

## TARGET

Texts by Jena Osman

### Twister I

The march. It seems to be moving through the main streets. It seems to be moving like a body made of parts. It seems to be turning and it seems to be coursing and it seems to have a mind of its own. Waking up in the morning in the sheets, then fanning out in determination or panic. Following orders in the heat. Twisting through the terrain. Exploding. Past the tanks. Past the flak jacket. Up and into the brain.

### Leaflet I

reward for information  
aerial dissemination and arc light operations  
the grief and pain of your death  
a dog of nomads, chained at the heel  
arty artillery  
playing chess connects with the target  
we know where you are hiding  
person to person without distortion  
unless physically altered  
unexploded ordnance can kill! do not touch! Help us keep you safe!  
you are our targets  
there is no reason to be alarmed. For your own safety, stay away!

### PsyOps: Know Your Target

remove any trace of the color red  
show soldiers with chin beards rather than clean-shaven faces  
don't use thought bubbles; they're confusing  
add bananas to a bowl of fruit

Keep in mind that the target is suspicious  
and will look for hidden unfavorable meanings,  
insure that only one interpretation, the intended one, can be given each sentence.  
Do not leave any thoughts for the target to fill in.

caption everything

### Leaflet II

safe conduct passes  
foreign henchmen  
Stop! Turn away now!  
rid yourselves of these fanatics  
positive appeals wear the target down  
Help us keep you safe  
read the message without touching  
you can receive millions of dollars  
the color of the terrain  
laughs at you  
you do not know he's sent you to your death  
many threads make one rug  
get wealth and power beyond your dreams  
help bring back happiness  
millions of dollars selling evil drugs  
the audience often risks death for reading  
your escape routes are mined  
air delivery  
you are trapped  
the murderer and coward has abandoned you  
give yourself up and do not die needlessly  
you mean nothing to him  
do you think you are safe  
in your tomb  
we know where you are  
stop fighting and live

### Twister II

The market or target seems to be moving. It seems to be turning and it seems to be declining and it seems to be tied to emotional life. More than one million seem to have moved, displaced, and then hundreds of thousands move with no face. Up into the mountains, in pockets and caves. The borders and barricades. Ticker tape as mechanical echo falling in small twists from above. Something pressing, something pushing, something running from the marksman.