and justice, with your anything but inert spiritualist and idealist
and pure intent to break into the stodgy boardrooms of Big Law
Big Tobacco Big Hope Big Sky where millionaire partners sip
martinis made with the diligent sweat of my common workers, the cheerless
tears of my injured, and the blameless blood of the dead,
where I am defended and broken like a two dollar whore, but hopefully
mostly defended, where truth is argued until it begs shameless like a dog for a treat,
come with these signs you seek with their own fists raised. But now: wake up.

You wake up. You are
waking up in the poem, coming to work, imagining that
love is that which comes to our and wrenches the imagination bodily through our
blooded veins, which is our innocence and sense of power.
To throw shade at petrochemicals and our own insanity. To categorize
the color of light sizzling in the screens and store windows before us.
How we did this and watched, as a neighborhood of New Orleans
swung and cried their torsos out night after night in the cavity of
a football stadium, performing a chandelier of human flesh, despair & empty

The Monarchs Shrugged

100 Poems

Annette Hakiel

06/26/2020

46

How I let the interiority of an angel of history enrapt you.
You are waiting. The light of fluid CCTV screens are among the forest,
the columns of tulips, dying Elm trees, and TV talk show hosts.

Come incubate a sunset of my shrinking middle classness.
Come annotate the river and puddle and want to unwrinkled
the reflection with a crowbar. Then duck when the loud
sound of a jackhammer in the shape of a yellow and black squawking swan
awakes us every morning. I am thinking of
a time before and after your death, with your tyrannical anger and your soft
tenderness,
your lustful prowess and vital electric heart,
as big as a terrible behemoth, for I have fallen
for you as into an abyss, as I am now
knowingly the cause of your grey hairs & heart palpitations, as I am the death of you,
your downfall and part of your emotional baggage,
come here with your mutual trust and understanding of logic, rhetoric, innocence,

45

Come through. Come through me like a wheelbarrow.
    Like a semi.
Through the salt of earth like shattered glass. Come.

Contents

Preface: on the voice of these poems 9

She, Liberty, said… 15

Ghosts Stepping on their own Eggshells 17

Liberty as a Luxurious Thorn of the Future Content 19

Sirens Pixelated Chrysalis of the Absolute 20

Siren, a Slumbering Rainbow of Wreckage 21

Liberty Drunk-Dialing Delicate Men 22

A Weapon's Siren Dances its Conspiracies 24

Liberty Thrown Down by the Angel of Orgasms 25

Siren's Mind Uploaded to the Neighborhood of Stars 27

Siren's Playing among the Pillars of Salt 29

Cold Lake of Forgetfulness Exalts the Siren 31

12 32

13 34

14 36

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25.

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

46

47

48

49

50

52

53

54

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57

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Lover, love me in this now, you who sold everything
and bought into that all-encompassing
industrial-military complex, who once traveled to Paris, now twice,
to read existentialist & wear black on the listless beaches as he chases after a
married woman
twice his age, who now flexes his angry back,
covered with scars and tattoos, now twice, like that of Queequeg,
which he covers with the starch
of white shirts,
who, ravenous & hungry, bilious & dreamy, is a pure
spirit of hope & determination not to die
anymore, never again,
except to do so slowly, killing himself with angelic gin and wistful cigarettes
in this secret lonely dark now of Manhattan,
a more palatable form of an incorrigible death wish.

have ended up in the gutter, who should have ended
up
with the pulsating insanity
that only I & the dead know.
Come bless my soul.

34 **60**

35 **61**

36 **62**

37 **63**

38 **64**

39 **65**

40 **67**

41 **69**

42 American Rhapsody **70**

43 **71**

44 **73**

45 **74**

46 **75**

47 **78**

48 **79**

49 **82**

50 **86**

51 **88**

52 **89**

53

54

55

56

57

58

59

60

61

62

63

64

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43

Beloved,
derived from the squalid forgotten streets of the brutal
problematical cities in the heart of
the heart of this world.
Come down to our parties where the blue helium of balloons
with streamers for nerves
and the look of an anatomical eye ball, & then the shush
of apocalypse and bomb-scares run by us.
Come yea, with the anticipation
of an iceberg, one with
an undercurrent of Tylenol, into our heart's cool
summernights dotted with space heaters &
into our nightsweats & suburban over-dose of pills
in a history inside of a coffin the size of a building inside the ground.
In a history wearing manacles and waving flags.
Come you who perhaps found time in your
rebellious youth to read Rimbaud and fuck your virgins in the Midwestern afternoon,
filled with spiked sweet tea and acid & before he knew what fucking was,
smoking pot & popping pills and who
went to lock up, & who got
his stomach pumped, who could have ended up in the jailhouse, who could

42 American Rhapsody

Dear S—
Come now, I told you,
I, too, am the end of this one world,
the illegible fin,
the slow violence of the living room sofa,
it's cushions grinning its grey romance like a snail shell
in front of the blue lights of the screens,
in taverns and by the workplace watercoolers too, where the grain waves
out the heavy purpled souls hollowed out and howling from their automobiles
& their ticket insecurity & hooks.
Here I am at the world's end, washed upon these
heydays & high hopes & hallelujahs of radical resistant acts,
as well as these aggressive and fallible holidays, drugged nights,
drug trades, trade wars, drug wars, these consumerisms,
this uprising, this supranatural war.
O, my future! My prairie saint! My
precious perhaps once-delinquent future to come, come oppressive lord of criminal love.

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Come where the eye of abnegating pause closes like
shell upon my mantel,
where it soothes you, like a cotton towel,
recollect old plastic flotsam on the shore of a comfort-
able love.
Come, settler in this white city of tragic ovular chairs,
cellophane eyes encapsulating it new,
while the dark roses of eyes widen,
the tropical peach slices of ears, pierced clean.
To the march you shall wear the white dress of the sky
and liberation.
Come and dive into a pool of the newly sacred,
music amplified and booming on the soaked streets,
streets torn beneath the weeping tree.
For one begs the cities for the occasionally breakable.

And the disposition of asphalt gardenias sunk to make
coral reefs,
the surfaces of kings, the southern Utah of banned
books, the flat earth of dystopia,
& every color of the sea ripped from their parents at a
tender age,
the shipwreck of surfaces torn.

Preface: on the voice of these poems

Of course we as a people abhorred her prettiness, like a thorny music sometimes disliked in fanfares for the uncommon woman, sneered at it so, scoffed at her, had so since the beginning, and said as much of our positions, but had also, like most — nay all — fallen victim to her wiles. We as a people, sexist, misogynistic, hated her on those days when the party duped was our own suckered fascinations; in fact perhaps the only reason we began hating her at all was those first deceitful days and then the sobering days subsequent where we took wind that the sting was on. But we hated her and her prettiness most those days we watched others fall for it, hoodwinked, blinded by her diaphanous veils of phony charm. Hatred boiled. Righteousness festered into a carbuncle of all that she and her prettiness were not: a goiter swelling from the neck of the Just, and Lo, those the days we wanted to punch her square in her small, angular, perfectly symmetrical nose in anger. Christ, when that nose wrinkled in dubious delight at what was other people's less-than funny antics, how it made men and women alike tremble, buffoon themselves into stupidity: turn reckless, idiotic, giddy and dumb. It did, often. But Liberty herself was astonishingly stupid; she held no truth, other than her own innate vapidity, and could barely have declared that much or made herself known to reality in any authentic way, in other words: falter. For it's not that she lacked 'intelligence' or 'wisdom'; it's not that she lacked 'history'; she had those, and too, she had the appearances of 'heart' and 'vigor'. That was the tricky part. Her guile and wiliness were

part her ammo. For Liberty occasionally partied; Liberty occasionally gave the appearances of rocking-and-rolling: Liberty seemed to have IT ALL. She was pretty. Pretty this, and pretty that. But what she lacked, dear friends, what she had none whatsoever of, was soul. And if there's something about soul (Remember what the Russians said about their national identity) it's that soul insists on unity. Sure, Liberty could and would look the part of her generation's genius, but she could never truly be an original: but a walking imitation, a meme for the nostalgia of truth from a different time. Her wisdom was not her own. Her histories were but copies of other people's European histories. Her supposedly unique intelligence was always too graceful to be based on TRUTH. Her parents were never advised to send her to a therapist when she was a child, unless in those circumstances where she grew up in an area of wealth and trophy-wifery where what the rich gave to their children in terms of character-building was their own disregard and self-involved and unfortunate series of divorces, the norm. Any of those anecdotal tidbits of personality she may have bestowed upon herself were tacked on later, in retrospect, when talking about herself at get-togethers, over a game of Scrabble, or Katan, at dinner parties, having looked at the media and everybody's reaction to people focused on there, and devised her character that way. For She and her prettiness could create nothing, except, of course, more prettiness. True she was a frozen in her being and never threw chairs or coffeepots, broke out it awkward screams, laughter, or tears when no one was looking: if she did do so, it was only because she knew those eyes were watching her, and she was displaying, if not the proper hallucinatory emotion to be had, then one that suggested depth and complexity of her character, her legacy and fame, showing only the signs and symptoms of neurosis, without ever sinking into the skin-scraping truth thereof, anything to evade from the world knowing her actual void. As a teen, if she took drugs, she took them when it was popular to do so, in the correct order: i.e. first glue, then Smirnoff ice, then weed, and so

40

Come here, where the blood moon is sunk to make a coral reef.

Beloved, come where a small boutique of worry, pressed against my heart is ripped
from her parents at a tender age, clutching

the earthen shield everywhere & ensnared
in incomprehensible international bloodshed,
Beloved, come where a husband dancing at night is ripped form his parents at a tender age,
come where an overlooked white house wallows albescent, & is
sunk to make a coral reef,
come where a rearview mirror of innocence is shot dead by police. Look into the small holy mouth.
a mouth where the ascending mythology of
manmade earth strums aloud in the car alarm of my mocking birds,
a mouth to investigate the day's end, ripped from their parents – we have no history –
a mouth to write tomorrow's poetry rejection letters
ripped from their parents – no history is ours –
come and watch it kiss the round life of Whitman,
kiss the dead prisoners of this Dream, sunk to make coral reefs
in an endless holy river, titillating and obscure, torn terribly from hope.

