

CROOKED FEVER

In Louisville  
we tie hemp rope

around the neck  
of general Breckinridge,

the separation from  
plinth gesturing

at identity formation  
and Louie XVI's marble

hand is broken  
off, though

in late-1700s-France,  
the commune took

his head. Performance  
of protest. Fairytales

are real  
but they have corpses

and men pushing  
empty strollers.

STILL MOONLIGHT

Flaming shingles  
fly above the streets

outside neighbor's  
apartment – playing

NBA 2K21, blasting  
DJ Screw, *Wretched*

*of the Earth* on the end  
table, white fist raised,

curtains closed. Young folk  
out walking rawly the expanse

of reality.

BLURRED BOUNDARIES

Water bottles, haywire  
dance, rubber bullet

song. Hip-to-hip,  
territory arrangement.

Nurse hands slipping  
through the dark.

Roped rain  
light, and masks

like a cupboard  
holding a lost

generation.

SEEING FROM INSIDE

The police are not fish;  
patrol horse is not

a column of water,  
can't swim or be

swimmed in but  
its nose is wet

when it hits  
your forehead.

THE SUCCESSION OF NIGHT AND DAY

Wind turning over  
secrets to the authorities

under the black  
cypress. Best to remain

indoors, avoid  
the errorists. Now,

how to translate  
this for tomorrow's

Good Morning Show.