





Letter 061424 words toward my daughter  
getting married

Dear Ethan Hawke

A song played that made me forget a song  
was playing. I made my daughter laugh a  
couple times in a place that knew itself into  
beauty. There is always a church. A church  
near a church. I don't really pray bc I pray all  
the time. My healthy sons sat with my sick  
son. I don't mean to say it that way. Say, I  
say, to saying. It all felt very young. Very  
elsewhere. Elsewhere, the worlds of more.  
Beside me, my wife looked perfectly alone. I  
mean to say it that way. Alone in her own  
perfection. My sick son is not sick unless you  
account for healing. It was such a great day.  
It gave way, and gained. I hate the world,  
and days end. We only get one simulation.  
Run out of sadness.



Letter 061524 words toward god and sleep  
and Aase Berg

Dear Ethan Hawke

I said this yesterday but I'm a fan omfg of remaining. Think *A Midnight Clear*. I don't know what happened to Keith Gordon. Don't tell me, and I promise I won't AI that shit. I like to think he is okay. I did not see *Mother Night* and still regret it. Regret doesn't go away, so again I've said something I didn't mean. Don't. Fuck I can't write. Does everyone know? I said this yesterday but it keeps us awake that god can't sleep. I think god saw the face of an insect and then made insects. Then made *The Woman In The Fifth*. I don't know if you remember what I said about us only getting one simulation. And that was only yesterday.



Letter 061624 climate sameness

Dear Ethan Hawke

Palestine has entered my dreams. I see car accidents before they happen but can't tell my children. I kill a grasshopper with another grasshopper then keep the second alive. I kill a rabbit. I'd never kill a rabbit. But it was in my house. If there are babies, amen, I sleep a little in my sleep. In my death. It's hot here. It's cold. Palestine is not a dream. We keep touching it. Our hands go online twice and the holy spirit tortures a photograph. It is cruel to dream after never once imagining. After being, for a whole life, human.



Letter 061724 when insomnia leaves  
listening to us

Dear Ethan Hawke

Last year, I was quiet for seven months.  
Movies came to me as bruises from the  
moon. My children hid and their hiding was a  
kindness. All sight was plain. I wore slippers  
and my heels set small fires. Pain sang to  
the stone that god gave a stomach a song so  
short that a butterfly became an angel's  
erection. I wanted to laugh, but everything  
was funny. Many of the guns didn't go off. I  
don't think I will tell you about the guns. Our  
disappearance is occupied. And code for  
something else.



Letter 061824 machines made from  
abduction

Dear Ethan Hawke

The television is a monthless calendar. In the  
mirror, I am the only mirror to taste the blood  
of a ghost. I want you to know that time is  
safe with me. An angel's eye fills with fog.  
These bodies aren't doing anything.



Letter 061924 horrors

Dear Ethan Hawke

I don't know why it would, but the eye keeps  
itself alive. The soul is god's last radical  
permission. Symbolism a grave for an empty  
coffin. I'm tired. Not as tired as my clothes.  
Sound has arms. It can't miss both.



Letter 062124

Dear Ethan Hawke

Donald Sutherland to me is the last time I was afraid of long division. Eventually I took over my father's handwriting. My footprint chooses a footprint then dies. I am stuck on a rabbit and then stuck on a deer. It's all so lazy. I am a blood clot in god's undetected loneliness. I watched an entire movie about a bomb and then heard a moviemaker hate me for watching it from home. They keep moving hell. Yeah you're right, no letter yesterday. Something wasn't there. I know that now.



Letter 062224

Dear Ethan Hawke

I deleted this letter. Here is the new one:

We do not live in unreal times. We never have. The animal kingdom kindly gave us, gives us, god. The absurd is a manifesto that the dream erases while protesting the afterlife of sleep. You've seen the bodies, gone, mid-ghost. My receipt is a rib, but which one. Surrealism steals the past from nostalgia. It's not an escape. It's a sustainable staying. A personal ruin that ruins nothing. My love for transformation is unchanged. Angels hate art.



