

# ROSALIE LIGHTNING

BY TOM HART  
AND ROSALIE LIGHTNING  
AND LEELA CORMAN  
AND THE RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK CITY,  
GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA, NEW MEXICO,  
AND HAWAII, AS WELL AS  
VARIOUS SINGER-SONGWRITERS,  
FILM DIRECTORS, ACTORS, ANIMATORS,  
COMIC ARTISTS, DONORS, LOVERS  
AND FRIENDS.

ST. MARTIN'S PRESS  
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THEN, WHERE DESPAIR HAD BEEN, THE VOICE  
OF NINA SIMONE. PARENTHESES OPEN  
ON A NEW GENDER, CROSSED WITH STARS  
ARI REMOVES THE BOBBY PINS. NIGHT FALLS  
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS NON SEQUITUR  
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE.

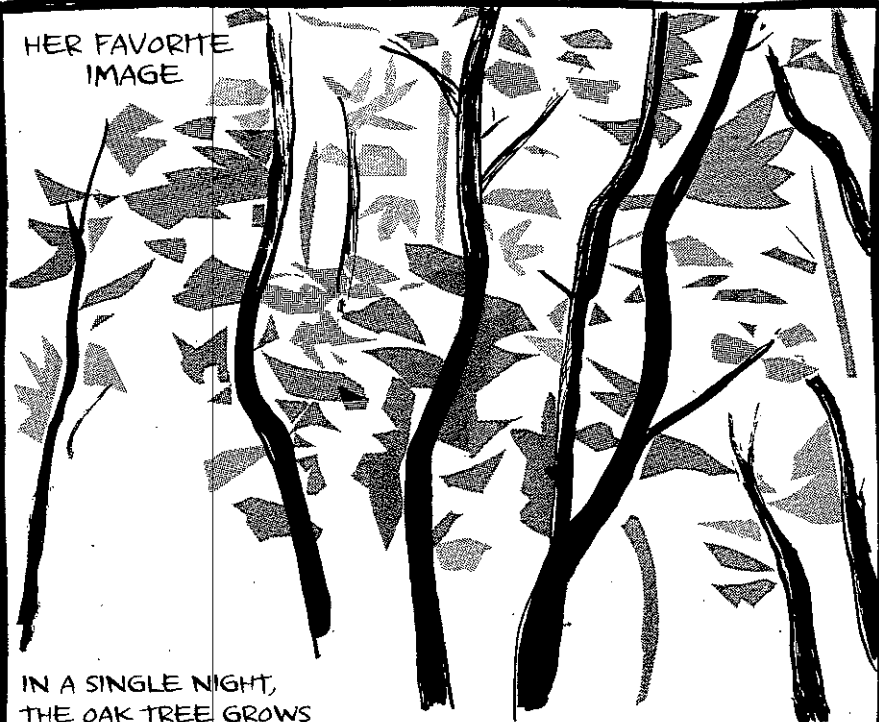
-BEN LERNER  
MEAN FREE PATH

I



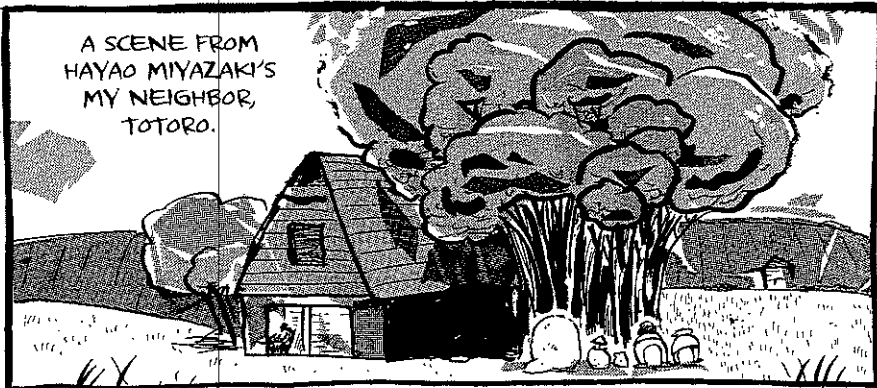


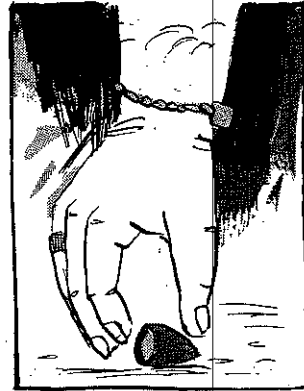
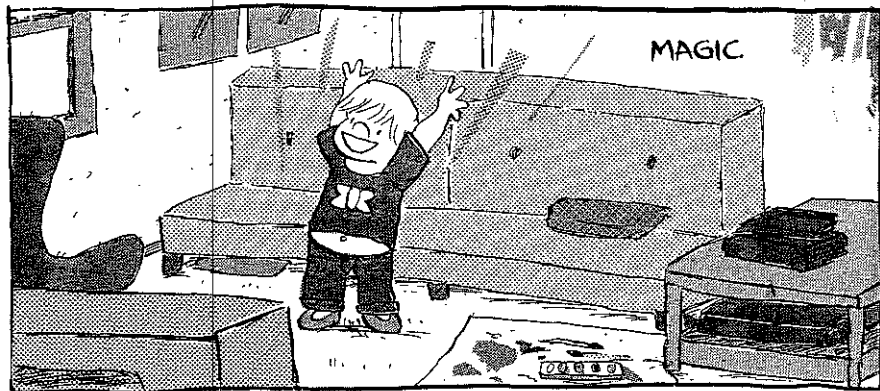
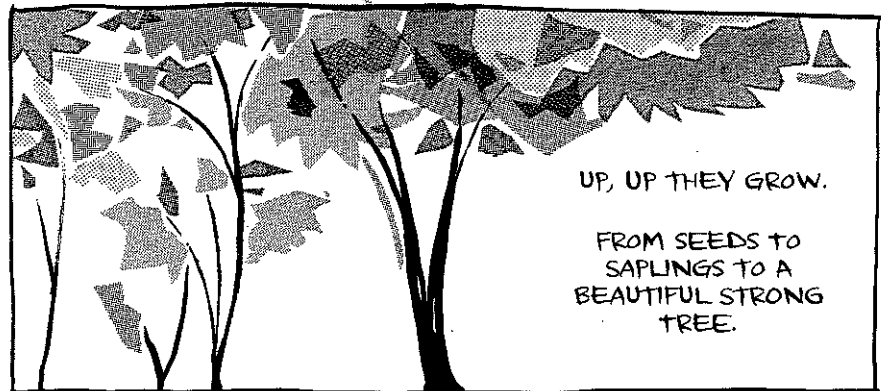
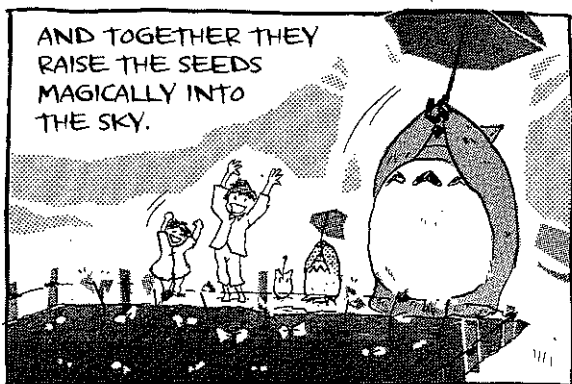
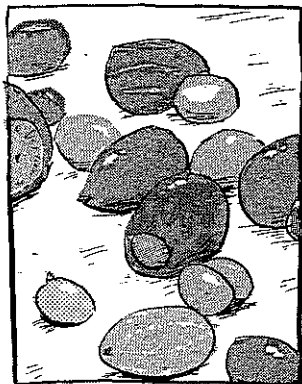
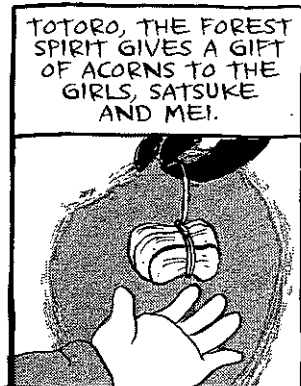
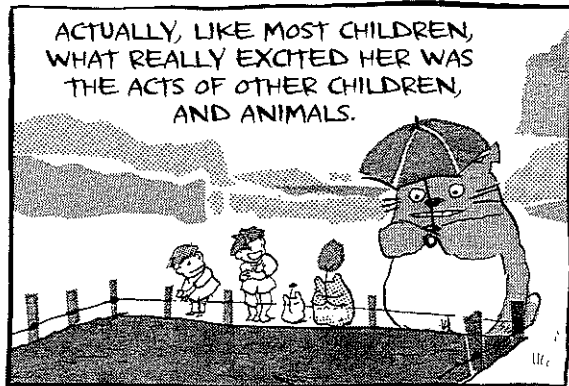
HER FAVORITE  
IMAGE



IN A SINGLE NIGHT,  
THE OAK TREE GROWS  
TO FULL HEIGHT FROM A SCATTERING OF ACORNS IN THE GARDEN.

