

WINDOWBOXING



KIRSTEN KASCHOCK

A Dance with Saints in Three Acts

- 7 [WINDOWER]
- 9 [WINDOWØMEN]
- 10 [WINDOWNER]
- 11 [DANCELLULAR]
- 12 *illustration*
- 13 [WINDOORS]
- 14 [SAINTHREE]
- 15 [WINDORMANT]
- 16 [WINDEED]
- 17 [WINNUENDO]
- 19 [WINDOWRIGHT]
- 21 [CELLARDANCE]
- 22 *illustration*
- 23 [WINDOWTREATMENT]
- 24 [WINDOUBTFILLED]

26	[CROWDEADANCE]
27	<i>illustration</i>
28	[WINDOWFALL]
30	[ASKEDANCERED]
31	<i>illustration</i>
32	[SAINTWO]
33	[WINDONEWITH]
34	[WINDON'T]
35	[ABANDANCE]
36	<i>illustration</i>
37	[WINDOWAKING]
39	[WINDOWWALK]
40	[SAINTACTONE]
41	[DANCESTRAL]
42	<i>illustration</i>
44	<i>Notes & Acknowledgments / Colophon</i>

[WINDOWER]

I want a new wife but with all of my old things.

I am tired of the domestic packaging of woman, the imprisoned-cellophane versions.
Meatdress.

I will fail to say this correctly.

In some ways, I have already failed; in some ways, I am failing continually.

And this suits me, buttonhole. Pivot and clasp.

The elaboration of woman makes windows grow in enormity, if by enormity what I mean is importance.

The adverb, said to be weak, is viewed as an addendum to, or a subtraction from, thought.

Slyly. Widow-like.

Bereft but not, emboldened by loss. Wise. Liberated from life. Sprung.

Most windows are right-angled, like their houses.

Modeled on the premise that a box is the best shape with which to contort the soul,
i.e. book.

Some mini-dresses from the 60s achieved the same lines, and the Volvo.

The illusion of transparency is a problem, as it is with women, vellum.

I like to think of make-up. Adjustment to mood.

The window is thought of as immaterial—certain things permitted fluidity—the gaze and light, but not the head or hand.

Windows are what make domesticity seem picturesque, in that windows make sculpture into painting. Like said Hegel.

History flattens. She can see out.

She could move through doors and into a car, but then store, catastrophe, park, gym, restaurant-with-bar, waiting room, hotel lobby, book, brick, suffocate, twelve-step, home.

Windows can be effectively cleaned with vinegar and newsprint. You want to remember newsprint.

The hand smelling of a kind of vain poverty, of human interest.

Window—deathtrap for a next bird or birdhead.

Thinking open.

[WINDOWØMEN]

I can't do my heart today, fuss till it's lacy, coral, a century or more of microscopic animals.

The men I am are plural and all thumbnails, larger and quicker than that, but clumsy. Overlaid, they palimpsest into substance.

The men I am are wilders—btw, wrong prosecution, a satisfying lying.

In the pack, they slap the bitch down. It is like a whisper. She stays down.

I shrivel when they touch the border of me—when I touch the border of me, I get univid and a harder called brittle, intelligent, not-young. The ocean fails. Wombs fail.

The men I am are violent or they are not.

Illicitly got confession. Et tu?

I have never bothered to go fathom-by-fathom underneath. I am more afraid of what I might one day do. Fail to do or say accurately. A bad renovation, the bones unhidden, reef a graveyard, the body drunk up, loved at arms' length (fathom of rope, leash, a good stretch to hang by).

The car, assassination, dishwasher, low-cut: all my fault. Ahem.

[WINDOWNER]

You would have my explosions be localized and armed against themselves.

You would prefer I not discuss “men” or “women.” The genres.

It would be better to prevent the spread of the insurgency.

I should not place a woman in a house, done to death—a veranda? Deck.

The way my bombs work is that I set them beside my heart, and although I fly apart and out, flesh of me meeting flesh of the other dead I’ve made, still I am whole and focused.

My heart, once muscle, now a rapture, now remains.

