

North Pacific Gyre

The wrecked tire
of him
*ART!*s, silences the noise
of concept, slinks from a drunk
buoy with clanging bell.

Curious
laurel
helixed around his pooled
Pepsi sea-monstering the
fog of preposition.

Follow him
dive mask's
passable eyes. So long
kayak, prose. All oceans breathe
against my displacement,

arms' scherzo.
Supple
in ministry: "be prey,"
he divulges into the
weather's language with

contagious
faith. Yes,
darken your teeth void. Let's
get a deep look at you. (That
there is reef below must

be a gaffe.)
Shut up
starfish, you Molotov-
cocktail flavored bubble gum!
Ipsa facto hyster-

ical, N
SA
tiny dancers finning
glass as if light required eyes;
his “seal”—estrangement

verbatim,
a form
almost divisible—
spectacle, undress yourself—
I can hear myself think!

No products
but in
subjects; it is not want
of discipline that expels
me from the pale garden

of quiet,
it is
for want itself *itself*.
Purity’s the resting dead’s.
Every self-surveil,

the contrail
of its
thinking—a teaser for
the new Terrance Malick film.
The persistence escapes

me, not me
it. No
clearing cookies or cache.
No recess unmoved by gods
tricked in Louis Vuitton.

Such divers
moments
as animal are back-

ground to desire's jingle;
to be, buy animal.

16 to

30s
demographic-savvy
he feats in victim like a
commercial streaming from

the TV's

next room—
not bad telling on me,
my pelagic caretaking,
my fear to resurface.

Surfacing,

he parts—
unstopper of clumsy
music. Listen, it triumphs
dying to hear itself!