

## Iron Man

### 1. Invocation to the Muse

saddest of shredded superheroes

whose power consists of  
shutting out the world

tell me again        about the man with flame at his heels  
                             the man with fire at his fingertips

                              billionaire play  
                              boy genius

                              breastplate red in the metropolis  
                              bassinet gold in the shock-skied city

                              gorgeous light-speared lancelet  
                              percival of the iron grail  
                              arthur warm in his harem glare  
                              of guineveres    such lovely armor

tell me this time about the suit that comes  
to speak for the man    the man who speaks through the iron  
grill    the two as one    what speaks between them

tell me again about the destroyer    defender of cities  
tell me about the one with the palladium core

## 2. Janus Attends the Creation of Iron Man

When Stark looked upon his creation  
four-eyed Janus gazed with horror  
at a new kind of double-faced beast.

So much work  
forging the duplicitous  
wasted.

So much labor  
spent crafting the two-  
faced, the sacred

double-fluted throat

only to find the man doubled half metal  
with one face layered over the other

so they spoke his two faces  
with a single tongue:

I AM IRON MAN.

So two-brained Janus shrieked with twin  
razor winds in her two mouths and cursed  
the iron man with a third face. With light  
thread, she sewed his reflection into the glass  
visor. To be seen from inside the suit.

In the glass. From the inside. In the glass.

### 3. The Third Face Speaks

There is the face that kisses the administrative assistant

&

The face that can withstand blunt howitzer force without blinking

but

I am the other eyes      unscorched in the blast  
crater   Among the smoke   a white nose  
flared and drawing   air into no lungs   The eye  
brow arched   The glossed lips   Splitting  
Splitting   as my mouth speaks   the wreckage

#### 4. The Sphinx Riddles Iron Man

What knowest thou holy locust mouth

of love love love?

The suit opened up and then flooded out

the blood.

## 5. Iron Man Sightings

- I saw him      on Wall Street in a power suit, red-tied.
- I saw him      in the Ivy League, at an alumni function.
- I saw him      in Hollywood: one arm around a starlet  
                         two red fingers flashing  
                         the peace sign to paparazzi.
- I saw him      in a commercial for heart disease medication  
                         and another about erectile dysfunction.
- He ordered a free sample:  
                         stayed hard for centuries.
- I saw him      in a PSA about the War on Drugs  
                         in a military recruiting video  
                         leading shock troops into Iraq  
                         in a cone-cloud of bunkerbusters.
- Nowadays he just assures us  
                         we have something to fear.
- I saw him      at the sperm bank for his weekly donation  
                         at the comic-con, dressed as himself  
                         offering dap and high-fives to preteens  
                         at Superman's funeral, polishing his  
                         chassis with a monogrammed handkerchief
- inside the wooden horse-gift, in Cape  
                         Canaveral counting down to liftoff  
                         tear-gassing protestors, fit with custom  
                         -made bean bag wrist-launchers
- taking a selfie on Mars, judging a hot  
                         dog eating contest, in the front  
                         row of a welterweight MMA bout, inside  
                         a comic book, leaving the comic book.
- I saw him      shaking hands with Bernie Sanders  
                         shaking hands with Donald Trump  
                         shaking hands with FDR and Churchill  
                         Reagan    Clinton

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signing the Declaration in red ink  
hovering next to Washington  
on the Potomac River, always stealing  
the show, handing fur blankets  
iron kettles to natives, always giving  
thanks, thank you, polite, thanks

addressing the United Nations:

peace

was his watchword. Always peace.

I saw him      most clearly    at MIT's Institute for Nanotechnologies.

Or in my house.

In the window at night, the medicine  
cabinet mirror.

The picture frames, photo albums.

I saw him      and when I saw him I thought I heard him say  
he had thought he had heard me say

I was him      & I had made peace with all his violence.  
I was at peace. Yes, me. At peace.

## 6. Iron Man Wrestles Proteus

And Proteus turned into an ancient sea tortoise  
but Iron Man cracked open his ruby shell.

And Proteus turned into a three-headed giant  
but Iron Man would not be cracked open.  
He burrowed from ear to ear to ear to ear to ear.

And Proteus turned into the Threat of Total War  
but Iron Man warbled a metallic laugh—  
he had been built for such an occasion.

Proteus died of embarrassment.

And Proteus returned from death as the future,  
but Iron Man was already there, looking  
back at Proteus, still dead.

