



[ENTER]

Pull out chair. Sit the lady. Push in  
chair and lady. Then  
sit, man. [EXIT]

You came, and lady was brown, hard, articulate.  
You pulled out, telling the others The Lettuce is Bad.

They replied: kalo.  
They replied: to feed.  
They replied: queen.

But salads brought you destiny. You ordered new appetites, pulling pushing Fancy  
chair – luxurious furniture with a capital “F” like fuck, like feed, like fiction. To  
your table the appetites arrived but Fancy chair fuck kept you occupied.

*[occupied was occupation but not occupation that kept lady occupied]*

Your fuck was favor,  
your feed for labor  
your fiction official as cane.

[ENTER]

Pull out of the lady. Push in  
her chair. Then sit back. [MAN EXIT]

How did she get on all fours?  
all legs four legs  
done the in-between thing  
twice certainly  
capital “F.”

How did she get on all fours?  
From sit sit to squat squatting  
*venereal disease is impossible to translate*  
*fiction broke out*

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On all fours: lady and  
Fancy chair conceded you something previous.

On all fours: savage and purchase –  
but mouths for that “Fancy” weren’t born yet,

like flags. dangling from the ceiling

[ENTER...something new]

Out of the chair, lady is pushing

pushing out something. You

stay inside instead of [EXIT]

They weren’t flags.

They were flowers. Nā pua.

Un-pluckable above that chair, there  
to teach you what in and out, out in  
really mean.

“Bring the chair, bring it. He needs the push and pull to believe in himself again.”

There, there, now, Mr. Sit Man.

The labor is being carried  
out away from Fancy Chair, so you can dangle and dangle  
until you remember you never did use your legs. Sitter.  
Occupant.

Pulling out was never the best method,  
and now the push belongs to her.

[ENTER Sit Man with his chair]

Pulled out, pushed out. [EXITING] And now, the lady.

Now the lady.