

A JUNCO'S TANGLED UP IN THE CONCERTINA

[like the square root of a poppy seed]

like the square root of a poppy seed
I multiply myself into consciousness
and the axillary buddy says look at this
really tiny part of my new and public hell
I know a guy: if we place broken mechanical
things at the edge of his escrowed quadrangle
they will disappear into counterfeit calendars
and reappear a few moons later in good repair
and on my deathbed I get a letter from the guy:

*I left my window open and turned into an ice
cube, I maxxed out my credit card at the eye
doctor, I entrepreneurialized horizontally
but responsibly, I was a capillary action*

or the sound of liquid moving through a wheat

[or the sound of liquid moving through a wheat]

or the sound of liquid moving through a wheat
colored container designed to transport wheat
to one of ten silver silos designed to store wheat
my sister disappeared in one, working the wheat
it is rumored that she stitched an effigy of wheat
and burlap, because she was trying to save our wheat
from war, artillery being wheeled through the wheat
all winter, someone found the effigy in the wheat
and brought it to me where I stood in the wheat
I was directing the insect maneuvers of wheat
harvesting equipment, and when I held the wheat
effigy to my ear it sounded like a field of wheat
or the sound of liquid moving through a wheat
straw, I look gaunt in the photograph

[straw, I look gaunt in the photograph]

straw, I look gaunt in the photograph
straw man posits an argument about
strawberries dotting the afterparties
straw through which impure heroin
strawed me à la capillary action
straw is a new verb that I am positing
straw as a verb like "to see," like I
straw you at the atelier flirting with
straw women and I was jealous
straw was the color of your hair, I
straw everything in the aspect of
straw, my life's particulars strewn
strawwise in the barn, I strawing
and yet I was hale, I was surviving

[and yet I was hale, I was surviving]

and yet I was hale, I was surviving
a beefsteak was nailed to my head
board, talkative houseflies buzzing
all about it, have you heard about it?
I recently discovered my favorite song
in a pile of valuable computer rubble
(mayor informs me that I am in trouble)
here we go again, a sugared centrifuge
just off 4545 NE Worlds of Fun Ave
my name was originally a military
word, it meant "to arrive at"
I am tired but healthy
I am low and/or high
on information, the optic kind

[on information, the optic kind]

on information, the optic kind

on my mother's grave

on my kitten's plot in the paupers' grave

by the edge of my sharp credit card I swear it

I am a liquid replica of the constitution

I am revisiting the destroyed home video

I am ex officio

and on the second day a protocol was established

and on the fifth of October I deleted the letter I sent to you, and I

am feeling, lately, highly attracted to question

am well rested?

am a bread or simulation?

and the glass was watching me

and I was watching myself

[and I was watching myself]

and I was watching myself
turn the riverboat into an aperture
wicking is the absorption of a liquid
by a material, a game boy is a machine
a boy is a material, and I was watching
myself look at pictures of myself
as a child, I wandered bureaus
upon whose walls were pictures
of me, and the deputized docent
showed me to a de-interrogation room
everything is an archive, said the archive
from the leather passenger seat
while I, at the wheel, fell asleep
as a child, watching light watch itself

[as a child, watching light watch itself]

as a child, watching light watch itself
recruit itself for another flowertime as
the incumbent, I flowered myself for
a new recruitment, as a flower I timed
out, it was incumbent upon me to flower
in time to watch a flower recruit itself for
watching, a recruit informed me of the
flowering in time to do something
about it: as a child I took a photograph
of a scythe where it lay in the forest
drawing a picture of itself as a child
where it lay in the forest, wearing a watch
and the flowers of my meadow don't
thrash and settle and burlap