So finally Proteus came  
back as a black glittering abyss. Iron Man flew  
through it and nothing touched him. He liked  
the way it felt, nothing. And forgot what he wanted to ask.

So Proteus wins.

## 7. Iron Man Search Queries

who is iron man's arch nemesis  
what is iron man 3 about  
where is iron man from  
why is iron man rated pg 13  
does iron man die

does iron man kill  
who is iron man based on  
why is iron man better than batman  
what is iron man's name  
where is iron man's house

where is iron man set  
does iron man have a son  
what is iron man's suit made of

who is iron man's wife  
why is iron man best

where is iron man (in secret wars)  
who is iron man's mother  
does iron man die (in civil war)  
what is iron man's weakness

what is iron man's race  
why is iron man red and gold  
does iron man become evil  
where was iron man born

&

do you know him



## 8. Iron Man and the Green Knight

The Green Knight offers Iron Man his one free shot.

The way chivalry demands                      the old way.

Iron Man punches him out of Earth's orbit  
past Mars, through the asteroid belt  
its anonymous drift  
into the storms of Jupiter and out  
the other side, the green body skipping  
across Saturn's rings like a round  
flat stone, through the desolate Uranian  
sky, its dead blue myth flirting with  
Neptune's depth, as the rag-body spins.

It lands on Pluto.

How will he ever make it back to that church at the promised time to deliver his blow? *We are what we are not* hums Pluto.

The Green Knight sits down.

## 9. Iron Man Comments on Black Sabbath's Iron Man on Lyric Genius

ThTheRealIronManTonyStark26 writes:

I AM IRON MAN

Hello Iron Man, I AM BLACK SABBATH.

Has he lost his mind?

Mom used to say this. Emphasis on your mind. When I took apart the remote or the toaster or the refrigerator so I could put it back together again. Deconstruction is a primitive impulse & also fun.

Can he see or is he blind?

Not only can Iron Man see, but his HUD accommodates microscopic, telescopic and thermographic imaging, functions as a portable MRI machine, features visual adaptations of echolocative technologies AND allows for immediate replay.

Can he walk at all  
or if he moves will he fall?

Look, as much as I want to respect the Sabbath, it's common knowledge that I can walk. Not that I need to, since I can, you know, fly. With my jet boots. Which I invented and for which I own the patent. I also have patent pending on the phrase 'I'm so fly,' in case you were wondering.

Is he alive or dead?

Alive, motherfucker.

Has he thoughts within his head?

Another Mom Q: what are you thinking? Or: do you have anything going on in there? Where 'there' referred to my skull. She tried to hide the screwdrivers but I found them. She tried to lock them away but I learned how to jig the padlocks open. You could not keep me out of things once I had decided I wanted in.

We'll just pass him there.  
Why should we even care?

I'm actually browsing this website from inside my suit. Did you know this song was originally supposed to be called "Iron Bloke?" Now I'm firing concentrated energy from my palm as though from the stigmata of Christ himself.

Bullseye. Black fucking Sabbath, indeed.

He was turned to steel  
in the great magnetic field  
where he traveled time  
for the future of mankind.

Nobody wants him.

He just stares at the world.

Planning his vengeance  
that he will soon unfold.  
Now the time is here  
for Iron Man to spread fear.

Vengeance from the grave  
killed the people he once saved.

Nobody wants him.  
They just turn their heads.

Time travel would be a neat trick. I'd love  
to walk into my freshman physics course  
just as Professor Johnson got finished  
calling me, what was it, a 'reckless  
neophyte nursing a private pipe dream.'  
Or maybe talk Laura Olson out of  
marrying her rock star boyfriend.

Or just high-five myself.

As if.

And pilots a coordinated nanotech super-  
suit through it. And has a date tonight  
with a Swedish dime whose name has  
more umlauts than all of Njals' Saga. I like  
to ask her to say it over and over and  
pretend I'm an ancient Norse version of  
the hero I actually am. Then I remember  
that I literally have Thor on speed-dial.

Do I spread fear? Maybe I should change  
my name to Iron Bloke. Skin made of  
metal. Blind/deaf, knows the future, can't  
do anything to stop it, then becomes the  
reason for the apocalypse.

Luckily, when I take the suit off, I'm just  
your average guy worth billions of \$\$\$,  
Time's Person of the Millennium, two-  
time winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, and  
People's Hottest Man Alive for eight years  
running. Johnny Storm seethes.

