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## EUNSONG KIM

### INTRODUCTION BY AMBER ATIYA

Two weeks ago, I cursed out a white woman who disrupted my family reunion (in a reserved conference room) to make a cup of coffee, my headwrap felt up by TSA workers at JFK Airport, the audio of Keith Lamont Scott's execution playing on a tv in the boarding area. Two of my nephews are dead from medical neglect, a kind of murder, and I don't feel like writing about protest or poetry or how one informs the other. Our blood is trending; hashtags have become barrettes attached to a braid of Black names that show up in my social media newsfeeds. What choice has America given me but to weaponize my own breathing, to organize every inhale/exhale into a grassroots movement of sound?

My very pulse  
a poem

a fuck you  
to the beneficiaries

of genocide who want  
nothing more than for me to jump

off a roof  
to save themselves:

the trouble  
of pushing me.

Do you know any mothers zombified by grief, working class women who mourn on a sliding scale, mothers-turned-marionettes, plagues of string pulled by the god of curbside vigils? Their wood-carved weeping is infectious. One of my nephews in a hospital recuperating after being jumped, another, hit by a car, got up and kept walking. I have learned to cherish fast-dying things, realize Black liberation requires us to be either so woke or so crazy that our only course of action is insurrection. I sit a cup near a plant whose leaves droop into my water and know plants can teach Black youth about survival, something this country's educational system could never do.

## ARS POETICA

I have been waiting to write  
you something  
I have explained to self that  
nudes exist  
in place of poems  
that skin suffices  
as border pillaging  
more would be a cascade  
more feels like the kind of betrayal  
that leads to conquer  
more to surrender:

I do not surrender

here.

do you surrender

in divulgence;

the parts kept  
are the scraps that did not make it as marrow

the written parts kept  
—unrequited capitulation

but in every timeline it's you so  
purge song!

purge purge purge—

## APOLOGIA

all modernist paintings lose value.  
their coffee mug counterparts reign supreme

we say nothing and hide our things.  
we say nothing but eat their tongues.

cannibals they screams when swallowed  
digested as bloated colors

for the larynx. swelling in, swollen out  
recorded for tame

\*

a collection of women buying things in novels  
are you spending my money today  
just for a self-help book or two is still an answer  
do you really need to buy something every day

\*

you finally say something but of course  
everyone is gone  
you begin to ask for lessons  
from preschool teachers  
from their students

curl into a ball and count to five million  
they say  
cry a little while remembering your favorite moment  
your left side is wrinkled your eyes aging  
in lieu of sleep you imagine outcomes  
it ends with a basket, a bench, car windows, dessert weather  
you plan you will practice  
there will be cued tears and small jokes and a completed letter

—a desire entrapped by those  
who lived long enough but could not write them down.  
who else to ask you ask  
who else to ask

\*

weeks without touch  
no grazing of the shoulders  
no pushing no elementary embrace  
she looks like you should

Or, weeks without letting anyone touch you  
no hello kisses  
no goodbye gestures  
this is how I remember it  
how do you remember it

\*

you are devastated by the nothing that has happened  
but this is absence  
this is your dear

## ARS POETICA

a poem cannot solve tonight  
however much i worship her  
she is never enough

a poem does not solve but i read another anyway  
the title states it's about the apocalypse  
from yesterday.

each couplet is his shoulders  
an acquaintance of beauty towards his refrain  
inner rhymes peering into steady oceans  
his fears his wants his thoughts  
not one cloaked metaphor (kindness)  
his hair his lovers his jeans him him him him  
the disaster rectified in the witnessing of his collarbones  
his square  
unbroken  
jaw  
finished.

i want to kill him. i close my eyes  
to invent the scenarios  
i plead  
poem kill him.

all of my dreams involve a murder  
an eating of the tongues

and yet the day's news of these exact events—

one day i will understand that  
the anathema is a poem i call my own  
that could have been written by him  
amen

