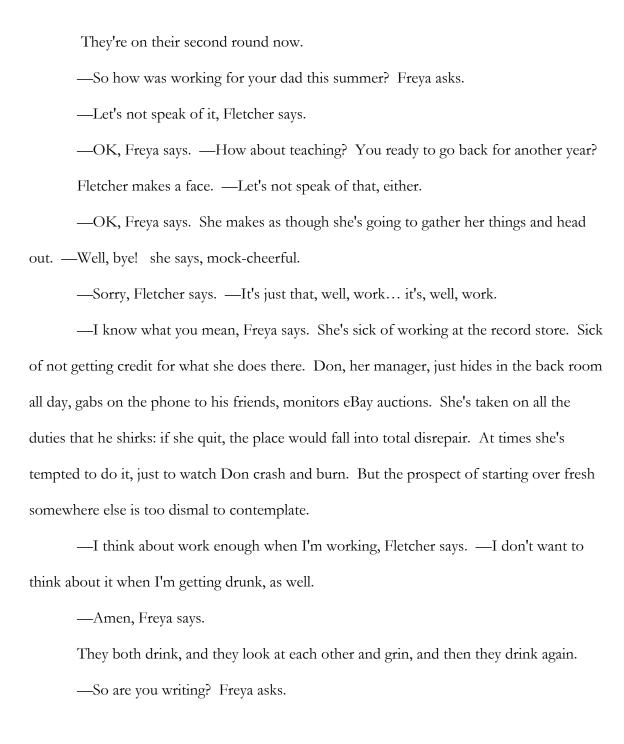
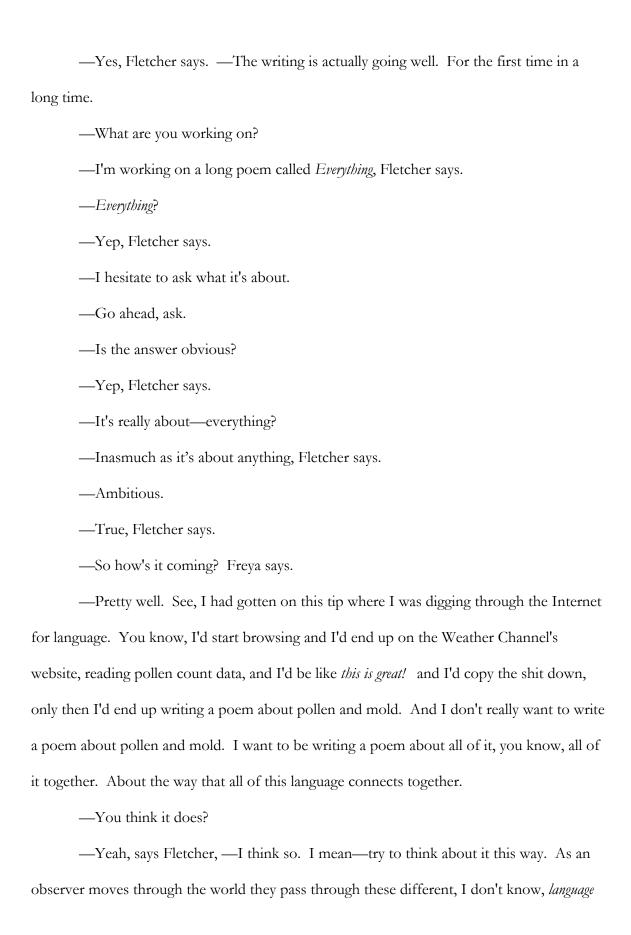
This is an excerpt from *Imaginary Year*, a work of serial fiction by Jeremy P. Bushnell. Visit the *Imaginary Year* website (http://www.ImaginaryYear.com) on Mondays and Fridays for new updates.

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spaces, and as a result the head, I mean the literal head of the dude moving through the world, becomes kind of this place where everything connects to everything else. You know? Like the radio comes on in the morning and they're talking about, I don't know, today there was this thing on about state quarters, and then you're eating breakfast and the Honey Nut Cheerios box has this write-up about some fantasy school where there's no classes, only recess, like where the kids are all in charge, this kind of anarchy school, and there's no link between the quarters and the Cheerios school except for the link of the experiencing subjectivity, which experiences one, then experiences the other, and there's like a linear thing between them, a kind of—he claps his hands together—unh! you follow me?

—I think so, Freya says.

—So I was just like *fuck it*, Fletcher says. —For a long time I was trying to keep the linguistic material discrete, or organize it with other stuff that was related somehow, related in some sort of *artful* way. But I've come to believe that you can't sit any two things next to one another without *some* sort of relationship emerging. The head makes relationships. So the poem just moves the reader between things. Like it could connect... I don't know... *this beer* to, say, the parts of a crab.

—The parts of a crab? Freya asks.

Fletcher closes his eyes.

—The antennules, he says. —The lateral spines. The cheliped. The pleopods.