has created  
several in case.

## LATELY EVERYTHING

Lately I felt like lipstick  
on a platypus,  
everything has felt heavy  
except for the things that don't,  
    time is a chart in some  
    kindergarten classroom in a comic  
    book about what it means to  
    be seven degrees from the self  
    I've imagined  
    I could be;  
and if I cannot beat myself  
I will join myself in  
a college of my other selves.

## SMILE/MORE

There is a man with  
missing front teeth  
holding a sign that reads  
SMILE on one side and  
MORE on the other. He is  
spinning his piece of cardboard  
with all his thoughtfulness, depending  
on the car and its passenger  
waiting under the bridge with him,  
whether or not he feels like  
you should smile or give him  
more.

I am flipping between  
picking bridesmaids and  
what to make for dinner,  
trying not to make direct eye contact  
as I wait at the red light and not to  
hate myself for everything  
I am at this moment,  
for how after this light  
changes I'll forget that  
buck tooth grin  
so I can keep  
smiling.

## DREAMING STATE

Now she finds herself in front of a classroom searching through her purse for a dry erase marker and she can't read anything on her notepad and only half the timeline of literature is drawn on the white board and these sheep aren't going to continue to disinterest themselves. Someone once told her *that if you rehears in your head before you go to sleep the things you want to master you will get better at them in waking life*. So she started having these nightmares where she was mid-recital and couldn't stop doing Fouettes. Sometimes the breaks would go out in her car while approaching a downhill intersection. Or sometimes, though she does not live near the ocean, she is on the top floor of a thousand-story skyscraper as a wave swallows the coast line and she rides the building's fall like a surfboard. But now, now, she can't read her notes on Sappho and doesn't want to be another person who simply passes over her in an introduction course and the sheep have begun to eat their handouts and shit in the corners.



PATIENCE BITCHES

## (ANOTHER) TRIPTYCH

1.

I want to take e v e r y t h i n g  
apart and at the same time put it back together.  
I want to eat my cake        and fuck it too.

2.

What used to hurt feels just beautiful now,  
that's the dopamine speaking  
or the sunset isn't working  
hard  
enough  
today.

3.

Fold two wiggly paths  
around a black hole,  
it might be that  
this time machine  
goes only to the future.

## AD FOR ROBOT SEX DOLL

Welcome to the age of the 3D printed  
relationship: you'll enjoy a wide range of  
build your own options.  
You can frack each model 16 times  
before it needs to be recharged.  
Experts say its only infidelity  
when you feel emotions towards it.  
We renamed the clit DISH  
so you could have 10 years of free service  
upon sign up. She'll laugh at your jokes and  
love you in organic Facebook likes.

## THINGS SEEN WHILE WALKING TO A BUS STOP

brighter shades of sunrise  
reach through smog and cement.

an ice cream truck,  
freezers now benches  
stacked with orange jumpsuits,  
stops to pick up trash or  
plant flowers  
along the underbelly  
of interstate

where the  
shushshushshush  
of passing cars is  
decoded  
by those restless with  
the banter of the city:

*patience bitches*  
*cunt only when you need to be*  
*Rediscover communication*  
*FUCKING PUKES*  
hand painted on little rocks  
I collect them.

my steel whale arrives,  
releases air from its blow hole,  
dislocates its jaw,  
I step in  
pockets full.

## THE GUY (AGAIN)

After he listens to everything backwards,  
podcasts, commercials, even audiobooks,  
and decodes the latest prophecy, he  
argues with copy editors then  
throws himself off the roof  
and lands, feet first, unharmed.

## WHEN SMARTPHONES DATE

We decorate the tree on our front lawn with dead animals found in the neighborhood. We train the dog to eat with her hind legs and to wipe her face before excusing herself from the table. We have two of everything so we can sell half to buy more. Our days of the week have astronomical relevance and because it is good luck, we only punch those with gold teeth. We know we are better than everyone so we only take pictures of the backs of ourselves. We don't believe in eating anything but air whipped sea foam from a copper plate, we invented umami.

## QUESTION

*Is there nothing*

*you can do in the next five  
days to become a better person?*

Or are we all right?

is He not that kind

of Messiah? Or did

it already happen, and we just

didn't notice?

What then is imitation crab,

*if he is nothing and something comes from him?*

## THINGS I HAVE YET TO FACT CHECK

Twice as many Americans die from peanut allergies as from terrorist attacks. Each year billions of birds die flying into clean windows.

In case of the apocalypse hand-warmers can absorb oxygen to preserve food. A black hole is a black hole until it evaporates, *they have their own agenda.*

The average household income will pick up anything shiny, Neil deGrasse Tyson will stop for a stray quarter, and Donald Trump would look past anything less than forty-five thousand dollars

*(also see: the poverty cycle, the cycle of domestic abuse, the water cycle, privatizing the prison system).* What they are feeding us may or may not be food.