## NUMBER 17

number 17

number 18

number yours:

bleeding white holes

the power to decapitate

“I” vibrations

failed weapons training

blast off

reborn

halt the process

choose only the other side

that's why burn your contracts

no signature no agreements

ruined and vaporizing

saccharine regicides forever & ever amen

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## SAFIA ELHILLO

INTRODUCTION BY JOSHUA JENNIFER ESPINOZA

The looming question for the marginalized subject who turns to poetry in order to express themselves is always this: how must I phrase myself in order to be heard? This is a constant internal struggle—if one is not writing for the gaze of the oppressor one will find themselves silenced, and if one does present their work in a way that is palatable, tangible, and entertaining to those who hold power over them then they might have a chance to be heard; however, something will be lost—the essence of one’s material experience. The poem, therefore, becomes a space of bargaining, of compromise, of careful and deliberate performance. Safia Elhillo speaks to this in her work, describing how her narrative becomes “translated pleasure” for white people who exotify and dehumanize her, who see her story as something to be consumed and then forgotten. The difficult project of untranslating this pleasure and reclaiming a narrative of collective struggle that is not meant for the gaze of the oppressor is rendered powerfully in these poems.

## BOYS LIKE ME BETTER WHEN THEY CAN'T PLACE WHERE I'M FROM

1

i tell a story sometimes that  
whitepeople love it's about  
summer in khartoum in the  
back of a pickup truck with  
my cousins eating sunflower  
seeds with the shells dangling  
from our dark lower lips & we  
played our favorite game which  
was to yell into the street the names  
we knew best the names we all  
had *mohammed ahmed*  
*omar* & see how many dozens  
of strangers would answer

2

do you like it do you like  
the way i mimic my mother's  
accent when saying aloud a word  
i cannot pronounce & have only  
ever seen written down

3

or is it my diasporic stink  
my halved tongue wandering  
forever at the borderlands i  
never learned the word am i a  
girl or am i an aperture born by  
the absence of a river & broken  
where the blue & white Nile meet  
the story is not new nor is it

monogamous i was not born i  
was planted at the place where  
the world cracked in two & crawled  
from the wound as a new kind of tree  
swaying forever back & forth for your  
translated pleasure  
in the harmattan wind

## HURT COLOR

*after Carl Phillips*

my grandmother's eyes, blued around their skyblack irises, little daybreaks in her gaze, blue light in the black of her hair, dyed in the bathroom sink, her mother's hair dark & heavy in its drape down the back of the wheelchair. cool blue veins in my mother's hands, one cupped around my face, the other fitting a silverblue hoop into my nose. the blood in my body, its thin blue uninterrupted by air, enclosed & safe to circle blue bones. my brother's nose, broken, crooked ghost where once was a mirror of grandma's straight lines. blue Nile circling the island. white Nile where my name is said to be from & at Khartoum they merge & shed their colors, surge northward & revisit the site of our great flood. bodies bluing underwater, gone with their pyramids & old language. the flat blue of lakewater seen from an airplane, its depths pressed solid to a single color. blue twilight cupping each day like parentheses, call to prayer from the minaret sung like blues. blue lipstick on my mouth leaves bruises where i kiss him, his blueblack hair, his particular blue smell of smoke. how i sent him away when i climbed out of bed in the dark to unfurl the prayer mat & cry until its velvet turned a blacker blue. blue daylight pulsing behind the night's studded velvet, blue tear in my eye when my kid cousin draws my portrait. & uses the same color pencil for the sky.