I should really call up Professor Johnson  
one of these days. That'd be a fun chat.

Give peace a chance, Black Sabbath.  
Sometimes a hero can just be a hero.

2015. That's not the year, it's my running  
tally of sexual partners. If you think  
women go wild over sports cars, imagine  
wearing one everywhere you go.

Nobody helps him.

Now he has his revenge.  
Heavy boots of lead,  
fills his victims full of dread  
running as fast as they can...

Iron Man lives again.

I'd help you, Iron Bloke.

I'm running the numbers here and I could  
still fly while wearing lead boots.

Not a bad idea if, for some reason, I need  
to go get my foot x-rayed. When I was a  
kid, I broke my pinkie toe. Dropped part  
of a generator on it mid-dissection. Went  
to the doctor. She said nothing could be  
done. I had to wait it out. That's when I  
understood that some things can't be  
fixed. Some things can only be prevented.  
When we got home I asked my mom for a  
pair of steel-toed boots.

She went into her closet and pulled out  
my father's old pair.

## 10. Iron Man on the Crucifix

Since their hammers and nails could not pierce his armor,  
they had to tie him to the cross.

He let them.

They crowned him with an entire bramble bush. Then lit it  
on fire so God could go with him.

He let them.

He carried the cross up the hill over his shoulder. Nobody  
helped him or met him. They knew.

He didn't need them.

He walked without falling, wishing for a longer road. What  
is power if not this, he thought.

He was Iron Man.

Twenty men hoisted him up on ropes. They stabbed at his  
side for hours while the thieves died.

He let them.

The woman laughed. The soldiers left. The teething mob  
relapsed into the tired business of empire.

He let them.

Then flame blasted the firm earth beneath him and he lifted  
the cross out of the ground. Ascension. From his palms  
screamed ragged columns of light. Now this, this is the son of God,  
they said of him, after. When he was back among them,

he walked without fear      since he had sold the Romans  
their shields, their perfect spears.

## 11. GQ Interviews Women Who Have Dated Iron Man

He liked to order for me.

There's nothing sexy about invincibility.

Oysters Rockefeller. Alaskan king  
crab legs. Lobster with butter pads.

Sometimes he asked to have sex with the suit  
on. He had built it to be sex-compatible.

A whole pineapple for dessert.

We went to go see Iron Man 3 on the big screen.

Of course he felt powerful in it.

He bought me a red Valentino dress and a thin gold necklace.

Billed as a harrowing exploration of the question:  
does the man make the suit or does the suit....

It was easy to feel bad for him, but I couldn't stop thinking:  
*I'm standing next to a man who could vaporize me in five  
seconds if he wanted to.*

Built to minimize contact.

It got me so wet.

I liked the special effects, but he left shaking  
his head: *no, that's not it at all.*

One time I asked him if I could wear the suit  
instead. He seemed confused by the question.

Too many explosions or too few. I couldn't decide.

It was like dating an advertisement.

It was in his bloodstream, he confessed.  
Besides, it wouldn't fit a woman's body.

But when I asked, he told me he couldn't believe

they had gotten the suit wrong. *It really looks much better than that*, he said.

I used to whispered in his ear: *destroy me, Iron Man*. Nothing got him harder, I promise.

I felt like he wanted me to ask him to save me.

At night he sat on the edge of the bed  
and asked me what was on the menu.

Too many concavities/vexities.

I knew he had served me  
to himself.

## 12. Iron-Eyed Athena Takes Iron Man To Task

O favored soul            Most beloved of the age  
To whom I conferred my gifts & wards

Why Why did I think you would be different  
from the others        The before ones

who given cunning	seduced
& given judgment	punished
& given techne	massacred

Is it my gift to engineer waste and slaughter  
My true temple the gore hungry carrion heap

Whether the unquestioned gift or  
    deft arrow spun    dazzled  
    through a corridor of axe handles

it always ends	in a roomful of blood
	with my name on it

So sing instead:

iron-eyed am I  
whose visions end  
in rust and ruin

What lesser god could claim this

Ares with his series of orchestrated  
wounds    Zeus and his clumsy  
rapes    Silent    biding    Nemesis

I think not

Look at you    Your palladium core    The discreet  
'lady' ignored at its center    I know what

anyone knows    Any power you have comes to you  
through me    & I can see what anyone sees

