

On the train you tell me

the story in which the strike is broken.
In which the relative recession of foliage
(vis-à-vis the train) screens & discloses flashes
of receded time, or sunspots of the future
in reverse. In which the sun's leaf-strobing beam
oscillates thru panes, striking surfaces
(cushioned to blur our edges) with patterns like bursts
of gunfire or music. A sustained gap
in trees (in time) constellates a scene
of defeated openings: negative characters
emboss the sudden snow in forms
of fallen workers & the rusted boot-
prints of the forces of Order. In that story,
time stumbles & falls back or collapses
into stasis; meanwhile the train
disgorges its creosote vector, dopplered,
dappling its insular interiority, its private sphere
capsuled inside capital's hurtle toward
the abyss; the abyss you narrate
hypnotically into my skin under the shifting
signs of the leaves, under the muttering signs
of the ghosts of beat detectives, Pinkertons & martyrs.
Your story inters & animates a world
of layered, impacted litter — bodies mortared,
ground into the sedimented light.

Red wedge

after Nathaniel Williams & Free Columbia, Momo & the Thieves of Time (2016)

Time unfolding like a paper flower.
Puppeteers of wood, puppets of flesh.
Stone of my name overgrown w/ moss
the color of dawn's frozen milk.

Damp phonemes & the climate change-
inflected oscillations of your breath
next to my ear at 3:38 a.m. Animal breath,
words made of the sodden bread of your dream.

Indecipherable loaves bloated & eaten
by indecipherable rivers. Silt of the nightmare
we deserve second-storey deep over the city.

A milk-pale nick in Time's recorded sky
tears open to unlatch the flood —
puppeteers of fever, puppets iron-red

drive a wedge thru the tear & pull
the street thru after them —

Redshift

Arms & the man I sing,
With discarded time, solitary
On the sky's territories of white
Light furred with the sex of
Of blooms. Which sickens us,
Well, dizzy wells of light of
Flag-punctured sphere balanced
A well of event
That furls flags to flags' inverse : red
Like a violent plant up &
Air's shuffling

The sun & your arms furred
& parallel as rays aligned
Cotton. Solstice high tide of light,
Trees & the gold breathing
Which kills us & makes us
A poised gyroscopic armistice,
On the rim of
Horizon black gravity well
Wells up from the core & shoots
Up thru rent layers toppling
lattices of gold

YPG sonnet

quoting Lynda Hull, "1933"

Seized by a text the *lean young men* sporting *carnations*
 & *revolvers*, red armbands & black banners,
 rusted volvos filled with leaflets,
 50 cal's mounted on toyota pickups: seized
by a text the young women laughing down
 kalashnikov sights by night debate the finer points
 of ecological economics in the diesel-lit shell
 of the last cafe in the ruined city, as the advancing
black of a text looms & they laugh, spit in its teeth,
 die with pockets full of cartridges, battered copies of Bookchin & Federici —
 Seized by a text — virtue & terror — meanwhile
the serried ranks of Order's spreadsheet cells advance,
 organism of pure quantity, spiralling chains of code,
 empire's qipu signals, fiberoptic flashes, mesh of nodules, vegetal, textless —

The Place for Poetry in the Revolution is Denmark

Typewriter poem ordered by a supporter & correspondent for political prisoner Debbie Africa on the occasion of her release after 40 years; Columbia City Farmers' Market, Seattle, June 2018

*in which there are many confines, wards & dungeons...
(Hamlet II.2.245)*

Poem written in the margins

meetings debating

in living rooms too small

for the few dozen hunched

of the body of the giant :

seeking the soft

pale exposed places

to drive the poem in :

whose martial metaphors

forget what they are :

poem self-exiled

from poetry's glass halls

circulating by will

in the market's confusion

of commodities : poem

purchased with the vegetables :

of notes scrawled during endless

tactics & strategy :

in union halls too large

in folding chairs over diagrams

poem easily confused
with miraculous weapons

pixel tigers
dried-up riverbeds
simulacra of steel :

choosing the prison
roofed by weather & storms :

for those whose hunger
is likewise indelible :

earned them the stones
of a body of cells :

into three days defended
shielded by song :

who were linked by letters
into words of a language

for those who walk free
in Philly in Denmark

for those still within
the confines & wards

who are queens & kings
of infinite space :

inedible pulp of
plants' indelible green

for those whose hunger
for freedom's bread

who were born inside
the years become walls

who were severed from origin
who were raised in captivity

Order's forces endeavored
to burn to the ground :

where dreams deferred
have rotted the state :

of the nightmare's cupped shell :

for those who are nothing
who will be all.