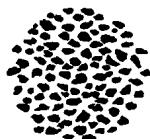


CHELATE



CHELATE JAY BESEMER

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time for a dream language : take tales of galactic
standard : need for filenames : i have fear : i am fear
: the nuances of being or experience : shoot me out
to the stars : your great pod an invitation : i count
on no particular reception : my destination is all
around me : work & know : sow in mist-covered
ground : what has come before is still ahead :
understand how impossible the goal of meeting
others' expectations : to speak in their language :
this life so far from home ::

welcome to your immaculate dream universe : the
sterile dirt of pleasure : the programmable bird on
a cartwheel : we go round & round : you want a
schedule of events : there are no terraformers onsite
: we go round & round your agenda : one thousand
small betrayals in the teeming heart of the interior
: desperate sums in our throats : how did we get so
stripped & scalded when all we wanted was to love
ourselves : each other : this half-submerged raft of
starmeat we sit on ::

when the structure cracks open & welcomes us
: when the injury of days & the wind they bring :
when the moisture of our words has saturated the
walls : when making & unmaking have become the
same action : when the light in our hands has the
taste of honey : when the nails we pull up from the
floorboards are songs : when eyes : when names
grow : when names grow in the cracks : when night
: we are there : we are with you : we rest our long
hands upon your shoulders in blessing ::

the origami contrivances are burning : dead languages crisping & blackening between us, autumn leaves destroyed in a fish-gasp of protest : our cross-wired failure : what i need & intend are signals from beyond the rim of your galaxy : the tune you want me to play is impossible for one of my species : so be it : no more false deaths : down payment for the big one : this departure is also the arrival ::

interpretation of cloud patterns : nephelomancy,
yeah : specific meteorologies of desire : the choice
to orient oneself to a certain direction : follow a
certain contour on the terrain : collision of doubt
& dream : we look to the skies for tomorrow's maps
: we move roughly & in slow-mo into each other's
arms : wow hey what the hell are you doing here ::

ordinary merrymakers disturb the mahout who influences my progression : the point of this seems to be clear to everyone involved : unfortunate catalysts have to be considered : when in the past a certain hesitation emerged, we had to adapt : today a tinderbox still means a flame : it isn't that same shame that came from being alive : that one that meant something had happened for which you were blameless yet blocked & quarantined nonetheless : that meant your portion looked smaller than everyone else's, even if it was bigger : it's still bigger ::

my philosophers are all in love with one another
: disturbing, bizarre associations result from their
couplings : forays into polyamorous activity : this
approaches scientific inquiry : if four philosophers
suddenly orgasm, then freak downpour in cairo
: why has no one warned me : the wind takes my
hat away : i chase it like i chase conclusions : being,
matter, nothingness : ideal, will, order : someone
better kiss me right now ::

the interior has debatable contours : from within
i am in danger of becoming a cautionary tale :
you ask for my coordinates : the transmission is
unsuccessful : the number of walls surrounding
me is variable : the sponsoring institution requires
my updates on a regular basis : the transmission is
unsuccessful : in the interior my purpose changes
: i have failed to transform into an egg or a plaster
saint : i have failed to become a girl, a drill, or
tablet : what surrounds me now is unclear : the
marketplace winks knowingly : gentlemen, we have
our answer ::

i am without wings : without puffballs or signposts
or handbooks : i am without track lighting :
geopolitics : bus routes : i am without a comforting
aura of predictability : i am without inspirational
footwear : or microphones : or hopeful alcohol : i
am without small packets of candy : without crisply
flapping pennants : without imitators : ninepins :
bullets : driftwood : i am without that mosaic of
infant lipstick : that generation-defining vocal turn
: that thing—whatever it is—that drips butter onto
the chin with clockwork regularity : i am without
harmful irritants : a nest of needles : pumice : a
ringed tail : forgive these deficits, though they
doubtless threaten my manhood : there's much a
man can do without ::

i'm not interested in bombs or babies or smart ways to interpret other people's behavior : i'm a little kinescope or maybe a tortoise with long incongruous whiskers : at any rate i find my perspective to be unusual in most discussions : so trust me when i say that sometimes i want to bury myself in a pile of leaves until the wee families depart & the park gates close : sometimes i want to stand in a field of cows & sneeze for an hour : sometimes i want to drive down a deserted road to find the hidden ruin at the end & move in : these things feel reassuring : like bees, you know : how bees can find their homes even when their homes don't exist : or like a star, following in the rearview : pushing the motor in the heart to click & hum in hope ::

the judge sits in a bucket & i think that's okay : the judge rides a dragon into the city from the suburbs : this is a county courtroom not a city one so that's fine then : the judge likes ice cream : no, not ice cream—soy ice cream : the judge snaps his fingers in time to a tune some passerby is humming : i watch the judge roll himself up in the state flag in the corner : he unrolls himself after a minute : he sits : the judge takes a small bird from the handkerchief pocket of his jacket : it is his own bird : it is green & blue : the judge stands up & does an imitation of a tree : the bird takes the judge's gavel in its beak & flies into the branches : my body fills with light i can't help it i've become the sky : here we go ::

who will share my pornography of meaning : the broken arrow lodged in my breast, in my side : who will lap up my sugary blood when the false front peels back & everyone sees the wrinkled new silence beneath : i wait, gleaming invitingly, legs spread wide, basket bulging : i shine in eleven dimensions : my skin is your skin, my mouth your mouth : who will consume the narrative body i make, who will devour my signifier : who will put their hands down my pants & stroke my subject position : the bleeding, humming thing i love in waves of hope & terror : who will read me now, today, tomorrow : who is there to spread my pages, break my spine, inhale : o god ::

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