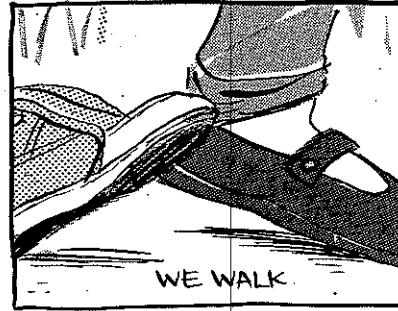
A SCENE FROM  
HAYAO MIYAZAKI'S  
MY NEIGHBOR,  
TOTORO.



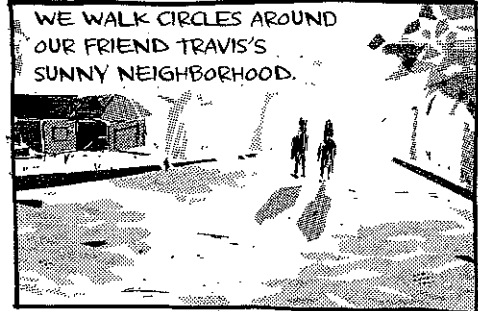


NOVEMBER 2011.  
WE LOST ROSALIE  
A FEW DAYS AGO.  
IT FELT LIKE A BOMB  
GOING OFF.

"MY HEART IS A  
BLAST SITE," LEELA  
SAYS.



WE WALK.

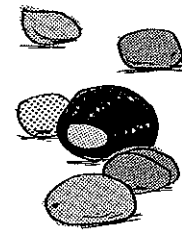


WE WALK CIRCLES AROUND  
OUR FRIEND TRAVIS'S  
SUNNY NEIGHBORHOOD.

HAUNTING  
HIS STREETS



COLLECTING  
ACORNS



HIDING

CRYING

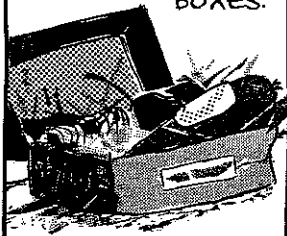
COLLAPSING.

# IMAGES

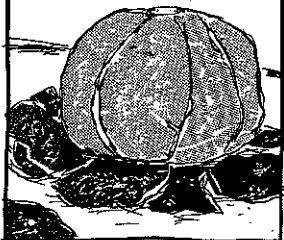
YOU'LL GET  
USED TO WHILE  
GRIEVING  
YOUR LOST

# CHILD

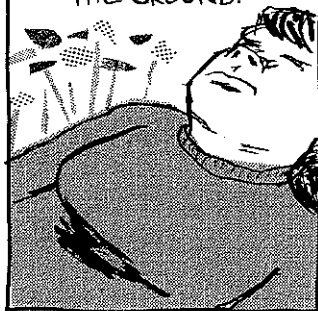
CRACKERS, FRUITS  
AND MEATS IN  
LITTLE GIFT  
BOXES.



ORANGES PEELLED,  
NEVER EATEN.



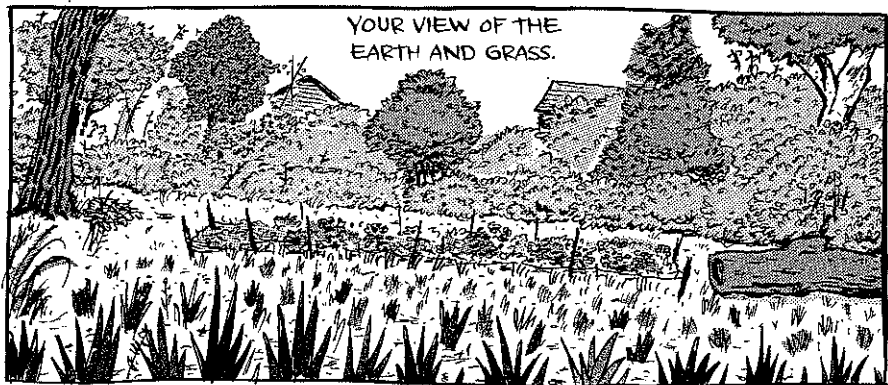
YOUR SPOUSE ON  
THE GROUND.



