

“Distracted enough by all of the garbage in the subway”

Distracted enough by all of the garbage in the subway, we're all waiting for the same train in the same part of the same station while sheer impatience and projected machismo swagger drives the most redundant motor functions from this fellow to my right. He's active, very busy even, turning on his heels and shifting on his hips to lean over that area of grace at the edge of falling into the tracks like all the subway signs warn you against with a multiplicity of languages thrown onto them haphazardly to communicate this message made important to anyone who will just look and if not, then by symbols made universal to caution against this kind of behavior which has already claimed this specific number of people in this year previous and other threatening statistics trapped on this sign not far from these frantic movements swinging closer to the edge, altogether as something that a semiotician could not ask for with the potential to join all of that fine-grain sludge and clay and trash and shit and water among other things and not just trash. He's a rooster stuck on repeat clicking the tongue and craning the neck and shuffling the feet and doing it all without ceasing, quite theatrically ruffling the feathers that he has to speak of, wearing a loose jacket held over another puffy jacket and a fist of bags holding things not big enough to be more jackets bought from any one of the flagship retail locations in the vicinity that he swings around with wild wrists and elbows while making all of the swishing noise of those printed jeans with absurd extra embroidery not serving any purpose of utility, not holding any of the seams together but holding the aesthetic of these jeans together in some higher calling of denim draped loosely on the legs that know no fixed position. Without anything better, we are the energy of the city scrambled and thrust underground not unwinding not a whit to catch a ride in the next direction, out of sight.

“By this I am blind, or, seeing with excess”

At times this life seems oriented around inertia and forgetting – that is, not stopping and non-memory. Moving like the subway trains do. It’s the creative dead space between everything that we actually do. It’s that mindlessness of the transitory from one place to another. Like the trains, we are all underground after all, to move about the city beneath the city with the residual mess of the city's infrastructure; its inhabitants, and their refuse. It's all hot blowing wind and hot blown hair underground, closer to hell, under dirt and city where the city does not cool like the dirt does. One cannot be sure, but we are pretty sure that all notions of ownership contained herein are oddly out of place; this is not my infrastructure which I rely on and this is not my trash and water from something I did or spilled, but, rather, that the underground is simply under ground and under everything else that is actually going on. Dropkick another wrapper into the tracks where no weed hopes to grow. It is not quite the city. Nothing owned if everything stays moving and without thought and without memory. I do not recognize myself if I am only moving from or going to. This does not look like city. Unsurprisingly, there is still trash covered with more shit and wet. Against the odds of this space, trash and water wound up here. My head kills from pressure. Under dirt, the city still weighs above. We are a fifty meter safety net against tectonic shift. What is it I see if only passing between?

“The Slow Local Train”

In the middle of the night  
there are few who stay on this far  
towards the quiet and abandoned and ragged shores  
of Coney Island  
where the rides are not broken but do not move.  
The train motors on  
toward this frozen energy  
with the ragged bodies sleepy and leaning  
for purchase on something sturdy  
despite these slick and semi-sterile seats  
under the weight of this very white light and this oft recycled air.