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the press release dictates the meaning

the pope prepares himself for war

the can of soup you spilled obliterates
the map entire
and grace is the mother of us all, maybe

sunlight is inaudible
but moonlight is sort of audible apparently

(I don't really think I'm saying
what you think I'm saying)

(it's all the same to me)

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a cannabis garden
in a coat closet

birds don't sing
because they think they're Neil Young

if you know
then you know

it's all just "mindfulness"
what's a "poem"

"a poem is anything
that anybody wants to call a poem"

being very serious means
again

"mindfulness"
it means being alert to the humour of all things

personally I'd rather be dead than sit here forever
(disappearing trick)

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the priest pried open his collar

the judge smoked another pocket-
crumpled menthol and poked
at the sleeping lion with a stick

(decades later
a group of scientists arrived
in rented Subarus
so as to further study
the twisted pleasure certain teenagers took
in staring directly into the sun)

a neon sign flickered on

green flames licked at the ceiling fan

(a credit card slipped out of a sleeping man's hand)

the story sounded too true to be taken seriously
as tree-shapes vibrated across the smog-
contorted horizon and the light
(in the words of one very inebriated reporter)
“was nothing less than legendary”

(supposedly it was
almost like being
in hell itself)

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I have no gold
except for the gold you've given me

(time is the material incarnation of change)

everything you own
is made from the exact same thing

(now lock it up and back away)

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perspectives you've never
considered possible before
emerge society-bound
from the dagger-ridden corpse
of what was once considered eternal

you feel slightly deluded
but more invincible for it

a hum you've always suspected was there
ascends gradually above the threshold of audibility

(sober and meandering through town
wondering where exactly you will get
three hundred and seventy-five dollars
for rent which is in two days)

the universe is not coterminous
with your perception of the universe

the universe is buoyed
by a grace it hasn't earned

(only the image will remain)

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the working theory

dissolved gradually

under the strain

of an unsimulated world

another earnest attempt

was made to swim out

beyond a stable life

spent applying price stickers

to tubs of protein powder

bringing home envelopes of money

spending it on the cheapest available marijuana

abstract metaphors

On Kawara

a tiny silver cup

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as you thumb through
your grandfather's taped-together Rilke
the silence of God
drives the ravens crazy
the technology-adjusted wade out
wide-eyed into bone-white snow
but I keep the samovar boiling
because I haven't been honest with you
I'm not even sure I'm awake right now
everything seemed fine until I saw you
lecturing on dopamine retention
in the abandoned Hershey's factory
I would've said something to you then
something situation-catalyzing
but I was too worked up to communicate with words
instead I stood there wondering if paradise was real
or if it was just another imp playing tricks
what time is it where you are
are we free yet or are we still
being held prisoner by the rebel faction
what are you going to do now that the future
has turned into a liquid you can drink
where are you going to sleep now that dreaming
costs you more than you make in an entire year
do you understand what's inside the diamond-
studded machine
where do you think you're going exactly
why or why not

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(a single grain of sand
shatters the glass pane
separating the outside
from the inside
as I wonder about whether or not
it's me
or the planet
that's evaporating again)