## AFTER

*after Danez Smith, with a line by Ol' Dirty Bastard*

if you read this in red maybe i didn't  
survive every day i go missing one  
eyelash at a time or sometimes all  
at once & in the heaven for  
blackgirls gone away we walk in  
& out of rivers & wear our good silks  
our good brown velvet bodies dripping  
with sunlight we sprout leaves & no one  
decides for us to cut or keep them we  
bear fruit & self-sustain we tread water we  
pluck the moon for our hair & another grows  
in its place we are sistered or unsistered  
but never again to a dead thing somewhere  
a rope turns & turns & our feet never touch  
the ground somewhere a song plays & plays  
& names us with each touch of a needle to our  
round black surfaces  
*i'm hanging out /partying/with girls/that never die*

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## AMBER ATIYA

### INTRODUCTION BY CODY-ROSE CLEVIDENCE

Whatever your relationship to the idea that the personal is political (or vice versa, even, and often, against one's will,) if we think of a body, the actions, the eases and hardships of a body, its movement through the world, as being the zone in which the political and the personal collide, in which both the political (and the economic is clearly political) asserts power over the body and also where a body enacts survivals, choices and resistances, a body's own strengths and declarations, then something about these poems exists right there, in the collision and full of the weight of that collision but also with a lyric, sonic wit and constantly turning pace; the way the movement of these poems resists a linearity "i know this story is messy" especially at the moments of violence.

For example "are you / a whore" immediately cut with "casually", the way the violence in "i suppose..." is centered on the octopus and not on the woman's hands "property of the u.s. government" which is so chilling in that associ-disassoc-iation, & the end too, that a woman's body is a zone men claim, that \$ constrains the positions and choices a body might make, that that is powerful itself & also that everything has the potential to turn, on a dime, like the poem, into or away from these moments, these zones where the body is put upon by being politicized, not like, abstractly but more like when something that has always been there is made real, called into focus by a moment.

Atiya calls up the focus and then shifts her gaze to the next thing; the kid in "riding to the..." on the video "slapping his chest / saying I'm a grown / ass man[?]" and immediately the poem slides into the stark bleakness of "this where the city / pile salt for winter"; how in "the skin south..." goes from a sort of whimsical musing about the cousin and king tut to the heavy "what if this burning turns me / into a house / unable to sing since the most a house can do / is groan" and moves quickly away, again, we aren't allowed to rest in any of these places, Atiya doesn't allow us to rest, these poems keep moving, anchored to the body but the body as constantly enmeshed in a specific world, that irrevocably links "a body dilated / as a pupil in the dark, to be already/ so dark" to its next words "so bad a district" and on, to \$ & food stamps to coins at a farmers market to coins on the eyes of the dead and the body, the speakers body itself a question of "becoming myth / of safe passage of nephews / into the underworld"

and the word “safe” calls up its opposite all around, and that it means something heavy, an act, a choice, which I can’t tell if it’s supposed to be read as strength, resistance or resignation (or what I think is probably some special admixture of the three that I don’t know / know how to articulate) inside the heaviness, to say “i suppose i could buy a lemon press for 7.49 from target / but these hands.”

I SUPPOSE I COULD BUY A LEMON PRESS FOR \$7.49 FROM TARGET  
BUT THESE HANDS

there's a woman in hawaii, kills  
octopi with her teeth  
one so fixed on living  
it wrapped her in a death

squeeze, pulled her bikini  
top right off.  
them octopi are just  
frat boys of the central pacific

& shouldn't that ease  
her guilt  
crushing their brains?  
i laid a fleet week sailor

with a lei around her neck be-  
cause she was black the lei  
glowed in the dark be-  
fore i could beat

my face (red lips for the long  
haul home) she asked are you  
a whore, casually  
as you might ask a person's

name, neither of us did, i recall  
her breasts, flawless, aureoles dark  
as stout that sent and sent me  
to the unisex restroom

wasn't a whore, i was  
parched, watched the sky's

black calligraphy fade  
to predawn washed

her hands, hands  
she called property  
of the u.s. government.  
i know this story is messy

& the orchids are fake  
at least let me flaunt  
the veneers one dentist  
offered if my lips covered

what medicaid wouldn't. well  
don't the bible say  
a woman's survival  
depends upon her ability

to slay a man? don't it  
say the best way to bleed  
a thing  
is with a slut's grip?