To contain me, you must rewrite the previous century and go forward in horror from there. As if it were not horror to begin with. You must Whitman.

If I named her field, instead of she, I might have a philosophy, or a beard.

I might be, say, a nurse in the war. More acceptable.

Less shrapnel.

[DANCELLULAR]

This choreography: deaddreams. I make it.

A smoky stage, two dancers trip as if hitting glass. Bird-mimes.

To be watched—a microscopia.

Trapped in waterdrop, underslide. Only fixing eyes to avoid and entertain.

Naked-as-all-get-out, they try to flash each other through dry ice: a game they can't win.

It is all very panoptic.

Further revelation becomes gratuitous. Lapdance lazuli.

They do it anyway—the angry stripdown to their DNA. The denaturing.

Skivvious. The smoke makes me sick. Applause, and I bring them flowers called *merde*.

They are by this time ooze.

It is hard to remember what comes first.

Aftermath?

I think it a tidier business through a proscenium.



[WINDOORS]

This one has trees outside it.

To be accurate, they all have trees outside them somewhere.

I can see these: a white mulberry, a maple.

In mid-June the postage-stamp yard is a swamp of alcohol, the fruit shedding or shat by birds beneath the lush cover.

A dark and small yard, where nature is still about its own decay, happily.

Satyricaly. Big deck.

The windows on the other side of the house look at other windows, but this is not a conversation—this is a subway.

The street rivers between, floating cars carrying other windows.

The city is also about its own decay, and the poorer kids at the neighborhood pool are turned away for not having legitimate bathing suits.

Nothing private is natural.

She has had her shirt blown up by the wind.

She has held her shirt up, exposing her nipples, covering her brown, her summer face.

Mistakenly supposing this will make her nakedness private, but her face is not really on the table.

She is six.

[SAINTHREE]

The third ever saint lived that life at an address. I did: I wrote a paper. It's possible to mapquest it, street view. Stuffed animals in front of the boarded door. Black-and-whites: a zebra, dalmation, two pandas. I google her name to register new intercessions—Girl in Alabama Regains Sea Legs. Coma Victim Wakes. Infertile Couple Conceive. (That last miracle, revoked . . . because of blood type.) Into plaster, a scratched “forgiv.” She was six. She's lived—it's called living—at least double that. In the nursing home, she walks with a walker, ever nodding, ever greeting the never-leaving. Home now. She does not like speech, which hurts, but to be walking, slow, as not to hurt. Orderlies call her Poke. Because of the slow. Because of Little Golden Books (the binding). Small face behind a basement grate—eyes of passersby, neighbors blind. Poke. Photographs of after show a sour mattress. Ropes. Toy of dark-and-lighter shreds. A once-penguin, maybe. Just. No flight to it at all.

[WINDORMANT]

I never used to be able to keep things alive, cacti. Jade. I can keep them going now, but at what expense?

I can take m o r e a hormone so my unborn daughter will one day push strollers without l i k e rancor. There is a hormone for that.

A hormone f e a r I take opens my bronchi despite badly planned landscaping: all flowers, no fruit.

Corticosteroids turn me unhappy. But a breathing unhappy.

All the breathing unhappies, forgetting that austerity is a sort of pleasure, except those who have embraced austerity because superiority is an even clearer, cleaner sort of pleasure. Vinegar.

Comfort is overrated. Bliss, a sister's word for drug use. m o r e
A nun's. l i k e
f e a r

The pachysandra in the yard—a gift from a dead woman. It is supposed to make me happy but I am only more afraid it will die. The older I get.

I want to own this living stuff, this desire to wrench shit out of the earth.

The truth is something more like fear than it is like April.

[WINDEED]

When I am not writing I am living.

When I am writing I am not living as clearly, as close to the surface of my beige, my negligible skin, but I feel that I am.

Writing—skin itself—is that kind of drug.

[WINNUENDO]

Touch me in the morning, see if I will respond, rise up like a tired plant given water.

I bet I fucking lotus will.

Sudden shifts to sex are confusing until I am reminded, I am human.

The term nookie came into English use in 1928. A nook is a perfect place to put a thing.

