

EGOTISTICALGIRAFFE

"I don't know what it is. But I know it existed. And I know it's NSA."

-Bill Arkin

NEVERSHAKEABABY.

It existed, though whatever it was

now goes by a different name.

Onionskins so transparent

their veins pulse with nonexistence.

TORn at the see

ms, hot-

patched

f

i

xed.

Betelguise in dis

guise.

Three times removed

appears

gone.

Anonymity—?

once it has a name

vani s h e s .

Swatted

they would call it
a joke gone wrong

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

palm trunks like sentries

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

fronds sway in the breeze

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

up
red

down
blue

punctuated illumination
lifting upwards
to genuflect to the very air.

as though

A Lightning Spring

springs a sapling
so past deep into the sky
it lands in October
toting tiny leaves
with deep arteries
begging begging-beg
-ging-begging
to the field
to the snowglobe
to the gawkers
watching the sun
refract and expand
on the tree's exposed roots.
The hardship of particulate
to twist all that light.
The rainbows. The
rainbows. The
cliché overridden
by the spectrum. And—
how terrible the sliding
to memory—that lightning
sprung spectrum.

for Michael "Eyedea" Larsen