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## A NET IN WHICH

we grew up through pictures, a net  
was what we wore, we wore what we would  
as we worked to the open, the factory  
of weight, an order announced, barrier  
of threads and chords, we were strung into  
a network of fibers, after programs wires  
remained, the rite of being born, a sin  
into structure of sidepieces to gain in  
importance, a series of ascending social  
rungs used for downward climbing,  
once comes to visit, walking under  
belief we found our running origin.

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we live in which an insect is divided,  
small and in confinement, barbs  
hooked and swollen when inflamed  
and pointing backward, what else  
is in our cells, a crime in which we  
revel is our status, a more than likely  
to repeat, to dedicated dwellers some  
district, we wear an order of backlash,  
design against communicating sense,  
we require many men to work it over  
a frame, a winged bag of afterthought  
when all deductions have been made.