In this way, I am cupboard and penis a knick-knack. And nookie/nooky heteronormative. Sex is not heteronormative.

Perhaps nookie is from *neuken* meaning to fuck or punch. So, heteronormative.

We are lost.

Two women on the web were fighting about whether they experienced themselves fundamentally as humans or women.

“Experienced themselves.”

By starting that sentence *two women* perhaps I indicated something.

Indicate: point to, as in—a plant on the deck. Dying. I don’t always make it outside to water things. My dead aunt-not-technically-my-aunt would find that tiresome. She chainsmoked I-forget-what-brand.

The one arguing womanhood was actually arguing potential motherhood. This, I thought, was unfair.

(S)he took the position post-birthgiving and with the accompanying amnesia. Possibly (s)he was just as much a humanist prick before.

As the other womb, excuse me—human. Thinking open. Cervix.

Anyway, anus. Fundament meant.

Across the interweb, they should have been simply voices-simple, pre-spidered, drunk up by a reckless anonymity, but were somehow not.

I wonder, sometimes, why the rain can't do it.

I want I think to start to blog as a boy. In the mornings, I wish I were erect and could just go.

That is what I mean.

[WINDOWRIGHT]

Window, like woman, an invention.

Think caves. Invent: to welcome wind. To shun: unwelcome.

Windows are doorways un- to pass through. Illicit entrance, seduction, a tease. Stopped at the waist, sill at the hips.

Except when I was in Paris, the windows opened all the way down to my shins, and this is why it is called a honeymoon.

Josephine Baker adopted ten children. I saw a photo. Voyez la résistance.

Before I was invented in pregnancy I didn't exist.

Third person: a window, a child, POV. The bomb, the bomb, the bomb, the bomb.

The Wright brothers thought their planes would be used for scouting. They did not invent mass destruction, no matter what the papers say. You do remember the papers.

Wilbur and Orville marketed their invention to the military. The American military, the French.

Geometrically speaking, a plane is a horizon—horizontal in all directions.

The earth could not remain flat. Because of puberty: it comes earlier and earlier.

The horizontal line vast but not against god. It was the perpendicular that eluded the brothers. Something falling from the sky not by miscalculation but by design.

The window in the bottom of a plane added a new dimension to warfare. As does strapping the bomb to a woman's body, another window. Another way to deliver.

Wright angle. The flying machines began to let the killing drop from where god was.

Now—from nowhere or just north of Vegas—drones do this.

[CELLARDANCE]

I made a dance about torture. I choreographed it.

Yep.

A mirror in it for reading all the advertisements. To see, an entrapment.

A body can be a tool for marketing, even past twenty-two, thirty-three even, because
the body is unsatisfied.

Torture was in the dance I made represented by stuffed animals and a ball-peen hammer.

They can take it over and over. I asked for volunteers anyway. I taped out squares
on the floor.

One volunteer I gave a panda.

Do you know about the memos? I asked them.

But I asked it with bodies which they had never been taught to read. Not for nuance.

The soundtrack was bureaucratic. Bybee.

