

The background is a solid light green color. It is decorated with numerous thick, colorful brushstrokes in shades of blue, orange, yellow, green, purple, and red. These strokes are drawn in various directions, creating a dynamic and abstract composition. A single, solid red heart is positioned in the center of the image, partially obscured by the brushstrokes and the text.

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





THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES  
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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.