

## Chunks of Or

Currency is nickels & dimes & quarters  
Each of which conduct electricity. Connecting two  
Pennies to a car battery, etc., allows the option  
Of charging. But now it's 4 am & I'm fucked  
By nightmares, several of which involve strings  
Of lampposts, & others mining lodes of gold & silver  
Ore or gems like sapphires. To choose one,  
The sample case of silver, a central investment forms  
Of complicated tendrils drilling into the neighboring  
Minerals like cancer. Extracting the metal then is  
Meticulous and risky—each branch's brittleness,  
The hard encasing stone, the risky loss of  
A line of thought, simply because rock  
Is rock, and interpenetrated things often blend  
Rather than reinforce boundaries. Electricity  
Might divide or distill, & elasticity promises  
To spring a narrow band, but this poem is more  
About over-investment than leisure,  
Community, kinesis, or sanity. Right now  
There's another person watching a sitcom's  
Simple narrative or breaking off  
In the middle of the day to go to a poetry reading.  
There are oranges & madeleines.  
The oranges are already peeled.

From Xerox to Infinity

What about the copyright question?  
Are there just enough of the things that follow,  
Or is the flame at the apex pointed?

Half of two is four, of which half is eight.  
Antennae populate the blocks between zeros  
& disregard the reservoir, patient & fashioned.

So I skip the text altogether, stand  
Atop & dare the weather & fighter planes,  
Happily misread its engine's fine print.

Finitude costs a couple of dollars or more,  
The green kind, rectangles at the edges of the tree tips  
Activated by the impression that someone someday

Might live here, motionless & withdrawn  
An arrested spiral of this snapshot's spark  
One that graphs & constructs an offspring

Cool blue at first but white at the core

Streamer

I'd feel better if I caught something—a cold,  
Animal, vegetable, mind.

Mine is the one without edges.  
So what if I'm the one who always has to be covered?

There's a lake at my feet awaiting whatever intersection might come,  
Even a line or the shadow of a branch.

Your hand is leaking onto mine.  
Eventually all the crispy packets puckle.

But at one time—thinking a clock might be under  
Or a sapphire, amethyst, tsavorite, amber—cuts the toe

Like a banner towed behind a plane; your trickle  
Writes a message in an unbreakable code.

All of what you'd expected present would be  
An unfulfilling capture, because this form

Only assembles in the singular  
Skew to more mainline possibilities

## Arrow

There's a woman in the bus whose stockings are pale yellow & white netting. However, when she leans over & puts her elbows on her knees, head in hands, the stockings change to grey.

Today everything is soaked. A new atmosphere wraps around the world, shooting vectors (rain & lightning) toward the (implied) gravitational center. Then the cold comes.

Founded (1935. 115,000 worldwide. Over 1,200 (motor control. 500: 140 (acquire chip one. One stop (fuse > 340. 20-minute seeds (trident. 1.59 (change. (exofair. (channel. (zech. 35.99 (juniper.

Last month I left Philadelphia in a taxi to the airport. We drove past a bouquet of smokestacks, spilling smoke into the air. In a reference to football, the smoke took the form of an eagle with its claws extended. Five inches fell the night before.

Trying to conceal a hole near the thigh.