

## CRYPTOGRAPHY

---

### *One Buchanan*

When the people talk  
I hear them all the same.

The fridge door  
open and water pouring

down the tile. Where the piece  
fits, where the lisp,

where they laid the body down,  
shovel, the stone—I'd

chew through my own  
phone cord to get to the

Blank. Filament that carries  
like a body the voice of the body—

A bolt of skin for the men  
of the Black Chamber—quill it in

demure with fur  
in the jeweled miniature. I'd

dig a hole the size of my brain.  
I'd dig a hole to cover up

my coughing. Water  
under the rug, breath

in the acorn caps. A zero  
with one hundred zeroes after.

The quarter's nailed down  
to the porch. Behind the hedge,

the hedge pig whimpers, stick  
leaned up against the shed.