Come beloved, where the second case of the whispering utopia, its dark mulch & muck
is killed in a school shooting,
come to this open culture of adoration, addendum, apogee, and its owner
is killed in a school shooting.
Come, come,
to where the 1st digital inception of your lifeline is ripped from his parents at a tender age,
a facsimile of its creators, arcana, & the mute
applause of poor humorless jetsam
& its once-owner is ripped form her parents at a tender age.
Come & let me love you beneath the lifeless protesting fragility of this blood moon
in concert with no enemy
but itself and the sea,
our inevitable structure of departure
the blackness emanating from the burning car of it like smoke
in blue and grey cities of New York,
the blackberry of night huddling.

on and so on, etc. She listened to TLC when it was popular to do so. The same with rap and Pink Floyd's Animals. For the most part she would do what her friends were doing, but was slightly more reserved, delicate, hesitant, and sensitive to the whims of fashion and the masses so she could gesticulate her slightly different selfhood. When she entered middle school she went to dances, as was expected and appropriate. She didn't always have dates however: Liberty may have given the appearance on occasion of being shy. But she had relationships with the opposite sex, and in an order which suggests, again, proper emotional development: first holding hands, then pecks, first, second, third so on and so on, never stealing ahead or cutting corners. But Liberty and her noble prettiness was not integrity. She was not accuracy. Sometimes she appeared to be sincerity, candor, forthrightness with a dash of pizzazz and fluency for good measure. She was a lie: had always been: Lady Liberty barely smelled – and only once of perfume or bountiful wholesome foodstuffs. That's why we wanted to take Liberty's perfect tits and cut them off with a rusty blade and feed them to the dogs – those who couldn't shake the appearance of having to be among the 'less-endowed'. For her prettiness had no idea what a real fucking cynic was. But then again, neither did we. For it was hard to be the cynic when you were the dog…

But don't you see, fellow ladybug? Liberty's prettiness encumbered by her lack of grace, and her knowing it so, must be difficult for her and all those like her who could have been beautiful otherwise.

Difficult, no doubt, because those figures are probably often mistaken, as by a stranger in passing, for being noble and beautiful.

Which, in the scheme of human wrongings, isn't that severe or critical of an injury. But to know your feminine gracelessness is one thing, and to have your nature incessantly reassessed so that it is downgraded on every other glance is another.

O! To live near that graceless godless wonder! Because, in the end, she is probably like anyone else: self-serious & -important.

It's true that for any single one of the graceless, knowing, almost-beautiful beings in the world to be called beautiful, and their beauty would have to re-proportion to their very human lives. The makings of beauty they have are both too small and too larger for their persons, unequally distributed. And it is that graceless semblance, that lack of elegance that causes strangers to look at them and think they saw there the eye, demeanor, look, voice, or gate of beauty, since most pieces are there, even if they are somehow skewed or out of order, and then think, unfairly, the whole of the personhood beautiful. But the noses of these graceless, although it could be a perfectly normal nose, would only be truly beautiful if it were on a graceful face. True too of their feet and smarmy witticisms, their baleful glee and laughter. And they know this. They think they do not deserve and are struggling to own those appraisals — the first enchanted ones, and the later reconsidered ones. But they can hardly obtain that aura of authenticity: everyone doubts them; no one believes what they are lying down.

They are therefore a necessarily awkward lot, and awkward about their awkwardness, for on first meetings, one does not expect them to be so freely strange coming upon them with only

39

Come here, & let me love you where the blood moon shines its
green moss on my cities,
the black roof of my American absolutes and a whole mess of
sea birds surround it,
the radiance of my phoenixes and cactus flowers
like the sponge of it,
my knees will wilt before you
like so much
tar and hot plastic,
illicit fruits and bent wire hangers in the basket of it, the moon,
the red velvet hood of it carrying the basket –
and an unbought youth ripped from it.

Come here with you syllables of fissure, foreignness & fire, to my history
of cotton picking, that is sunk in the estuary
to make a habitat for fish.
Come where the bafflement of symphonies is shot and killed,
dispersing aharmonic shrapnel, it
radiating outward, all from the American schools,
delicate oils of metal and violence spreading,
spinning outward from the gulfs like a storm of dolphins & eels.

38

Love me in this shudderin now and here.
For I am the white doors of the apocalypse catching fire in my west.
Your sand and salt has been ripped from their parents.
Your philosophy of knowing has been ripped from his parents.
Your spices and herbs uproots the econometrics between my twin shoulder blades,
the bar graphs of streetcars like a liberalism upon me.
The angel-studded circus of sugar and rubble in the gulf.
At night my shoulder is a tomato rubbing against existential danger –
plastic fruit dangling from a wire coat hanger in the sky and igniting the fires of the west.
We return to the city of oceans on lawn chairs,
newspapers of skin and preplacement keeping us whole.
An algorithm of inflation catches fire in the west –
a method to the method gets a little quiet and catches fire in the west,
& a hummingbird catches fire.

the expectation of beauty and elegance and pure astonishment, and when the silent observation in the viewer is made that they are inelegant the whole thing makes them stumble all the more further into disaster. All a bluster, they therefore are constantly digging themselves into a hole whilst in conversation; their thinking themselves graceless is a self-fulfilling prophesy. Had this lot only the good fortune to have not become aware of their own gracelessness, not so highly attuned and self-conscious about the human need and reverence for the blessings of order, each of their individual inelegant indiscretions could have been dismissed of as just cute quirk, like a lisp or crooked tooth, on an otherwise lovely demeanor, and they could have at least been called that dreaded word pretty, and that be the end.

…Although, it probably wouldn't do. The girl on the beach in the grey gown standing tall wouldn't enjoy being called pretty. Prettiness is a term reserved for a petty, selfish affectation for those graceless, knowing, near-beautiful who feign ignorance of their own inelegance. Neither graceful or beautiful, these people choose looking stupid over looking ugly. But who, really, could not be aware of their own lack of grace? Her view of such people is probably so overwhelmingly in the negative, so large is her scorn for the well-proportioned, well-groomed, un-itched, and affected, that people probably think her demeanor well-beyond affectation – she appears instead shrewd, manipulative, crude, dubious, her hunger large and undeserving, her snubbing unwarranted, her supposed self-effacement a deceptive faux-naturalism; in the end: a garrulous monster. Therefore, as she now lilts in her neoliberal voice up into a high, sardonic laugh at our present day troubles, the people here on this beach and pier will stop their shell-collecting, set down their towels, or just pause mid-game with the volleyball in

hand so that they may take a moment to look at her and take the composition in.

Because, in the end, her hip bones and finger joints seem to move of thier own accord. Her sunburn and purpled grey lips doesn't even seem to belong to her. Her voice doesn't even seem to be coming out of her mouth. But I bet she is in yet another way like anybody else: apt to be lonesome, and seeking genuine human contact. Grace beckons power, and I can tell by the way she squints into the sun she is so tired and can only play the muse to other's destinies for moments at a time, too weak for that the burden of 'blind' influence that is beauty.

And by the way she leans in an inelegant position, striking a pose not to be seen in magazines, knows it, knows her own gracelessness, knows how unflattering it all seems…and can't even carry or wear that shame well.

Life may be, after all, just a game for a while of how many different groups of people of which you can make fun or at which you can laugh, but she has, quite obviously, grown tired of this too, tired of the grace, and wants only inelegance: no more theoretical perfection. The situation is merciless. To think lacking grace is a deficiency, and to be ashamed. So give her pity. To lady Liberty, then?! Pity her though not because she needs it. But because she wills those freedoms and we are left wondering why.

37

Beloved,
how I have rung the bell of the body,
of revolution, the screens shining their preciousness &
glare.
My populist hinterland is clear about its delight in the
erasure of our wilderness's history, the scientist's
carefully realized droplets of elements &
filaments & shoots renamed like my rattlesnakes
in their unwalkable intimacy to the newly elsewhere,
feast of this heat,
your brown bear and oyster
colluding to new ventures & trash heaps.
Let me match the divide between city and countryside,
with glowing relic of a dark eyes midnight
to your drowsy wine-drunk countenance.

36

Come, I am an brilliant exponent,
I am the checkout girl, the goddess of accounting.
Come, I am a red rose and the undocumented penumbra.
I am hooker & heartache, cheerleader, waitress – retired,
come & let us sneak a look of finitude & its executioner, his allegations

the allegory of the mind.
Let us reissue the rosy golden bell of the blood moon's peal,
for I am the perfect consciousness of this lone country
that is or is not accidental. But I am that
imperfection, forming. Come let me shower your appetite for legend
of this new American happiness
and all white teeth,
my dialects dispersing like so much pollen opening to the wind,
come, let the sumptuousness of my American gin
be the incandescence
that glazes over your eyes at night
for my love for you
is like the blue-glaze of the ocean upon this Earth's lone skull.

She, Liberty, said...

Lover Uprooting the Forests within my Breast

Listen, love me here,
where my miniature sculpture of Venus curses my NASA sky.

Right here, where my NSA listens in on the noise in a conch shell.
Come and let your red velvet tongues

grow and thrive in the dark drawers

of my speechless fields. I tire
of criticisms foreclosed for those who weren't born knowing

the haphazard everything,
the mortal ridges and grooves of longitude swelling like oil blooms

above the desert dunes. Let your breath
stamp its ink onto both our backs. Let the
dark garments gather.

The human species is currently not economically viable. Let my lessons
of the first world at war be made manifest, and this malleable humor
sunk in an estuary to make a habitat for fish.
Here I am riding you into a many mooned Jerusalem, the white
rose of your sclera widening, as if

gasping for breath.

35

Come, I am where the buffalo roam.
The romance of the moon made of an indefinite hope,
a word stolen like a coin, or a pneumatic kiss, I am.
I see a star made of a statue of a wire cart,
a long wall, a murdered belief.
The shoppers' constellation of need is naked
within itself, within the frame of the grocery store
 thru & thru,
need's demand like an ocean bats, hosts of radar cir-
    cling
the alleyways of aisles line with the soft cardboard of
    cereal boxes,
where I love you among the
causes of confusion, these essences
like the perfume of Fates, and do this disruption,
at dusk here in & above the mall's stores at this mad-
    dened exurban night.

