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Memo to Ariadne

John Bradley

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John Bradley

MEMO TO ARIADNE

I'm going to need a change of address, a change of clothes, a motion that's a cross between a shamble, a dodge, and a feint. I'm going to need avuncular bread, homunculus bread, narcissistic bread. I'll need nude photographs of Cindy Crawford and James Dean and Walt Whitman dusted with arsenic. I'm going to need a recipe for a lightning: how much insomnia, how much caffeine, how much flea powder. I know I'm going to need the phone number of someone with the last name of Salt. I'm going to need a way out, a way in, a way back, a way forward, a way to rest along the long way. I'm going to need a book with the caption *Morning is always the center* underneath a colored illustration of an American Indian. I'll need a used Buick with a radio that plays the soundtrack of that Jean Cocteau movie where he's listening to the car radio. I'll need a map of Dixon, Illinois, egg-yolk stains at the bottom right. I'm going to need railroad brandy, hummingbird brandy, clairvoyant brandy. I know I'm going to need a spare prostate. I'll need a copy of the Zapruder film soaked in Visine. I'll need the dental records of Amelia Earhart. I'll need a guarantee of amnesty, a plea for clemency, a pardon for unforeseen acts of malice and mercy. I'm going to need a song with the refrain: *Morning is always the center*. I'll need amniotic samples, a disinterested party, a parry, an opening, a counterclockwise password, an alibi, an operator, a distressed identity, a passport, Swiss bank account, bilingual inoculations, an antidote to the official antidote. I know I'm going to need a portapotty. Don't forget a pair of plague gloves. When you see me at the market beside the paprika stand, tap the side of your nose three times.