

Zwitterion (A Parroting)

All I did was write down the world.

A poem must never be frivolous. The test: why this why me why now? The poem must not apologize for itself. We're all repressing something. It begins in obsession. You can't have a breakthrough without something getting broken. No experience without nightingales & urns & unrequited love. A poem is about a thing the way a cat is about a horse. Life isn't lived in theory. Silence is a complete thought. Delicate equilibrium. Domesticate unusual diction. Past agitates present. There'll never be another Dickinson. Poetry happens in an in-between space. A light that draws you into the swamp where you die. What might we do when we don't quite understand. Line breaks = doubt. Why do I feel like I failed? Scenes of Eros surrounded by Death. There is no such thing as an afterlife. Feeling elsewhere. Interiority makes its own time. Where is my reader now? The mind makes associations. What's left is lumber. Attend to the voice first. All speech is context. The complexity is rewarding the openness is everywhere. Who do you think you are now based on who you were? I just need to calm myself. Change the polarity of the shadow. The moment of truth comes from private poems in a public language addressing the potentially dead. Every poem is subject to interpretation. All writing is propaganda. Why didn't you call?

Yet(I)

Dark matter explosion. Shockwave of magnetic field. Submarines prowling oceans. I think of the screen's imbroglio just past acquiesce into hesitance. The sculpture *lo Sono* which only exists *in the mind of its creator* sold for 15,000 euros. This isn't the first time someone's paid for something which cannot be beheld. *Dog-skin of Hades*, Emperor's new robes. Not unlike snowflakes tears gleaned under a microscope have their own vibrational pattern idiosyncratic to the emotion from which they've sprung: overwhelmed does not look like happiness does not look like sadness does not look like love or mourning. X tells me her niece is back in the hospital after her body began responding to a phantom brain tumor. To be undone. That a woman be ground to salt for glancing back—. The mass in my breast obscure as blips. Also once withheld from human ocular comprehension: Andromeda's Halo, flowers' aureoles, bird tracks traced midflight. Doesn't it suggest dissolution, melting, disappearance, those suspended weepings? *I Am* isn't Salvatore Garau's first artwork activated between synapses; see also *Buddha in contemplation*. A thing seemed isn't always. One cannot scream underwater. Love or mourning echoing Aubade. Of its immateriality the artist noted: *After all, don't we give shape to a God we have never seen?* You think we'll be a question of sustaining when more often than not we're a stash of letters to the dead

Yak

You make me want to be cleverer kayak-awkward obligatory end of the fauna alphabet juggernaut. But it's not enough to jabberwocky language is it it's never enough to be flyback on grape sugar. Frankly you're strawbackbreakingly beautiful the way cows are when they're jaywalking in misty thistle. Your skyjack sternum. Your johnnycake eyes. When I said *I didn't not get nothing* I meant I got something. You sir are the type of baggywrinkle creature a chimneystack would hire as a garden hermit. It's a real job you know, strolling among yellowjackets, stickybeaking into the affairs of others, offering to the monkeyflowers cockneyfying counsel. If you don't knowledgeablely know the answer just backtalk shit up. I mean if you could talkity-talk backity-back. Actually you seem the embodiment of refined melancholy—not a killjoy but the way a squeaky balloon is after desire, like milk before it sours. If you'd converse I'd ask the peachest hour for blackberrying or how you stay so youthful-looking, probe if you're a shockumentary fan, implore phytoplanton's function, inquire who you're cyberstalking—go on admit it, who is it? We'd picnic on Twinkies & Borsht you & I backkicking coke-a-colas while sunset lickety-splits god-likely through the eye of need lackadaisically, me chewing the hay about that time I almost Baker Acted myself while you buckayro in your hair shirt tongue-clicked nada about it—so thank you

Undertaker

Mystery, most things—sunprints of fern leaves like squid ghosts or exoskeletons retaining memory. Sea foam garlands the crypt of Delia circa 1870 & she's not alone. These buried tombstones deemed *Unclaimed Property* stave the sieving water. Of course, what is a slat of granite to the ocean but a wafer? Reduced to a sarcophagus lid this unknown *BELOVED* crumbles at the edges disappears into dark socket & here someone now fragmented as *REST I* answers to spindrift. I'd come for some peace but find myself fixating on the gulls all throat & bladed face annihilating the French fries. From here it's hard to tell the difference between the Great Highway & conversation among rock, waves rasping shore. What is revealed & when & to whom, liminal self of moorage & brine. I hadn't considered the barnacles rocket armor spreading & fusing, wreckage of moon mouths unhinging oracles in coffins but there they were filtering the RIP in tide. *Isn't that what abstraction is? Language dreaming...* The smoke rising from a pyre's meant to symbolically harken the soul's ascension into the ether but I'd rather you crush my bones into zirconia or let me sleep with the blobfishes

Lobotomy

Soda coda tart shade abandoned piano in ocean water. Not gibberish but riddle. *I'm removing the bone flap* the doctor announced flatly her gloved hands abracadabraing my skull's lock. *What word starts & ends with E but only has one letter? Or what can go down a chimney when up but not up a chimney when down? What do you put into a water barrel to make it lighter?* Trepanning's trickster squid bats & gargoyle monkeys flute the room. As if it weren't all critical lateral as if I could splice con- & divergent thoughts. *Inserting endoscope.* More culling more mining. Up & down my spine a pulley system, imago, a glass saw hawing along breath. I could no longer uncurl my tongue. Here sky metals future unnoticed. Sacramento meant scar. *This is a procedure to treat problems in the brain & surrounding structures.* Not believing in ghosts is self-denial. *Here is the tainted.* You'd think I'd be awash in tranquility not goosed in self-pity, I'd be sutures/stitches, bespoke sturgeon lurking nagging barracuda, what is smoke following beauty what is bleary love degenerate—but still my pleasure like meat hooks in Silly Putty. Then sharp crack of my sternum opened. *A letter; umbrella; a hole:* the koans' spell-breaker answers. The surgeon scalpels the clumpknot of my heart (*soda coda tart shade abandoned piano in ocean water*) plops it on a tray (*soda coda tart shade abandoned piano in ocean water*) & ushers away with it—(*soda coda tart shade*) every memory blighted with (*abandon-*) you