34

Beloved, I cannot bear the screeching sun,
so terrible with your petulant and baleful eyes,
as big as plates,
as big as the biggest blackest bowling balls of the alleys of Cincinnati,
filled with fist fights & pot smoke & cancerous coughs,
bowling balls that shine like pearls,
that shine like the brightest electric thunderbolt from vengeful heaven,
that roll around in your head as big as Atlantis, in which you pour down.
Come you who has a proletariat longing for the tartan lawn of wheat,
the pinstripes of diamonded lawns, & the herringbone
wishing its way towards mobility
on the proletariat scarfs you wear & socks.
Come here these designs carry the burden of their own ideology. Come to me.

Ghosts Stepping on their own Eggshells

Yes, love me among any gleaming,

extraordinary wonder, complicit with the
great promiscuousness, these
splintered swarms, these tremulous red-orange & ominous day-threats.
You arrive at my arms penitent, palms discretely stained with the air of glory
(glory, glory).

Come hither, unchlorinated lullaby, and wake
among my pillars of ammunition

and abstracted vision, as near-sentient flowers annotate the clouds & bits.
The paperclips & debris have already cannonballed onto the softest forests of bones,
and in the distance,
an Empire State Building that does not shave her legs.

I tire but sometimes need poets amazed at anything, like the wind
turbines plotted like grey flowers
asking wiry daffodils questions of their self-contained industry,
mechanic motel keys, the lacquer of static electricity like a Jericho's rim found within my attics,
Atticas, sock-stuffed saxophones &

Laundromats, carpets & skins.

Come quickly, because
like the slash within windows in this blue yonder,
like this golden torch above the filth of this holy river,
this Dream is quickly extinguishing and already yellowed like a tooth.

big bang and female orgasms
You throw your beauty around the room
like a throw pillow with a needlepoint of a mushroom cloud

33

Our time is legislated a parking meter measures in seasons and suicides.

There is a neurodiverse cis garbageman with a tattoo
of the heart of Ohio on his sleeve.
There on the television, an anthropomorphic brown bear
littering and smoking,
a daguerreotype of a transgender tax collector
with anxiety holds a pink helium balloon.
a yellow paint bucket pours hope
and a family centered dramedy.

a pope on Adderall
makes the bloods gang hand signal.

a rusty refurbished toxic waste barrel
punctured and stitched with flowers.
a classical portrait painted on a used sardine can

a miniature European landscape painted on a moth balls
a bar tap issuing anatomical noses, gifs of stalin
And gourmet rice.
My love for you reads like
the great American novel made out of the

Liberty as a Luxurious Thorn of the Future Content

Today our twin skeletons fell upon the tired chromatic sheets
like earth. The day began to look like the moths
that affect the outcome of my hurricanes &
injurious bits. Today, I am
a milk carton with a missing
sea on it, a milk carton
with a missing galaxy on it.

Come, let the gold cracks of your skin fall into my neon nights.

Or come, as a man, with his saltmarsh knees, the pulsating
inlands of testimonies, hands, with the rosette shape of nipples,
as another empty black hoodie strolls across my tundra.

(May your golden flock not turn its back on this walking ink of night.)

Sirens Pixelated Chrysalis of the Absolute

I scrape a flexible solar panel onto the nape of your neck leading to
Late Capitalism as you brush past some tall blue hurt on Monday,

a solar panel with a shot of the abyss. The air-conditioned bedroom buzzes.

This hothouse Earth inverts your lonesome approach to taxonomy.
Your moist intrusions invest easily into my atmosphere of wonder. I tally
your misdemeanors on the walls
of caves hidden within clouds.

I load butter onto your baguette.
O, the many peopled distances.
O, the sails in the sea!

The female gaze is one hundred and one
hummingbirds of heartbreak.

32

you liberate your esophagi from the tendrils of history and
male explanation, you woodpecker moose their way
into my mantra and mouthpiece
there is a capitalist luther slaughtering sheep
in the shadow of fir trees of your shoulders.
you upload your ultraviolence to the museum
of the pine-cone and violet tipped breasts.
we sometimes actively went into the
dime-drug-store's wearing slippers and socks and in parks
outside the hospitals, mad,
we were insane, we began
to tear down the old monuments, filming and hugging policemen
with our phones in hand as the policemen's body cameras
supposedly captured us, the throng
in dodgers stadium crying out their torsos
second after second, a chandelier of flesh, fountain
sodas and ideology.
to annotate the body's own
particular happiness and extinction.

Siren, a Slumbering Rainbow of Wreckage

Come, come, let your city nights occupy my
starry sporadic majesty, let your longitude kiss my lat-
itude
as the sun somersaults into my skylines
where the shell of one of my sea tall buildings

crosses itself, and these adjectives lose their,way
as they swim across my eastern rivers.

My many walls are drunk-driving into a wild fire,
as a method to the form gets a little quiet and
catches
fire in the turbid west.
These are my clouds, pinned above
a stockpile of debris in stalled cars with the suns gloss
glued to their windshields, within the preheated high-
ways of LA.

These are my clouds, pinned above constellated
starshine.
Clouds, the color
of a piled heap of
useless cassette tapes.

Liberty Drunk-Dialing Delicate Men

Come let my lamp-lit pulsing fogs fasten its mouth to the
ground-zero of your soapstone saxophone base.
Let your sea of oil & wax mellow in my garages,
while the bosom of my lonely pear tree blossom heaves,
while I stipulate the crackling intelligence of a basement field mouse,
plotting with impurity,
and my orange butterflies – exquisite question mark,
container of emptied suns –
shrugging their delicate shoulders after another election, are swarming
the heavy-dark cloth
of these fluted nectars.
With you, I stand here, arm raised.
With you, I am a newly plucked radish rubbing her eyes, and
with you alone –
like a wet bushel of radishes plucked and shaken –
I clap my hands together, rarely in unison
with this universal nothingness.

Let my broken asphalt soak in these broken English's.
I am this stone lamp and laundry, arm raised,
glistening still in this something blue,

31

I am a metal wire shopping cart in an empty lot filled with
sand and two lit tiki lamps poking out,
you are a metal shopping cart in the middle of a
parking lot filled with broken ming vases ,
a tropical forest landscape and scene painted onto woodchips.
accellerationism maps the absolute, a blueprint of dna.
Let us be a lovely devourer of bombs, that walks upon herbs,
destroys only insects and not the idea of the multitude.
Hobgoblins of lonely bees feel empathy for our mixed-mattered honey.
as the future author of tomorrow's poetry rejection letters
an authority of today's history
the anxious footsoles
of the poet of momentary flashes
the queen of centuries
the round life of the next walt whitman
an endless holy river
the of asphalt gardens
the surfaces of kings
the bloodmoon of lebanon
the southern utah of banned books, are ripped from their parents
and the flat earth of utopia dies possibly due to neglect

30

If I were to feed you with the image
of a soda machine in a high school that sells gas masks
and umbrellas for protestors
and bullet proof vests
and eat this mermaid carved into the trunk of joshua
tree
in the middle of all that aridness,
1008 names of kali play in the background,
and a sculpture of a shih tsu wears a snorkel and a
diamond gold leash
humping a dead bent knee of
Osama bin Laden's body fathoms beneath
the sea of your American soul…
would you salt this dish of raw purple cabage
with lemon garlic frosting.
in otherwords: my purple colelslaw.
We shall have it with fingerling potatoes and trout.
watch as I feed you this —
& the millions.
Watch me in the kitchen
as I storm.

with you how I wanted the sanctuary of the applause
of these firecracker July's —
with you how I felt the desperation
of this Flat Iron nights.

A Weapon's Siren Dances its Conspiracies

Your face is a burning book turning into a facemask,
an umbrella,
a doorstop, and then finally a thrown brick

as in, into the white-clotted clouds of eyes
of the people. One day, the president shaves
his head. A blue flag flaps in a sea

a wind made from old photographs

catalogued on the web, like someone's repeating injury,
a fetishment of schadenfreude, so well designed.

Let your humble bed be uploaded into my dream.

I am here where nameless faces on a train turn into
nothing but balloons of different tonalities of skin.

O World, don't you fuck with my horntoed forests
clawing into this neck,
this coal fire.

I am the spotted green glare
at the end of the bay, the red light of the recording, I
am
the gathering unknown whereabouts of your children
on TV at night, & I do hope –

feral & in love with you in the moonlight.

29

A lawyer dancing at her wedding is torn from her
parents at a tender age, machines
covered in tiny skills crosses the border on a raft into
America.
a life time of learning and an accumulation of
debt crosses the border
O how your eyes soothe me like a white cotton towel
the wings of my gaze migrate south to your
polar occurrence and take root
my shoulder, my broken grasshopper heart walks
through
the coming community
holding only your ringed hand.

28

I am the sunflower ruins among the ashes of western
US gophered golf lawns that caught fire.
I give hair gel and hand mirrors for the waste-
collectors
that engage in the disruption of the algorithm for
garbage.
I am a metal shopping cart filled with mannequin
parts
without clothes in the middle of a parking lot at dawn
and a teens body dysmorphia.
I trash your hegemonic corpus of red maples, only red
maples. I filter them through our many honeymoons.
Like a wire metal shopping cart filled with samurai
swords

Liberty Thrown Down by the Angel of Orgasms

I am wandering among the banks of my own neu-
rotropic.
My disinflation ignores your bungled birthright like
tsetse fly.
You ignite the matchsticks of our algorithms. Your ties
have a patterning of Lennonists prophesies.

My yen incubates over the Albany River,
feasting on pillows in the size and shape of
these prisoners, protestors, these pebbled forms of pep-
per spray and
police
barricades.
Finger my exotic-hearted houseplant
as you phototropically move your way
towards climax. With the
oceans you rise, Beloved.
Describe the biometrics of this heartland
as we die suddenly among the networks of fir trees and
ecological procession.