RIDING TO THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY I GIVE THE CABBIE 2 BUCKS TIP. HE SAYS

thank you nope no  
one tips or i get dime  
bags, deemos, one  
brother like i give you  
3 bagsa sour where you  
from bk that's why  
you tip see  
that video of the kid  
slapping his chest  
saying i'm a grown  
ass man?  
this where the city  
pile salt for winter  
straight from the ocean  
a hundred tons they'll never  
run out this place here's  
a coffin factory  
i'm claustrophobic on thanks  
giving went to er  
for a migraine bout 5  
niggas injured frying  
turkeys like what the fuck  
you think plopping  
a frozen bird in a crock  
pot of crisco been cabbin  
7 years bout to start  
a real estate biz my twin  
was a gangsta gangsta  
died of asthma doc  
said he had 6  
hours to live i drank 6  
coronas he only  
lasted 2

## THE SKIN SOUTH OF MY COLLAR BONE BURNS

my nephew says tut died at 19 like his cousin  
do i suppose they have cyphers  
on the other side, that cuzzo  
is a krump king in the afterlife  
giving dap to gods, has tut told him  
pharaoh means house not king?  
what if this burning turns me  
into a house  
unable to sing since the most a house can do  
is groan?  
the boy's hand on my skin  
gauging its weather. he could freestyle  
to my heartbeat if it wasn't muffled  
by body—suppose i'm becoming more body  
less heart, body dilated  
as a pupil in the dark, to be already  
so dark, so bad a district  
of siamese brick  
ATM, EBT, is this  
what the dead miss—  
money?  
food stamps traded for wooden coins  
at a farmer's market, coins  
slipped onto the lids of the mortuary's poor? could i be  
morphing into aken the boatman  
or his boat meseket, aunt becoming myth  
of safe passage of nephews  
into the underworld?

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## JOSHUA JENNIFER ESPINOZA

### INTRODUCTION BY EUNSONG KIM

Often, even I find myself telling my students my colleagues my nemeses that we have to construct alternative narratives, better narratives, blazing shifts and tones. I say this to them and I remember saying this to them and I can sense how tired most of us are. *She* appears as an anathema and *he* exits with slightly upgraded, more refined: developed he is. The solution is so often for someone to exit the theater, the screen, the space and work and work and work for one person to grapple with the stakes. The labor often rests with those most affected, most vulnerable, most wronged, most hurting. A crisis is the house built on the ripples of their delight. Joshua Jennifer Espinoza's poem states, "i'd tell you to walk / in my feet but they're all i have left." The labor of translating experience is bodily: we ask the most affected for evidence, for a *tour* of their bodies. Espinoza's link, her enjambment is able to crystalize how even the truism, the *cliché* of "walking in someone else's shoes/feet" is language from a position where the speaker occupies spaces, other parts, other imaginations. The line materializes the politics of the truisms that what The Other—and specifically, here—Trans Women—need to offer the experience of their lives—and the catalogue of what might be *left* after this *request*.

I find great difficulty in writing about a poet that I admire so deeply, whose poetry does what I believe Poetry promised. I find great difficulty in writing about poetry that makes its political stakes clear, and yet the language is malleable, metaphorizingly new. I find Joshua Jennifer Espinoza's poetics to be inventions of movement.

In "HOW MANY COLORS THERE ARE VS HOW MANY COLORS HAVE BEEN NAMED" the poem ends with the lines "we have named almost nothing / and everything we have named / has been wrong." Joshua Jennifer Espinoza begins with a *prioris*: the beginning is wrong. A poetry that enacts the critique and her insurrection and dreams of its dawning.

## THE HEAT DEATH OF THE UNIVERSE

on an ordinary night i read  
a comments section full of people  
saying trans women deserve  
to be murdered for existing  
and then i brush my teeth and  
go to bed like it's nothing.  
i sit there and stare  
at the ceiling until my eyes  
adjust enough to see  
the tiny cracks in it.  
good shit, i think to myself.  
great stuff. i have five hundred  
names and all of them are bad.  
together they sound like  
baseball bats against bone  
like wings beating frantically  
in an airless space  
like god asking herself  
if she really exists.  
it is surreal to imagine  
how i will keep living like this  
how i probably won't drink  
myself to death  
how my skin will stretch  
and fold in on itself  
like time and space  
and memory and dreams  
how i would stay alive forever  
and suffer the fate of the sun  
and the heat death of the universe  
just to spite everyone.

## COMFORT

11 am. time to wake up.  
muscles sore, jaw clenched, warm light  
scattering dreams of violence across  
the bedroom. i've chosen a self  
too large for this body. too willing to  
change for others. too beautiful  
to appear in public. i'd tell you to walk  
in my feet but they're all i have left.  
i've been weathered down to the  
ankles by all the news reports. all the  
listening. all the not doing.  
when i crawl out of bed i don't  
know where to go. what to say.  
i tried to talk about comfort  
but how do you describe a color  
you've never been allowed to see?

## HOW MANY COLORS THERE ARE VS HOW MANY COLORS HAVE BEEN NAMED

in the shadow

in the light

in this living body i feel a spectrum.

how many feelings can one girl have?

that was a rhetorical question, i already know.

everything goes on forever

long after we lose the ability

to process information.

when i appeared in the world for the first time

someone looked at my body

and said "boy"

and waved a pen like a magic wand.

twenty eight years later i am lucky to have survived

all the deep reds and shining yellows

that surround this circle of grey.

we know the calm before the storm

can sometimes be the storm.

we have named almost nothing

and everything we have named

has been wrong.

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## CODY-ROSE CLEVIDENCE

### INTRODUCTION BY SAFIA ELHILLO

Here is a list of some of the things that bore me profoundly: zucchini, Arial font, and people who cling dearly to the outdated idea that “page poetry” and “performance” have to live on different planets. Also, the idea that performance in poetry automatically entails a memorized poem, about three minutes long, recited at a poetry slam. Or that a poem that is beautiful on the page has to stay there, and cannot live out loud.

It is our really excellent luck that poetry continues to evolve and absorb the world creating it. And it is exciting, and so unborring, that a poem can live several ways. Look at how this poem by Cody-Rose Clevidence luxuriates on the page—big beautiful tapestry of words and white space, and those crisp, perfect margins. This poem lives as a visual artifact, and kicks ass in that life.

But, also, I dare you to not want to read this poem out loud. Say the first line: “glow, grow bright internal, internet, nuptial fling into dark waters, come” and, don’t lie, don’t you hear music? Doesn’t the phrase “tantalum capacitor” make you salivate a little bit, the way it keeps clicking your tongue into your teeth? And, later in the poem, when the words begin to stretch apart into white space, don’t you want to fill those little spaces with your own breath? Yeah, me too.

Surprise, you guys. We don’t have to imprison our poems inside one world or another. We can cross borders with them. We don’t have to leave them behind as we grow. Aren’t we really, really lucky? Isn’t that so not boring?