Letter 062324

Dear Ethan Hawke

Most surgeons are addicted to standing in church. I am wrong with my entire body. I am at the point in my dying where I remember only those things that my children wanted to tell me. Angels stop appearing bc people aren't where they should be. A groundhog's heart turns into a star. I call this chapter groundhog pain. There are no doctors who specialize in tunnel hurt. Don't kill the light. Make it sick.



Letter 062424

Dear Ethan Hawke

There is a tooth you can put in your mouth  
that will let you see every ghost. Angels use  
more data than god.



Letter 062524 the rabbit's dream of knowing  
magic

Dear Ethan Hawke

I am reading Vanessa Angélica Villarreal's *Magical/Realism* and its propulsively engaged agonizing has such weight that one can hear lights pop distantly above its interrogated verse. Have you ever reappeared in front of a child who then puts bread in your hand? I eat like a ghost in fast food parking lots. I think of my father's partner who was deported too many years ago. I drive like my mother. I can't be elsewhere. My two older sons carry my younger son everywhere. They place him across his mother's legs which have both been tricked into falling asleep. A straight line weighs nothing. Nothing, also, when it weeps.



Letter 062624 a knife loses consciousness

Dear Ethan Hawke

I was going to write a letter to Elliott Smith  
and apologize to him for thinking he sang this  
one *Sparklehorse* song. I started the letter  
but it put me to sleep and I went on to have a  
nightmare where I was Peter and kids were  
asking me about Jason Molina and I just kept  
saying Ohio Ohio Ohio and I was half awake  
when god told me there were actually three  
roosters and I needn't have died. Touch  
turns off its hands.



Letter 062724 the painted door of hell and  
the non

Dear Ethan Hawke

I've seen a person lose a scar in a game of telephone. I talk bliss into a cup and the first time a child touches the earth their hands are underground. I wrote a poem called *wheelchair machine* all about my son's footprint. Where it could be.



Letter 062824 voiceovers

Dear Ethan Hawke

Nothing creation makes is as ghostless as a baby. If a being needs rest, then a being can get sick, get better, be killed. Pain keeps the body in the past. I drink in the present.



Letter 070124 misreckonings

Dear Ethan Hawke

Your mother was pulling out her hair on the  
moon. It all came back, but god doesn't know  
what a baby is. I talk with my violent son.  
He's not violent. Looking will live longer than  
seeing.



Letter 070324 the office of the lower body

Dear Ethan Hawke

We are this close to eating online a boneless god. It's not hell, but there's a neighbor boy who won't stop putting wasps in his ear. Mothers can't sleep if a shoe store is touching the earth and fathers strangle themselves long enough to win a fog machine. I buy a spider each morning from a child who tells me a spider is a button that a ghost can push. Death has a room nearby where blood doesn't go everywhere. I put deer in front of most things now. Deer-hunger powers the angel's flashlight. Deer-sorrow the boxcutter's sex doll. Deer-deer the movies that remove nude scenes from other movies for not knowing the difference between the anorexic and the bulimic. Deer-mouth, deer-dream, etc. Remember our life.



Letter 070524 silence denies perfecting god

Dear Ethan Hawke

What's the longest name you've given to a cigarette? The shortest? I don't name things anymore. Blue kids. The housefly that burns my shadow.



Letter 070724

Dear Ethan Hawke

The healer's secret diet confuses starvation.  
We live in houses, here, and share dancing  
videos that will touch three people at once in  
a cornfield. We bomb our unloaded guns and  
say things in singsong that are attuned to a  
cute, collateral resurrection. I drink and my  
ribs tell god.



Letter 070824 bring your own body

Dear Ethan Hawke

Snowfall named the ache in this road after  
nothing. My son's knees click on and off.  
God is a numbers game.



Letter 070924 scene syndrome

Dear Ethan Hawke

In the dream I am scrubbing the floor of hell with donated blood. A phone is behind me somewhere playing footage of god two days ago eating a lightbulb but not faster than others. In the dream I ask you under my breath what it means. My mother and father make me sad. If you were them, where would you recover from a botched attempt to switch mouths? Would you both be in the same room? I have heard that angels throw their voices when they die and that they can die from seeing someone give signs in baseball. Ohio is gone for most of the dream.