I tire of this one Adirondack chair inhabiting the seem-
ingly one temporal ars poetic zone.

The earth lurches a little in her elegant spins,

as one does before operatic death.

Let us print out the genome of the on true Ophelia,

and let her be America.

Your canopy stares right into my protean proletariat,
like a metal shopping cart in the middle of an empty
parking lot with nothing but
lit Christmas lights, the sky at dusk
in the departments of goods and evil.
And then an orchestrated output of street-wise horns
celebrating a beached
pregnant whale's return to the ocean. The beeps
radiating from the
shore-line
on the shores of a comfortable love.

27

Love, let the lessons of the first world war is made manifest,
as I make lemonade with the honey of the congress of Brazil
and a tender-footed tree walks, barefoot, across the Sahara,
and we take off our shoes at airport check in.
I am busy raking the soils of the garden of your mind,
I'm hemming the suit pants of the graces…
You are a metal shopping cart filled with a single plaster
sculpture replica of Michelangelo's David,
his muscular groinal tuck in view, like yours
as you lift your shirt up.
As the clouds reveal
ametal shopping cart filled with nothing but cerulean
stained glass shards of tobacco plant leaves
a metal shopping cart in the middle of pavement with
a large romantic rose bush
thorns and all growing out of it, popped balloons
on the ground in blue.
For here every wire sculpture
of a shopping cart
is a wire hanger of threat
of future illegal alleyway abortion…
You delve deeper into the fettered ribs of offices
in the breakfasted union station, seeking love.

Siren's Mind Uploaded to the Neighborhood of Stars

Come, adore me & drink my cocktail of saffron grain, egg chickens,
& fists shoved in pockets.
Come, let us pray to Father Sebastian of the Chevy and Skyscraper of Detroit.
You hang the skeleton of history below a streetlight.
You cling to its bones like a morsel. The archangel
of accidents has wings made of lilac petals in the shape of oriental rugs,
and sits upon a greasy fender, a subtracted accidental breath.
You upload your cerebellum to the network of fig leaves and honeycomb of stars.
There is nothing but diamonds, stone,
and the coming dark age
rising up all around us. I am here
waving flags among the pillars of totems
& a specific kind of taboo,
one of stolen ivory, scrolls & standing lamps.
Come to like a treatise stipulated upon the birth of the Holocene
and a sense of euphoria while kissing.

Come where this rose quartz is a stopgap of tenderness, right when you begin to
penetrate the meaning of flora blooming from the black leather jackets
of this American Psalm.

I am for waiting for the piss-drunk shards
of my falling, now fallen stars.

26

Today my heart
is a mandala
made out of various colorful tampons. Like the red
flaming heart of St. Lorraine the younger of West Virginia
that's emblazoned on the hood of an Buick.
My mind is large mirrored replica of the zika virus dangling from
the ceiling like a disco ball.
May my warmth dangle
like cotton balls tied to pink and gold streamers and chains of a
somalian pirate ship.
I am French maid dusting a cactus flower in the desert that is now
Pennsylvania of your knowing. The city
is at the center of
a rum cake apocalypse next to the kitten
in the kitchen of your mind.

and our home office printer eating paper
like a panda's
innate longing for bamboo as its disruptive technology.
Outside our apartment,
in the distance,
a cement truck adjusts her sky blue thong strap.

25.

Beloved, I am where
a bear's veins are replaced with a network of cable wires.
I am where
a sculpture of a confederate dolphin is taken down.
I am where your contacts turn into stats inside bar graphs
that turn into a city in which I loved you fully
that floods and is covered with coral reef.
It's like a nude model with a face transplant.
I'm busy dying my hair, I wear
a black glove with a bee on it.
You grew up on the banks of the Ohio River
of bespoke late capitalism's social status updates
and logic of post-apocalyptic soundboard's clouds and markets.
I found you wrapped in windbreaker
made of desire and accidents, flicking your chin
to whomever come who may.
I see that you touch, me, your lover nightly,
east of the rockes, west of the Iraqi tanks,
south of the tundra and north of public demonstrations on guns.

Siren's Playing among the Pillars of Salt

Your raft is made of an assortment of colorfully arranged plastic bottles

& switchblades. The ruins of my shores are laced with gold leaf & misgivings.

I am a Mary of the Dishrags performing a slam dunk in the driveway.
I am the aerosol morning within Wal-marts.

Come, today I invite the socioeconomics of a red Netflix logo

blooming among a Mt Everest of anarcho-feminist pamphlets
& thumbtacks. Come, and let us invite the sequence of dying polar bears.

Let us together find the stubborn root loose and folding
its hands across my fertile lap. I am biologically fixates on my diaries of carbon.
Here are my dying Acacia, the dying African penguins
in my menagerie of numbered zoos, & beyond,
evasive speech & asking others for money.
I wander nakedly on the Wall Streets of my desire,
I milk the deficit of your oroboro like a she-wolf.
You liberate your esophagi from the tendrils

of pelted history and crucible of thick magnetic explanation, and carrying on

honor my quaint defiant inner rosebush.

24

You ring the bell of revolution, the body, the screens
shinning their precious metals and glare,
the populist hinterland clear about its delight in
your nephew's name.
You match the divide between cities and country
with glowing relic of oil's midnight.
I apply lipstick and makeup to the lightning they might fork….
I dust off you your nephews yearning for Mars,
I hush the rages behind closed closet doors,
like a warrior scholar I take the stains out of your undergarments,
I decolonize your wardrobes extinction,
with hashtag precision and accuracy in an attempt to defy
and sometimes actively rally and strike with an information
bomb against the distributed civil war metrics.
Here, a girl-child's baby-doll in a yellow flower sundress dress
but with a bull's face and horns instead of a head.
On this morning
you are humming the war cry of
the humming bird that is your ring tone.

23

Let's clothe your nephew in forgiveness,
guide the deer of the child's interest to cross
your hearts' highway
as a smuggle the sky into his lunchbox
but don't take the bubblegum
out from the carpet of his universes.
Here, I'll straightens the books of every
underrated philosopher of America
as the sumptuous gin of the light glazes over your eyes…
Let's say Osama bin Laden's mother, a woman,
goes to the border to protest
and then got hungry for poetry while weeping
at the feet of physically disable statues
outside museums,
drug-store Venus, the feminist
afro futurist techno neural spectrum crying out
imaginings and imaginary…. then this, the critical digital public
crystalline spider-web buddha's wives are here, even to you,
hitherto unknown.

Cold Lake of Forgetfulness Exalts the Siren

Your grouselike ennui lands in my northern planar field.
I consider the dream court of my pushy conservationisms and parks.
I am the gangster of progress that drunk-drives through the stolen night
of my deserts that cover one fifth of my face,

and we weep into our fathoms of genocidal magma, with a species named Democracy,
with the heartache of my shipping containers
& their poor trapped souls of oxygen.

You just suddenly sandwiched into my core.

Your seafoam and salt free-fall into my inner euphotic zone.

Your herbs colonize my mountain cliffs, because
philosophy of the act slaps
the map's
buttocks.

12

I told you it should suffice, the legislation of hate
and the day,
of mango-red lightning washing itself inside the sky,
as if brushed
within manual pathways of a car wash,
like the car, the lightning kissed clean
& then canceled.
And the war-life of sad confetti storms the cathedral.
Instead of the bar that's at the end of the world.
I clean the moon behind the fragile peach slices of your
just-
married-to-me ears.
Like a lifetime of learning and debt drunk driving into
a shopping cart filled with moss.
The collaboration of rose petals
tucked inside the ear, and your malleable humor sunk.
Love me here, where a metal shopping cart is filled
with a Lego reconstruction of a city
in the middle of an empty parking lot, the sky at dawn,
and a metal shopping cart is filled with glass flowers
and Advil.
and the other Ophelia's of my generation are de-
stroyed by Trump University,
doxology, and the bitter waiting period
of the day-after pill's
coming winter. The Teflon night withstanding

Let me uncuff the mountain
uncuff the sea,
guide you through this dark knot of this sea
threaded with garbage and fishing wires,
dark knot of Empire with the white crystals of salt, and
this sugar,
and I will get a doubled-face queen of hearts tattooed
all across my back,
me with the looks of my grandmothers.
One holds a rolling pin, the other
a pierogi and rubber spatula.
And I become for you the three faced queen.

22

Let us reissue the rosy golden bell of the blood moon's peal,
as you match the busy pole dancers to your mother's warmth,
as you match the map of desire to reaching over chalk lines to letting go ,
as you match the river of ships to longing, Love.
We return to the city of ocean on train,
the newspapers of skin and replacement keeping us whole…
An algorithm of inflation catches fire in the west,
Love, even though the consciousness of the lone planet is
or is not accidental. But it's imperfect.
We are that imperfection, forming.
Come to me where
The opposite of the flower's genocide
goes to the border to protest,
I am this Union concealing itself into its flowery whelk,
the blossoms whole reversal into bud. I am every
new perpetual start.
Let me bath you and shower your appetite for the bull-shit
of American happiness and rust,
as the prisoners of the American dream are sunk
to make coral reefs.

vibrating against the hillsides
of my hamstrung thighs.

13

Today, Love, the ferocity of morning in the Depart-
ments
of Goods and Evil is made manifest,
and the white doors of the apocalypse

will ignite the matchsticks of our algorithms
as they match the needle with the eye,
the bullet
with the brain,

as you match the sky with its rain,
a metal shopping cart
with the Buddhist monk riding in it,
Unaware of how you

pair the shade with hot days,

the dark knot of coffee with that morning, Love.
I match the realness of an America, trembling within
another America

silk tannins of this wine
with the car dealership's lot's grandstanding, and your
infinite
willingness to humor, until urine trickles from me like
pollen from the Easter Lily.