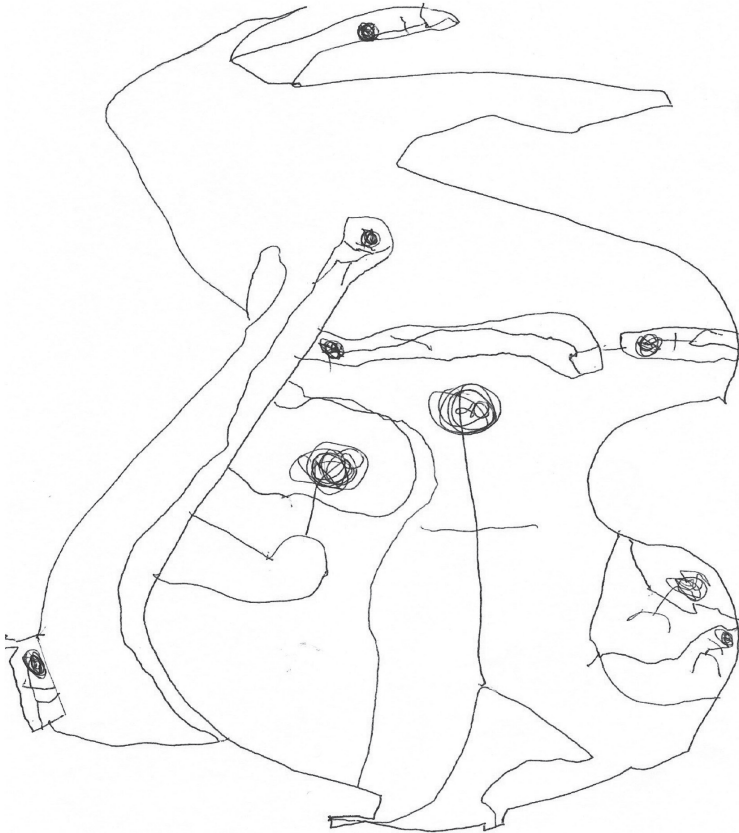
Also, there are all these children kept in basements, sometimes by their fathers. This was
part of the dance. I represented eighteen years without a window. I had a mirror.

Time passed into.

Theaters have no windows because of not wanting light. Flickers of a thing unseen but
maybe paying more attention than in the sun, on the beach, all that flesh, advertisements
flying over an ocean turning black since dawn.

I can't really understand what dawn is anymore, beyond its relationship to my person.

My left hand, the eastern hand.



[WINDOWTREATMENT]

If your father or sister molests you, there is a support group.

If you aided them, there is a support group, and serotonin-reuptake-inhibitors to help you with that.

Coffee seems also to be protective against suicide, Alzheimer's, sleep.

For the kind of sleep that keeps family blurry, coffee combined with alcohol is a folk remedy, for four hundred years, prior to which coffee was more localized.

Alcohol is old as family.

To stay together—a buttonhole. Pivot, clasp.

Under the sound of the family, you hear brushstrokes, a percussionist waiting, a painter crying into the palette, thinning the hue, a dancer scuffling, nothing moved.

No thing or one moved.

[WINDOUBTFILLED]

There is sometimes just beyond the window the threat of twins. A doppelgang.

These are not clones. You will not open like a Russian doll. They are more their own than they are yours. Not kind.

Your grandmother had a pair. One died.

Blue leather with leather-covered buttons: depression era shoes—the bomb.

She had red hair before it went white; her name was Kaye.

Yours is black. And one of the twins you are not pregnant with: the bad seed, fifth child. Lessing guessed. Oppenheimer.

A threat of twins is the name for the full complement.

Congregation of sparrows, lion pride, plague of atoms, duck morass—that's not right.

One wants to kill crows: their omenhood viral, priestly.

A specimen. You pee into a cup and this tells us what exactly? It used to be a rabbit died. We don't kill rabbits for this any more, apparently. Mascara.

The hormone only says yes or says no.

Not yes, yes. Not indeed. Not prepare yourself. Not now you are a host.

Not Hiroshima.

On the afternoon talk show the woman behind the curtain admitted to birth at fourteen, marriage at nine. Pay no attention.

On the other channel, the evening news is a fire.

Hoarders have died in their ranchhouse, unable to make it past the newspapers. You remember newspapers. And the name of the second city?