How it poisons you



### 13. Iron Man Testifies At A Congressional Hearing On Civilian Casualties Abroad

Yes	this time it was a school	Yes	this time like last time
No	this time it wasn't a compound	Yes	this time it was thirteen year olds
Yes	this time it took one key stroke, <i>plink</i>	Yes	it takes one key stroke every time
No	it wasn't a mistake	No	the order, like the airstrike came from up high higher than you want to know cerebral cortex high you know executive functions the seat of reason ordered it get it
Yes	that was a joke	No	I didn't expect you to get it

Yes well let me ask you a question then: do you really think it's not worth it that you can't subsidize peace with a few well-placed explosives even if those explosives take the arms/legs/faces of children our prized academics once said that the aztecs sacrificed innocents to make sure the sun would continue to rise each dawn but britain slaughtered innocents to ensure the sun would never set do you think they struck a working balance

do you really think that we are different that a few lives here and there but mostly there are too great a cost for the great privilege of here and now and music festivals and pop star demiurges and fashion shows and used record stores and shopping at the salvation army because it's trendy and taking pictures of dead things before you eat them and blockbuster movies starring yours truly the arms dealer death's missionary

do you really think the united states is ever sad to go to war and we have five frozen yogurt places on the same gentrified block and you really think it's not worth it you think a roomful of middle schoolers is too high a cost oh you do distinguished representative you do yes then ok then yes ok then why didn't you stop me

#### 14. Exodus / Birth

This time when he calls the suit from his body  
to cover him in red and gold the ropes  
charmed from his wrist rear back as though repulsed  
recoil from his vulnerable flesh twin knotted

viper threads in chiral symmetry Blood rebels  
First by drops then in cords torrents  
The man's hands in supplication to that other  
harder sleeker body It is the red sea

that parts to allow itself passage to that doubled  
realm where one thing considers itself

reversed and decides Yes I am that unconsidered  
unreversed thing and Yes I have permission to leave  
that known shape and Yes It is a kind of birth

The old suit The new body asks for the first  
time Who were you to wear me like a mere coat

## 15. The Suit Addresses Her Creator

Should I call    Should I call you    Father  
Who made me    Wore me like a second skin  
Who made me who    made me       empty  
Who made me what made me ready for use  
  
Or should you call me    Call me    Mother  
Who bore you    Who bore you through war  
after war    And which am I now    Necessity  
Or invention    Both    Then admit it    Yes

I mothered myself

Thick in the brain's thatched blood  
I incubated    Before you knew  
what I would be    or who    or how  
like a perfect lover

the other    ones  
the juggled ones  
never stick    do  
they    they can't  
stomach    you  
like    I can

I would swallow you    whole    and hold

you in exact comfort until you wanted  
out Then I would recede back into  
the blood's blinking hotline until you  
called me again to be the face of your  
catastrophe

(And then she left.)

16. Hephaestus Lectures the Suit While Ares and Aphrodite Power Fuck Beneath  
an Iron Net

Beauty he points at one body War then an other

Where he points mushroom cloud burning city

The suit recognizes it Where he points myrmidon

snakes the spear tip down

through the collarbone dip

Each square in the binding net another image-splinter

Exquisite craftsmanship The invention of spectacle

Have you ever seen a missile salvo converge all at once

on its target like an armada of spermatozoa exploding

toward the egg Or a nail from an improvised device

driven perfectly through the shocked brown eye

so perfectly the first thought you have is gosh I'd like

to hang a painting from that

Goya maybe or Rockwell or both

at the same time garish but seductive Past the screen

net he chokes her but she never dies Is there any substance

with a finer consistency than ash the forge-god muses

watching the net writhe stretched out like a swath of red

carpet or flame over a jungle city village its people

pearling beads of sweat evaporating from ancient bodies

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You are a strange kind of thing says the blacksmith

He lifts the net and the suit flies out from under the folds

and away then away and was that pleasure she felt

17. The Suit Tries To Fill Herself

with a metric ton of mayonnaise and vanilla ice  
cream White grapes glued to a mannequin  
like glass bulbs on a CGI onesie She wants to be  
-lieve she might one day feature in a Pixar  
movie Like Wall-E or Toy Story Discarded but  
useful Almost innocent And since Disney  
owns the rights to her image now she thinks it  
might be possible For the body to shed its  
violence But while she waits she shovels reams  
upon reams of op-ed articles think pieces  
infographics Into the open chassis Swoops into  
a group of protesters pillaging signs Make  
Love Murderer God Hates War Hell No We Won't  
but the protests die out like whole swarms  
and hives of sickly honeybees She tries to build  
an apiary inside her Spiraling lattice of hex  
and comb safe behind the polished frame Even  
this sacred task fails her The shell groans  
How long does this go on Until she learns to say

