

# *Business Aerobics*

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**E**mployees and hospitals enjoy  
Esequence, where accordion  
books posted on the wall become  
grids and she, thrown into a fit  
of terror, becomes put in.

Falling (failing) initial claims  
that the way the picture made is  
a deal, she talks of ontology but  
must mean oncology. The point  
is to be honest.

It's hardly the first time contact  
points dismissed grain.

At a presentation that is imitation  
of what has been, the high-  
speed, the moment of making-  
sense, that is editorial spread  
above nostalgia; she looked  
poised (posed) in scene, her  
wanting-to-look, wanting-to-be,  
her incorporation of movement  
jumping off the sidewalk.

The global recession is over.  
Imagine that.<sup>1</sup>

Why wait for health reform? That  
being public without family.

A bus station could happen  
in theatricality, could happen  
about her.

The blue-light flashes coyotes'  
skeletons: Yes, she admits, they  
own their bones after, the  
right one skinny, the right one  
marrow hollowed out.

Will end-of-year mid-tone gray  
draw landscapes onto her scars,  
overwrought evidence of the  
past, the thing that travels,  
unchanging, unsubstituted, into  
mysterious what-might-be.

New in the just-released  
twelfth.

Leadership isn't about you or a horizon<sup>2</sup> erased. She calls herself a shameless borrower.

New York court is the best place for worst terrorist, but Ashland, Wisconsin, would fit, its quotidian beauty captured in a view-finder as referent flood to fore, gallery's destruction of what was considered lovely.

She also reprinted those agreements.

While at Hollins she realized news must change in that Virginia Woolf<sup>3</sup> way—the tools became small & efficient but we refused to shrink. Pour hot water, pour, pour, pour.

And imperfect, an imperfect age. How many pounds of paper pulp, pauper print.

She's working with wet plates, accepting, for once, sex over violence. Should come on to this front page.

Portraits of Young Women bring false serenity to type-bitten hands whose left index fingers have been filed to bone

by the tap-tap time aging away at Bloom's day.

At twelve she confused biographic with bibliographic and thus assigned publishing data to journalism's look at the evolved social contract, where barefoot girls spin shirts and curtains. To long for printed record in bone-dry newsprint is to long.

She has a forward rake—that is, a muckraking eye long before the world learned to pay for flimsy paper and low-grade ink.

Search for a general truth in each gazed-shadow, the mine train echoing cough. Torch-flamed papers were our canaries<sup>4</sup> waiting far from shaft apertures.

Well-regarded overseas (oversees), overseers ask to see quotes before printing. They never reached slander from the opposite side, that manipulation not in fallen text but a writer tripping into dynamite-tunnel.

Rehearsing for the first etching is broadening shoulders, rising

back into upright skyscraper of bone-flesh fluid, masking eyes with dry-eyed driven salt.

As she unfolded the war did too.

Probably no photographer was also pregnant when shooting; the task is daring to let her lie down, to capture how it looks.

Natural as seen through the eyes of a mother, the corpse-globes imperfect, the wet plates rotting, silver halide replacing formaldehyde.

Exploitative: Virginia & Emmett grew up in Virginia. The former ignored the namesake in favor of shirtless slides into intimacy.

Her three children looked like landscapes even as bodies, the corporal, the corporal waiting and walking akimbo—because bodies sunk like mercury she rushed the shots.

Muscular dystrophy ate his body and she watched, a true reporter, stretching sensitive objectivity where the negative ends, vignettes for modern news.<sup>5</sup>

Proud flesh imposed.

In the same vein, to travel a century earlier, she'd complain of tiered headlines, their aggressive generosity, straight lines wavered by a tired printer.

She draws her dystrophic husband in steamed glass, weak legs as background, bullet hole shaved into where radius and ulna meet.

She was first a writer, second a writer, third a preparer.

<sup>6</sup>Some of her portraits were as ad-man: Draped in her father's coat with cigar in hand, her face fell into shadow beneath Leo's hat.

There are many women here.

<sup>1</sup> Emphasis on imagine. Opposite of how you're used to.

<sup>2</sup> TYPES OF HORIZON: as vanishing point; as time marker; as event marker; drawn in later; drawn in before; blurred by lake and sky; blurred by lack of glasses; event; timeline; place of enlightenment; moment of enlightenment; metaphor; reminder of the flat earth; proof of the curving earth; ubiquitous in plains; hidden in mountains; as mountains in mountains; dreary; the point of entry; the point that cannot be reached; as momentum; as horizontal; as crags; painted; photographed; the prey who eats land;

<sup>3</sup> *With their simple tools and primitive materials, it might be said, Fielding did well and Jane Austen even better, but compare their opportunities with ours! Their masterpieces certainly have a strange air of simplicity. And yet the analogy between literature and the process, to choose an example, of making motor cars scarcely holds good beyond the first glance. It is doubtful whether in the course of the centuries, though we have learnt much about making machines, we have learnt anything about making literature. We do not come to write better; all that we can be said to do is to keep moving, now a little in this direction, now in that, but with a circular tendency should the whole course of the track be viewed from*

*a sufficiently lofty pinnacle.*

[...]

*Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however disconnected and incoherent in appearance, which each sight of incident scores upon the consciousness. (Virginia Woolf, "Modern Fiction," 1919; 1925)*

<sup>4</sup> Only male canaries sing. Colors vary. It dies before man.

<sup>5</sup> (papers).

<sup>6</sup> TO MY MOTHER: