

Las Meninas

It's hard not to feel seen by Velazquez

but like a portrait in a courtroom
the lines eyes make can be interpreted

around the room, in this painting
of ourselves no one sees

save Velazquez, a painter with many statues
in Spain, whose eyes

move not.

The History of Entertainment

Might as well call it
the history of attention, of attention
spans. Might as well stand
on the corner and sing

to see where that gets you,
analyze the influence of drum
solos. Might as well be the lamp
who did it, all this lounging

in the passive voice, the words
nowhere and nothing rushing
out of abstraction to mean a field
that is all snow or meadow,

unclumped by hills; meanwhile
what makes it so makes it so
fucking boring you can't sell it.
Might as well admit the shock

was more valuable than anticipated,
considering how impossible it is
not to look at lightning
lighting a river up

when all we wanted was
to float. Might as well
walk the walk backwards
to empathize with the eye

as it's forced to keep
staring into an advancing
burning horizon, but I'm not sure
I agree with that.

Your dreams are burning

in a mansion in the slush with all
the other applicants, and that
invisibility is verified.

Besides, it's so easy
to make a nightmare
you do it ten times an hour
without trying. Try trying.

Too Much Interpretation

My days of hanging out in front of the gas station
are over. Now I'm a poet, trash is glorious.
Riding the escalator as it floats over
the mall's forty-foot Christmas tree
is glorious. Ankle weights, soreness
of the ankles pulsing while elevated
above a pillow is glorious. Now I'm a poet
who's looking for a line-sized question
to juxtapose all the imagery I had planned.
My house is bigger on the inside. The shadows
seated on my couch's shadow
belong to me.