Selah. I daughter of America, with Bushwick
intelligentsia,
in the city, the square, dream catcher taxidermy
and the federalist state of meaningful analog

21

The mother of the one American century
goes to the border to protest,
and I feel the days fall inside the ocean,
the years fall inside the stone.
I'm wiping off the rust on the iron center
of earth, I'm busy dusting the religious domes
of the universe and Moscow.
I'm busy polishing the center of the Milky Way
as an elephant dives into the garbage bin
like a watering hole.
My heart accumulates sediment. My heart
is a catchment for runoff.
Your heart is a fossorial mole rat,
everyday the constitutionally protected role undercut

by dismissal and diamonds.
You go to court. You bring a a briefcase,
my love note, a yellow Post-It, clinging to your lint.

20

Lover, the causes of confusion, the essences, the graces'
perfume, does the disruption,
a pearl at the edge of a future city,
an ice bucket with champagne flutes
and a metal wire shopping cart with nothing but the Buddy
Jesus's poking out in every direction with flaming hearts
of lifestyle and hope that you invite to the socioeconomics
of your red tongue blooming
among a mountian of anarcho-
communist pamphlets and rubber-bands.

A red rose's access to documents goes to the border to protest…
I am like the an intelligent analyst born from within a broken system
that the American patriarchy has made.
Love me in this now.
Love me till shudder…with
all that is real and here and now and just and good.

contextual adjacencies of May '68.
Let the street's boombox bud children
free and loved, with every beat,
with soft-served advertisementon its side for red Nike kicks.
Let them live and breathe on this day.

14

Listen, I love between your heart, a pearl in the sun,
and the folds
of flooding ocean flowers, beneath these two seas.
You pair the restlessness of old waves with that of
small children,
As I polish the center of the Milk Way.
Today your rib cage
is a metal shopping cart filled with neon sign
and tropical palm trees,

a metal shopping cart filled with an architect's
reconstruction of the city of Detroit,
as the open culture of filmmaking here is killed
in a American school shooting…
and a streetcar here on this land
names the democracy.

19

You are a great small beating heart pointing northward
like moss
and I dust and polish the traffic lights of your eyes.
The $1 million company exits the polluted river of
cranes
that live on your work tie this morning,
and our taxonomally related whispers kiss….
I polished the silverware of the republic of dreams…

as we sought to haunt the small batch moving
bicycle of the open systems textual body, struggle
with todays still-homelandsexual's dark ecologi-
cal awakenings
to the panopticon's traveling — always at the speed
of shimmering darkness and ready to be sliced
like an apple over the highway
and adopt all the orphans of this morning's not-yet-
awake dreams.

18

Love, this morning you brush your teeth with a plastic
that once was
a breakfast of a Apatosaurus
while with a special mix I refill the vase of the Amazon
and miraculously pull the camel, nay the desert,
into the needles eye this morning.
Spinning around the shipyards is an instrument
irradiated to the television's digital static + noise.
Love, this republic is horned.
The shoppers' constellation of need is naked
within itself, within the frame of the grocery store
through and through,
and checking the feminine divine for
back dimples
shining and twinkling in the mad exurban and wandering night.

15

So your ears are like car
side mirror that has pink flakes painted on it
showing the Grand Canyon
so it looks like it's raining pastel confetti in the voids
behind us.
This is our history.
This is blooming fire. Your back is a Russian tank riding
on the back
of the world's turtle, today.
Turtles all the way down,
and on top of them crumbling infrastructure,
and roses for the dead.
Your loins are sculptural, multiple,
this sculpture of bananas mounted on a wallpapered
den's wall of your trunk,
the erect bushel of the republic.
The poet in me says: damn…look how yellow.
commingling centers
to shop in. You call to me. I slip. But your voice
sounds so good, my ears lick their lips.

16

Today, beloved, I see a moon made out of an indefinite hope,
word stolen like a coin, a kiss.
Let's pair the patience of old men with a pigeons hunger
and sneak peak of finitude and the judiciary
allegations of forever more
all over again, love,
as I dust off my orange tired president
As I dust off my orange tired president,
see a star made out of a statue of chicken wire
a long wall, and murdered belief.
You light the blue match of the television at night in our room.
I'm emptying out the ashtrays of Beruit and Baghdad,
I'm clearing the table of socialism and serving tea.
As a history of cotton picking is sunk
into the estuary to make a habitat for fish…
I'm wiping off the windows of the fog…
My heart is a
sad girl hanging inside the ghost of Mao.
My heart
is a sad girl. Come to me. Come to me this way, again.

17

Beloved, how have you meandered
through your worldly assemblies in
Penn Station, filling their esophagi with Cinnabun
and pizza's like sad operas
as a motherboard and a book make friends,
you, who almost snuck into theaters
while becoming an agent of change:
a Romeo of the subversive commodity
and the white doors of a child's bones dies in a cage down near the border,
while I'm trimming all the ladies' trees of Europe.
Love, let's empty out the garbage bin of all the inhabitants
of Greece,
vacuum around the palm trees of Egypt + revolution
while I feather dust the starlight
issuing from your eyes tonight.

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Annette Hakiel
The Monarchs Shrugged
100 Poems
06/26/2020

“trembling within” and “snug up against…” taken from dawn lonsinger’s Whelm “damn…look how yellow” taken from Erika Jo Brown’s I’m Your Huckleberry

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water bottles. A disaster for
humans and of plastic from the ash of stars.
Come, put the record on. Hit Record.

47

Come.
Come as everything in the West burns nearby.

48

Come and tell me you love me, as the news of a new intelligence director
and a few symbolic Barnes & Nobles coupons are in your inbox.
Come and tell me you love me yourself, and you count the museums here in the center of the
universe — alone. Center of the center, at the heart of the heart.
Come tell me I'm special, indefinite, a trickster, exceptional.
Come and tell me were fine.

Come and take your fond memories of home into the kitchen, take out your memories of a Leonard
Cohen, behatted, falling infinitely, from the Wisconsin sky.
Come and slip out of my disheveled Manhattan and leave it by on the hook. Come.
Now I'm beginning to see the need for a knitted Pangea of
wonderment and some off-the-records therapy. So come and feel
your cell phone's sad questions of the universe collapsing
because the old maps of longing and suburban dire infinite lawns.
Come despite your knowledge of the unconscious
that you still describe the psychosis of the sea with

male pirates & male prisoners.
My cities are dancing and is lonesome-looking
from the heights of this Geronimo sky. Come as I laying the stones of your eyes
down among the beach of the male gaze. Come and assume
an infantry of dishware and defrock the golden templates of vision.
Every hour the bridges kissed by graffiti and traffic.
Every second the bridges seen against farther bridges, come.
Come to this map of the fellas you will joke with, the lake, barstools and
construction. Come here to this
dry mouth of Webster Dictionaries, hydrangeas and bridesmaids, never the bride.
Meanwhile this madness falling through all my American men
is still a disruptive technology.
I go groping
box stores for angry salinity. But at the center of everything a murmuring Golgotha's
of mind even the agnostic of the Chinatown's pear trees & plum blossoms.
Come to me where I, the Madwoman, Destitute and Monarch
cha-cha with my hopes in Elysium, come find me.
Come, Groomsman, this is a diagram of admirers and social dangers. This is a blueprint
of St Agatha the Virgin of the Community Garden and shopping centers and prisoners.
Come to this is an illustration diagraming
the medical gaze of highways of your alphabets and scripts.

Save for the cloying infection of gale force winds we
    inhabit a season of glitch + errancy.
Save for lure of lost letters, rings and coupons dangling
    from the ceiling.
This is how I heard the Babylon Bridge recite me your
    poems and
unpublished novellas, come.

49

Come now. We shall live.

Here will be my many Matryoshka dolls and ironing
boards budding breasts
Here and you will see at the drug store,
the pharmacist hides my reality in the icebox. At the
morgue,
the inspector dissector hides police racism in the re-
frigerator. There should be
more windows and a petit objet a in this place, but
where would they
look onto. I master the pause of the universe of nettles
and ink,
aerosols and hand sanitizer. How you we are tall. Your
skeleton
dangling from my stone heart, dragging. My anatomi-
cal heart
dangling within my stone exoskeleton. I'll light a can-
dle for you
The days to come. The dire of the days
and the flames igniting my screen from the southwest.
Let us not forget the river of my bullets and dish deter-
gent in the backrooms of boardrooms.
Let us not forget the bucketful of my counterfeit coins.
I will assume for you
an infantry of nocturnes,
each one an useless Jerusalem in the tin. The tin

100

a still life of marichino cherries, vagina sculptures,
and a letter ‘p’ volume of a children’s encyclopedia.
a transgender playboy stag.

who saw the a last president startle and sigh,

these are the people & things that fill the shopping cart

echoing in the drink. Your thoughts, the consequences
of the river banks
of your desire, getting finer. Or even the counterfeit
wine.
You were born on the distant shores of rivers and
poverty. Come to me
in my bedroom and show your true Bedouin self, take
off
the impounding golden shackles of Madison avenue,
of Park avenue, come to the bedroom
of America where we can revel in the internal logic
of personal mayhem & disaster
which is our holy and eternal relationship, come with
me and let me sigh
the sigh that indicates reverence, that is scented with
cheap whiskey,
incense, and myrrh, a sigh
that is resigned, that is reserved for visions of the holy
spirit, also known
as fire water, that masquerades as breath
as my mouth hovers over your torso, and then above
your naked desire.
This is how you sang the feasts of biology and shouted
the rain of history
the brightness of horizons and my northern cities’
rust belt jouissance. Thank you,
you dunderheaded fool, for the pots and pans and quiv-
ering plane of carpet
covered with fish scales from the grocery store. The
mojitos
and the tool box filled with brushes are there for ev-
eryone. The lox and cream cheese and
birch bark, and walks in the park and up and down the
island are

there, too, for everyone. Then, a demonology of hang-
overs
and an angelology of orgasms and quivering apron
pins. Dear drug store Child's,
nymphs of transnationals on commute, we arrive
again
at agreements about the commons,
seabeds saturated with ghosts
and plastic toothbrushes, berets, pens, bags, twist ties
etc.
The struggle upward towards street level is heaven
enough. The grappling through the
wet boughs and rails every end of day is upgrade
plenty.
This is a diagram of the layers of what the multitude
said in signs
and the universe made whole. So leave for us behind
you your nest of rags and sketches of my absolute in-
sanity. Leave for us
your world born of wonder and invisible open sky
clutches so many airplanes and clouds
snug up against its chest. This is how
you separated his white tees from the prismatic reality.
Leave it all behind
except the propaganda of hope leaning against a war
to be built and paid for by our

neighbors, circa 1908. You keep the stream of your
lovers' gazes & kisses
away from the damages in the kitchen and your mind.
You keep your city, ash trees, and fake
empire away from the kitchen. Meanwhile in Chicago,
an outburst of sad throngs and bitter sands. Meanwhile
in the city,

99

a female giantess taller than skyscrapers stalks the
deserts
of tiny israel. she scrapes her heels on walls dividing
peoples.
the line drawing of a patent illustration of windshield
wipers that
wipe the smog from ancient plant matter goo off
windshields in los angeles tattooed on the chest of a
archeobiologist
in ithaca, ny.

