What do I say
when you ask
me
if I want to go to the movies with with with with with
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
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you?
you?
you? the first the first the first the first the first the first the first the first the first the first the first the first
you?
you?
you?
you?
you?
Oh, it is too much
and I am elsewhere—
I loop, I loop, I loop,
I loop, I loop, I loop,
I loop, I loop, I loop,
I loop, I loop, I loop,

And what was it
that made you ask?
Was it a slip of the tongue?
A fancy of the mind?
A test
to see if I would bite?
But I have bitten many times,
chewed sinew and and and and and and and and and and and
bone and
that empty chamber,
that machine-cavity,
that we call a heart;
and you should expect—
you should accept,
I should say—
that yours and mine I will chew and
chew and chew and chew and chew and chew and chew and
chew until we we we we we we we we we
hemorrhage hemorrhage hemorrhage
and bleach these rainbows red.
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows
rainbows

What do I say
when I want to say
that I am elsewhere;
that the boy in the green hoodie
in line for some hummus
is dressed fittingly for the place—
is fitted for a decent man—
but whose bluster reveals
too much hummus and not enough "hmm, us;"
that the girl with the purple hair
whose laugh carries on the wind and who
came for paradise
came for a boy she knew
but yesterday;
that among these bluffs
of sediment and sentiment
in weather blustery,
you say it is enough to weather it—
we have, after all,
our vinyl floors
and our day-old Woodstock's
and our credit cards
and our sun ceding to us through the slitted shades
the first dregs of freedom. the first the first the first the first the

chew
paradise
you
tongue
hemorrhage
elsewhere
foundations
detect
accept
me
expect
freedom
sediment
stability
bluster
foundations

CRÈME

BY YIU-ON LI

I loop, I loop, I loop,
I loop, I loop, I loop,
I loop, I loop, I loop,
until I accept that
I should expect that
I will except:
OutOfMemoryError
on my face you might
detect
in thread “output” at Ontology.findBrickRoad(Ontology.java:4)
Process finished with exit code 3
Restoring stability in 2
Tracing stack in
in
in
in
in
in
in
in
in
in

Once there was a truck
that came on Wednesdays
to sweep away the days gone by.
That truck
is now full
and belly-up.

These foundations
are crumbling:
laid bare,
all barren,
and all we do
is stare
and glare
and glaze
as we stand before boxes of Krispy Kreme on a table
in front of the Starbucks,

sold for some
cause

we know not the
cause of.

ART // QUILL SANG