

KATIE WILLINGHAM

Disappointment Meter

What is this capacity for imagining utopia?
I try to starve it out, admiring this diagram of a yellowjacket:
vertex, ocelli, compound eye.

I was told there'd be a portal by now,
inside the fence, beyond the peonies
flooding the clipped grass with wayward petals,
like after a storm, but I don't remember one.

Perhaps it took nothing at all, just that they had
flowered past capacity.

The here. The here of it,
how to know if you're facing a door,
what to wear, in spite of the weather.

From the thread, *What's your favorite "Holy Shit" fact?:*

Pablo Escobar kept so much cash in warehouses,
he had to account for some loss due to rats gnawing the stacked bills.

Wayward petals / fence
Like after / what is this capacity?

That the largest air force in the world is the U.S. Air Force.
That the second largest air force in the world is the U.S. Navy.

Earhart: *The lure of flying is the lure of beauty.*
Burton: *Many things happen between the cup and the lip.*

That the clouds should choose to resemble Columbus's famed fleet.
That you should not look up at all.

From the generator:
Do this / This is it / The there / Stalemate

When the oldest person on Earth was born,
there was a completely different set of people on the planet.

Imagine slowing down the fire on a match tip—
the strike / the flame

How things acquire their shapes, burst into view.