

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.