98

a mayor hiding homelessness rates and an irate public contained a
graffiti-studded snowglobe of seattle. actual rain and news inside.
i am torn between de-anthropocentralism and personification
someone plants wildflowers along a roadside in a comic book.

a diagram of electrical cables and something boozy downstream.
Come let me squander your existence with my insanity and my sorrows,
with my bohemian bottom shelf liquors and top shelf Reims Champagne,
with my fried chicken and my salted fries,
come to me as you would come to a mother,
a child, a lover, a friend, a stranger and a hooker,
let me tear off your starched shirts and silk ties until you are bare as you
were born, like an ignorant infant, and pour into you my neurosis and psychosis,
my crazy ass dreams of despair and want until you are broken, too, until you too feel
that you can only be fixed by love,
until naked, starving for meaning, humbled, we lay together in
the bedroom, our limbs paralyzed and numb from the backbreaking
routine of our mutual desire, so that when we kiss an arm it is
difficult to tell to which of us it belongs, because I love you,
you with all your hypocrisies and inconsistencies, with all your public humility

and private self-righteousness, you who I love eternally, wrought with

despair and hope over it,

forever yours…

50

For I am a prismatic and ivied American dream
hand stenciled on
city garbage bins
I am a bed sheets with a traditional oil
spill at the delta
and heron and lobster pattern.

I am an accent pillow depicting rainbow gardenias
and police brutality.
socks with a pattern in of heteronormativity, seppuku
and doughnuts.

The adverbs drag you down to the blooming beds of
the
archive's floor

I am a snow globe with storming glitter
depicts a john and yokos bed,
reporter microphones, and sad dreams.
You are a lawyer made out of excessive
snapchats and his
father's war tags
that is your reflecton.

Let me chat you
as our internet connectivity and activity
exhibits the swarm behavior
of migratory birds
heading north
as dolphins decide to form a planned community

97

a militant redhead mislays her store-bought keychain
with the recycling. she is never found.

matryoshka dolls and ironing boards bud asexually.
who had flashbacks of things that never occurred
in the meadow of the sunflower search fields of truth
where they overturned the lp in defiance as the saw
democracy's holographic president go red
and fill the streets with bodies even in wheelchairs
a rorschach test where the ink looks a lot like the but-
terfly
that started hurricane harvey.

96

overnight the red netflix logo magically turns into
a socialist rose with petal-letters.

a guy fawkes mask and uzi's painted on
an ukranian easter egg. slaves create
ballpoint pen drawing depicting the rise of china
and the dynamics
of menstrual irrationality.

a person in times square dressed as a matryoshka doll
wearing a sign that says "females revolt"

out of wanderlust, emotions, and
intersectionality.

as the oil and gas producer's newsfeed was made manifest, yesterday
as and the plucky dedication of horses is dragged out to sea …

II

51

as the series of appearances of lonesome kids in cages
and your neon bones are ripped from his parents at a
    tender age
as i featherdust the acropolis
as i spread my arms wide like the vine.

as the gold fills in the cracks of some body's skin
as women built machines to learn to learn in this ever
increasingly logically algorithmic flattened world
atmospheres of wonder are killed in a school shooting
as am noting in diaries of carbon
as the bloodmoon shines its green moss on the white
    city in greece
as a shopping cart of blue moss in the neon night
ontology and fuzzy postfordist internets of things
and affective blooming metaphor databases of
participation in finely tuned mechanically
social phatic webs
while a high powered and brilliant park slope mother
    of twins
the shipwrecked nose of sophocles

and wife's authority over hibiscus dies in a cage
and the fragility of the blood moon in concert with
no
enemy
but itself and the sea

when laughing. it is stirred
and not shaken by someone's whose hands are larger
    than
the presidents. she rules.

95

there is the programming culture of honeybees.
cupcakes and dinosaurs spewing out a mt vesuvius.

the exhibitionism of icicles dangle on a heating planet.

a pile of taxidermy cats frozen in their leaps in a museum
of the future. it is called still life with meme.
a snowy lobed that snows blue glitter on top of a the mojave desert.

a classical european portrait made out of cotton candy.

a bar tap issuing out glamour magazine clickbait.

a child's bed in the shape of a russian tank.
it shoots down feathers.
a future filled with giant hairy spiders
carrying pretty shoes.
a rhinoceros with purple quarts crystals for horns.
he wears a victorian cape to a protest at city hall – with a
unicorn image woven in it.

a cocktail made out of bad soap tv, margueritte duras'

war novels, and peeing a little bit

52

here, as the florist who sips coffee names sarah
has made some enemies. she wants the great basin to become
a sanctuary for both people
and honey bees. people do this.

st theresa des this. st t had a thought about ecology
and the human in the "machine, platform, crowd"—
nexus and wept with nothing left of sticky-keys
of male's teenage years
the bones of st theresa knew long ago they were wedded to the fate
of planet earth and its varnish of atmosphere

the bones of st theresa
were found under a blue spruce pine. she had

systems of anorexa nervosa and heart palpitations.
there's the stained glass sculptures of toys lost
like gems in some shag carpeting of fate

there's the wire replica sculptures of some
high school lockers showcased in a museum in zimbabwe

53

a roundstem false foxglove tiptoes uninsured

across wisconsin
there are the depths of arpartheid and counting

down the minutes at a gig
there are progressive swarms of toaist agentinians
sprouting from a dinning rooms flutes of champagne
the pillars of the airfield and life characterize by
height and drama

rebel factions of volunteerist almanfitans
sprout from dirty kitchen dishes

let us pray to evelyn our lady of acceleration
and st augustine of plastic

you walk among the pillars of ammunition and impaired vision.

we live in an era of redistricting of nettles, styrafoam soil, and ink.

find me among the pillars of anarchy and dry mouth
you invite the felt replica sculptures of fedex packages
and jury duty notifications

you invite the sequence of dying polar bears.
a needlepoint of a pitchfork on a pillow.

the red geraniums seek their own cardiac arrest
a reindeer made out of

94

rapidly issuing out of the fireplace every easter

comes seahorses, ribbons, and the indomitable spirit of
american pows.
there is something crawling up the banister.

it is the death
of the endangered acacia tree.

with floating
glittery
an adjective loses its way swimming across the filthy east river.
a bird sculpture made out of guy fawkes masks.
the bed in which the patriarchy and the venezuelan
government sleep together this time floating on a rooftop
swimming pool in brooklyn, ny.

93

a map of every zizek sniff, brooklyn acacia tree and
'colonizer'.

a machine learning algorithm commits a heinous
crime
while traveling over-seas. it's stilettoed body is killed,
bagged,
and disposed of over the atlantic.

the presence of a beautiful woman before the brown
bear
in a spy flick inflating both the threat of russia espi-
onage
and the brown bear for beautiful women.

the desperate fatalism of barthe's a lover's discourse
growing out of the swear jar.
the crystalline intelligence of aging dogs, well-worn
burdens,
and gucci purses.

sky. one eye is venus. the other
is as big as the moon.

ophelias who compared themselves to waterfalls, to
graffiti
dripping down the brick, to the ever accelerating
postcontemporary scene of anthropocene ethico-
aesthetics paradigm shift and return while humbly
in beards and skateboards and in the new avante
gardes
of exit alt escaping collapse, time of classical relatively
reinvented in the operatic pastiche of boston's
lyrical operas, in the increasingly two-faced
amplified politics of nets
a holy mary of the dishrags
hanging out her blue
negligee to dry between buildings in the middle
of the city of detroit.

54

a wife's authority over wire hangers exit the european union
catches fire in the west
and humming bird catches fire
i dust off the effective crisis in the first place
a wire metal shopping cart in the middle of an
empty parking lot with a framed rembrandt replica in it
covering her cellulite

92

a storm cloud in stilettos starts spreading sad blue confetti.
a large us drone balancing on its nose and inserted into a well-lit
high school cafeteria amidst a food fight.
an aspiring therapist applying brand name deodorant
to a school shootings protest rally.

the ghost of che guevara resisting the tyranny of closet
organizers bins.

the dream of totality probiotic-loading with chobani yogurt
after watching a newsy ethnic cleansing news report.
an armed teacher in louis vuittons waltzing in
through her californian condo's french doors. ha!
turtles all the way down but on top of them crumbling infrastructure

and roses for the dead.

a nasa space telescope dubbed mary of the crooked
flowers
pointed at a high school in fla

a soda dispenser machine in a school that sells flowers
and condolence cards.

55

as the orchard blossoms fidgeting during the memorial
speech.

56

the bossdom of a field of tigerlillies
tells a nearby ceo he's fired.

a sculpture of beer can encrusted with flowers.
you, settler in the white city of the chair

shards of tears fall in the neon night
there are your golden cracks of skin

91

the great american novel made out of the formation of earth, human
conquests, and recycled paper.
in a moment of precognition a good witch named beverly
turns a potential shooter into an tundra flower and sends him
and his seeds to the arctic.
a snow globe showing a high school hallway complete with
graffitied lockers and… and its raining rose petals.
minimally invasive surgery, please, to take the bullet out of all of our hearts
and the lumps in our throats
three blind mice, guided by ai eye retinas and walking sticks,
walk leaderlessly into the lady's section of the department store
of the dream of late capitalism. more mice follow.
a helium balloon laced with computer piracy, walkabouts,
coins for the dead, and teenage angst.

the ghost of john glenn forgetting to put the forks tine down
in the dishwasher.

