

UFO Drawings from the National Archives

—*ekphrasis of the book of the same title,*
assembled by David Clarke

Still, we are not willing
to let this be a mundane world.

A glittering phantom rocks
in the sky like a Greyhound

on an overnight to God. This one
looks like a hat. These are black

salamanders turning in the air,
not breathing fire but leaving

behind columns of ravishing,
radiant smoke. *No visible*

attachment to the ground
whatsoever, we write, practically

cooing out-of-ordinariness.
The metallic glint of a weather balloon,

a man in a beekeeper costume,
the streetlights alternating off

the bellies of ducks— all explanations,
certainly, just like hunger

is an explanation for French cooking,
or sex is an explanation

for my devotion to your sweater,
to the books you left behind—

inadequacy, darling. I want to see
some righteous light covering

the sky. I want a silver space
man hovering over my shoulder,

forever turning to look
at something just out of view.

Invocation to the Aliens

And I said,

Bring to me your steel instruments of love,
your cattle asses, your secret slick

parts. I am ready to start all over again,
never to bring my feet down

on this planet. I am ready to breathe
lungs full of air I don't know

how to breathe. I am ready to sprout
your beautiful vegetal children

out of me, get womb-worn
carrying out your alien life.

I am ready for vacuumed space
and spiny ice glittering

on some far known rocks—
some stellar canvassing

I am prepared to do with
my bones, drifting out

into what we can't call night.
We can't call rest what's

so harboring, so ecstatic: sharp
points of light driven through

a black backdrop rippling, this old
freeze-dried heart muscle pulling away—

Wannabe Alien Abductee Debunks Some UFO Images

That's definitely a guy wearing
aluminum foil and a Jiffy Pop

bag, and that's definitely not
a bell-shaped flying saucer,

but a bell photographed
at eye-crossing range, and that

is a silver thermometer/barometer held
upside down underwater and that

is about all I can say about how
much I believe in you. Your cancer

is cancer and the radio is
the radio. When we play this

song backwards, it's just you
pulling back into the drive,

spitting gravel, the sound
of the suction seal breaking

on the drain stopper
underneath a full sink

of dishes. I am always washing
dishes, I am always here

and not elsewhere, wiping
the sweat from my blurry

eyes, and the only thing
tracing the small of my back

down my spine is one finger
of sweat, one bead drawn

on regret— fire away, you're only
BBs plinking on the side

of a barn— my metallic, graying
hulk standing still in starlight.

The Luminous Woman

*--erased description of Anna Marano, 1934, from Spontaneous Human Combustion,
by Jenny Randles and Peter Hough, 1992*

She was known to suffer

The effect began to emerge from the breast area

They were ready to film

The radiant power of her blood

Dribbled away, the discarded scrapbook of science

Her brief spells as a human glow worm

A deep sleep emerging blue

Asthmatic and electrical fields, the alleged wounds

A tiny jolt of surprise

The act of kissing involves moisture from the saliva

Of the mouth, an excellent contact

Anna had built up an excess

The force was very real

His fingers were 'sunburnt'

The body of the unfortunate witness

A floating mass quite literally smoking

Smoke pouring from his trousers

Narrowly averted causing her hair

To burst into flames

People living alone

are not able to 'earth'

Wannabe Alien Abductee Imagines the Return to Earth

I imagine when it's over,
I'll want to kiss the ground—

no longer hurtling over land
and sea and every vacant bed,

no longer an eclipse or shot
of silver in the night, hissing

static in my eyes and ears.
I'll love the spinning imperceptible

pivot of the earth, red clay cutting
up my hands from the fall—

but I don't love it now. My headlights
roll over the trees like a missed

caress. I am the only animal
that hoots here, driving home,

car swallowed up by canyons,
a mountain's vacant smile.