

## afterwar-d

*they say the lowest frequency a human can hear tends to be around 20 hertz. the typical frequency used in television tends to reach 15,000 hertz. August 9th, 1945. the Drosophila courtship song frequency tends to average around 150 hertz. Nagasaki, Japan. the songs of crickets tend to be measured at a frequency of around 10,000 hertz. crickets also generate low-frequency air oscillations with the movement of the forewings, which tends to be around 30 hertz. frequencies below 20 hertz are infrasonic. the frequencies of atomic bombs are infrasonic.*

ears shut tight.

genus Drosophila, sing us a song.

let the crickets scrape themselves.

we hear the sound of the chirp,

we hear the song of the cricket.

we don't hear the low

frequency of the reverberating air,

this indescribable voice.

genus Drosophila,

have you started the mating music yet?

the beat of the wings, the crickets'

production of the inaudible.

every day,

we hear the siren of the air raid alarm.

we do not hear it the day of the inaudible.

we feel, we see, we are

the heat of the light, the curtains of skin

draping from the bones, the black of

the burning theater.

we were never the main character.

genus Drosophila sings,

yet we do not hear.

the cricket spreads its wings,

yet still, we do not hear:

consequences of the inaudible.

the cricket chirps in delight.

we hear this song; we have heard it before.

we are the second; are we the last?

heat, pressure, radiation,

our bodies a home for the larvae

of genus Drosophila.

## anaphylaxis

a futile attempt to wipe away the damp  
remains of scratched skin on  
perpetually itchy limbs.  
oh, to be devoured by mosquitos;  
a disappointing ending,  
a foreboding beginning.  
and as the mosquitos fly by,  
so does the time, only stopping  
to steal just enough life force  
that it hurts  
and it itches  
but is never so bothersome  
that it envelops existence entirely.  
that is, of course, if you aren't allergic.  
i, indeed, *am* allergic.  
oh, to become simply so swollen,  
unable to move,  
plump with painfully prickling skin  
that i *pop*  
and become renewed  
(hopefully with mosquito bite immunity).  
so until then,  
i wait as i am devoured,  
waiting for the day  
i am no longer (a buffet).

beware: wasps present and dangerous

yellow  
of my pale tea,  
of your blood and my teeth,  
of warning signs: your jacket and  
my skin.

## still life

you were glistening, centipede-  
legged eyes heavy with the taste of the better  
butter. the cruor on your spiderweb, also  
ready to begin glistening  
again. i peel open this Merlot  
grape. it reveals the dead portable charger,  
glistening. perhaps that  
was why the milk had spoiled, like my  
nails to your fingertips. a boiled  
immature potato. the evaporating angel's  
share of recycled virtue will reappear  
in perspiration, because condensation happens  
when the air meets  
a colder surface.  
the mirror mimics you, so i dry it with my cleric's  
robe to look at you more clearly. i thought we  
would have stopped glistening  
by now.

## strawberries and salt baths

i hold your breath underwater until you crawl / out of this crimson flesh so i can sink my teeth  
into the pits / of your burdens. weep / and weep / until stomach acid brines memory and / edible  
life styled with the dripping of our carcasses. sticky / spotted wings clinging to the hairs of  
reproduction, bladed / veins scuttling across the grueling surface tension between these remains /  
and mine. how could i have ever forgotten of such lives when these / lies continue to fly before  
my eyes and i, / i could not help but tear into your body dripping / of this saline gore i continue  
to weep / and weep.