

I open my  
eyes & see  
Geshtinanna, sister  
of wine, standing  
there

hi how are  
you, I say? I  
am not good, she  
tells me, my brother  
Dumuzid married the  
goddess Inanna, one  
day she came  
home from hell with  
a flock of demons Dumuzid  
hardly noticed & just  
said hi, he was watching  
some dancers but really,  
who doesn't say whoa  
demons! & so

Inanna got mad & had  
him dragged to  
hell in her place, now  
he's dead which means I  
have to keep watch over  
the earth half the year while  
everything goes to  
shit because only  
he can bring flower honestly

would it have killed him  
just to say wow demons?  
anyway how are you

I'm fine, I say, the ocean  
hasn't stopped its  
music in sixty trillion  
years and we found a  
way to make illness  
into a tiny animal tell  
me more about your brother

what's to tell? he dies &  
comes to life again, every  
year, they'll argue what

it means, how he's like  
anyone else who dies &  
comes back they'll  
ask if he was a king, was  
dismembered, if he was  
a raiser of ghosts, the  
hand that plucked the  
string of the sea

no one gives a  
shit about the dry  
season or torture but  
when you wake up one  
morning & you're a

cactus I'll be off getting  
high with the north  
star or something  
and we'll just see  
how you like it

“oxen wild like bellowed land”

after most things have happened, Chaon appears.  
he’s filth, a mishmash theophage guzzling chaos

out of the city, draining it to linearity. doors become  
invisible, alphabets realign their orders under the

meshes of our speech. I will mutely scowl says the sun.  
I will turn the chrysler building inside out.

he drank so much chaos they called him Chaon,  
of course. he took all but two of every household

(as though walls even existed, or remembered light)  
and lived in the sky with them. open air pivoting,

invisible embouchure into a body of contradictions.  
or into nobody if that’s who we are. I was righteous

out of my age, says Chaon. I soldered together  
the seams of the sky, I blew breath into the city’s

gridded syntax. weeks without rain. flesh in no  
number. recombinant grammars flash in the

skyline. the doorway. a language all breath  
conspires in. bandwidths enlacing to form noise.

Thoth the ancient  
egyptian god of  
wisdom who is  
also a white-haired  
baboon and  
sometimes an ibis  
walks lankily over

I will be honest, he  
tells me, because that's  
how I am I have read  
what you're doing  
it doesn't make  
sense to me

o is that all, I ask? me  
either but I power  
thru, nothing really  
makes sense like  
ever, the air full  
of imaginary  
money and some  
people own music  
or own medicine,  
our bodies breaking  
into pieces all  
around while we  
just fight about the  
right way to fall or  
be taken apart

I've seen you do it,  
Thoth says, even  
gave you writing so  
you'd have another  
kind of body to  
escape to, and you  
hid everything there,  
your inquiries into  
love, rules for making  
particular kinds of  
soups, everything  
you know about what  
glass does to light,  
where to put hands  
in the dark, your  
fears and memories  
of an earlier landscape

you made all your  
houses out of writing,  
every number has an  
asshole and the  
numbers and the  
assholes you converted  
to writing, tree and  
door, propeller jet  
and dim glow of  
minerals, all of this  
you concealed within  
the endless conceptual

folds of the writing  
I gave you

still, I say, we managed  
a lot — you could  
live in the woods and  
get jewelry brought  
by uniformed agents  
of the state, and there  
were stations where  
people sold pizza and  
explosive oil from  
underground vats  
thru a big rubber  
proboscis. it made  
no sense and we  
loved it. the days  
felt electric. music  
became razor-like. plus  
old fruit makes you  
dizzy because ps  
you're a monkey  
life really wasn't bad

and you, I ask, what  
did you spend that  
time doing? I did so  
much, he says, got  
married to equilibrium,  
gathered all the

ink I could, tried my  
best to relate to  
you but there was  
no body any of  
you would stay  
put in

you loss that  
perceives

we look back  
over the hills  
and Thoth gets  
sad, in a way, he  
says, this is all  
my fault, writing  
is the gift you  
didn't survive

but we achieved so  
much, I tell him: pinball, the  
poems of Bernadette  
Mayer, the music of  
Lonnie Johnson, frozen  
pirogi, little rooms that  
glide between mountains

for a little while, he  
says, sure, I mean I  
used to be the freaking moon



but you don't hear  
me bragging about it

pejorocracy it's an insane process  
cacaphonocracy the billboards tuned  
to full bleed radiocracy the country of  
your heart corporocracy its bodies  
bound by vacant interests you know  
normal boilerplatocracy. leocracy.  
guacamocracy how are things in  
the digital surround right now?

cryptocrats take forever in the bathroom.  
we try to make a book to the exact  
dimensions of our complicity