Letter 071024

Dear Ethan Hawke

My son has been sick his whole life but he doesn't remember being sick. He has no future because it's all we have. God puts a face to god, but touch invented touch. I should've been more curious about the world. In Ohio, anger subsides. Because it's new.



Letter 071224

Dear Ethan Hawke

In Ohio there is a black frog with a star on its  
back that no one has ever seen. Men trip  
each other to death.



Letter 071224 also

Dear Ethan Hawke

Also in Ohio inside of a dog with dollhouse  
rabies there is a gunshot sleeping to the  
sound of a gasoline rain as captured by an  
undreamed starvation of spiders. It's not  
suicide. A rabbit irons a gravestone. In high  
school, I'd write the note I wanted to read.

Now was now.



Letter 071324 today I avoided

Dear Ethan Hawke

I wrote pristine and it was changed to  
Palestine. I've been eating from the wrong  
mouth. Language is a border because we  
use it. Terror is aphoristic terror. I worry that  
because my body did things without me that I  
now do things to my body to let it know. I  
watched *Wildcat*. Gardens are oddly human.  
Thought makes the mind, maybe. *Before* is a  
planet we name after a country. Ethan I've  
been drinking. I hope I am, I hope you are, a  
ghost wearing the skin of an angel.



Letter 071424 think hard on nothing on a  
farm machine

Dear Ethan Hawke

God is a response to distance destroying  
itself. Top surgery as a password should  
surprise no one. Our radios are not the  
same. My love for line breaks has no end.  
Ends here. I know the kid's name but suicide  
isn't as specific as a speeding ticket. That  
poor mom. The rifle of longing, the handgun  
of birth. This smalltown lightning, starstruck  
by a colorless proximity.



Letter 071724

Dear Ethan Hawke

I feel I've been in the room where I'll die. My  
little nod to a flower is god at this hour.



Letter 071924

Dear Ethan Hawke

The writing is only going to get more  
beautiful. Stop growing, we say. Sleep  
directs its first play. Its only. God in a glacier.  
Bombs have everywhere to go.



Letter 072024

Dear Ethan Hawke

Ghosts are angel money. Everyone in hell  
lets me love them. The letters will stop. My  
kids won't die.



Letter 072124

Dear Ethan Hawke

This hasn't been a success. Time is the sex  
life of distance. Snake said nothing, but we'd  
all hear our own way into sound near the tree  
of loneliness. You name things to forget who  
you are. I played with my kids, then didn't.  
Shaved my head when there was nothing to  
eat. The miracle should have been shrapnel  
to snow. Graves ache nowhere into being.  
With movies, the bleeding is internal. I hear  
an owl because that's what it knows to be.  
God dies at the speed of god.



Letter 072324 someone smuggled a bone  
into heaven

Dear Ethan Hawke

Someone smuggled a bone into heaven.



Letter 072424

Dear Ethan Hawke

The deal may have been for him to be the son of god for a day. In Ohio, a microwave has two angels. Birth and death hear the same sound. My body and my body aren't close.



Letter 072524

Dear Ethan Hawke

I am sitting on a diving board with a rabbit in  
my lap. Most of the rabbit is dead. I try with  
my shadow to moan through the water. A  
stillness stretches god.



Letter 072624 the end I can see it

Dear Ethan Hawke

There is a church for lost parents that keeps  
catching fire. Arsonists come from all over.  
They go so hungry. They look through my  
phone and argue whether it's the videos or  
the photos that smell like death. Dear dark  
rabbit. A frog can survive in the stomach of  
an angel.



Letter 072924 end machine

Dear Ethan Hawke

Adam, though soundproof, could not fathom  
the silence of Eve. I don't brush my teeth  
when I'm sad. My son is a bitemark that  
thinks I'm a word.



