

Full Haunt

He just keeps writing *Taiwan*, in pencil
Over and over; and after some time
Ukraine, over and over; no phrases
Let alone a discernable sentence
Maybe that's the way it's supposed to be
Some power wanting it like that: *full haunt*
Possession by proper nouns, at the start
And then later, automatic actions
By the body, linked to other bodies
Near and far; *their* nouns for the day: *full haunt*.
So goes this minimalist theater
Staged by news cycles, acted by pencils
So goes the arms industrial complex
Amassing armies, navies, chintzy lines.

Phoebus Apollo

Wants to write a piece called Lithium Girls
At around midday, gulf breezes humming
Globes of water vapor rolling eastward
Sporadic blasting sun, droplets plashing
A mighty fine way to spend a Monday
Musing on Carbon Boys growing older
Somewhat wiser, somehow preserving clues
Ciphers for Lithium Girls to decode
At dawn, dense fog rolling up the Bayou
Green, still, shining waters, reflecting moon—
Why girls? Why boys? Why anyone at all
Silicon-laminate undies aside
What's their poetic foreign policy
These bards on a Friday nearing midnight?

Big Thud

This year, though not yet by the calendar
Has ended, abruptly. How do we know?
Well, exactly, by that declaration
Wherever it came from, we don't quite know
While other declarations are lined up
One can feel them, their sense of urgency
Most never arriving, and those that do
Make great proclamations, for example
'Those that arrive make great proclamations'
Or, 'those that arrive land with a big thud'
Like about the year ending, abruptly
Which infers 'another year just begun'
Is another effin declaration
Decked in party pants, posh, ready to pop.

An American Sonnet

Best remove your watch before the first line.
Before the second, consider China
The magnitude of the transformation
Every nook and cranny of your new life
Carousels of markets, spin off effects.
Now on the sixth line, ponder the *demos*.
We say remove the watch as time collapsed
Just as you sprung forward, back to Zion.
So on the ninth line, revise the *demos*
Like Thomas Paine, weigh Commons to Powers
Pardon me, which way towards democracy
When it's coupled to this oligarchy?
And at the thirteenth line, brace for fractions
Clown cars of identity crazed factions.

Freedom

The last day of freedom's—this very day
The last freedom of the day's—going fast
The last purchase, frankly, we felt quite ganked
The first day of freedom, madame, behold!
The first day of freedom, sir, *is closing*
This first day of freedom was—a rager
This second day, frankly, I don't know man
This third day is starting to really pop!
Fourth days of freedom—humble the humblest
That fifth day over there—what's the monthly?
Now that we're, uh, living the sixth day here
It seems to us the seventh day's—an eighth
On the ninth day of freedom, my True One
This tenth day of freedom dodging Zero