

Copyright for Life

when woke was simply rising at dawn, trending
a tendency to lean into the throng; contra Ollie
& Ronnie, scarred Nicaragua—contra the city
defending itself like a thesis—you fashioned
incognito railroads of your own design, disappeared for
miles into quiet cars. late-blooming bamboo, dandelion
& driftwood, too: what clandestine magic fuels this
fevered resurrection groove? what sleight of hand

grips brush or baton, what sleeveless crush of
ideal contagion? ah, sweet science of séance &
autopsy—I aim to carry the vivisectionist home
in my teeth. prayer with fists like this is a disease of
the mind, a failure to properly frame your flight-path
in ascending stairways, degrees of brighter egress, the
knock on your lucid dream's door coming from any
greasy, dark doppelganger peddling trial & error,

a dozen sundry temptations to equivocate or remain
glued to your station (shilling for cheap glitter to sting
the eye, abrade the senses)—pretty much any true
herald of precarity convinced the hour of all Ahabs
doubting you on deck is suddenly, grippingly, upon
thee. hello stardust, my old friend. any bird with restless
leg syndrome will gladly ride a pocket of air, vector
feathers, rake the stones of your teeth on re-entry,

ail the precious descent—but wet wings don't make
the weather. yellow: color of yield, color of caution.
yellow: color of strange, bent-knee fealty, internal fatal
error. yellow: color of casual sadism. I see your
mechanical mastadon and raise you as my own.
birth ... bird surgery ... serviceable faux naïveté:
we lie the second we enter the world, as time
accelerates to a standstill. so much for oases poised

to save us from ourselves. alas, the ship of foolish
compensatory lack has begun to run aground again—
by rack of furs drying in the Darfur sun, did you mean
sumptuously cloaked in the integrity of what is sure
to be your own obscurity? that's the grin without the cat
speaking, on track to derail you, pulling rabbits, pulling
whole labyrinths of bad habits out of the implacable
canvas staring back at you appraisingly through amino

acids & mirrors, beyond scrim, screen & field, offering
you your absence, offering you recusal from the scene.
mr. savoir-faire is everywhere, himself, original
zero-sum gangster adding on an abacus: voice of blank rage
blank face blank race blank space—but no blank slates.
an acoustical void lit from within by his own angry aspect
ratio, was exactly what your wraith resembled select Sunday
afternoons. adapt, evolve, become—bespoke only, son.

option one: remain silent as a simulacra of rope,
broker no one & so on ad infinitum, until you feel
mighty inside. nothing's more elegant than posthumous,
obviously—more tragic than trees falling in woods
no one would ever hear from. even the sky eventually
stopped writing, erased its own scribbles with lightning
for the last time. contra scorned earth policies
sans survivors; contra earth, integers & guile;

contra blue, rose, fauve, cube—any ism, any hue,
idiosyncratic wind on the menu—how elastic was
your sense of lasting solitude? beyond urgent surface
complexions transcending 2 dimensions, the gauze
unspooling from your disguise, a thousand pre-emptive
cuts from a distance to maintain weak ties with your tribe,
what delicate witness protection did your fugitive colors
insist on, anyway? late blooming bamboo, dandelion &
driftwood, too: if you build it, they will come and criticize
it with meticulous description, so thank you for your
service entrance courtesy refracted rear-view mirrors.

twin of twin, sin of omission: keep your wick
shorn of wax in nocturnal private practice.

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