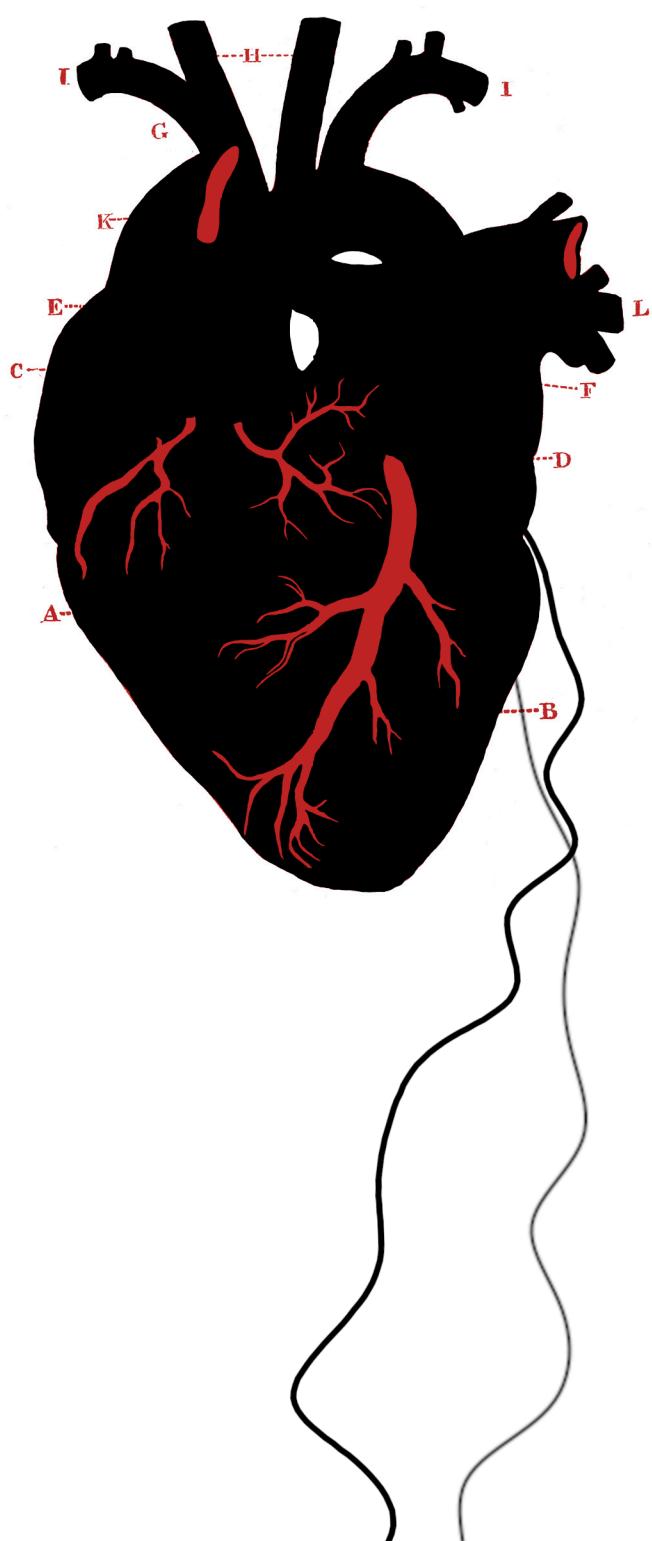
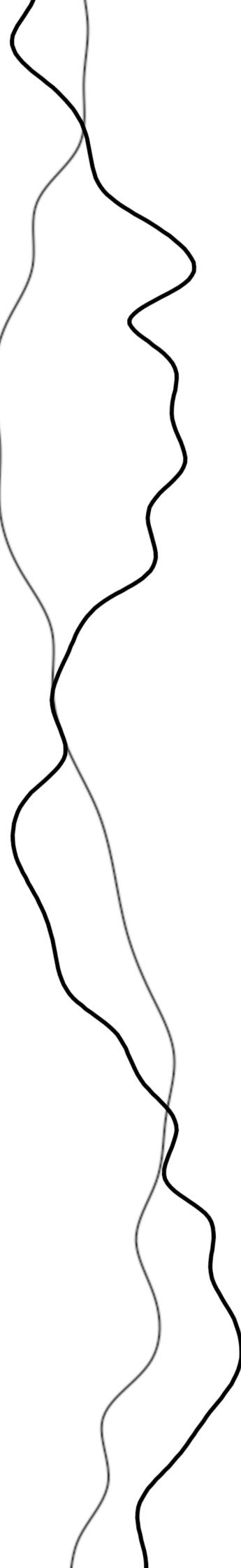