90

soft line of the instants of detroit, the heat of a red star at the core of the asphalt gardenia. in the ceiling of the universe a satellite dubbed pope alicia of the crooked marigolds searches the kachin protesters there are the dying acacia, the dying african penguins, evasive speech and a techno-hop dance version of these are a few of my favorite things.

wedge sandals, flowers, and a police barricade painted onto an ukrainian easter egg

a soap dish in the shame of joan of arc's chest plate. the agony of revolutionary and injured floridians echoing in the metal and plastic mainframe like a shell. i put my ear not to its mouth but its chest.

in a museum room, a door that leads to nowhere with a pink stilettoed knee high boot stuck in it.

the outlines of persons all shape and sizes composed of starlight wait outside. above neon sign above the door reads: "life" an easily breakable cotton thin-thread crocheted map of paris inserted into a circular glory hole.

57

i clean the utensils in the kitchen of your mind
plant you a herbarium of solace in the
glass house of your soul
wipe off the ash off the fallen body of trees in the west
wipe the ash off of athens
i place sweets next to the night stand of the
body of the fallen king which had become the body of
the populis

i cook with the herbs of democracy and uprising
a cup's eye widens
i am a cucumber crossing my limbs.

like a bushel of radishes tied and shook
loose of water, i clap my hands together
i am blushing like a mango, my fists squeezed into
roots
you are a carrot sticking its nose in the air.

the sky is white like a rabbit. the earth is brown like a
rabbit.

we sit on the sofa cushions, the edges
of it's lips curling like a snail.

58

may peace and justice occupy the golden heart
held in the breast of the new colossus
i, vibrating plane

you measure the amount of blue yarn in the nests
of waterfowl of lake titicaca.

you measure the amount of ritalin stuck in the throats
of hummingbirds and fish.

you see the paperclips and bubblegum on the floor of
webster park.

you watch as the forests of daviess county, indiana dis-
appear
from the roof a kmart super center
a purple fighting fish swims through your den.

the weight of a cumulus cloud flies by your
tea kettle in the kitchen.

in the distance, adagdak, a stratovolcano, blows up
like a cell phone.

89

there on the screen, an artillery of white flowers
coming out of a rib cage.
you download your ulna from the hospital of rose quarts
and intel chips. the pigeons on electric

cables sway in the breeze.
a bostonian in a chevy bolt is wiping the smog of a
brontosaurus' lunch in pittsburgh off their windshield.

at the games of costco stadium, gold covered athletes will eat banquets
of brand name fusilli with adonis in elysium.

even the bumblebees have wings of daisy petals.
i long for paintings of american sugar and english cucumbers.

the birth of any peace has its skepticism and victory.
the skepticism and victory of war is always its twilight.

a silence the size of a texaco oil tank separate
the historicisms of drosophilae and you.

an iceberg is overdosing on over-the-counter tylenol.

you make an account of the minnows in Lake Ontario
swimming among the coors lite six pack rings.

59

electric grasses grow in the skies of your
work-related ennui.
you smoke the paupers of the cloud's

recumbent bicycles and delivery men.

who, as user or agent, the netizen,
the citizen subscriber or dreamer tried
to achieve criticality of fame or legal status
while the new thriving met hashtag lexicons
fell on the heads of the seat of authority
political misconduct distrupts the furlined borders of your mug

60

a soda dispenser machine made out of reclaimed metal
that sells glitter bombs.

jewelry made out of rose quarts crystals, pearls before
the swine,
and police bullets that miss.

a root that looks like an upside-down tree finally reaching
the layer of soil where are the smooshed cars and secrets are buried.

a beautiful camel with a tongue piercing. careful, she
spits.

clouds in the night sky fractured and inserted into artfully
arranged mason jars shelved on a white wall.

the agony of revolutionary bostonian's emanating a noise
of disruption from the radiator.

a three-inch section of an arctic ice core inside an rum and coke
in a high class bar at the end of the world–
3,000 year old air trapped inside.

a mushroom cloud sculpted out of ice.

a street light in a parking lot. below a
symphony of the pbr cans of ohio,
feathers, and beat poetry.

88

let us not forget the future years
of utopia and the mortgage of the spirit of pelicans
at the signing of the treaty of droves, you assume
the posture of an orchestra of bees
let us not forget the wood rings of gun cartridges
and the broth in the beaks on the wall in the back rooms of exxonmobil.

you master the seconds that unveils the metallic thumbtacks
and the hand sanitizers, the chemistry that explodes from stars.

at the cvs, a pharmacist is hiding your cubist
petit objet a in the icebox.

multitudes of moonlight, and moonlight of the multitude
is that which jackhammers our symbolism

bodily through blooded veins,
is the congregation of sorrow and feminine will.

the ironing boards of idaho are still budding
revolutionaries and breasts.
the budweiser's of suffolk county being the last repression

of the republic of public scandal and bearded men.
illuminated, you dangle the bones of the pelican beneath

61

the hallways of highschools lined with prom queen votes
and homicides.
a working pez dispenser made out of metamorphic rocks.
kids in well lit gymnasiums after a local natural disaster
learn to do the 'pocene shuffle: lean left,
dip right, one-two.
a refugee raft replica made out of an assortment
of colorfully arranged plastic bottles.

the ruins of pompeii laced with gold leaf and misgivings.

Mary of the dishrags performing a slam dunk in the driveway.

a giant rainbow unicorn wig spilling off the chalk cliffs of dover.
a reindeer puts down his cold brew coffee.

he starts to engage in 'blue sky thinking'.
his nose is jupiter.

62

the great american novel drinks pbr in a
brownfield in upstate new york.

a storm cloud wearing colorful war medals.

a nasa hubble space image decoupaged
onto the iron core at the center of the earth.

a soldier with an uzi heart smoking a clove cigarette
and doing a line of snowflakes.

a helium balloon laced with the american dream
and a mp3 file of anohni's album "hopelessness"

in a nondenominational church a stain glass window
of fred of ohio uploading his cerebellum to the cloud
in a nondenominational temple a stain glass window of
lorraine of the blue umbrella and acid rain.
a bespoke martini made with tears of st peter of the bronx.

a cactus with a dripping red flower heart painted on the
hood of a waterfall-colored cadillac in vermont.
lace made out of mutant frog skeletons.

dial tones that smell like whiplash and bad romance.

a rotary phone carved out of the trunk and roots of keyboard.

87

you learned the secrets song of battle cries at
the crossroads of highway 11 and desperate pleas.

your questions blossom from inside the folds of geology
books and neighborhood galleries.

this is a diagram of what has happened:
a stone deposit of chicken bones, shackles,
and cassette tapes.
you need the glory of wearing a-line skirts of political vetting
while weeping for the sisters of utica.
you have a proletariat yen for the future
houndstooth mowed lawn of at&t stadium,
and the ideological wool of sport.

86

you enumerate the river jordan by a narcissus while
unwrinkling the reflection with an nailgun,

and then weep
and the enormous sounds of crows come morning.

you unintentionally incubate a sunset of wells fargo
along the interiors of free trade and dry mouth.

the histologist of your historic age have delicate
craving for double stuffed oreos and rosewater.

you grew up on the banks of the ohio.
they found you in a basket on the doorsteps of
poverty.

with net-art foundries, accelerators, studio lab's &
websites
the women became the creative classes and ace-
demics,
citizen, and dreamers or the netizen users, these
revolutionaries of affective work and
liberating education
like gold condoms placed on the eyes of dead radical
islamic terrorists by their mothers
for when they see the afterlife.

63

a gold and ebony iguana among the acid rain
and pink and grey el nino storm clouds.
a veiny eyeball glitter balloon attached to pink
streamers for nerves.
the image of the night sky's constellations on the
inside of the b cups of an otherwise 'nude' bra.

the red tongues of the proletariat growing in a straw-
berry field.
the nsa listening in on the noise in a conch shell
an empire state building that doesn't shave her legs.

the mona lisa of detriot fondling jerusalem
artichokes in a windbreaker in a walmart.

an angry audience throwing real nickels and pennies
and invisible
spicy mustard and ketchup mcdonald's
packets at a bad showing of prokofiev's the gambler
at the metropolitan opera.

85

occasionally, within the kitchen backrooms of hotel
tennessee
you discover a profound jerusalem.

you will count the a train petals at the bough
at the center of the milky way station.
listen, news of a new fbi directive and a few coral reefs
are flooding your inbox.
the plutocracy of killer whales will begin to shake
again
in the distance.
after the golden spike of the anthropocene,

the next geological strata will be named by
sentient flowering trees.

the stars of alexandria's time will now be named

after products of your adidas and nike.

84

confetti of the anthropocene is not itself barbarous.

you drink a toast of honeydew to the stemming of bridges and
the budding of buildings in detroit. a moth rests on the peeling mauve
paint by the glowing of an incandescent bulb. the bits
of the acceleration for the weather of texas armadillo found
within the concentric technologies of
the northwestern redwood trees

here, a throw pillow with a needle point of a ak-47.

64

pierogi's stuffed with google traffic maps and farmer's cheese.

st stella virgin of minneapolis eating cracker jack's
and fig pudding watching reality television on hulu.

neon life vest light peppering the desert sands of a
las vegas night.

a marble statue of an octopus wrestling with a neon
orange refugee life vest.

a blue and white arabic tile with a tampon pattern

65

the lava and ash of fishnet vagina dentate laced with
roses spewing out of mount st helens.
donald trump's vomits pink and purple glitter onto
the white house lawn.

beige shelf mushrooms grows out of the face of
marie antoinette.

mount vesuvius spews out red and green high
heeled models' legs. the lava is gold leafed.

a snow globe raining silver beads and sea birds
choking on beach trash.

the statue of liberty adjusting a bra strap.

a postindustrial landscape made out of
frozen custard and sprinkles.

a stag's head mounting with a waterfall of blue
curling unicorn hair instead of a face.

