

Inverted Halo

Let my country die for me.

—James Joyce

How black crows lord the red brain in its café
while our blue mascara backfires, melts, a smell
so presbyopic our vertebrae shutter—*knight, knight*
king me—Poulenc plays *Per un pugno di dollari*
on the xylophone, and our eyelid's hangnails twitch
under the AC like a gun at rest. Pogroms are
playing out on our plew as our dollars fall free
at last saying, *there's so much to see and do, so much*
to do one's bit in before the epiblast breaks
and we all must bed. In front of this café, we take
breaks, smoke, and discuss the difference between
sucrose and GB—Sarin, *Resolution 687*—loving
the way each *as if* is uttered as an epiphyte, each
who me? crowns, like a *dégagé*, its smaller version
splayed verb-up, all in the end meaning that
we don't have the time to worry *too* much. We'll
just go on howling in formal ways, a live recording
without any sign of zest, draegerman, or what
we might think of as the *unilaterally blind*
postures of a certain kind of proletariat—*Khalid*
Sheikh Mohammed declared in rhyme, deadpan
between trace elements of Ativan on our breath.