

TERESE SVOBODA

(5 poems)

THAT PLASTIC PLACE

Wood is out <<note: sound of scratch>>

luxurious water words wavy

little otters of printout

with “ “ my friend’s hand

deep inside |||| where you’re through

a you [hey you] tough-through

plastic not pussy...all futura @

and about [&@] (sign-

ify) walled-in fear how to stay

in a new language we you 2//<<

stay present privileged sow-

ing so’s <as if> <others> frowned

the word uses new the seeing

[the song] another

unitized for share [potlatch]

surprise ^ Don’t drink it

unless Alice unless less unless:

FRED MOTEN HAS FORMULATED AN

“open set of sentences of the kind blackness is x ...”

hacktrices financial idealists privacy-engineers LGBT militants
ethno-queers and ethno-straights

all crammed into the laughing web dot space where y

is another other and whiteness

the co-efficient *quantity placed before and multiplying the variable*

Radio-amateurs? Biotech fans? Surfing artists?

I don't know what you are: an admission: an answer

imagine growing up where no airplane ever landed: pov

a mote to Moten “suffix for *made of, of the nature of*”

glittering colorless bull's-eyed apocryphal seen on a sunbeam

AK-47 IN THE COLLAPSE OF EMPIRE

Jackhammers — poor Jack! — refashion the solid
not-yet-sold into the New

Statement: critical yet so similar in sound

to the gun that raises its snakehead barrel,
unsteady (so many bullets) but ready. Could be a question,

or a Don't.

Loss in spring's sauce on the pantlegs of Don't,
its music mute and soon red. The laddered

Never

in that rumble, loss spread over the jackhammer
like a *To Be* announced on

Twitter,

an enthusiasm of Statement, bird or byte.

The gun does not not agree:

Bang

is the least of it. Twitter through spring on the wings
of jackhammers, the gun given, rolling no stone,

then flatten

then run.

CHRONIC DEMOCRACY

Fleet of foot loot of feet
men mostly tendrils of
conscience
on
a
stick

applause like you mean it
sponge of support

are you deaf? stick it
in your ear

maybe it's race you put your hand up
you may not be excused

where marchers aren't
democracy ends
in crazy or *See?*

Or sleeze.

Cha cha cha the steps
for revolution well the cats
have curled
on the pedestal

I mean the two-headed calf

gold
so what the prostitute

on tv says
I'm First Lady

the Greeks never said
it would work
without

slaves/women/courtesans

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IN THE WINDOW, WATER

I want a pony preteen sex pet-in-love
[I guess] it's crazy to expect other than sunrise.

The animal I have is a seal, and only if I look.
Empty in all directions.

Some suspicious chop.
I'm giving up gulls in a Lent of plastic.

Rocks are the way to go, they keep crawling out.
[She puts the vista in her pocket, the rank smell of it.]

Elsewhere, eight inches of snow/made the horizon Rothko.
But it's not there [I guess] says someone else.

Fur is all I want, the waves are the same: lap, lap.
Some animals float [I guess]. Some fly.

My bubble [yours now] [theirs too] could be sad.
Loud, like a blood stream, a tidal tie.