

SETSUKO, and: A GIANT ASLEEP IN FORTUNE'S
SPINDLE, and: MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO, and:
LEUKEMIA, and: A GIANT ASLEEP IN
FORTUNE'S SPINDLE.

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 **MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO, and: A GIANT ASLEEP IN
FORTUNE'S SPINDLE, and: MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO, and:
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In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content:

**MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO, and: A GIANT
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GREAT AUNT SETSUKO, and: LEUKEMIA, and: A GIANT ASLEEP IN FORTUNE'S SPINDLE

Brandon Shimoda (bio)

MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO

If Setsuko is in the field and the field is strawberry

If Setsuko is in the middle of the field and the middle of the field is
strawberry

And there is strawberry about Setsuko's head

And Setsuko's head is about the circumstances of Setsuko

Standing in the middle of the field

Cutting the corners off

She is hopeful

And she is ageless

And as her body deteriorates in the middle of the field

Setsuko becomes emboldened

By the consequence of deterioration

She lets it happen, soon enough

What is it about Setsuko that makes her head so easy?

Hopefulness and agelessness, the mystery of a dying woman's nipples

Painstakingly bitten into

By someone with whom she is related

Yet someone she'll never know, that is one thing

Demanding about a head that is so easy

Living in this minute is not so easy

Setsuko does not want to deteriorate. She has no strength

For death, her agelessness is a reproach

To the feeling she's already dead

That surrounding her—flowers, maggots, jade mushrooms, colonial
bugs

Is everything she has earned

Totemizing strawberries in the dark

Setsuko is waiting for the strawberry to break
Her bones are darker than she thought
Pressing through her skin. She keeps her children
Sweating for the taste of what
They do not know is going quiet **[End Page 115]**

A GIANT ASLEEP IN FORTUNE'S SPINDLE

I saw today the ocean swarm
A million sightless eyes
Blue infants in resinous waves
Deracinated souls
Fruiting bittersweet execrations
The moment I left I recognized nothing
Within the scrolling derangement of the swarm
The ocean's necropolis widening a second sun
The moment I left I recognized emptiness
Became homesick
And shut down

Inside crying and the vomit, homesickness
Home is waiting
Melancholy is waiting
Without knowing if what I am waiting for exists
Waiting is placeless Smoke then
Tall oranges
Nipple, nipple, navel
Inventory of human afterlife is deprivation

Will I be able to haunt
The way I want? Cut from the unfolding fan
Into the first surface of another's body
Until hunger straightens

I have been in the water, brother, eating one another
Unless I foreswear I am a child, I cannot go anywhere **[End Page 116]**

MY GREAT AUNT SETSUKO

I am in a room and my children are in a room
While I am in one room my children are in another room
The bright sport of my blood
I wash their legs and arms and assholes with
A Persian apple-scented sponge
And comb their hair and brush their hair
And sing songs through my ears
When I turn out the light, I hear their feet
I put their toes into my mouth
When they were younger, they are older
I cannot understand what they are saying
But I know where they are coming from
And it makes me nervous
The Persian apple-scented sponge sits on a porcelain dish
I keep above the bathroom mirror
Out of the reach of my children
Their toes taste like gunpowder and salt
Their sheets remind me of the ocean
Pouring ashes into the ocean **[End Page 117]**

LEUKEMIA

They painted the airplanes vibrant
Perfectly charmless colors
Then the airplanes took off
Trailing wet paint
Like a mission, the airplanes excused themselves
Into the sun, leaving the earth
A ruin of paint, long mounds of vibrant
Perfectly charmless colors
Injected with cosmetics
The people were made to drink
As the long mound seeped into

The earth, the people were bound to
Fly an airplane? In an airplane?
Excuse themselves into the sun?
All colors seeping into one
White blood [**End Page 118**]

A GIANT ASLEEP IN FORTUNE'S SPINDLE

Leave me here and when you want me
Sound the place and all around it
In the distance I look on
Orion to the west Fairy science Future human
Eyes hung in the dark
Trembling spirits, fathoms lower, mating with
The poet remembering
The wall
Where shadows...

Brandon Shimoda
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