

## Mislist

Like every other love letter since the dawn of etc it is not at all important but I think you should know that I do not type well and in fact for example only today I noticed a once-important page now incorrectly bears the title *List of Famous People Who Owed Chow Dogs* and it is not crucial but perhaps you would like to learn that Freud's favourite chow ate one of its own puppies and Michael Field—florid poet, quantum aunt—held a wake for theirs on a dais with a garland made of iris-crowns while photographs of Georgia O'Keefe's pair show them scuffling and staring at pebbles through a studio window *o keefe o keefe* the sound of paws in the mistaken dust and through my window the air is still and still it is air despite all the dogs and what they are owed and although I am wanting more than I can know and know more than I can have suddenly I find that I am seriously considering taking up smoking and coffee and metalwork on account of the apron and the possibility of new arms and now look I have started using words like *suddenly* and *seriously* to get the idea across to you as quickly as possible and they will be faster still in italics *seriously suddenly* as if time is of the essence and I might do anything, honestly, I could be very dangerous, might add olive oil to ice cream even and become that kind of person and I hope you might sense here my delight but really my hope is that you might read this, put your papers down wherever you like *of course wherever you'd like* and wherever you and your papers might be you might think to fold the corner of your page because like you owe it the reminder of its own sense of time and place and then you or the idea of you might join me in something like the thought of a garden that we share, a garden big enough for the idea of a dog or a smithy I don't know with an olive tree or a porch balanced on bricks and I could have thought to plant irises in time during the late summer—*break off seedpods that form after the blooms have faded, make dividing a habit*—and you might raise a glass of something and say here's to more errors of good-owing and more mistaken mafias of dogs lolling their heads together and getting along infamously, *lionly* rather than *leonine* on account of the silliness of a mid-afternoon sun, the colour of warmth and idling as we and the dogs pant and eat our favourites and think nothing of it, bringing something along the lines of flowers down around our fatheadedness and be as full of errors as we can bear and we stay for this moment where the idea of you sitting with me is something possible

sufficient

real

unpenned

shared

a distinct improvement