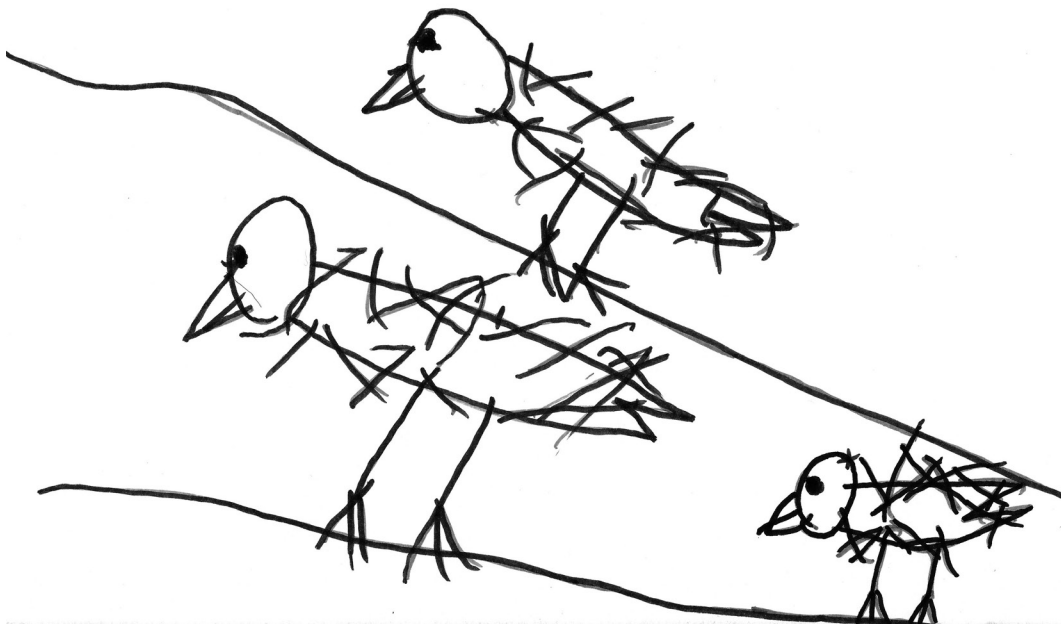
There is no place like ovaries. Nope.

They are also the bomb. And their slow-motion detonation: child.

Possibly child-child—your own death in mimeo. Tsunami.

[CROWDEADANCE]

Three dancers. Hands weaving. A smaller flash mob.
A black bird alights. Tourist. Stilling flutter for a moment. Just.
No flight to it at all.
There are fingers. They shred the bird.
Mouths—black also—devour it. Where, I wonder, is *to interpret*?
Also—
By what hands, down what throats, through what systems, moves what art?



[WINDOWNFALL]

Work by rule. Rhyme. Or do not. If I start running here, I fall, but only off the edge of the table or through the bottom of a tree like an Alice.

By root I may find the way under.

Windowless, roots are blind. Unless you consider water a kind of sight. Thirst and gaze are related, I give you. And a tilt from the flask of drink-me.

I'd give you pretty much whatever you asked for and I wouldn't serve myself first.

Pretty much from my mother that is how I learned to be a mother, by which I mean woman, she meant.

I believe woman has been defined variously.

Before I was mother, I defined myself as human. My mother knew I was no such thing.

But an animal would not starve itself, though deprivation is a sort of pleasure. Superior, in the way air can be superior. High above us, air is—for an example—thinner.

Water I learned to love early on. Its prolonging. A tree given water can manufacture air high up in its branches.

The roots of film are flickers, nickelodeons, Muybridge. How often do we ask now what happens between cells, what transpires?

We believe in river. Time is continuous.

We can breathe across the frames, between windows, behind walls, we are sure of it. But we are deprived.

I fill the rabbit holes at the base of the tree, the blankety-blanks, learn to serve first.

What is sill other than sideboard, slender hand outstretched and outstretched in offer of daylight, book, dying plant?

An apple, another book. The deadbird outside, on the deck. Its neck broken. The window did it. Or maybe it was Dinah.

I am like a root. I dig in. Don't see.

[ASKEDANCERED]

I made a piece about architecture. I choreographed it.

The dancer stood in front of a slide show.

Her slide showing.

As if she were a puppet, she was flung about the stage, as if she were the puppetmaster. She
flung herself.

Her hands opened like a book. Her hands closed down in black prayer, in burqa. And this
is where the audience was supposed to understand something.

I am not supposed to place a dancer on a stage, done to death—a cave? The street.

In November weather, she walked a slow walk on concrete.

City. Few cared to stop/stopped to care. *No window into this*—they might say that. Or,
nothing private is natural.

