**Transcription & Image Descriptions for “Can Chimera Be Rescued?”**

PAGE 1

**Text**: Can Chimera Be Rescued?

**ID**: The profile of a female lion, a goat, and a snake.

PAGE 2

**Text:** On the day of her death, Chimera wakes and hobbles sleepily across her territory, sniffing with her lion’s nose, her snakehead tasting infrared while her goat’s teeth graze; she rips and chews tufts of dry grass, and she smells morning vapor, and she detects the warmth of lava and living bodies, and she feels vibration and hears amplified sounds, and colors swarm through her many sensory receptors, and the world resounds all around with its sublime flavors.

You are her killer. Riding Pegasus, you track her down and thrust your spear into her goat’s throat just as fire empties from her lungs, melting lead to liquid. She chokes on the hotslick trickle, gulping molten metal until it hardens in her stomach. A final deadly meal.

**ID:** A profusion of dripping ink, feathery textures, and clouds overlaid with text clippings.

PAGE 3

**Text:** Crunch time. new literacies

**ID:** A four panel illustration of a rearing Pegasus being bitten by a lion.

PAGE 4

**Text:** Forget the original myth, its violence, its finality, your own complicity. What if—instead of dominion— this could be about tenderness?

**ID:** A triptych depicting three open mouths in the first panel, a watery and mountainous landscape in the second, and a hand resting gently on the head of an ambiguous animal in the third.

PAGE 5

**Text:** Partnering pen to paper

**ID:** A blossom of human and animal parts collaged over smoke and water, with paper clippings.

PAGE 6

**Text:** Chimera is revived

**ID:** Six panels overlaid in a cubistic design, each containing features or textures specific to a different animal: a goat eye, snake scales, a spill of human hair, the curvature of a woman’s chin, lion’s fur.

PAGE 7

**ID:** A fractured explosion of textures and parts: a gaping lion’s jaw, a snake eye, a distorted goat’s hoof, shreds of black.

PAGE 8

**ID:** Two illustrations. The first is abstract: a glassy shattering of water, scales, and teeth. The second illustration, also abstract, shows a lion’s nose and incisors crunching against crumbled stones, a human hand tearing open a butterfly, a lock of hair, a watery eye.

PAGE 9

**Text:** In this story, Chimera is alive, alive, alive; she thrives.

**ID:** A triptych formatted above a horizontal illustration. The triptych includes a set of teeth, a human tongue licking an abstract swirl, and a forked snake tongue. Below, human, lion, goat, and snake silhouettes alternate in black-and-white.

PAGE 10

**Text:** In this story, Chimera doesn’t die; she sighs though three mouths in unison.

**ID:** A goat, a snake, and a lion skull surge leftwards. Below, square panels contain eyes and the geometric face of a woman.

PAGE 11

**Text:** In this story, Chimera *refuses* to be rescued. Instead, she rescues you.

**ID:** The torso of a naked woman clutching her elbow and shoulder with the head of a snarling lion, collaged over snake coils.

PAGE 12

**Text:** In this story, Chimera kisses you *lavishly.*

**ID:** Triptych of a hand tucking hair behind an ear, a sideways glance, a tongue wetting lips. Underneath, a goat-horned woman embraces a silhouette. She cradles the silhouette’s head and shoulder as they lock together in a passionate kiss.

PAGE 13

**ID:** A checkerboard illustration with six squares constructing a human profile through swirls, ink shading, an open mouth, and scruffy tufts of fur.

PAGE 14

**ID:** Another checkerboard illustration, this time with six tall rectangles. The suggestion of a wing, a claw, a whorled ear canal.

PAGE 15

**Text:** You’re picnicking with Chimera on a hill overlooking the seaside. You unpack a basket of cheese, grapes, and silverware, little jars of marmalade. You uncork a bottle of cheap wine. Earlier, you walked along the water’s edge, planting footprints in the sand. Chimera reached for your hand, tracing a nail across your palm.

**ID:** Twelve square panels depicting a hillside, a picnic basket filled with bread and cheese, grapes, silverware, jars, hands clasping the neck of a wine bottle, abstract swirls and splashes, a road coming unzipped, two pinkies wrapped together, a woman’s silhouette, a hand scratched across the palm.

PAGE 16

**Text:** Everywhere she steps, she leaves hyphens of flame; she is of multiple minds. When you met her at a bar years ago, she said slyly that she has three first names. Now she’s tearing a chunk of bread. She’s ravenous. You’re keenly aware of this moment, its tremulousness—so strong, yet

**ID:** Twelve square panels depicting flames, a sloshing wineglass, two human silhouettes facing one another, a pair of crossed legs perched on a barstool, a lion licking its chops, a human tongue touching teeth, animals dancing, a snakelike curlicue, stippled patterns dissolving into blankness.

PAGE 17

**Text:** so close to spoiling… were the bread staler, the autumn closer. Were either of you dead or born into a different story. Were a single thread loosened on this quilt of *beautifully*

**ID:** A triptych. The first image shows chunks of broken earth, a leaf, the stippled imprint of a human profile. Below, there are front-facing drawings of a woman’s face, a lion, a goat, and a snake, all overlapping. At the bottom, a woman splits into creaturely abstraction.

PAGE 18

**Text:** Mismatching things

**ID:** Minimalist ink lines arranged into a tattoo-like pattern. A woman clutches herself protectively with a lion, goat, and snake curling inwards from her face into her body.