

PLUME

Half

plumage, half plate mail. Hate mail

for the Parthenon. Pantheons
of torsos

broken in old
familiar

places.

STIMULUS // SOMA

When we remove the bandages,
each week ends w/ me

speaking too
loosely. I would prefer

not to stop counting threads.
I am not particular

about which few fingers
I'm to lose

in the shredder.

STIMULUS // SERIAL

On the other side of plexiglass,
the landlord angry

about bandwidth expended
consuming

true crime.
We were keen, we were

keen, our Oculus unswabbed
between dinner guests. Our nametags

were lost to the laundromat
dryer. Their tips were envenomed

& invisible.

TRACKS [WE ARE ALL GHOSTS]

The graph is a zag : intakes, burn, deficits
requisite for progress

until plateau.

What ghosts could truly be but beings
from outside

our moment

in time, which moves along
like a logic problem w/ only one trolley

track but sometimes folds or

fractures. Tinted glass as mirror in which
you can't quite see

the faceless man yet to be

redeemed. Stared at too closely, the piping
between two cushions begins

to overlap. Try to pull yourself

off of the canvas, over the gap. Tilt the angle
just enough to attempt

a version

of the longview, squinting a more measured
perspective you can't quite

decipher.