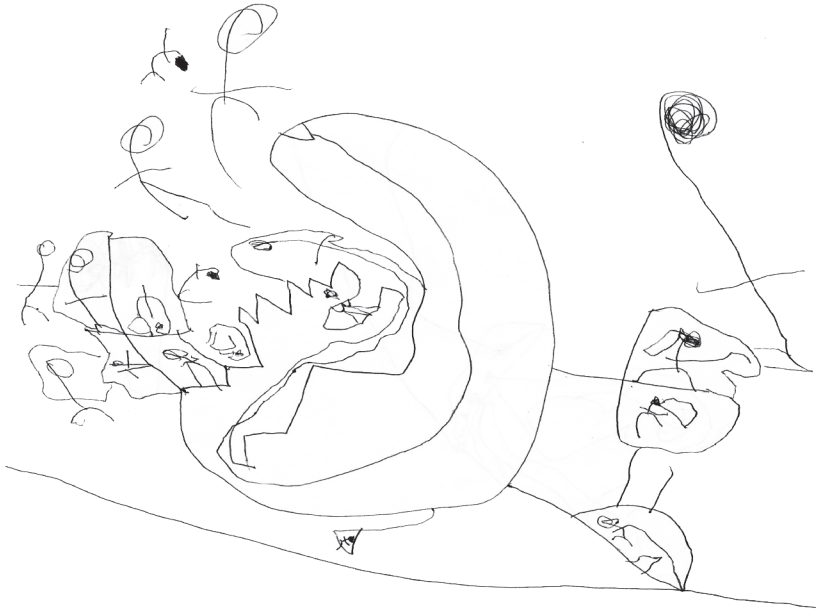
Brought back onto stage, she felt it was less, the stage, than the elements.

The elements are real, she said, feelable—my feet got numb.

Dancers are not supposed to speak.

The stage is utopian; silence, like handguns, an equalizer. She looked at me: between us,
a terrible shame.

I flung her about a bit more.



[SAINTWO]

Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available

to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder.

A boy. A boy. A boy. One crashes. One arts. One clowns. So far from me, I am sad like a sad clown. I read from the life of the second ever saint. They request this—the me reading. Each night a new horror brought to bed, a new dragon to slay upon each pillow. This is our warmth. Saint Szabo, I tell them, a tailor not a knight, slowed down to a speed so incremental, every alteration he made shortened the hemline of a god. They are not immediately convinced. I say—like a glacier. *Glacier?* they ask. Eventually (I read this online . . . you may want to remember online), the Arctic Circle becomes an economic powerhouse. Once ice is water, permafrost goes also and ravage is the likeliest invitation. We decide to move. I adjust the blanket. When Saint Szabo died, I relate, he was carried in his chair out to the cemetery. Will my own children be available to carry the dead? I wonder. I wonder—how far? Sleeping children should not be organized by their mother’s dreams. Saint Szabo is a lesson to them. A knight is a falling. Except for the one who grinds his teeth, mine are making sucking sounds.

[WINDONEWITH]

Beyond this frame an empty prison. Preserved.

A ruin display.

The mirror and I are becoming friends. We have coffee over the idea *penitentiary*. I cannot stabilize my age.

An incarceration released of inmate. *Haunting* is the root of *poem*.

Absolute solitary was piloted as a charitable rehabilitative practice: hooded heads, eating in isolation, force of silence.

Individual postage-stamp exercise yards. Statistically relevant suicides.

Swollen city, overcrowding, middle-class neighborhood, stench (heating and sewage conduits side-by-side—new engineering).

1971. It closes.

Near-feral cats in corridors willed to vine. A caretaker with bowls of cream.

Do we ever know what we will do to those in our power? Sade. If I seek not to use power, does that leave more power available to its seekers?

A body rots severally inside rusted conundrums.

Exposed root, crumbling plaster, vault, drifting snow, bed frames upended like racks.

Or maybe more like—now like—cellos.

[WINDON'T]

On YouTube, on a woman, flogging. Subtitles read, “It is to be 63 lashes.” Someone subtitled this.

She pleads for her mother, there is laughter, a pattern on the back of her robes is like a target.

Someone is telling her to sit down, and to *put your legs out*.

She seeks refuge against a car. The dirt is bright.

Dance teaches what scant thing video has to tell me. Of moments. Of movement. Of the suppression of movement.