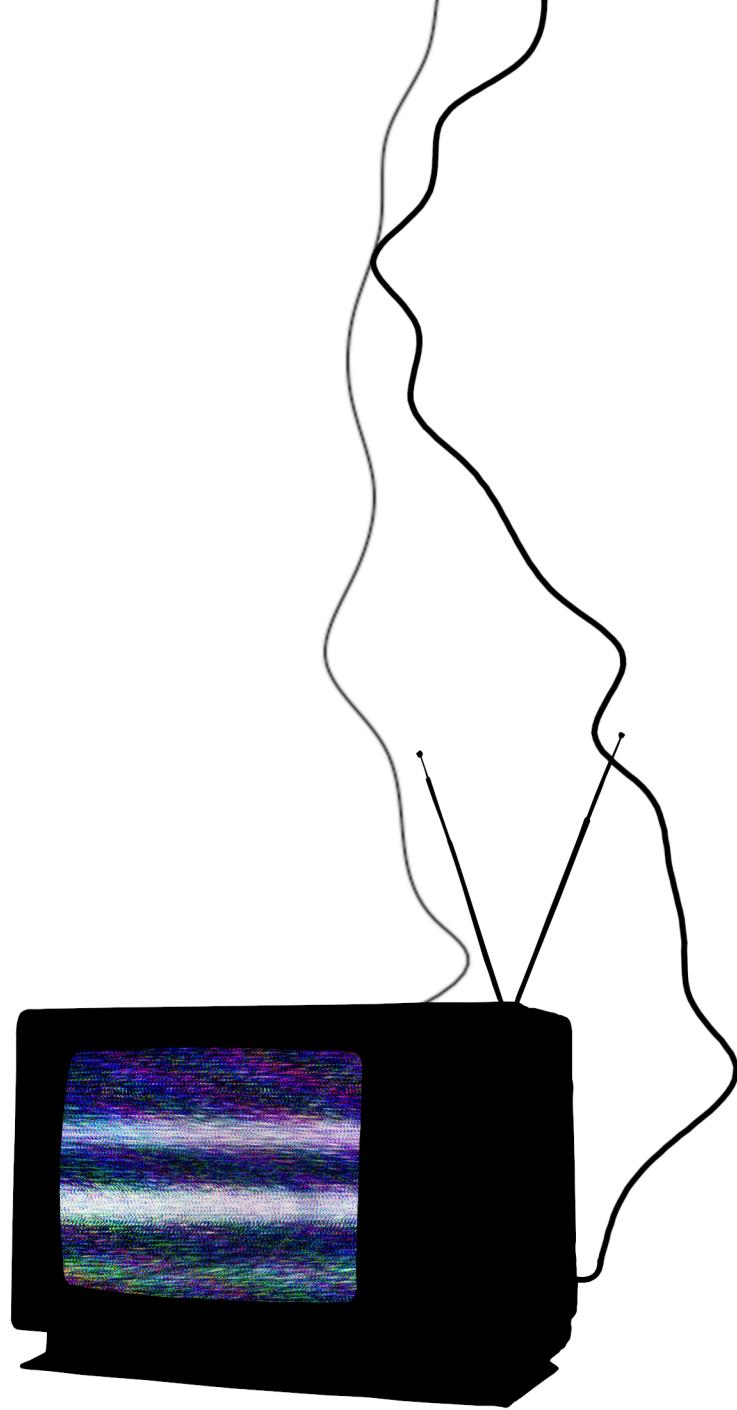
Fig. 37.





DEAD CHANNELS

Three in a row,
then one alone.
Might motivate a trip
to the next pillow down—
I miss the dead channels.
Turn the knob one too many times
and you might find the grey of the sky,
the shimmer of nothing at all.
You might even see the birds
in the lines children draw,
flying in the static.
I miss drinking coffee
because I like it.
I miss not knowing
I could swallow pills without water.
I miss the dead channels.
When hunger came fast
and crossed signals
just meant sleep
might be harder to find.
Remember the dead channels.
Forget the knob's promised endings.
The clicks will just keep you up at night.



POLYAMOROUS COMMUNIST

I know a guy,
a polyamorous communist,
a poly commie.

Nyet comrade,
our girlfriend
or boyfriend
or themfriend.
Don't tell my girlfriend
about *our* new themfriend.
What if she's open to it?
What if she likes them more than me?
Not sure how I feel about the poly part,
still open to casual communism.

UNGRATEFUL MAMMALS

It's a book
I got—

It's full of loosely communist
depictions of *well*, mammals
They profess love or hate with
conviction
most of the time.
It depends on the creature.

They may not *actually*
be communists.
I just saw it on the coffee table
of a communist.

It was lost on me
like it was in the mail.
Until it wasn't.



