

An abstract graphic on a light beige background. It features several thick, colorful brushstrokes in shades of green, yellow, red, pink, purple, and blue. A prominent dark blue diagonal line crosses the entire composition from the top-left towards the bottom-right, passing over the text. The text 'GUT FLORA' is centered in a white, bold, sans-serif font.

GUT FLORA

GOODE BYE



I

the panama disease killed the gros michel banana which
tasted like the yellow confections.

there is someone who gets paid to paint flowers,

Who rides on your brain stem flesh,

Who clumsily deconstructs your anatomy,

Who lives in the hematoma timelapse, pure rupture. you,

it's ok to forgive yourself don't kill yourself

y

o

u

r

s

e

l

f

y
o
u
r
s
e
l
f

the dance you're feeling is foolish and inelegant and
honest.
nothing has to end while doing laundry or watching
medical dramas.
there is mercy in something, lacquer covers twin sides in
earnest.
Who follows you in sleep, the steel door so precise and
brushed.
"when will things be safe?" from the logarithmic spiral of
a toothy
southern grin.

domestic fantasies so powerful you wake up cradling
consumer goods.

stories from a man in jail about being violent against
someone until they shit themselves.

waking up asking “where is justice?” hallucinating
indiscernible figures in

dish suds.

in a chant, alone, “there is a future,” tautologically sound.

later, masturbating silently while circuiting your gaze in a
loop of the

woodgrain.

someone spends everyday in bed for eight years and
gets malignant brain cancer,
unrelated.

II

so complete the feel of wrist,
so too the walls swollen in the retinal shine
no one can see the swaths rubbing
in the space vibrating behind your eyes
no fingers can glide that thing
beyond the black cache hiding
there is safety in that glint of a
Nothing inside
a silent wink for Who?

the witness
cloaked in arboreal shroud
lithe the exit, lithe the absence
no one can see you here

the witness

where are you
i dream about you often
in my dreams you are ok

III

Who in the myelin glow said nothing,
stirring from the clonic dreams of safety, finally.
on an arm tapping absently in seeming encryption,
these fingers are unconditional syndicates.
Who witnessed the bacteria in unbroken recursion,
convoluting into a
terminal black,
exhausting.

“THERE IS LOVE IN THIS
FLUORESCENT MEDITATION.”

this germ mourning not
the pinkish lye
the quieting
the vacancy

Who sits in a room of prime numbers.

IV

these garbage bags are ninety-nine cents and fit most kitchen cans

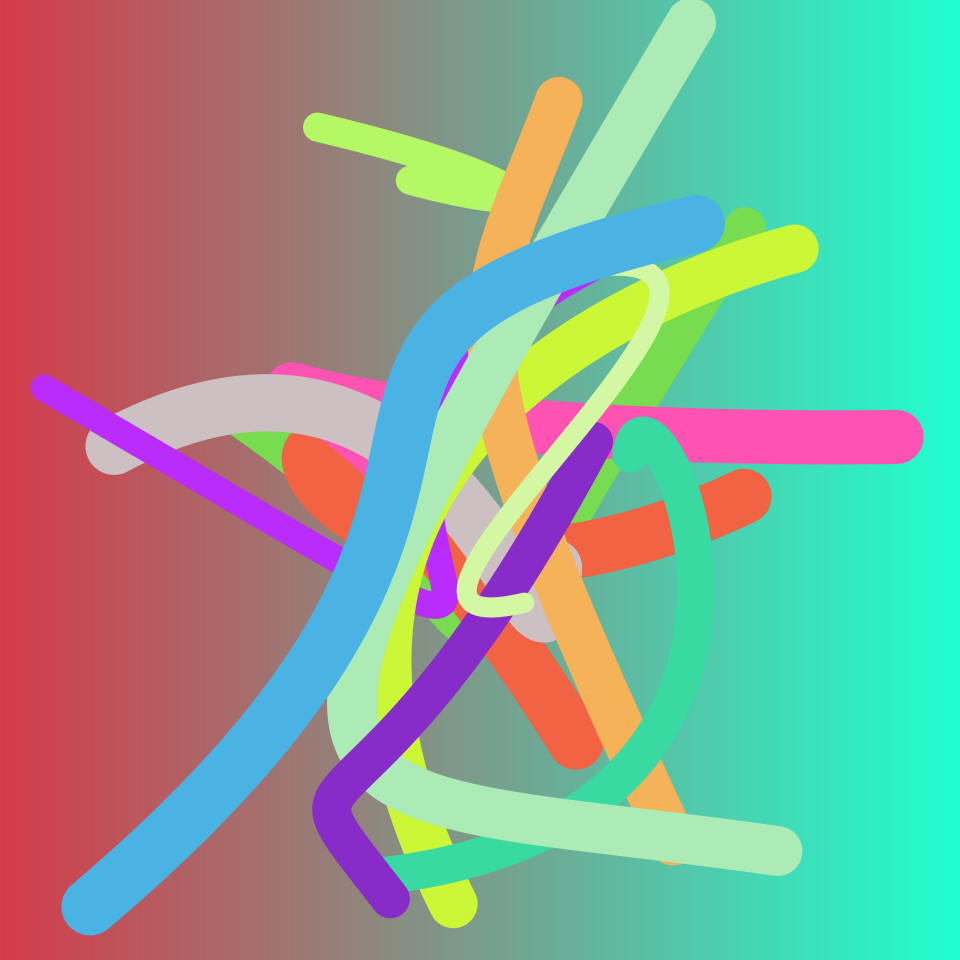
these garbage bags have odor eliminating power from a sister company