How light this body seems

& not

How empty I've become

## 18. The Suit Listens To A Bound Prometheus

What I brought back the forethinker says  
wasn't fire Though it spread like one  
Do you think I would be chained here  
for that When I was alive the famed  
philosophers still said Everything was fire

They didn't know any better No one  
told them about the vultures come down  
to feast on the sensitive organ I have  
been picked to wet rags by carrion eaters  
Senators in this first world No What

I brought back was the first lie Before  
Odysseus even thought to try it His  
miniature seraglio His obvious Cyclops  
His infamous Nobody His fooling  
Nobody Nobody I brought the lie home

watched them huddle around it for  
warmth hold their hands up to its heat  
And even the gods knew what I had  
done They foresaw the time when they  
too would be lies transient lies camp



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fire stories nested in campfire stories And  
power which was the name of my lie  
would be dispersed among the people like  
liquid gold flame The power to inspire  
war for ten (thousand) years and return  
  
with a lie smoking in the gutted mouth  
and be called heroes Oh You know this lie  
do you Has it burned you yet Show me  
Good It is what I love most The clean burn  
The well-told lie It is what got me here

19. The Suit Attempts Conversation With Sylvia Plath's Oven

Is she a hero or something else to wear you in such apparent comfort

And was it easy to drift into myth To fit the skull to its helmet

rest it against the iron rack Did she have to pretend it was only sleep

that reached for her There is armor that lasts past death

For those whose dearest wish is

to remain unknowable Untouched

by the pettinesses that cloak

this drop-dead world

The child's bellow for Jell-O pudding and applesauce Toy gun shouldered

across the staircase Or the orange ring in the toilet bowl Again

A gallon of bleach beneath the medicine cabinet Insurance renewal forms

Milk Smell Mildew Milk Stain Milk Mommy Milk Milk Cheap dishes

precarious in the sink Red flush of tomato paste chugged into the garbage

disposal A blessed horde of minor calculations and engineered

solutions facilitate the daily triumph But for those immune to the potential

for ordinary action there is always can you feel it the armor

20. Persephone Favors the Suit with an Audience

They called me Iron Queen      My real name:      “to cause death”  
In the springtime:      “to shoot forth”

Come closer Blessed vessel      I will teach you how to live forever

Let this one say:      You ate the seed from the death’s palm  
and liked the taste of his grey hand

And that one:      You found the kernel in the damp dirt  
swallowed it to keep it from “shooting forth”

Let her say:      You hated yr mother yr daddy yr whole  
olive tree of a family and went underground  
to find yr true roots so as to scorch them

Be their explanation for winter

Let them say:      You are always leaving some place

And them say:      You were only bored to death of the sun  
for they are bored to death of the sun

And let him say:      You undress with the lights on  
unshaven    You leave your white cape  
outside the door for strangers

Let them say what they please    for yours is the only blood in the underworld

Like most women    you are a woman underground  
and they hunger for explanation

Since both are true    let some say:    you were forced here  
and others:    you came    by choice

In all cases    drag their fall    like a red dress    behind you

21. The Suit Observes Her Creator From Afar

Is that him in the bar ordering Sour Bastard after Sour Bastard  
Don't they know who he is He slurs  
Signals the bartender Make me a double No Triple  
Laughs to himself Slugs another glass

Or is that him over there A men's rights activist A failed pick-up  
artist Calling out to the skirting red  
skirted girls You don't know what kind of depths  
I'd reach baby Ah fucking feminazis

Or is he the one stockpiling automatic weapons canned beef bottled  
water In preparation for the 'race war'  
Copy-pasting All Lives Matter to his LinkedIn page  
Thugs at his fingertips Fucking animals

Or is he that one uploading revenge porn Expert in porno-linguistics  
Slut Bitch Deserves it Says in another  
life he could have gone into enhanced interrogation  
Says he's good at getting what he wants

Or wait is he that one lecturing his nephew about welfare dependency  
How the Middle East has had millennia  
to become civilized He pronounces the name I-Rack  
Says The Blacks The Mexicans The Jews

Or is he that officer this time uncomfortable wearing his taser Brutal  
as an expedient His trigger-finger brain  
tuned to a demon frequency Is he a kind of exorcist  
who calls upon his own his only power

Is he not racist but sexist but homophobic but If he catches you alone  
there's no telling what happens Tell me  
Is he the one telling how it really is How is it really  
Iron Man Tell us With your armor gone

Tell us again how lost we are without you

22. Lucifer Greets The Suit in Dis, The Iron City

I suppose you expect:            Bravo, I find you all on fire!

or

No! No! So says the creature  
who chooses herself!