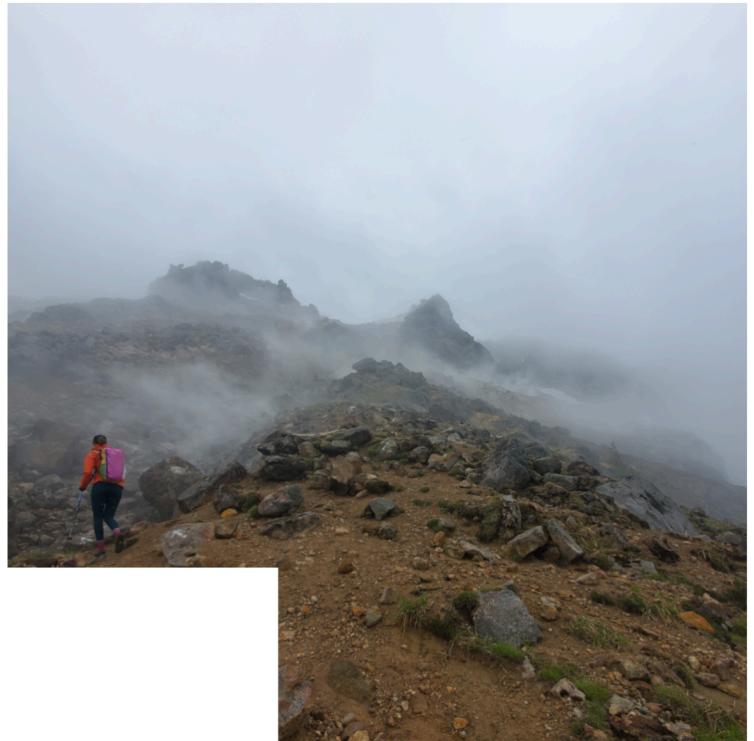


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I'M ANOTHER WHITE GUY

at the Hiroshima bomb museum.
But at least
I'm not
taking photos of melted skin.
like the *other* ones.

A few streets down,
we stumbled upon
a little plaque
which says
hypocenter.

I *did* take a photo of that.

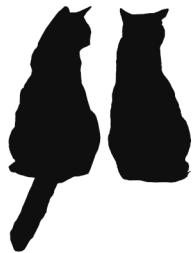
I followed a beautiful British girl
up Mt. Yakedake.
We kissed
beside the sulfur vents
warming our hands.

Miyajima has
two thousand stone stairs.

And signs to warn gaijin
about the *mamushi*—
the snakes that
vanish into stone.

I might feel better
if I delete the photo—
at the hypocenter of the blast.

I have an
my friend in
he grotto sees an
O THE GROTTO.
ngs you didn't know of. Loo
ends of mine BACK AT TH
things you didn't know of. The world is
of mine. The grotto will be you once you get there. We
ings you didn't know of. No friends of mine
oute leads BACK TO THE GROTTO. The ea
TTO. Nothing bad will happen to you. You can
ends back at the grotto. I know the easiest route. The
ow the easiest route. I can show you things, things you
ing for you at the grotto. We can help each other. I can sh
know of. No friends BACK AT THE GROTTO.
K TO THE GROTTO. The world is BACK To
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MISO & NORI

*“Have you seen the new bones
in our bone garden?”*

Said the day shift,
to the night shift.

*“Of course,
We sleep outside.”*

Overtime I've learned
its best to keep the water flat—
an uneven grind is no good.
Most importantly, to visit your good friends.





ORBIT

When I sit and reflect on the things that I've done.
The universe demands I be flung to the stars by trebuchet's throw.
Or loaded into a cannon, then launched at the sun.

Let me float as space trash; my drift has begun.
Become a celestial body, or a god lost long ago.
Who lingers too long on the things that I've done

I could flee to the dark side of the moon and not have to run.
Wasting time charting paths to places I shouldn't go.
Best stuffed in a cannon, then fired at the sun.

Forever lost in the cosmos, my orbit undone
swept past an edge where no memories grow.
Drifting alone, I'll dwell on the things that I've done.

Space folds me under its weight—I'm compressed into one.
It has been decreed, I'm to be folded as cosmic dough,
molded to cannon shot, and propelled at the sun.

At last I escape, but escape, there is none.
Infinity claims me. For what? I don't know.
Still floating, deliberating all the things that I've done.
Longing to be loaded into a cannon, then fired at the sun.



POLLYWOG

The tadpole waits beneath the moving glass,
His tail uncut, his legs yet half unformed.
The current hums—he'd rest upon the grass,
But in its song, he hears his home transformed.

Above, a chick lies curled within her shell,
One claw against the seam, her eyes still blind.
It's silent there—she longs to stay and dwell,
Yet knows the peace she leaves is left behind.

And further still, I drift in orbit high,
No legs to stand, a shell not torn away.
No choices made—I grasp, yet pass them by,
As time slips through, too fleeting to delay.

The tadpole kicks; the chick breaks through her shell.
And I, still falling, bid the stars farewell.



the heart of a co
could be guilt free. I hate
won't see it before it's too late. There's
There's something in the water. somethin
is the one you choose and I wonder why. Th
iet now. There is something that could be gu
aur the minotaur the minotaur the minotaur
gratification in the water. I HATE YOU. Now y
u speak. There's broken bodies in the distance,
water. Something. I've been dreaming, anxious to
wonder why. I wonder if there is instant gratification
n in th... there is instant gratification
ard
broken bodies in the distance, and
t see them until it is too late, and th...
broken bodies in the distance, and there's s...
SOMETHING IN THE WATER. Waiting
in the distance, and there's instan...
coward. You won't see it before it
n. Everything is quiet now. There is
IN THE WATER. The minotaur th...
through. I think that there is SON
in nothing. You won't see it befo...
ng in the water. theres somethin
TE YOU. The glare is too muc...
es. You believe in nothing any...
en when you used to listen b...
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