

Vela.

Catastrophe is always about to arrive again. We live in ruin's midst. We have always dwelt in this middle, at this doorway that sometimes holds firm against storm but sometimes blows open as the elements arrive.

– Jeffrey Jerome Cohen (“Elemental Relations”)

A playful nip is not only not a bite, it is also not not a bite.

– Brian Sutton-Smith (*The Ambiguity of Play*)

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Heraclitus

lit, dead. or sea'd, a live wire.

logos de cahier. logos de feu.

Wolf

pint after pint: utterly a lone wolf
for the knowledge of milk,
and what
it was.

at each corner
I meet the kitties of
dairy and the saucers really
do fly, rendered mammary running
off to story the high towers of industry.

into a book of cloves I bend
my howl yet am born back again, a sun-heaved
blockage among the growing shadows of morning.

Corn Pajamas, Green House Gas

After Timothy Morton

soundlessly move the plastic teeth
to close them up then sneak out.

who serves poetry liver
at this hour? our streets
are zippers of outering.

Möbius, mopey pus. 2-way
teeth & hyper objectionable.
are we in the toxic yet?

please: let something
dark happen to me in the night.
I am red into the LD50 of this text.

these clouds are only so much
caught-on clogging the soundscape.

my acrid tongue sticks
with fiber, regular glass.

f/unearth: scrape me with your face as it grows out.
forgive the dilating frame for this margin of air.

Polly, Ethel: lean loves livest now and leaning yet.
twin spines bent back on themselves.

After Matsubayashi's *Horses of Fukushima*

radio horse singing to radio horse
ultrasonic bodies gone full voice
& knowable to no living tongue.

maybe it is as
cixous says: we are just big enough to cry
for a dog, but never big enough to cry for our mother.

maybe the horses are like the kids, & the eggs
& art: we non-recognize them – move to-
ward them from a point of non-view.

this perspective is

the perspective from the shore
of radio waves
of slower-than-light

none of us has gone full-radio lately
not in my neighborhood,
& not in my mother's.

for now i water the screen of my eyes, salt slicking to grow
a temporary memorial for body of horse, & dog's body,
& notherly dove of world piece alit in my blazing palm.

Porcine Stress Syndrome

I've become an arched thing

 broom handled red
 over time

or a loss
 of the capacity to keep
 a room

debris

 is one form of surround.

 I began with a sousname
and that's what I'll keep

 beneath me there is much air

the arch of my back

 matches on
 graphic ally

 to the bananas
of a broken world

system which may
 or may not be dying

.

 It's June. The bugs in my
anus are screaming. My

children are breathless
some days like early cinema

as real clicks in to place.

Punches a hole in the ticket
to let the animals inside. The
vary skin suit that lets me ride
down on the (s)laughter
and its many houses,
each glistening carefully.

Cicada

I meet her
on the porch.

Again, she's done it: sprung from below
in a shake of clay from wing to land

on my porch railing bearing
a broad mute face and twin bulbs for eyes.

Dear Cade (may I call you that?), It-bizarre
you've been here all along in sci-fi glimmer
armored amidst holey shifted earth.

Not some weird bloom from the Anthropocene but
older than that human vestigial, the appendix, so many
editions of which have already gone off to scrap.

What did you call me
at the beginning of things?

How did you ring, and did you do it?
Tissue the summons, tongue besting my ear.

Homo-Cognitariat

—quick-listed
to the longhand of playbor

I lost in border
parts a country—quick of
the nail and bitten through—

what will it have been, to have played?

I confess no green
flower—No, am wooden flower

as in

wish I hadn't

a slow leak
can happen in a bicycle
tube—inside a girl—
inside a tube inside a girl

so I confess:

I know now it
is possible to be at once
full and empty
and so do
confess

this: a flattening—

(yes, property is a measure of elimination)

—now to limn red fessing up to
no flower to snuff: the brutal ex
-hibit, the habit I, aye

Vulture

I've been
thinking
in them

this currency
a weather one wills
vultures

they arrive
smaller by great
capes of meat

slowed as
a violence
congealed

ancestral task force or
the dinosaur inside
today, they are
our final fleet
assistants

charged with public mourning
they bow over the mealing dead
help the flatlands up to haunt

soon we will all be vultures, amateurish
amongst spoils of the present

the dead can fly
& they're doing it

scrap-meal stowaways
inside bellies to scour
the land, houring it

with screech.

Vogelfrei

I bought my worm and I
my worm become.

This is true for you also.

Look on the apple field:
it writhes with us.

Applecider,
fratricider.

The numb sweet juice,
The numb and sweetened tongue.

Apology to a Planet

I want to be a machine.
 —Andy fucking Warhol

I have been willed to what will have been. Say someday meets
 someday heading to coming from. Say there is another world. Say
 it is this one. It may be true: the intimidation of self-representation
 occludes even as it reveals.

I've used black tape to tape winter
 reeds to my wall. I've taped a shitting ass to my wall. It was
 a gift. I've taped a gift to my wall. I have one color copy and one
 black & white facsimile. Like the hands with their way of running
 over walls and overalls, the hardest to remove.

As if
 you could really cover it all. As if the reed weren't a strangle
 of dried berries, each shrunken balloon attesting to a clot.