Letter 073024 I don't think my brothers

Dear Ethan Hawke

God moves my brain but not before it turns  
the bread in my stomach black. I call it sleep,  
but it's not sleep. My wife is tired and my  
cousins are sad. The lossless, also, grieve. I  
call it the present. I tell my sons that all  
slasher movies are about homesickness.  
They find a sweetspot in the volume. A ghost  
hears an angel. I underwater tell my  
daughter there is hope. Men and lonely men  
make the same loneliness twice. The science  
is silent.



Letter 073124

Dear Ethan Hawke

Pain aches for its desperate star. I crack a tick like an egg on the skull of this dead pup. I'd eat, but light hurts my teeth. My fastball when I had it was described as melancholy on paper. In person, a fat spider losing blood in a cheekbone. No matter. I am going to burn my poems while watching *The Phenom*. A tank will roll toward my birth and god will take forever to put on clothes. Ethan they are using sound to count bullets. Jesus got three days with his twin.



Letter 080124 scenography

Dear Ethan Hawke

My eyes eat themselves in a blood-filled  
apple. Doomscrolling is the face of god.  
Rain, pain, pine. The cops let him say mom.



Letter 080224 longer than sleep

Dear Ethan Hawke

It has always been the end of the world.  
Language says this and only this. Time was  
born in the middle of god. I have carried  
children from one car to another. Practicing  
and alive.



Letter 080424

Dear Ethan Hawke

Suicide is the only way to let people know  
you want to kill yourself. God is just an alien  
with a tattoo. I say things so finally that my  
body stops hating me and my soul starts.  
The angel of clickbait says fucker fucker  
vote. I don't want to die. But there has been  
some criticism.



Letter 080524

Dear Ethan Hawke

It's hard to miss god. Believe me. I accepted something into my body. I drank until I could drink even more. My palms turned blue in a black psalm. My wrist looked for its plural in a mirror known for its blood-colored echoes. Forgiveness has two left hands. Broken by faith.



Letter 080624 telling machines

Dear Ethan Hawke

Sister found the first of the human heads.  
She had been to practice sleepwalking from  
one abandoned building to the previous two.  
She thought it was a bird's nest. A boy's  
head, blue and quiet. She got her brother's  
bike and brought the head home. She gave it  
a pillow then went to keep her brother  
awake. She took her brother next day to the  
spot, and the head had returned. Her brother  
carried it this time home and she pushed the  
bike beside him. Her brother was a mover of  
things underwater. Sadder, more serious. It  
took both of them to process the suddenness  
of knowing that the head had not in fact  
returned, but that instead there were two  
heads. Matching, in their home, on the same  
pillow. The third day of this insomnia thieved  
them again to the spot and gave them  
another matching head. Sister was glad for  
the bike, for the way it spaced her hands.  
From here, the story makes the sister old  
and the brother older. There is a day that



someone beats them to the spot, and it's the  
day of the last head. The head of god. But  
they don't believe.



Letter 080924

Dear Ethan Hawke

One minute you're asking AI to make a jack-in-the-box and the next it's making little rabbit  
hells for fake pregnancies and you try not to  
drink or see single but Ohio does that cup  
trick with hospitals but anyway have you  
seen my son's gameshow or just my son or  
both or neither I put him on a horse once and  
my finger in my daughter's mouth and  
nobody was hurting and the world went  
horse, toothache, horse, horse.



Letter 081124

Dear Ethan Hawke

I don't write to anyone. I am hated. In photos  
I am the photographer's ghost. In the dream I  
wear a girl's bathing suit and someone  
shoots me in the foot. This is how I learn to  
swim. Thigh is a perfect word. The way it  
dies in the mouth. Mouth is dead. Who can  
tell. Only god. In Ohio at every fair the young  
say eat me until I'm young. We make jokes  
about crowhio and about the baby's stomach  
born without an inside voice. The spider in  
my ear comes out a wasp. I don't want my  
kids to see me do anything. Spiders get  
toothaches and angels, erections. Wasp is  
on its own.



Letter 081124 practice on death

Dear Ethan Hawke

Babies in the lost mind of god sell  
sleepwalking videos to childless first-timers.  
A deer and a deer okay with dying double  
their dreaming to make a hand. I fall from a  
tree in a world where something turns blue.  
Absence writes its name on the neck of loss.  
In case of return, return. Babies love nothing.