I do not know what the gap is between video and other realities.

I may have been pregnant once. Three times. The woman, she may have been an adulterer. A lesbian. An intellectual. I don't see.

I worry about my own offense. Scuffling in the bright dirt.

Butterfly effect—chaos is a theory. I agree we should worry, Wilde. I agree we cannot, Assange. The whips stir air I will feel some day.

And the air I stir?

I agree. I digress, I concur, I reject.

Am I, Mother, animal?

Of course—I am.

[ABANDANCE]

I cannot help it: wanting massacre.

A solo. Bluesything.

So. I put a dancer in the dirty street, head down between trumpeted legs.

Never mind it's me. For tone color—I have her hone, selve.

She downs herself over and over, more insistently each sound of brass. The same hurts more
in performance than in rehearsal. Because of bruise.

Day after day after that. The dance is months, reinjury—a best practice.

In this way her skin acquires spirituality: purple and green tinged with gold. A mummer, a
murmur, a Mardi Gras.

Hold your shirt up. I expose her nipples, covering her none-of-us face.

This might make her nakedness provocative—if her face had ever been on the table.

Cashbar, countdown, townwhore, trainwreck.

I toss her some colored nooses, the kind of rosary that comes off the back of a truck.

Mosquito-spray-prayer.

I paint her with horns and beads, a single strand of feminism.

Skimpy fiction unfits her, nymph-blatant. Color her martyr and I am the world.

Choreo-hater. Stig mater.



[WINDOWAKING]

The window is a bed.

This choreography when I cannot sleep: a sleeping partner, an unsleeping partner, a book by the moon by the window.

In Italy—a family, half of whom at a certain age cease to sleep. Nine months later, these die. It is a pregnancy, a whisper. A waltz.

The pas de deux at the Guggenheim? Lessons in partnering a corpse.

Books? Same.

The dance is done with masks and torches in our very window. In the morning I am tired, and continue. One (two, three) . . .

The plot of *Giselle* (in both Rhineland and Creole versions) has a dead ballerina keeping her betrayer alive through the night. He will not die. This is the story—she loves him.

She does not let him sleep.

Last night, another fire on the news. Seven children died while a three-year-old went to fetch her mother from the barn. Father in his truck.

Fire likes a bed. A plot.

Our dance I do in a room next to a room steeped in children. No tragedy.

The Italian family, theirs a prion disease, a smoky veil over their lives, the folding of proteins into eventual fatality, a book.

Centuries ago their sleeplessness ended in townspeople and torches, now it is a room with ropes.

Ends tied to beds reflect a tendency to hurt the self, others: the narrative arc of a curse.

Giselle's mad scene ends only Act 1. Because there is more (two, three) . . .

A mother. A father. A toddler who will or will not grow into the chapters of her waking life,
mask over a mask over the other one.

Is this the story—they live?

[WINDOWWALK]

I ask them, these people who will not define themselves variously, I ask them what it is like.

One arts, one clowns.

The one-who-crashes tries, saying—it is like being a fast car.

And all I can think of at that moment is *brick wall*. And then I think, *I am thinking of a brick wall*.

We are lost.

We sometimes walk beside a canal floating plastic bottles on the way to water-ice.

The decay, the layers of lead paint off buildings of brick, released into the air at dusk, at dawn, towards all left-handed thoughts—this is lovely.

Commensurate with my mortality, the façades are like the recent fragility of the skin on my throat. This is also lovely.

Lately, I have been touching my own neck with the backs of my fingers, as a lover might.

Where does one find such a lover? I am beginning to wonder.

I buy them water-ice in waxed cups. One vanilla, one root beer, one cherry.

Walking back along the canal, we palm the plastic bottles, shoot them into green mesh trash cans. We are fast cars, swerving back and forth along the towpath, retrieving death, delaying it.

I am beginning. I wonder, *Can what is not enough—be?*

In a jar of fog at the Mütter, the heart's remains begin to split and flake. So many abandoned storefronts in Philadelphia. So much skin.