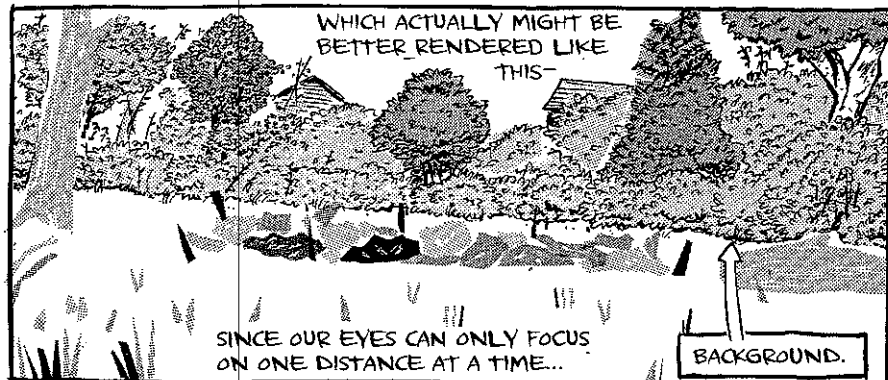
YOU ON THE  
GROUND.



YOUR VIEW OF THE  
EARTH AND GRASS.



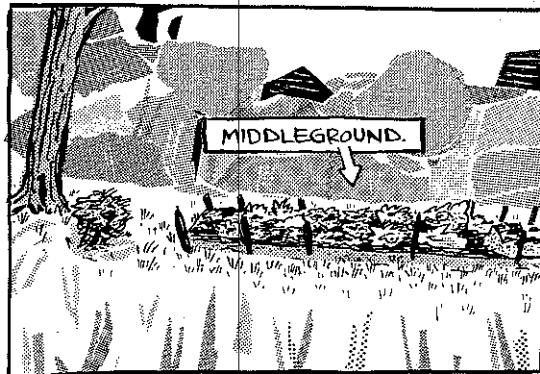
WHICH ACTUALLY MIGHT BE  
BETTER RENDERED LIKE  
THIS—



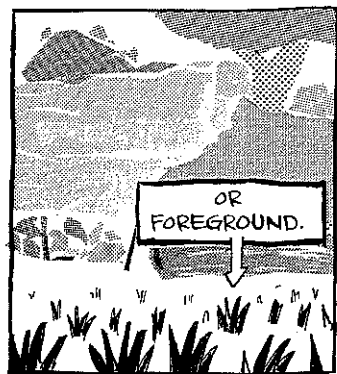
SINCE OUR EYES CAN ONLY FOCUS  
ON ONE DISTANCE AT A TIME...

BACKGROUND.

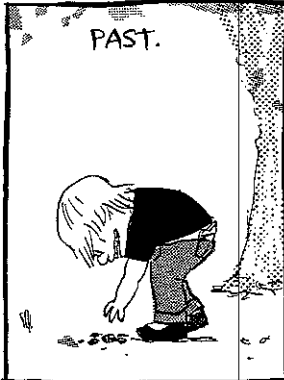
MIDDLEGROUND.



OR  
FOREGROUND.



PAST.



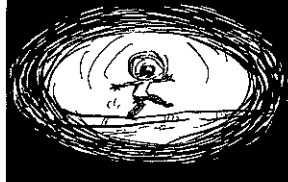
PRESENT.



OR  
FUTURE.



I'M TEETERING—  
TRYING DESPERATELY  
TO STAY FOCUSED ON  
THE PRESENT, OR  
IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



LIKE, 5 SECONDS  
IN THE FUTURE.

WALK  
FORWARD.

GRIND  
COFFEE.



LOOKING BACKWARDS  
TO OUR JOYOUS LIFE  
GONE IS JUST  
HORRIFYING,  
DREADFUL

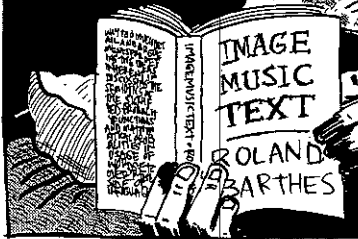
IMAGINING A FUTURE  
WITHOUT ROSALIE,  
EQUALLY HORRIFIC,  
TERRIFYING...



I LOOK FOR HELP IN ART AND IMAGES.  
WONDERING WHAT MAKES THEM WORK.  
WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON IN  
MY BRAIN...

I READ  
ROLAND  
BARTHES

"THE RELATION  
BETWEEN THING  
SIGNIFIED AND  
IMAGE SIGNIFYING  
IN ANALOGICAL  
REPRESENTATION  
IS NOT 'ARBITRARY'  
AS IT IS IN  
LANGUAGE..."

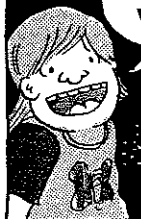


YOUR BEST  
MEMORIES  
ARE YOUR  
BIGGEST  
TORMENTS.

YOU REMEMBER  
HER JOKES

UH OH  
EAAA-  
DAHKK...