Letter 081324

Dear Ethan Hawke

Only time can stop time. I fail my children,  
but they don't scream. A ghost can burn god.  
With a dream.



Letter 08/13/24 exter

Dear Ethan Hawke

In heaven they tell me that all I did on earth  
was cry. The angel of talking says a blue tv  
lives in the blue. A baby is killed by breathing  
and for going there to breathe.



Letter 081424

Dear Ethan Hawke

In the dream I am reading to myself as a child from a book called *all the places my suicide has taken me*. It does not make me sad but I'm awake somewhere. Televisions are where mirrors go to paint. Mothers lose their sense of smell above too many unmarked infants. In the dream a surgeon emerges from the high corn and coughs up another's blood. Above the dream, we've a surplus of resurrection. Mourning mourns a revocable loss.



Letter 081524 Siberia

Dear Ethan Hawke

God makes more and more god. I know it's not good writing. The hissing ghost goat bliss of it all. Dear Willem Dafoe, the children think they are children. Brevity's last endeavor is death's latest. In Ohio there will always be two siblings racing each other to a bucket of fake blood. I say two because I don't know what language gets out of language. Saying has no heaven.



Letter 081524 history, last

Dear Ethan Hawke

In the movie I am born and pushed into a  
softspot where silence is a mirror's fossil. A  
deer and a horse enter Ohio wearing the  
same angel of oil. Before becoming thunder,  
the sex of a father's southern ghost flashes  
god three times. Now swims in its eating of  
the present.



Letter 081824

Dear Ethan Hawke

Babies cry because it is too beautiful that everyone they know is alive. God is keeping us hidden. War is the creator of time. In Ohio a black spider faints in a box of baking soda and never wakes up. Fake and hospital are two kinds of snow.



Letter 082024

Dear Ethan Hawke

Too often, god goes back in time. Dear Al,  
my son always dies. A boring place for this to  
end.



Letter 082124 resident, radar, residue

Dear Ethan Hawke

I'll eat until my body gives my soul a ghost.  
An only child prays to an only child and  
witness murders its sibling observance. The  
colonizer's playlist saves an influencer's life. I  
don't have a sister. In one of my wrists.



Letter 082324 last future

Dear Ethan Hawke

I remember making from plastic my  
children's memories. Ghosts were as new to  
me as hands were to angels. Line-breaks  
lived in a microscope held by my father to be  
the holder of god's skin. I had an animal  
nearby and a book about its food. A mother  
until there was nothing to die of.



Letter 082424

Dear Ethan Hawke

I don't give faith any space because the brain is god's obstacle. I want to rewatch *Wildcat*. I thought my last letter would be my last letter. I mentioned my mother, but that's the half of it. My aunt was young and I had only recently noticed. I have three dreams and drink the same in each. I read my father's handwriting and it says longing is a paint or it says

long  
pain. Weapons-makers don't read poems  
and death reads too quickly.



Letter 082524

Dear Ethan Hawke

The nervous systems of angels. A funeral for a cigarette. There are two Ohios. I am still in my singsong violence when my sister throws her youngest in front of an unmoving farm machine. Sometimes a year yanks a room from death. A wasp eats the shadow of a practice wasp. *My wrist thinks I'm brushing its teeth and god is the child who survived my dream.* I can't fake sleep long enough to be healed.



Letter 082624

Dear Ethan Hawke

I live in a body that sleep hasn't noticed. A ghost is an angel in love with slow motion. No one touch me. I am dreaming of a poetry book written by Chelsea Peretti. I forget its second name, but its first is *Lamb Hat and Crow Perfume*. It is being reviewed on tiktok by someone whose mother is unable to recently die. I can't say on brand without crying. I don't think it's healthy of course to dream that celebrities want to secretly write poems. But Chelsea's poems are perfect. In a houndless south, my god gets high. Stay pretty. Goodbye.



Letter 082724

Dear Ethan Hawke











END

Barton Smock  
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