

## The List

- mail box that stands on a post
- john deere tractor riding mower
- two soup cans with string
- david bowie, not in a laughable way
- album covers from every record that matters whether i owned it or not
- swiss army knife with the outer red plastic faded and chipped - it is the most beautiful thing.
- drive in movie screen
- broken mars buggy
- paper mache throne from comic books
- grape fruit patch

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On Mars I write my letters and lists on the inside of album covers. The ink is planet dust and spit so the written and the erased are the same thing. Sometimes at the drive in I get off my John Deere Tractor riding mower and write one subtitle on the screen. Generally the word is 'lemon'.

The mail box is hammered in a Little Rascal fashion to a twelve foot high pole. The air here is steps. I write love letters in binary code. The notes I send have more Ones than Zeros. I walk up to the mail box and put them in. My return address is pretty simple.

David Bowie is here, but not in a laughable way. He is happy. I am happy. We are happy and sad about the same things at the same time. This actually works out ok.

Most of the album covers are laid down as a rounded quilt that hugs the horizon. I sit and watch the dark and light round things as they hover and pass by my sanctuary. Other album covers are the walls and floors of a chapel I've built a few miles away. Some of the album covers have been laid flat as exquisite paths for my John Deere Tractor riding mower.

I drive the John Deere Tractor riding mower to check on the grape fruit patch. They are the pink kind. We don't eat them. With my beautiful Swiss Army knife I slice them in half and take out all the crumpled pink.

Through my tin-can I call David Bowie to let him know about an abandoned mars buggy I've crashed into. First he comes to check that I'm ok - next he calls out on his tin-can and requests the mail order parts catalogue for mars buggies. We like the mail box. He likes to make me happy.

In the evening with my Swiss Army knife I cut some album covers into thin strands. I weave them together and make a net. I throw my net into the atmosphere and capture stars. I sit alone on my John Deere Tractor riding mower and watch these captured things as movies.

On Mars the only holiday celebrated is for Sapiosexuality. Contrary to my new address I do not like artificial intelligence. David Bowie and I sit on my soft throne made out of paper mache comic books. Floats go by constructed of Brian Eno album covers and planet ghosts parade by singing Blue Moon. At the end of the day David Bowie kisses my forehead to heal my love and my harm.

Some mornings I pick up David Bowie and we ride my John Deere Tractor riding mower to the mailbox. I climb up. The Swiss Army writes to me and no love letters have been returned. The arrival of the mail order parts catalogue for Mars buggies is celebratory. But I've since decided, like many broken things, it is too sacred to repair.

I like to nap on Mars. I refashion pages from the mars buggy parts mail order catalogue as small kites. Attached to my four limbs I float just three feet above the dust to rest. When I cannot fall asleep David Bowie, with his hand on my forehead, sings 'Thursday's Child' quietly even though I was born on a Sunday. Here, time always feels like just before the weekend. Here everyday is Thursday and I do not believe in God. The confusing haze of Sundays backlights the drive in movie screen.

After my naps two perfectly rounded grapefruit peels become our cups. We drink the tears I could have had before leaving earth clarified into unsalted water. David Bowie and I toast to things like juice and cracker time in kindergarten, binary code and those moments when harm is divinity.

My tin-can blocks all phone calls from people who wonder where I am. The ones who do know are taking long walks wondering everything else. With my beautiful Swiss Army knife I clip the string from the cans. I stretch pieces across the axels of the broken mars buggy. I strum the strings on Thursday nights and write songs that are only one minute long. The words written in Mars ink always disappear before the last letter is written.

David Bowie takes naps under album cover quilts. In his sleep he hears my songs. Half awake he sings back 'You've never done good things, you've never done bad things, sanctuary is making things out of the blue.'

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