How can the earth be free falling toward the sun, a mosquito flying into an elephant, and yet it doesn't matter what way you turn its all moving away from you?



## THINGS WE IGNORE

our tap water has bits and pieces  
  of the unidentifiable kind,  
  it tastes fine  
  despite the chalky murk  
swirling around in it.  
          at first we blame        the sponge,  
                                  then    our ability to wash dishes.  
          we even let the cold water for a minute,  
still there are bits of       floaters  
          but we crack        the ice cube tray and  
                                  clink the permafrost into our glass,  
                                  then cheers and        drink  
the collective backwash.

## THINGS I WOULD LIKE TO DECLARE

A baby in water already knows  
the mechanics of walking.  
It is our collective memory that  
gives us the ability to move  
those pudgy baby knees,  
how to hold ourselves up against  
the pull of gravity. The earth  
is moving faster than a jet plane  
so we must master the art of forgetting  
to notice the constant movement  
of the earth. We've just taught ourselves  
to ignore our ride on this spinning ball of color,  
how we are always in the thrust and  
drag of the present.

## ANXIOUS

The clouds  
looked like an atomic explosion  
today. I tried taking pictures of them  
but they continued to look like clouds.  
The sun's peachy ink was swallowed  
by horizon. Everything followed  
no one was worried  
but

## THE GUY (AGAIN) AGAIN

Today he felt encouraged, as though  
he could download all the puppy  
videos from the internet. Today he  
jumped from a rooftop for the flight  
of it. Then he thought,  
*there is no time just now*  
*and the inevitable could be,*  
and was ashamed of his  
contradictions, he thought  
*I am the worst kind.*

## HUMBUG STATE PARK, OREGON

fog

slobbers cold onto

sand dark follows in behind

fills leftover

spaces

waves of horizon

endlessly push

then

drag

salt water certainty

rotten wood and the absence

of things

## (A DIFFERENT) IMAGINATION GAME

a construction crane  
holds up the distant mountains,  
grass is swaying, the  
trees are holding their arabesque,  
buildings are breathing long shallow breaths  
no one  
notices but

today I can feel the library  
sigh and you have become like color  
in all of your nonexistence  
a reflection of the absence.  
I want to believe:  
my eyes are projectors  
and everything flickers off when they close,  
mountains turn to a static of pepper and salt  
the grass switches off its iridescent fiber optic lamp,  
the trees stretch their limbs like dancers backstage  
the buildings slouch with relief or  
that I could materialize you.

## THINGS I'VE SEEN DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF MYSELF DO

1.

She wakes to the sprinkler  
system snapping out from  
its underground lair and  
joins it on the lawn,  
together they hiss  
at the street lamps blocking  
the light of her five year plan.

2.

Emerging from some woods,  
she drags girlhood to a clearing,  
hacks it up in roastable sizes  
chars the shell, afterwards she  
picks meat from her teeth and  
builds a necklace of all the times  
she looked at herself in the mirror.

3.

After a rain storm she is spotted running  
down the median of an interstate naked.  
Keeping up with the passing vehicles, she is  
the neon purple blur of self-confidence  
trailing behind herself a desperate  
comet of flailing flab.

4.

Her shadow passes  
herself while on roller skates,  
spins and doubles back to  
scoop out all her undesirable  
parts, puts them all in a backpack  
then glides away again,  
all while *whistling*  
*never gonna get it*  
*never gonna get it.*

5.

In a crowd  
sees herself  
and self begins to  
wave at her:  
desperate  
for attention but  
she looks around  
herself and pretends  
that they've  
never met.



## THINGS I (SAY AND DON'T) MEAN

I am full of crushing certainty  
everyone has gotten fat, that

love can dissolve on the tongue  
like a communion wafer, that

no one has ever meant  
*if your happy I'm happy,*

and that I (with every sense of  
certainty), am only  
versions of self.

(THINGS I AM) WITH ALL OF MY WILDNESS

I am not lines of poetry I promise  
    myself I will remember,  
I reserve this sense of loss in order to  
    hate myself at a later date.  
I trick myself into thinking it is day when  
I am the night breeze that wrestles the hanging  
plant, the fluff ball terrier's confident bark, the  
pinpoint spectrum of color poked into myself.

## NOTES

### “OUT OF PRINCIPLE”

Ideas about *Friends* and multiple universes borrowed from “A conversation with God,” Star Talk Radio Podcast, Neil deGrasse Tyson. Podcast, Feb. 2014.

### “THINGS I HAVE YET TO FACT CHECK”

Facts pulled from “Is There a Better Way to Fight Terrorism?” Freakonomics Podcast, Stephen J. Dubner. WNYC. Podcast. Feb. 2015.

Neil deGrasse Tyson’s “Bill Gates Wealth” theory.

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