

# [INTO OUR FLOODED ATTICS, HOW THE TRAPEZE]

ALEX TRETBAR

into our flooded attics, how the trapeze  
without right click imagine  
between a bulb and a soft place  
I dare you to call me child of god  
sitting on a pebble, glossing via thorn  
and a marlin net for mask  
gone gone swimming  
bobbing for black daisyheads  
how did you come into the possession  
of nothing, asked the secret police  
this is tornado country  
I am tornado countries  
otherwise known as  
artist broke ground on a project we referred to as

[ARTIST BROKE GROUND ON A PROJECT  
WE REFERRED TO AS]

ALEX TRETBAR

artist broke ground on a project we referred to as  
I am a difficult person, I brook  
no affable transition, I know  
the back of my hand  
like the back of my hand  
slamming the window shut  
merely by virtue of me  
reaching while falling  
from the roof  
and succeeding in slamming it shut but  
still falling, but it was a different story downstairs, we sketched the  
    dimensions of the fire  
escape, I am a difficult person, I'm just going to turn this on and you  
    can start speaking whenever  
in what context did you meet the poets  
the reflection or the twin or the antipode