

As though in some kind
of afterward I sit riverside
alone on a bollard on
cobblestones—freezing—
on real live Earth.

As though interrogation
light slips a planet under
my chair.

Driving into the future w/o moving
from my post. Cannonballs + frisbee in
the park : both wagers to challenge the next
millenniums,—the sky at last showing signs
of radiation poisoning. Midnight blue in
shadows of broad daylight; pylon skeleton
trees, veins shining brighter than any Xmas
lights could ever need.

With so much paper downcast I couldn't help but turn to horoscopes—
the only things still general purpose, vaguely reliable.

Ghosts appear on the boardwalk—like stone statues that spring to life
to catch a treebranch falling to my death. It's clear that picking a fight
with the world is going to mean more than monuments, architecture.

Thanks. I was outfoxed by "nature writing" for so many years.

They've got broad shoulders, bird faces,
angelic gills—no—it's The Beatles after
their 1st show back in Liverpool, all nerves
bleeding into the same space as your
nowhere future. You consider killing John
early, or at least ponder the *Paul's Dead*
conspiracy theories w/ new vigour. You call
out across the crosswalk

"What the fuck was that?!"—who hears
nothing but a car backfiring across time.

I pop a button on my coat
& the Colossus of Rhodes
appears in the river
halfdrowned. Streetlamps
make upsidedown crosses
in water leaden w/ pencil
shading . . . City flooded
like a New Venice in an
Old Tokyo. [Don't
mention the war, Atlantis.]