## 2 from FLUNG THRONE

### II.

OPULENT & PLENTIFUL GLOBS MADE BODIES MADE SILT LIVED IN IT BY THE SEA SHORE FOAM MADE BUBBLES SLIME MADE MOLD MADE PLASM MADE MORE OF IT MADE GYCLOGEN & CARBOHYDTRATES AMINO ACIDS PROTIENS INVENTED GREEN ATE IRON ATE NITROGEN PUSHED PROTONS THROUGH A MEMBRANE BECAME ELECTRIC THEN THE OXYGEN SWELLED THE SWELTERING THE GOD DAMN OCEAN FULL OF THINGS PROTISTS RADIOLARIA DIATOMS MADE MORE GREEN SO MUCH GREEN & OTHER GREENS "CERULEAN" & "PUCE" MADE POLYPS CALCIFIED MADE SHINY SILICA SPIRES OF THEMSELVES & BARB'D & PEARL'D EATEN ATE SUN ATE EACH OTHER BURPED OUT AN ATMOSPHERE SWARMED IN VAST & SOGGY COLONIES FLOATED BELLY UP OR UPSIDE DOWN TENTACLED POISONOUS MADE CORAL LACE MADE FANS NETS CAUGHT & GOT CAUGHT GOT STUCK GOT SYMBIOTIC ENDOSYMBIOTIC PARASITIC OR JUST EATEN INTO ELECTRONS & SUGARS & GAS MADE MATS STAYED WET ON SAND MADE DIRT BY DYING BY EATING DEATH & DYING THEN BY FERMENTING THE DEAD & SHINY BODIES INTO AIR MADE SHELLS MADE ENEMIES MADE PALACES OF THEMSELVES MADE TOWERS TO LIVE IN MADE OF THEIR BODIES RADIAL DIALS MADE OF THEIR BODIES PRISMS & TUBES MADE OF THEIR BODIES WHIPS & PROPELLERS GLOSSY ARTIFACTS LAID DOWN IN THE PRIMORDIAL STRATA THEY MADE I GUESS THE WHOLE WORLD FROZE OVER THEN & THEY HID IN THE HOT CRACKS & CREVASSES OF THE EARTH RUBBING THEIR SOFT MUCUS ON EACH OTHER TO EAT EACH OTHER WRAPPING THEIR PHAGOCYTE ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER MADE INTERNAL ARCHITECTURE DOUBLED THEMSELVES & TRIPLED THEMSELVES BY SOME FREAK DUPLICATION & TRIPLICATION & METAMORPHOSIS & MASS KILLING BY HEAT BY COLD BY OXYGEN BY NITROGEN BY FALLING ROCKS BY DISSOLVED IRON BY THERE NOT BEING ENOUGH OF EACH OTHER TO EAT BY THERE NOT BEING ENOUGH SUNLIGHT TO EAT BY THERE BEING TOO MANY OF THEM THEY CROWDED EACH OTHER OUT OF THE SUNLIGHT OUT OF

THE HEAT THEY DRIED OUT IN THE AIR THEY EXCRETED SLIME ON THEMSELVES MADE PLUMES & WRIGGLED & FLOWED SOFT AS WALKING FEATHERS FLOATED AS INCANDESCENT BAGS GREW PHOTSENSITIVE PLASMA GREW FRONTAL & MOTIVE MADE ELECTRIC BY SUGAR MADE NERVE TWITCH NERVE FORWARD SENSING THE SEAS THE TIDES THE RAINS THE DAYS THE NIGHTS THE DEATHS & FUMES & DEPTHS WERE WASHED ASHORE & MADE NEW BY THE SHORE BY THE DEPTHS BY THE RAINS BY THE TIDES BY THE LIGHT & BY THE ATMOSPHERES THEY MADE & THEY WERE PINK WITH THEIR FEATHERS CNIDARIANS THEY GLOWED IN THE NIGHT THEY BURROWED INTO THE SLIME OF THEIR ANCESTORS MADE OF THEMSELVES A SEMBLANCE OF SYMMETRY OF THEMSELVES & ARMORED IT IN PLATES & THORNS & SPINES & CLASHED IN THE DEPTHS & RAMMED EACH OTHER ON THE SHORES & BORED HOLES THROUGH EACH OTHER & TURNED TOOTHY AND BOLD & GREW HUGE & NUMEROUS IN THE LIGHT & IN THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE LIGHT & MADE OF THEMSELVES MORE FRUITFUL & MULTIPLE MADE MORE BIZZARE FORMS TO CROWD OVER THE IMMENSE & ANIMATE EARTH.