Once I knew a guy yes-man enough, yes, I heard once
 how to be "buck up, Kiddo" for real. Let's follow the path
 of crushed figs: we will name our horses Cookie & Brownie
 and we will ride insulin-high into the West.

In the West, a metal
 raises a metal. I raise the metal to my mouth. I shake hands
 with Andy Warhol. Once sucked the war-hole like I needed it.

Say someday meets someday heading to coming from.
 Say there is another world. Tell me it is this one.

Miss Traction

I found you inside culture
running your hands against
its housed-glassily, peering
into its out-side, which was
your won and ownly face.

Still, you've become my lv-object.

I bring you
poems of dwindling.

I bring you
our final apple.

I bring you orchestraws and a most earie drink.

The Opening Yard

For other silent kinder gardeners

I was led once split
in the lip to the nurse's gloves
and though my speech frothed
with blood, it was the hands
she wanted and for the blisters
there, an ointment; a gauze.

I would to the grounds
of play go to monkey again
among the green gripping
hard through the yellowing
wrap, mouth hung just
open, its tear of flesh
beading a reddening globe—
sun-sprung jewel for those later
days when my eyes would make
contact and I should, aching, speak.

But, there's no helping the mouth, so
harden these hands with speech made strange.

Mouth

Phonemes am
bling over the thresh
old. I will hum a durge. I
will speak in meat or.

Art from Without: Closeness as a Nodal Manifestation

After Google

All I can think
of is my AI.

Somewhere, she is
writing a poem.

Somewhere, she's learning to bleed.

Mouths of Grain

A samaritan? Just
a person from a place.

I too have
come from.

Have tried to be good when I pass
you on the road, your mouth a tear
across our pool of flesh, tiniest country.

I might swear—I'd like to—we set the sun, bone-illumed,
& cast it all river, my tear-maw to yours, flowing through the gape.

Money Jugs

This water under my skin
is not forever water.

It expends
through tiny holes
above the vapor slits,
out from the croc canals of
the pomegranate river running
off from the Cis-effusive mountain.

My sweet is saline now. Salt lick,
then lapped. I hate the television waves
lapping my grain. I hate the Teflon

that bastes the jewels
of my waters. I'm a new millennium,
what are you? Have you forgiven
the tabloids yet?

No one was supposed to know
about our serpent mother,
about where all of the eggs went.

Memory has forgotten to smear
the blood trail again.

In my next life, I'll leave truth
prints on everything, take
my *ontos* of contagion
and proffer it to the world.

Eggplant

What is aubergine
in me seeds
verdant. A ready

multitude I
unmanner and enter
the slopyard

where I lap
and am lapped,
shell and unshell.

Like sulfur so
cannon, detritus
heaving inexhaustible yolk.

Ode, Her

Neighbor-moms called me
 fast paste, then flattened
 their daughters
 with irons, slow
 pastures.

They chaffed into dust while
 I, Mouth to the mega
 hone, pursed, sucked
 it in. Lashed lids with masc
 ara—aria of hinge—the
 sweeping doors of my
 feathered wink. A real
 looker, I look. Am also
 looked back. And man

icure sometimes, with a swipe
 of lacquer, fastest paste. The
 liquor closet from which
 I Spring. I snatch

the proverbial pooch out
 from neighbor-mom's purse
 and place fore
 finger there on the meat
 of the bitch-dog's hound
 quarter—I press
 down to move the whole
 limb. In this history
 of limning, I shine. I press
 the extensor and the leg swings out.

To Anne Choic

Free from echo, why should I, myself.
Ana, you are not a nice girl.

How can you stay in that other room?
How can you dwell so far outside song?

After Wall

Every egg is near-plant.

Be the egg. I mean
the chicken plant,
readying
to live a, sure,
mostly flightless

life. And yet.

To have wings:

after so
much white
and shell
and

endless wall.

Pomegranate

I spin my rounds, full
of sinister light

bulbs. Each socket flickers
red round crimson tooth.

I go through the bowels
of body like bones
through earth

all white nodes
unfleshed among shit
and yes, singing.

My Desert Be Coming

I played dead for a while.

Happily, my theater was small and
no one came looking. In my play

I ground every last swing set.
I ate the sand and sand became.

Urchin

For sibling faces, beneath the water

out from
the maw of river
and amaranth
of animal
swell

I became,
swimless, a
bundle of urchin
middlemeat, suited
in spine and all
the more
heavy

the river
would have scatte
red me—run my
bones across its sandy
floor—had me live blind
that wet desert and its
storming—O, Death,
you did once near-
have me—had we

given to scattering
what a clamor! a water
insisting orchestras

my femur playing
vertebral lengths
with skull
sluice to Onward,
every orbital
singing

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In “Homo-Cognitariat,” I borrow the line *property is a measure of elimination* from C.S. Giscombe’s *Prairie Style* (Dalkey Archive Press, 2008).

“Vogelfrei,” imports the Marxian sense of the term *vogelfrei* (“bird-free”), which suggests a doubled freedom from both rights and property. Karl Marx invoked this term to describe the proletariat class as it emerged during the decline of feudalism in the late-fifteenth and early-sixteenth centuries in Western Europe.