

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 part-  
ners 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 imag-  
ination bodily through our  
blooded veins, which is our innocence and sense of  
power.  
To throw shade at petrochemicals and our own insan-  
ity. To categorize  
the color of light sizzling in the screens and store win-  
dows 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 class-  
ness.

Come annotate the river and puddle and want to un-  
wrinkled

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 tyranni-  
cal 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 palpi-  
tations, 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

<b>Preface: on the voice of these poems</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>She, Liberty, said...</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Ghosts Stepping on their own Eggshells</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Liberty as a Luxurious Thorn of the Future Content</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Sirens Pixelated Chrysalis of the Absolute</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Siren, a Slumbering Rainbow of Wreckage</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>Liberty Drunk-Dialing Delicate Men</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>A Weapon's Siren Dances its Conspiracies</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>Liberty Thrown Down by the Angel of Orgasms</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Siren's Mind Uploaded to the Neighborhood of Stars</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Siren's Playing among the Pillars of Salt</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>Cold Lake of Forgetfulness Exalts the Siren</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>12</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>13</b>	<b>34</b>
<b>14</b>	<b>36</b>

15	37
16	38
17	39
18	40
19	41
20	42
21	43
22	44
23	46
24	47
25.	48
26	49
27	50
28	52
29	53
30	54
31	55
32	57
33	58

## 44

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	34	60
up	35	61
with the pulsating insanity	36	62
that only I & the dead know.	37	63
Come bless my soul.	38	64
	39	65
	40	67
	41	69
	<b>42 American Rhapsody</b>	<b>70</b>
	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  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71

90  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100  
102  
103  
104  
105  
106  
107  
108  
110  
111

## 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 in-  
side 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 vir-  
gins 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 con-  
sumerisms,  
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.

72	113
73	114
74	115
75	117
76	118
77	119
78	120
79	121
80	122
81	123
82	124
83	125
84	126
85	127
86	128
87	129
88	130
89	132
90	134

91	135
92	137
93	138
94	139
95	140
96	142
97	143
98	144
99	145
100	146

## 41

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 vapidness, 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 in 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 from 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 1<sup>st</sup> 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 from 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 dol-  
phins & 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 be-  
tween 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 ex-  
istential 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 lilt 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.

Come, I am an brilliant exponent,  
 I am the checkout girl, the goddess of accounting.  
 Come, I am a red rose and the undocumented penum-  
     bra.  
 I am hooker & heartache, cheerleader, waitress – re-  
     tired,  
 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 ap-  
     petite 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 vi-  
     able. 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.



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 & omi-  
 nous 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 anno-  
 tate 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 yel-

lowed 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 atmo-  
sphere 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 cam-  
eras  
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.

near the borders of a whole other country

## 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 base-  
ment field mouse,  
plotting with impurity,  
and my orange butterflies – exquisite question mark,  
container of emptied suns –  
shrugging their delicate shoulders after another elec-  
tion, 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.  
accelerationism 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 let-  
ters  
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 cabbage  
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 doorstep, 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 in-  
jury,  
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.



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.

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  
 a metal 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 rocks, west of the Iraqi tanks,  
south of the tundra and north of public demonstra-  
tions on guns.

## Siren's Playing among the Pillars of Salt

Your raft is made of an assortment of colorfully ar-  
ranged 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 Net-  
flix 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 fold-  
ing

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 un-  
dergarments,  
I decolonize your wardrobes extinction,  
with hashtag precision and accuracy in an attempt to  
defy  
and sometimes actively rally and strike with an infor-  
mation  
bomb against the distributed civil war metrics.  
Here, a girl-child's baby-doll in a yellow flower sun-  
dress 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 dig-  
ital 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 conserva-  
tionisms 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.



vibrating against the hillsides  
of my hamstrung thighs.

## 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.

## 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 socioeco-  
nomics  
of your red tongue blooming  
among a mountain 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 advertisement on 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 today's 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 wan-  
dering 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 rid-  
ing 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 Beirut 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 inhabi-  
tants  
of Greece,  
vacuum around the palm trees of Egypt + revolution  
while I feather dust the starlight  
issuing from your eyes tonight.

The Anarchist Library (Mirror)  
Anti-Copyright



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

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

[usa.anarchistlibraries.net](http://usa.anarchistlibraries.net)

**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, excep-  
tional.

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 collaps-  
ing

because the old maps of longing and suburban dire in-  
finite 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 lay-  
ing the stones of your eyes  
down among the beach of the male gaze. Come and  
assume  
an infantry of dishware and defrock the golden tem-  
plates 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 Amer-  
ican men  
is still a disruptive technology.  
I go groping  
box stores for angry salinity. But at the center of ev-  
erything 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. Mean-  
while 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-anthropocentrism and person-  
ification  
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 to-  
gether 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 eter-  
nally, 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.



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

a guy fawkes mask and uzi's painted on  
an ukrainian 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 man-  
ifest, 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 mu-  
seum  
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 quartz 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 wed-  
ded 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 anorexia 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 zim-  
babwe

## 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 im-  
paired 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 con-  
fetti.  
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, walk-  
abouts,  
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 populus

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 wind-  
shield.  
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 cu-  
cumbers.  
the birth of any peace has its skepticism and victory.  
the skepticism and victory of war is always its twi-  
light.  
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 quartz crystals, pearls before  
the swine,  
and police bullets that miss.

a root that looks like an upside-down tree finally reach-  
ing  
the layer of soil where are the smooshed cars and se-  
crets are buried.

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

clouds in the night sky fractured and inserted into art-  
fully  
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 doves, 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 multi-  
tude

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 repres-  
sion

of the republic of public scandal and bearded men.  
illuminated, you dangle the bones of the pelican be-  
neath

## 61

the hallways of highschoools 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 disas-  
ter

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 misgiv-  
ings.

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 decoupage  
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 geol-  
ogy

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 aca-  
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 hollowing 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 dating.

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 balloon 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 disputable 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 entered 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 multiple-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.

to him. he would have been 270 years old.

## 78

cards for the posthumanities  
a clear window that disintegrates 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 snob-  
bery.

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 un-  
seen 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.

## 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 pulled 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, millennial  
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 humunculus 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 pat-  
tern

lavender and typewriter keys stemming from a pale-  
olithic 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