

It is said God has built a simple machine in the center of the ocean. The ideas and colors get processed through it, making time into different molecules factory angels measure finding patterns that tell stories. These stories are things that happen and things that don't. Man invented fiction at the same time as revolution and himself. Reading doesn't make words, the word is a machine for making reading, magical to the degree that any machine may be. Could you but see the aspects working all together there where the machine scythes and churns the sunken earth so breathing is invented, you'd become a prophet, and mad, for you cannot tell these things but by that stupefying gap between a metaphor and the array, like blossoms, of their inevitable historicity. These belong to one another. They are in love. Sugar was consecrated to fuel primitive accumulation. Sugar sweetens the pact. It explodes. The walls of federal buildings marble canvases for violent sentiments in purple, brown: immediate, absolute, seen. Necessity grows clearer, a glass flower it's almost ready for.

They want an explosion they describe like an insatiable baby to swallow the earth, to enter reality, which is hell. They hate and fear the old gods because the old gods belonged to people they obliterated who if they came back would destroy them, being huge and disobedient to the order of things as they are today, hating them for having killed them, for being those for whom they deserved to die. It's a blessing those people died that we profit, they say, and live today as masters of it, this hell, which is systematic, and the system of it a way to know hell. To kill a people is to kill a god. To erect statuary. To turn it to gravel. The old fountain cracked in half with its ancient grammar rubbing away stands in a bus terminal and the poor lie in its shade, among grackles gleaming and leaping in car exhaust. Others have lunch. In this way it grows more and more lifelike.

A people of four may make a community and set about becoming a system to distribute power. The coffee, the dishes, the sofa, the insects and little ecocide in the kitchen; the illness, alcohol, silence, books and paintings and playlist are signs to distribute power. This is a lesson. Anything can be. The corn grown in lines and clusters with its big unnatural seeds renamed the English word for grain is harvested. Another of God's years starts. The corn sleeps in silos in the silent cold time.

When the ocean tries to take you, yell its name, loud. Using the strength of your legs and lungs come back to land. That seed is not for you, not tonight. So I sleep in a church tonight. The waxen yellow in the wings. There are words inside everyone and sometimes they are coming out still green a fruiting bush. Wed in an alley. Where the wedding isn't so loud in the alley we can gather and speak, where the weeds seed and split on air, leap where wind goes. So I sleep in a church tonight, so what if I sleep in a church. So I am weeping, so what. There are houses and the bodies of dead men down here in oak and bronze. Can the trees be ok barely moving in a little watery wind as if their tongues had been taken out. Above the hurricane is leaping across the waves it will soon break on green land and shatter things. Gemlike the water will jump from the ocean, the great fish will come rolling out with their mouths clapping. It will damage you, take your heart, take your tongue which might be a vine growing out of your heart wrapped around it, a bindweed.

Mulberry purple the ice eddies in, up and down. Black of ink, which is reddish black. And the tomatoes splitting, a tea, red ice and eyes of fish you suck out, and their red eggs in the little spoon in February. We are always waiting in February for something to happen. Then it's March, and everyone breaking up. It's fucking cold on Easter Sunday for ballet practice in the yard. Then everything is broken up. April covers the house in pain, alexandrine, cayenne, ochre, coral. And feathers, the feathers are coming out becoming nests for parrots' eggs. They all know how to read. Everyone does, thinking in the plaint language forms and shades about the millions of things they see each day, everyone does, even the dead do. Their language is sad in its utility, not right away but afterwards. Its afterthought is sad and red and buried beneath the lindens. The parrots' feathers all come up in rows like carrots grasped by the greens between knuckles and heaved, shaken, dipped, sunset, cropped, marked, shaped by a memory of soil, grave rubbings. These fish are coming up in huge nets all fallen together and shuddering, gasping, dying silver. Everything is coming up. The nets seek to go lower, to scrape the soft palate. They think there's nothing to do but scrape. Everything gets poured out and breaks up. The cement is cracking. There's nothing to do but the airport today, tomorrow something else at the airport, something violent.

At night I live in a garret next to a human animal that eats carrion, human carrion. I live over industry. He eats over it. I stay in at night. As long as he isn't hungry and doesn't see me I will be all right. He's pale as apple flesh, long, quiet because he has no language. He can't read. He breathes and doesn't hate me. He knows I am there, he leaves me alone. There are other things to eat. But the flood is coming and the tornado. A great storm is coming and things will change. I'll have to go out. I tell you to be quiet. We'll wait as long as we can.

Yesterday morning the bee starved for the basil, white beads and chalices it touches and pulls away to seem a sorcery the air holds up. How it thinks by hanging itself in the body of air, strange, everything is strange in morning yesterday. Green things with the sheen on them of virgin times. A moss so green it bleeds real blood. A missile range of morning glory in the minefield. Starved leaves come on small as vapor drops and russet mouths between are biting, stinging, growing skins. Inside me there is nothing but gardens. Endless ones, covered in string of pearl, in paintbrush. Material culture lasts a long time in pigment, vellum, rope, ink, glaze. Half-life of silicon 170 years. The matter of our knowledge tells us things, what the future is, what we are thinking it is, what we are thinking, what we are thinking it for.

Early this millennium I grow terrified and weep in the gas tank, to know, in my bowl, the kind of meaning I will be, the million molecules of breath coming to sex, insect, putrescine, cadaverine.

At evening I eat soil from a little spoon. I extend my tongue carefully to taste it and it moves there in a thousand inconsistencies of miniscule and sugar. I take it into me, devourer. The sunset is two thousand variations, all feelings becoming indigo, and the Perseids are falling, drenching, blue stains. One taps on a hill and it lights up orange, a parrot's wing fixed to a shoulder coming down. Kicking there, kicking up and down the shoulder from putrefaction into opening and black while all the words for things are spoken.

This torch is a hard thing like a cyst or pearl in the breast, the arm, that origin the liver is, not a line of credit, not something you carry. You only know it sometimes, but it's there. Suddenly it's something you feel, a cut, then a canyon, seeming illusion in the strange and dreadful verticals covered in wing-like striation and earthly fluids. No one goes in there, not to that river, not to drink. Then it's not there and it goes away again. Day starts.