

ODE

None of this concerns you but
sometimes it's better to pretend closeness

than live in fear of rejection. Things I know:
car sickness, the Mall of America, all-night

murder dreams. Childhood was a joke.
Slinging imaginary rifles over my shoulder,

falling out of trees for negative attention.
Now I talk to you like I have nothing

to lose, no grip whatsoever. I sneak into
the neighbor's basement just to be the criminal.

I call you in the middle of the night to say
I'm not a ghost yet. It's funny because

in Chicago I have a real brother but what
a boring story. Things I don't know:

portion control, easing depression,
the optimal gesture.

Nothing I say will make you love me
and there's real honor in that.

NOTES ON GLORY

Chalk outlines on the front lawn.
This bowling alley destroyed by mistake.
Determining what's worthwhile in a blizzard
which is time. Some words don't sound
how they are: ask me later.
Ask me about how twins are made.
To climb trees without touching them:
an ill-fated task. Real triangulation
takes some practice. Our hearts
need better structure. A different forum
for circling around. There are no empires
on a frozen continent. We are not training
for much. In the fog may be a small hint
of something. An artifact to yell into.
The evidence says your theories
are important. You are a serious specimen.
Get into this sailboat. Hold this baby.

MODES OF LIVING I FAWN OVER BUT BRACE FOR WINTER

I want to be the type
to gun for things but it's
not clear how to map
my progress. It feels like
standing outside a collapsing
factory and thinking about
Antarctic France. It's like
moving through a doomed
sequence of going
to the movies without
compassion. There is a clot
in my central system.
Few things circle the way
I do when I'm being
a hurricane of love.
Today in a show
of bravery I will take
a tuning fork and annihilate
every masterpiece. I will
make a certain crescendo
as I translate history
into something worse.

WORLD'S TINIEST EARTHQUAKE

I'd like to say what's been said
and say it better. Break

accountability exactly open.
When faced with an ultimatum

I choose the most destructive force,
haul everyone onto the lawn just

to get tough. Please trust me.
Once in a storm I strapped myself

to a tree and felt communion with
my insides, how all of it buzzed.

I've watched weather systems crush
the most deserving places but

I can't say where. I'd like to trust
what I know and someday will know.

I'd like a better bond with everyone
if we glow so bright it lasts forever.

All these surges come and go and
still I perform my baddest tricks,

one at a time let my loved ones loose.
I'd like to pound a face on disaster.

To predict who will carry me
across the field after the flood.