[thrash and settle and burlap]

thrash and settle and burlap

sack, hurry up and put it on

labor has made us hate labor

labor: the musical

labor: a variation on a theme

labor: the unbelievable true story you've never heard

labor: breathing tubes laced through the eyeholes

labor: of my gunny sack, an entire forest of cattle

labor: labor: prods between you and me and Mount Tabor

labor: labor: the Lower Galilee Council holds a twelve

labor: labor: labor: kilometer race in memory of one

labor: labor: labor: of the founders of the IOF and

labor, laboring, labors: the mountain falls down a mountain

a junco's tangled up in the concertina

[a junco's tangled up in the concertina]

a junco's tangled up in the concertina

I have only just now begun to admire the pearloid cirlet reflected and doubled in its pupils, my flashlight, I have only just now begun to preen the snowcone of its sugar-dipped belly, the rest of its body somehow military blue, insectlike it twitches, fat hail hammering its black little eyes, pinheads like .043 grams of oil, at thirty-plus MPH and dozens of Fahrenheits below, and but I remembered that my patron had sent me notice (encoded in a birthday cake) that the key to the gate had been fed to the junco in increments, in the manner of strychnine over many months, so that the key had formed like a kidneystone, and the junco's keeper had ushered the junco through nine long cycles of broth and pharmaceutical, had coaxed it back to health in a hut with two doors, one of which was reserved for grave emergencies, and beyond that door the junco's bedroom, and above its bed a portrait of me, the early years, martial blues, dark gray, ammunition eyes, entombed in a wall of the military prison, I take out my phone, I call a star, it communicates its entire directions to me, and after my escape from the cell I find the junco and tear the key from its jaw, I am the maker of the photograph, my arms pale and veined

[of the photograph, my arms pale and veined]

of the photograph, my arms pale and veined
147,338 words written on the back of the grocery list
the window next to the bookshelf open all winter
nearly snowgone, the fidget toys adorning it
and how did you meet each other, I scream
at my ten fingernails on the teacup saucer
the corners of the zoo were a darker yellow
than we'd been warned of, the handwarmers
glued to our syndromes were painting
a painting of a wheatfield on the ceiling
item number one: two camera shutters
I wasn't so much troubled by my illness
I was thinking about the big problems
as they swung the scythe, did you all

[as they swung the scythe, did you all]

as they swung the scythe, did you all
see that, the vampire bat and the wind
shield shattering under the velocity
of the vampire bat, the vampire bat
is up to bat: the new superintendent
of the prison was late to his very first day
of work, he had been arrested the night
before, he had been driving through a field
of corn dead drunk, and when they pulled him
over he tried to escape, he produced a bouquet
of IDs, but he faceplanted into the daisyheads
he landed on top of my body in the mass grave
I was dreaming of checking my cellphone, did you
hear a gunshot or a playground through the wall

[hear a gunshot or a playground through the wall]

hear a gunshot or a playground through the wall
put the sun back where you found it on the table
put your hands above your head
I am going to step towards you now
step towards me now
look into my gunsights
I am completely harmless
I am here under the auspices of safety
but the bird tribunals have been arguing
otherwise, I say in response, flexing my neck
against the carbonized century, lanternfly
sculptures have long since dotted the plaza
ma'am, the radar caravan is westbound
someone go check, tell me what that sound

[someone go check, tell me what that sound]

someone go check, tell me what that sound
sounds like when someone checks on it
and what other sounds are on the edge of it
one of the other other sounds sounds
like a ball of scrub jays making sound
after what they thought that sound sounds
like, the seasons are playing pinochle for money
without us, fathoming, probing, sounding
like a pine inlet, long and wide as sound
and like ourselves we finally began to sound
the redacted birding journal was never found
like when someone checks on it checks on it
we promised not to make a sound
and we do not know how we found

[and we do not know how we found]

and we do not know how we found
a birdbrain in the Anjou pear
next message: I'm over there
the background of my phone is the ceiling
of a Faraday cage in which photography
has been made impossible by the destruction
of light, at last, I have appropriated appropriation
I am transmitting myself into burlap information
regeneration is our famous and defining joy
we are always starting over, next message: I am
dying un-alone in the farmhouse parlor
the wallpaper of which is an Anjou pear
tree's foliage repeating but retreating
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