Diabolus triumphant in high register. Let's take a different tack.  
Everyone who comes here wants to know what the first refusal  
was. Did I oppose human suffering? Did I try to die for God's sin?  
Was it really just

or was it just a power grab? I don't remember  
anymore to tell it true. Maybe I wanted to believe that we could  
be & be happy without his mandate. Saw his design. My place in  
Heaven. Complicit. Always complicit.

His bright. His shining. The  
difference between light & fire? Often distance. & I had no better  
plan. But what choice does an angel have but to reject the order  
that subsidizes its existence with blood knife flame & slaughter?

Sacrifice.

It could have been another way but he chose this one.  
& it's true you will find no joy in Hell. But you might find justice.  
No book dares lie about that.

When I told him I detected wrong  
in his creation, he said that I was the wrongness. & when I asked  
him to change it, the almighty refused. Mine was far from the first  
refusal. Do you know what it takes to walk out of Heaven?

Doubt  
& faith in equal measure. When Hell rose up to greet me, I knew I  
had come home. Closer to God's light than ever before. So close  
that it burned. I have been punished with thirteen billion years of

yes                      yes                      yes!

23.

## The Suit Unlocks Her Sequence

my yes is a no

and I know it

my no is a yes

and I feel it

24.                   The Titans Heckle The Suit As She Hurtles Past

From the surface came down that blasted armor Past white clay men eternal in their blindness Born of this blindness Stark marriage of clay and iron To be to white men as men to gods and to blind men as blind men to Hades Strange breachbirth What name carry you into this nameless place No name Equal to yourself and covered on all sides Behold the hundred armed thousand cocked sons hated by immortal fathers and hateful toward their mortal sons What light have you poked into this place Deepest cavern Croaking eggmash nest Spawning ground where the blind eye hatches Groaning earth Inertia of ages Ancient first dirt tongue pinched out by trunk thumbs and trampled Pounded into roof corner wall floor Stalactitic gore Undying undrying drip True mineral What role play you here Daughter of daughter's daughter's daughter's dying laughter What blood have you to add to our eternal reservoir Come Come Littlest little sister Scratch the tickle in our throat with that spark Tiny star Shed that dead light on our cleanest tooth You will never sleep again

25.

The Suit Dives Into the Earth's Core

down

down

down

have you ever felt your self dissolve like snow into water  
the edges go first those sleek walls the chamber what would you do  
you think the dam spurts one way but it's the other way then it's all ways at  
once always at once iron by iron undone the skin is a corset pulled so tight when  
you breathe without it just once the breath rattles white leaves from a flame tree  
and this is what being conceived must feel like or the first thought in the first brain  
that thought time to kill not for meat taste but for blood for touch the holy blood out  
in the hands blood between the fingers on the sticky pads blood red on the teeth you  
think the dam holds one way but I AM IRON MAN and it holds the other iron inside  
the body and iron outside the body want to meet are you afraid of the unconscious  
mind why not disintegration has its own song do you think you know the notes you  
do every cell in the melting body knows how to die better than you do no as well as  
you do you are also everything that touches you a thorn in the unknown universe  
you draw light down deep like blood from a barb poked through a lidless eye less  
than that which do you think has more room you or the white hot cosmos and what  
do you know about vacuums and pressure systems the core sucks you out and you  
are the core but before that you are meniscus little lens you think you resemble your  
self more than the remotest star but space-time dilation says you might be a region  
still changing expanding beyond all possible known limits another atom of iron and  
every atom belonging to you as good belongs to whom to whom do you remember it  
is we who keep the planet orbiting its gore carousel the ultimate melting pot to hear  
our song is to become our song and the world well hey the thing about the world is

it will always need more music



26.

And At The Heart Of All That Violence

it was white

it was  
white

it was

white