

I'm walking with Socrates,
in this dream,

you say, when he points passed
me, look

out there the sun is always
setting over these hills

behind these rooflines, reflects
the wilderness in your
eyebrows then

blows disinterested raspberry;
a lukewarm equation, then
leapt

into bed with the same hope as
the rest of us: to be understood

Did you know he died by the
gutter in Athenian streets?

he lived in the gutter too:
wistful

thinking, eyerolls, headbobs,
agog

in agony's doorway, he lived as
tongue

in the fridge, spotted liver,
yesterday's dinner

(&) he never put a word down

always transmitted, heard
then

deciphered

must be why there was always
a posse around

I prefer to walk alone, you say,
accompanied,
rather, in step with the inner
locutor, a pink supple cheek
would be too much to teach
besides, before you know it
you've been strung up by
those pupils
whose pupils you breathed
life into

only to leave you to drown
in the fucking gutter

Oppenheimerian Tragedy

I am become the Snakeroot King! We choke the monarch from out your eye
with our replicating. Teased open as the labia, by hum and rattle.

We wave in the breeze as the head of Orpheus sails down the languid river on
their way to deliver doubtless prophecies.

To which the boat captain moans something about desperate seas. We
continue to work our tired miracles from underground. The soil swells

as the wound, and angels, who favor the rich, demand both knees in the dirt.
Tell us, Orpheus, what have your rubber poems of youth covered up?

The day all work left our hands—

on the highway.

snails shrug.

out their shells.

our lungs.

collapsed in.

the headlights.

ash &.

cinder &.

sky.

at the bottom.

of this.

sudden river.

a sandstorm.

pelts.

our sedan.

fender.

christened.

from out.

chestnut.

hull.

a foal.

birthed.

dripping.

first steps.