83

in this tweet you shall assume your soul is the hollow-
ing out
of automobiles as misdemeanors that you read about
in books

a snowstorm of one snowflake containing particulates

of the burned biomass of trees descending into your
coors in yankee stadium.

a wine bar that pours gewurztraminer, the taste of
slate,
and heart palpitations over the future of carbon dat-
ing.

a treatise stipulated upon the birth of the holocene
and a sense of euphoria while kissing.

rose quarts as a stopgap of tenderness, right when you
begin
to finally understand the meaning flora blooming
from trash receptacles.

82

a dream of egg white, rotary phones, and ipa beer.

we glide among the pillars of motherhood

and the fileries of salt.
let us pray to the poets of beirut and the sky
scrapers of New York
your naked soul dances among the pillars of
nalrus horns,
papyrus scrolls, and standing lamps.

the cities graffiti bruises no one.
there is nothing but diamonds, stone,
and the coming dark age
rising up all around you.

we are living in the reinsurancing of companies
of orchestras and bees.

whistleblowers are leaning against the glassy
windows of the cbs building.
a wax sculpture the pope with bull horns.
saint maria of denver waving — and not hailing —
an union cab down river.

a diamond studded vacuum filled with dust

66

orange and gold striped leggings for an atom bomb
desire dangling over a high white picket fence.

an umbrella made out of gifs of cats doing doglike
things and reclaimed wood
your sunlight penetrates the entire column of my
neretic zone
your macrophytes are mashed and naked to even my
eyes
you submerge your main growth form into
the shadows of my penumbra
the inconspicuous parts of your vernal waters

hide along my cattails.

your minnows multiply in my inferno
the belly of your saline body exits
nocturnally
with the swallows
let's bottleneck the populations
of our fingers
with each other
your ecological niche touching my
ecological niche

67

a milk carton with a missing galaxy on it.

a black crow crawling on bent over backwards
human hands and knees
a cerelean glove with a star on it. a starfish
finger puppet.

a phone in the shape of a rock. flintstones
maybe a kind of quartz
your mallee scrub runs all in two regions
of my nulkarbor plain
your subtropical horned fauna bites of
my underground rhizomes

81

a coin purse with vagina dentate puking
counterfeit casino chips
your descending aorta dangles like a baloon string
in a chest made of snickers.

had the futurity of their drunken and lucid goldfish
mind
and everyday ramblings enable to be predicted

outside a singular situations setting

of a psychological experiment or fishbowl, nor
the meaningful analogue agencies even deduced

from that situation or thick maps
of ones wetproof screens
your wooden chair and ipad case
is uploaded into the american dream.

a car crash made out of gatorade and morning
orgasms.

80

let us pray to the father sebastian of the chevy

and skyscraper of detriot.
a viper with scales in the shape of a
houndstooth
pattern emerges in france.

we drink a cocktail of saffron, egg white, and fist
shoved in coat pockets.

we walk among the pillars of totems and a specific
kind of taboo.

you hang the skeleton of history
beneath the streetlight.

you cling to its bones like a morsel.
the archangel at the garage has wings made of lilac
petals and sits upon a greasy bent fender.

you upload your cerebellum to the network of fig
leaves and nectar of stars.

68

the underground bulbs of your soil
after a blazing southwest fire

the resin coating on the closed cone pines

of your spine bones the rosette shape
of your yucca nipples

the flammable oils of the edges of your

knowing and dusputable toes

the inlands of your testimonies and inner
thighs
a saltmarsh of knees
a torso with six breasts no arms and wings
a milk carton with a missing sea on it

69

a large st helen the immaculate with a
menorah for a head

our lady tanya of the ironing board with a brown pear
for a face
a taupe bosc pear walks around on fingers
progressive swarms of absolutists are
sprouting from flannel shirts in brooklyn

pray to elena our lady of surrealness and st elmo of the
cloud.

some innovative hordes of romanticist

bostonians are sprouting from
the decaying water pipes in massachusetts, america.

the high stakes, at least emotionally, paper cut out
replicas of some
shopping carts exist without reference to commercial
plasterings in a

senior citizen home in upstate new york.

the bones of st jerome the shorter where
found under a repaved
porous asphalt parking lot downtown everywhere —
they were enterred at the tomb of the unknown foot
soldier,
everywhere and all at once. raise your glass

79

a hollywood ceo has a large scale portrait
done with blue pen scribbles.
a realistically fleshy looking wax sculpture
of a multple-land-line punch office phone my husband
bought.

a tube coming out of an oil tank issuing rainbow-
striped
dinosaur bones and black female jouissance.
a vintage sepia photo if world war 2 of normandy
beach
with rainbow beach balls being bounced around.

one is skewered by the blade of a rifle.

a poster of a beer advertisement where the female
model

has pink rose quartz clusters instead of a face.
she is serving an inky brown bear.

78

cards for the posthumanities
a clear window that disentegrates into sand at one end
and with part of wine glass coming out the window pane.

a decree about the plague stipulated upon a cat's snobbery.
a license plate made out of knitted yarn.

italian idea of sovereignty made out of sunken
gold-plated license plates.
a book turns into a face mask, an umbrella, a door stop,

and then finally a brick.
landline phones and 8-tracks rain down from an unseen cloud.

they go back up.
a game of go plated with two colors of shot glasses for pieces.

every time
you place one down you have to drink.

large scale dust bunny art.

to him. he would have been 270 years old.

70

an emoji that means the 1008 names of kali

an ai-loaded iot desert fork delivered by
wetware-enhanced beagle at a russian tea shop.
hypatia's descendants pose for face
scans at immigration at jfk.
later they scan

faces for cartoon snapchat avatars.
a body weight scale made out of mooncheese.
the bust of julius ceasar made out of butter
in the fridge of the White House
the laundry basket filled with my lawyer
husband's clothes and facts about
intersectionality.

a young fern wearing googly eyes and
lipstick. she lives
near a compost pile.
white elephant taking care of her nest of

large golden eggs

77

someone reinsures a body part. then they fire its ceo.

the rings of a woody tree are pullled like a telescope.

vibrations made out of treaties and utopia blurred.
a watch that checks your blood pressure and
movement and is in sync with your cycle.
who bumped into each other online and in coffee shops
and bars and at protests but increasing played board games
at home and in the mallarmean dice-throw of search-results
illustrates the 'pure thought of drunkenness',
which bears no relation to leaden structural
determination of hope
it can tell when your typing and when your painting
a struggling actress mad out of a proletariat yen
for oreos and public demonstrations on guns

76

a weapon dances its conspiracies — an
infraorbital flush and blow.

sentient flowers annotate the clouds and bits
your tie is in the pattern of marxist farm animals like
pigs
you accidentally incubate the ova of the avon river.

pillows in the shape of night court and car chases.
sushi served on a sanded motherboard for a dish.

donald trump shaves his head and wears a bowler hat.
a power tie flaps in the wind.

wind made out of photographs

71

there is the abandonment of revolution
and ignoring your emails at work

a homestore gallery of wallpapers depicting
the digital commons and divide in a rewilding of

blue-on-white diagrams
the naming at the golden spike of the next
geological strata post-anthropocene
will be done by sighing cockroaches that survived
and became sentient after total world war.

in this tweet you shall assume your interest
is in
the hollowing out of the epa board
a food cart selling caviar
a forest in the middle of a mall composed of iot
(internet of things) devices

the women whether babyboomer, joneser,
gen xer, xenial, millenial
otherwise aged and segmented by generation or
the young coming into age or just born…
and aleatory
by nature in this account
pray for the victims in guatemala
and the demons of global warming and resource lim-
its.

a car crash made out of crushed red pepper

and police barricades.

75

we apply lipstick to
a dragon egg sprouting stilettoed legs
a rainbow-sprinkled doughnut sprouting
crooked cherry blossom branches
an exploded view of a rainbow-pasted
mechanical typewriter
a scary-old, cracked ceramic baby doll
with the wool yellow hat and face kerchief
of a protester with a bullhorn
wallpaper of pastel and black snakes
with gold gingko leaves
a grey-sided rainbow

the soul's shadows are indifferent to the intent
of tormented life, like a luxurious thorn
of future- content

book or lamp object

an ear sprouting from the front of
a completely white book

72

we glide among the pillars of solidarity
and the mediated screens of assault.

grade a grass-fed dandelion wine
a gallery of stuffed hosiery sculptures of every type

of vintage clawfoot bathtubs
of the victorian painted lady houses of
rochester, new york

dissident throngs of albanians are sprouting from
emily dickinson's bedroom circa 2011.

working on my femininja skills
the feminist fetishization of the banality of hyperob-
jects
drunkenness — that fold, the surplus, the blackout of
forgetting
we could project all drives, if it weren't for the future
of a regulated decentralized distributed
energy pulsating within sociality itself.

yellow tinted foundation makeup as a call back
to the romance of alcoholism

73

a tavern that pours on tap resin,
anatomically
correct heart-shaped whispers, and black sociality.

a furlined orange slice on my next old fashioned.
fur is sugar(-industrial) complex.

the bosom of a pear tree blossom heaving
the crackling intelligence of a basement
field mouse
the butterflies
shrug their
delicate shoulders
after
another election

74

a gingerbread house in the style of brutalist architecture
a humonculus sconce shouting light upward
with purple lips

delicately hot magenta crocheted over truck testicles

self-assembling self-healing soft matter cupcakes.
minus the carpet molecules subway had.
with a mountain of ceramic bubbles with red

illustrations of extinct animals on them in fine detail

and ghosts stepping on eggshells
a beehive in the shape of a human forearm

buterflies made out of a hammer & sickle & rose pattern
lavender and typewriter keys stemming from a paleolithic vase
a greek chorus of pastel laptops encrusted with
egg shells and gold
a phoenician rainbow ceramic.

a black veil of luna moths
a sporty-furlined landline rotary phone

the wax used to make hyperrealistic
human sculptures formed into a hairsprouting