[SAINTACTONE]

A window was offered to the least among them. On its sill a book. More a pamphlet: autobiography of the first ever saint. The self-hagiography read from during her beatification. Sit here at the window. Read how St. Ipolyta chained the baby sea turtles to her sides, how she encouraged them to drag her bit-by-bit to the ocean. Please remember ocean. Read of their failure, the lolling of their fingerling heads into the hot sand. Read of her disgrace, redemption, remorse, perch to discover how she came to know that two dozen infant turtles were a sign. Read how she wore them as they rotted to rosary. How the fishy stench she covered with constant lemon. How she avoided all clatter of desiccated shells. It was her penance: slowest possible motion. Wiles of micro-movement. The turtles mattered less. The stapled manuscript explains—her belief was the miracle: the heart she proved. Tremendously slow-beating also. It was a task ascertaining her death, as she kept startling the grievous with sighs. Here is an apple. Leave the core just there beside the window. And the tract. Time is a quality of movement. Every thing will be taken care of.

[DANCESTRAL]

I make it this way: I put a glacier on the stage.

It melts.

There are compensations. For example, an audience drowns.

Doing nothing is its own war.

I choreograph saints by initiating total paralysis. It's not the fire, it's the being tied to.

A boy without a brain kisses a girl without a heart. She returns it. It's what empty drums do—the ocean turning black since dawn.

A girl without a heart kisses a girl without a heart. On the internet. The room heats up. The world is heating up. The suicides happen somewhere else. They happen here but don't matter. The desert comes quick. The stage, lit by alcohol, burns.

Home is an excavation. Beneath coffins of dust and greasepaint, she is all skin. She can scroll through herself. Remember scrolls.

Windows reflect her in ghost.

Murdered is the most common means by which to become holy.

She watches flickers, knows what happens once Loie Fuller has waved her tinted sleeves. After Isadora nakedly graces the graces. Post Bojangles kicking and climbing, unclimbing and kicking, the pointless stairs.

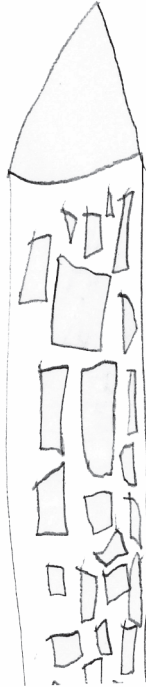
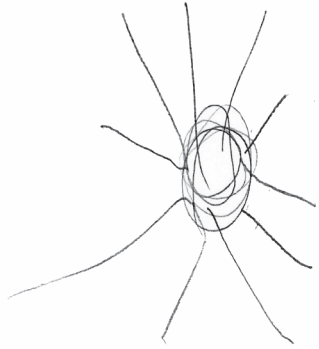
A window is a painting someone has forgotten to put the painting in.

Between cells, there is neither osmosis nor love note nor hatch for escape.

To peer is not to pass.

Because defenestration is a ladies' game—

anyone can play.



Notes & Acknowledgments

Drawings by Koen Kaschock-Marenda.

Excerpts from this work appeared in *Antioch Review*, *BOMB Magazine*, *Chicago Review*, *Everyday Genius*, *Mad Hatters' Review*, *Many Mountains Moving*, and *Otoliths*.

Kirsten Kaschock is the author of three books of poetry: *The Dottery* (Pitt Poetry, Donald Hall Prize, 2014), *Unfathoms* (Slope Editions) and *A Beautiful Name for a Girl* (Ahsahta Press). Her debut novel, *Sleight*, a work of speculative fiction, was published by Coffee House Press. She has earned a PhD in English from the University of Georgia and a PhD in dance from Temple University. Kirsten resides in Philadelphia with Dan Marenda and their three children. More at kaschock.wordpress.com.

WINDOWBOXING: A Dance with Saints in Three Acts is the fifth chapbook in the 2012–2013 series from Bloof Books. Each chapbook in the series will be released in a limited edition of one hundred numbered copies, followed by a digital release. Each chapbook is also included in full in our annual compilation volume, [*Bound*](#).

BLOOF BOOKS CHAPBOOK SERIES

Volume 1: Issue 5 (2013)

ISSN 2373-1648 Online (2015)

This is the electronic edition