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GRANDPA VS. SLINKY

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C  
EYE LINES

H  
MANNA

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B[OR]N

P  
WHACK-A-MOLE

E  
THE INDELIBLE SHRINKING MAN

L  
CHORDATA

A  
PROJECTION

G  
BROTHER'S KEEPER

O  
AT EIGHTY

I realize, as I walk down the street, how obsolete telephone lines will be  
how extravagant they are even today, like using rhymes in poetry or wearing lamé (I'm guilty of both)

EYE LINES

or making poems into pictures (guilty again). But when these lines are stripped away,  
leaving us a primmer place to gaze,

I'll miss those black birds, strung like beads against the sky,

but most of all, I'll miss the drag queen sky who'll have dropped forever her garish eyeliner.

and those rusty staples

that bristle from the telephone poles like urban  
ten years from now;

B[OR]N

are we like  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
cornonthe cob  
or, like

P

o P

C

or

N

born?

THE INDELIBLE  
SHRINKING  
MAN

The dark gutter of my book rises  
high above me, ascending  
like a cathedral ceiling  
of converging  
words.

Scaling snowpiled sheets, I measure  
my height against a page  
and find I'm as tall  
as the word  
"insect."

What's happened to me? I think.  
I was reading Kafka in bed,  
nodding absently  
as you spoke  
when

what was it you suddenly said?  
"Only widows read *this much*  
in bed." Then came  
sleep and strange  
dreams...

Lost in sheets, I wander sullenly,  
trace with my miniscule eyes  
the sunlight that skims  
your shoulder's  
scarp.

Resting under the wall of your ribs,  
I cup serif hands, shout my  
penance: to rub your  
bare, bluff  
back.

I promise to be a serf to its skin,  
to till the fallow fields  
of your flesh until  
I'm finally  
forgiven.

Every day, I'll sow sorrow's seeds.  
I'll plough left then right  
boustrophedonically,  
leaving clod lines  
behind.

But evening will bring original sin.  
As the sun bleeds between  
your bracken curls, as I  
glisten a pica of  
sweat,

I'll throw myself down on an  
oat-colored mole and scan  
your freckled skin  
for signs of  
life.



## PROJECTION

I would prefer in the moment before my death (say from being trapped in a smoke-filled elevator) that my life *not* flash before my eyes, but that it be projected that way, I could lean back and enjoy watching *The Story of Myself* for another 34 years, all the while fanning smoke from my watering eyes and politely asking the other trapped passengers to try and control their coughing; at 24-frames-per-second on the elevator's faux-wood wall