these garbage bags are black and have yellow ties

these garbage bags are white and have black ties

V

never thought you could fall in love
until you met the man with neither
feet nor hands on the safety yellow
pentagon with the round head and
the nondescript briefcase, wishing
dearly to feel his arm on your arm,
wishing dearly to be like the round-
faced nondescript woman who also
has no feet or hands, to be haunted
by him as he hovers between two
parallel lines, like the nondescript
woman with neither feet nor hands



VI

0100000100100000010100110100100101001100010
0010101001110010101000010000001010011010100
0001001001010001000100010101010010000011010
0001010010100110101010001000001010011100100
0100010100110010000001001001010100110100111
1010011000100000101010100010001010100010000
100000000110100001010010001100100100101001
1000100000101001101010001010100111001010100
0010000001010101010011100101001001000101010
0010101001100010010010100111001000111000011
0100001010000011010000101001000001010011100
1000100001000000100110101011001001000000101
0011010011110101010101001100001000000000110
1000010100101011101001000010001010101001001
0001010010000001011001010011110101010100100
0000101001101010100010000010100111001000100
0000110100001010010100110101010101010010010
1001001001111010101010100111001000100010001

0101000100001000000100001001011001001000000
1001110010011110101010001001000010010010100
1110010001110000110100001010010100110100010
1010011100100010001001001010011100100011100
0011010000101001010011010001010100010101001
0110100100101001110010001110000110100001010
0101010001001000010001010101001001000101001
0000001001001010100110010000001001110010011
1101010100010010000100100101001110010001110
0001101000010100101010001001000010001010101
0010010001010010000001001001010100110010000
0010011100100111101010100010010000100100101
0011100100011100001101000010100101010001001
0000100010101010010010001010010000001001001
0101001100100000010011100100111101010100010
01000010010010100111001000111

VII

[illegible]

THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
BEFORE THE CROSSHATCH

DO YOU SEE

THE CROSSHATCH

WHEN WILL THE BEAUTY BURN OUT

THE CROSSHATCH A THOUSAND TIMES

A THOUSAND TIMES THE EXFORMATION

EXHUME THE FORTUNE OF THE

MISPLACED BEAUTY

THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES

DO YOU SEE THE MISPLACED TIMES

THROW THE LATTICE THE BEAUTY WILL

MISPLACED

THE BEAUTY OF EXFORMATION
WILL YOU SEE THE THE CROSSHATCH A
THOUSAND TIMES
THROW THE BEAUTY OF THE SUN
EXHUME THE BEAUTY A THOUSAND TIMES
THROW IT AWAY
THROW IT AWAY
THROW IT AWAY
THE LATTICE OF EXFORMATION
THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
MISPLACED AWAY
THROW IT AWAY FORTUNE

VIII

this lacuna
inviolat and still
in the hush of figures
curling inward, inward.
there is a place here
covered in ashes
there is a place
acres of aloe
in rite around
the black of a
monolith puncture
do not disturb me
i am very peaceful here

have you ever touched something so perfect
so complete and empty
no fingers can glide that indefinable thing
no one sees the nectar vanish from the rind

there is something telekinetic in the
way you move your atoms
your atoms which are mostly empty
your form which keeps you
from truly touching anything, you,
an apollonian gasket,
you will never touch anything
not even yourself



IX

lava looks thick and plush, like if touched it would give or
puncture
taste buds zoomed in resemble a new york cemetery
how to touch grapefruit without contamination
people get impregnated from doorknob contact a
statistically insignificant number of times per year
a goose bill zoomed in resembles a brooklyn cemetery
there is nothing left but impress
a truant shadow lingers here
lava is unrelenting and not a beanbag
in a sour palm two halves

X

invisibly dappled and alive
nectarine swarming
contact is a language.....
your hands: doorknobs electrical plugs sweets bed
the absent wires plums bus another's hands linens light
switch.
most things touched
inanimate but life damp
festering like heavy gauze
on them commutative
and expanding,
endo/exogeny.
like drowning in
cotton and
shouting the
reach deadens
fast but disrupts
swaths tiny,

unseen, or like
an 80s computing
one liner
to repeat
slashes, a maze-
like illusion,
unsolvable, that
continues forever, a
tiny conceit,
forever,
Who
is unreachable
except
by a
semaphore

XI

strawberry grey
with mold on
palate resting
a tired moth

XII

Who beneath the gaussian snow asked for mercy:
blue skies and green grass for those
who end in the elysian fields, for
there in the polytopes of n -dimension
is a future,
in this gentle system unreeling into
Darkness from the folds
of a silver-forest curtain,
there is something more.
there is love in immaterial,
in the desperation of untouch,
in the meek and irretrievable.

if you look closely at the
solder etch on a green board it
may appear to be knossos labyrinth.

do not worry.
these mazes
are symbolic
of elaborate
dances.