



frozen

thoughts

*

my mind warped daily
by syntax it can't stand:

“sort of like how the medicine tastes
exactly as bad as it's supposed to taste
in order to make you think twice
about ever getting the disease again”

(to make matters worse
is what I'm best at)

drifting aimlessly
through the garden of God's turbulence:

not understanding a single thing:

I feel at home:

but why

*

(a trio of sisters
longing to return
to Moscow)

(a disembodied mind
racing through a vitamin-
depleted sea)

(a roll of caution tape
knotted about the trunk
of a lightning-deformed oak)

(a four-dimensional
representation of a single drop
of sweat)

(twelve roses
in a sun- and moon-
stencilled vase)

(the only place
this poem exists is inside
your own head)

(a kind of flame
you can hold in your hand
like a pear)

*

it's not the thing
but the residue of the thing:

“a guillotine in pill form”

“go nuclear if you have to go nuclear”

“if you want it you'll find it”

“you'll find it but maybe you won't
even know it when you do”

(maybe it's already been done)

*

an X-shaped face
you behold in amazement:

like a pack of dogs your heart releases
when ordered to by your brain:

as the other world pulses dully
in a glass jar:

because you let the wrong kind
of sentiment in:

the light of everything
you're too scared to speak of:

the light of everything
you don't know how to leave behind

*

a squalid attempt to mediate
the life of the mind maybe:

“I used to be a celestial being
but now I’m a chain smoker”

(like a bird
without legs
I sleep
on the wind)

as the firmament goes permanently dark:

but don’t cover your eyes:

like a child who knows the words to every song
but still finds silence more compelling:

everything I’ve said so far
I’ve said poorly

(but I did this on purpose)

*

that's not my mind:

(that's a jar stuffed with ants)

“as fragile as a halo of sunlight
bobbing in a gas station toilet bowl”

“the lotus expands
revealing a tinier lotus within it”

“the cupola lets in a light that's not to be described”

(as all the things they told us couldn't happen
begin to happen)

(but that's not your problem)

(that's a problem for another life)

*

(as I sit through
another Youtube tutorial
on how to navigate the always-
intensifying spectacle
the universe mouths the words “Julius Caesar”
and “Earl of Essex” in its sleep:

“a range of prime numbers”

“a postcard of a minor Manet”

“rubbing alcohol bottle”

“Federico Fellini”

“respect”)

*

(at dawn I pry
the future's shadow
off the floor:

a chance encounter
in a forest glade
precipitates the ruin
of another quasi-gifted novelist:

like a fly caught between window panes
battering automatically against the light:

I'm as tired as I ever plan to be)

*

a mass of conceptual baggage
you try to untangle every February:

in between repeated stabs of nausea
and intrusive thoughts you can't section away:

the lights are on in the house
but nobody knows where the key is:

a robot puffs on an electronic cigarette:

a soil-covered locket rests against your chest:

a map dissolves to ashes in your hands:

a bowl fills up with salt

