Seal Skin
by Erik Ehn

WOMAN: Her body is between herself and herself and whenever she is about to fall into her body she swims.

She works fast food fest feat fear and skinies herself so she can fit through a door ajar should one appear. To skinny herself she swims.

First year college, chose by water, Mica Cavin thinks he can dance but she's a mile gone and Pacific, as thin as water in water. What does she study? She studies unbegun. Water in water in water in water in water.

Girl in wetsuit
Teenage girl
Ocean swimmer
Shell of the sea
Interiority

Spiral girl
Off from work
Midnight shift
The curl

Study work-study and supplement
Long,
Longmuscle crawl
Snotness gray
Shell at your quiet pulse and
Can almost hear the girl;
You can abstract

Fire and wave
Stare and swim
Fire and wave are third person worlds
She works and crawls
The midnight 3rd
The pool has no dynamic, the river is low in the winter and all year long
she wants to throw her body out from under teeming; arm over 1 2 3 4 5
6 7 8 9 10 11 12 20 21 22 23, knocked against the pier, rolled under,
sawed at until there is nothing left between herself and herself and the
door closes behind her, dark until she wakes like kelp at the washout
grade of blatant day.

She will not be teened no not ready yet third third third; the question
that hopefully in her twenties more moot and on from there until she is
the unanswer prior to the question, sub-curiosity under the No one, No
one See.

12 plus 6 at two A.M. swimming shell crushed by wave’s finger the ocean
has her celibacy. Red wisp, she follows, blent. You do not take her, you
relocate her, the celibate celiba-sea. Otters are nuns and as long as she is
in the water she is where her younger was, spiraling, capturing means; she
is able to spend days in the flux of exceptions, over lapsing/massing
parabolae, collapsing nattering captions to image beyond capture, the
ocean.

Water tumbles, thumb-knuckle blunt

Seal
Skin

She slid a herd of cattle across that madman griddle and raked her nails
down the Lava soap; still she smells 18 and 18 smells her so she blues her
body in agitation of tides.

How her body appears and how bodies appear to her: cracked, subject
and subjecting, trying to fold a fan out of a dinner plate. The/his alkali,
tang of failed baking powder Play-Doh volcano.

For two years she never sets foot on land and wishes that all seven. Either
unbegun or done, out from where unformed gets inside your unformed
and messes you all up, so better be same as sameless.
She says sea says shell is where you are. She makes her breaker relocate her, her sex is ocean wide. Then seal skin, you can't come in, her particularity is moon secant.

For two years I stopped counting until suddenly I was old. Kiss my neck and taste salt my skin is historical young man I am coincident with myself.

Longmuscle crawl
Snotness gray
Shell at pulse
Almost hear;
You can abstract
The sea
Erik Ehn is married to scenic artist Patricia Chanteloube-Ehn. Mr. Ehn’s work includes *The Saint Plays*, *Heavenly Shades of Night Are Falling*, *Maria Kizito*, *No Time Like the Present*, *Wolf at the Door*, *Tailings*, *Beginner*, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, and an adaptation of Faulkner’s *The Sound and the Fury*. He is an artistic associate at San Francisco’s Theatre of Yugen, most recently writing *Crazy Horse* for them, which combined Noh forms with Native American music and dance. His plays have been produced in San Francisco (Intersection, Thick Description, Yugen), Seattle (Annex, Empty Space), Austin (Frontera), New York (BACA, Whitney Museum), San Diego (Sledgehammer), Chicago (Red Moon), and elsewhere; he has a longstanding collaborative relationship with the Undermain Theatre in Dallas. He is co-founder of the Tenderloin Opera