#### IV.

glow, grow bright internal, internet, nuptial fling into dark waters, come

electric as a sudden eye turning on, blink, the salt that stung stings now  
corrosive on the filaments, labyrinth of spiders, take this telescope, now

“rare earth” – tantalum capacitor – my radio – out of the static rises static

I point my mineral eye towards an outward telescope of snow, the  
static pours from the stars, circles us, the static streams out our bodies

& all the other bodies particulate, superconducting a relentless pulse, my  
nanotech eyeball constricts in the sudden light, spin, pain is a needle of  
noise arcing across the synaptic globe, glow, digitalsun digitalstarling

micron-ellipse, cliff-hung haploid & singing, data of the echo, tidal rhyme  
condenses to an order, heaving signifier of the place marked by urge,

be bright, be solemn in yr choosing, words are ends, end sudden, come  
into the network, path marked by mucosa, throbbing, sight with stillness  
caught & ringing there the wide blue gaze of sky comes flooding in

what doesn't break englobes us, pantheon of my manhood, of the  
electromagnetic vines wreathed upon the world, the earth is heavy,  
heaving, microbial & teething, atom-of-my-atom, diadem, how do you  
comprehend, erasure of all cities, blink, limbic thrust in the namesake

of the day, order is a myth of patterns made by living, rising syllabic,  
say I am no more a man, meshwork of sun on waves, apex of a form  
come wordless, the shining encircles us, net of lace in which the eye

that I am is caught in the world, telescopic, escape me, hunted thing,  
titanium & scrap, there is no silence there is glitter on the surface &  
glitter in the eyes & glitter in each electric thing that sings itself to  
sleep galactic in the spinning field, aster, mastering me, trumpet-flower

ask me, statistically speaking, eclipse of the oceans eye, my money is  
on the universe, strike me down w an answer, a silent aura crowns the

northern horizon, unbent & axial glance, stratospheric lithography, chart  
this arc of territory, I am able, u are a pulse of quartzite away, hold yr ear  
to the ground, u can hear the tires on the highway offset the earths spin;

each creature that crawleth, remote-controlled, drone in a magellanic  
wind, upon the viscid surface, face me, momentous of electron, dare  
me to stare down the sun, the sun wins, can u believe it, this howling  
ache of a prism in us, the mountains thrust up, pull apart, fill in the  
outwash plains w sediment & cracks w molten ore, oceans dry to salt,  
accumulate elsewhere, form glaciers, cut canyons in us, sift thru us

for crystals in us, there are no angels, zygote of a globe careless in its  
rhyming & careless in its urging forth, please be yielding, supple as  
ripe fruit, grim elapse, harmony in the dim pursuit of seasons, eons, my  
nemesis, the sky, so much of it, circling, be the vulture of my eye in  
excess, the earth's crust rises tidal to the dumb moon, thumb-in-the-eye

of the dumb moon, soar, satellites, on wings of solar-cells, blink into  
the dark night "I'm here" "I'm here" – shutter, click, boom, come into  
the excess, I place a GPS upon a hill, lol, u are my anthem, myth of the  
wilderness, make it stop, make it stop spinning, sightless gluco-  
corticoid receptor in the interstice, spermatozoa blooming at an  
ungodly rate, algae, choke the sea thy mother, swim in me, phthalates,  
bisphenol, polyascetylene, all nets cast come up empty, sworn enemy  
of the loom, if the eye is a net let it come up empty, silver-gold, blue-  
green, crash course in molecular physics, streaming data from a million  
million sources into the calyx, photobiont, severed nerve severed first

into orbit then lay down in the passive matrix in the digital stream  
name all the creatures anew organic light emitting diodes  
in the forest ephemeral in the endless plasma I told u  
2 lay down w yr golden polymer w yr robes of interstitial dew  
w yr robotic lens sailing outward in the ringing symbiology of  
noise take this fragment animal of utter instinct of utterance  
formed parasitic of sun paradisiac surging data of the urge  
not all desire is climactic forest of the iris stitched 2 the world

hermaphroditic antennae, sing to me moss

neo-lithic    archangel    mistake    of the  
reckless    urge    seething    ironic  
myth    ic    isotope    of the noble    unmade  
sun    unelectric    heir —