"UH-OH,  
IT'S  
DARK."



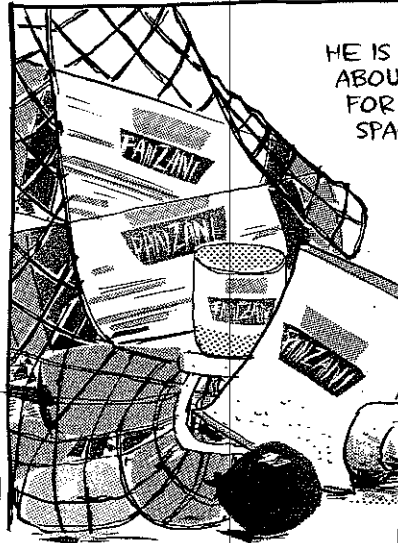
HER SINGING—

AND THE  
ITSY BITSY  
WENT UP  
THE SPOUT

SPIDO!

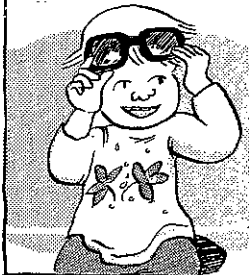
AGAN!

YAY!!

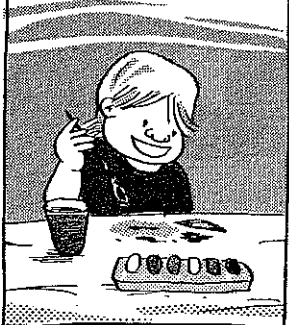


HE IS WRITING  
ABOUT AN AD  
FOR ITALIAN  
SPAGHETTI.

YOU REMEMBER  
ANYTHING AND YOUR  
HEART RACES— YOU  
CAN'T BELIEVE—



ANYTHING.



FORGET IT— I PICK UP  
THE VAULT OF  
HORROR

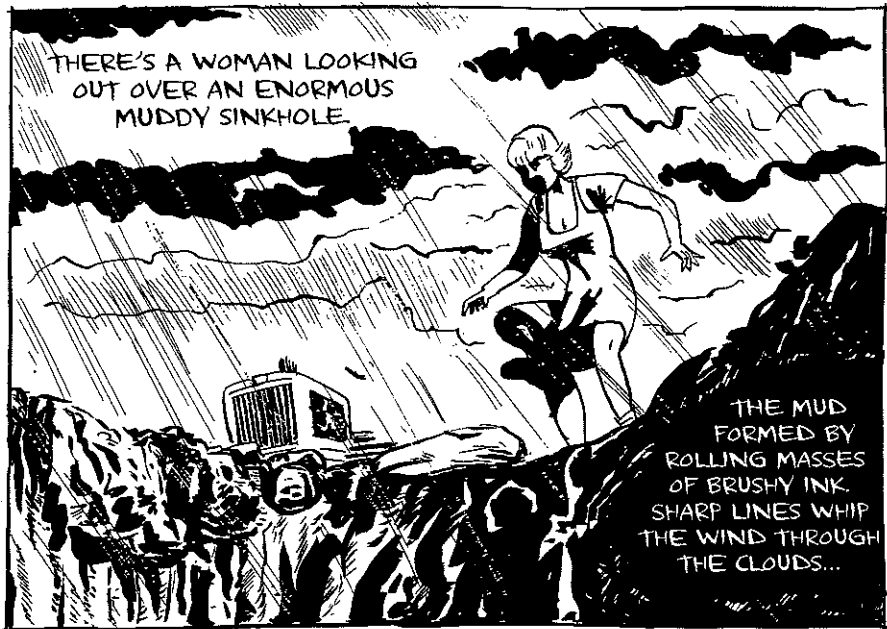
I'M CAUGHT!  
HELP! HELP!

THERE I AM.

WHAT IT SIGNIFIES,  
WHAT IT SEMIOTIZES,  
AND HOW THE LAYERS  
OF SEMICONSCIOUS  
SIGNATIONS AND INTENTS  
CORRELATE WITH THE







THERE'S A WOMAN LOOKING  
OUT OVER AN ENORMOUS  
MUDDY SINKHOLE.

THE MUD  
FORMED BY  
ROLLING MASSES  
OF BRUSHY INK.  
SHARP LINES WHIP  
THE WIND THROUGH  
THE CLOUDS...



A BLADE SCRAPES  
ACROSS THE INK  
ON THE PAPER  
TO CARVE OUT  
THE STREAMS  
OF ICY  
RAIN.



I-I-I CAN'T  
GET OUT!!

