I open my
eyes & see
Geshtinanna, sister
of wine, standing
there

hi how are
you, I say? I
am not good, she
tells me, my brother
Dumuzid married the
goddess Inanna, one
day she came
home from hell with
a flock of demons Dumuzid
hardly noticed & just
said hi, he was watching
some dancers but really,
who doesn’t say whoa
demons! & so

Inanna got mad & had
him dragged to
hell in her place, now
he’s dead which means I
have to keep watch over
the earth half the year while
everything goes to
shit because only
he can bring flower honestly
would it have killed him
just to say wow demons?
anyway how are you

I’m fine, I say, the ocean
hasn’t stopped its
music in sixty trillion
years and we found a
way to make illness
into a tiny animal tell
me more about your brother

what’s to tell? he dies &
comes to life again, every
year, they’ll argue what

it means, how he’s like
anyone else who dies &
comes back they’ll
ask if he was a king, was
dismembered, if he was
a raiser of ghosts, the
hand that plucked the
string of the sea

no one gives a
shit about the dry
season or torture but
when you wake up one
morning & you’re a
cactus I’ll be off getting
high with the north
star or something
and we’ll just see
how you like it
“oxen wild like bellowed land”

after most things have happened, Chaon appears. he’s filth, a mishmash theophage guzzling chaos

out of the city, draining it to linearity. doors become invisible, alphabets realign their orders under the

meshes of our speech. I will mutely scowl says the sun. I will turn the chrysler building inside out.

he drank so much chaos they called him Chaon, of course. he took all but two of every household

(as though walls even existed, or remembered light) and lived in the sky with them. open air pivoting,

invisible embouchure into a body of contradictions. or into nobody if that’s who we are. I was righteous

out of my age, says Chaon. I soldered together the seams of the sky, I blew breath into the city’s

gridded syntax. weeks without rain. flesh in no number. recombinant grammars flash in the

skyline. the doorway. a language all breath conspires in. bandwidths enlacing to form noise.
Thoth the ancient Egyptian god of wisdom who is also a white-haired baboon and sometimes an ibis walks lankily over

I will be honest, he tells me, because that’s how I am I have read what you’re doing it doesn’t make sense to me

_o is that all, I ask? me either but I power thru, nothing really makes sense like ever, the air full of imaginary money and some people own music or own medicine, our bodies breaking into pieces all around while we just fight about the right way to fall or be taken apart_
I’ve seen you do it,
Thoth says, even
gave you writing so
you’d have another
kind of body to
escape to, and you
hid everything there,
your inquiries into
love, rules for making
particular kinds of
soups, everything
you know about what
glass does to light,
where to put hands
in the dark, your
fears and memories
of an earlier landscape

you made all your
houses out of writing,
every number has an
asshole and the
numbers and the
assholes you converted
to writing, tree and
doors, propeller jet
and dim glow of
minerals, all of this
you concealed within
the endless conceptual
folds of the writing
I gave you

still, I say, we managed
a lot — you could
live in the woods and
get jewelry brought
by uniformed agents
of the state, and there
were stations where
people sold pizza and
explosive oil from
underground vats
thru a big rubber
proboscis. it made
no sense and we
loved it. the days
felt electric. music
became razor-like. plus
old fruit makes you
dizzy because ps
you’re a monkey
life really wasn’t bad

and you, I ask, what
did you spend that
time doing? I did so
much, he says, got
married to equilibrium,
gathered all the
ink I could, tried my
best to relate to
you but there was
no body any of
you would stay
put in

you loss that
perceives

we look back
over the hills
and Thoth gets
sad, in a way, he
says, this is all
my fault, writing
is the gift you
didn’t survive

but we achieved so
much, I tell him: pinball, the
poems of Bernadette
Mayer, the music of
Lonnie Johnson, frozen
pirogi, little rooms that
glide between mountains

for a little while, he
says, sure, I mean I
used to be the freaking moon
but you don’t hear
me bragging about it
pejorocracy it’s an insane process
cacaphonocracy the billboards tuned
to full bleed radiocracy the country of
your heart corporocracy its bodies
bound by vacant interests you know
normal boilerplatocracy. leocracy.
guacamocracy how are things in
the digital surround right now?
cryptocrats take forever in the bathroom.
we try to make a book to the exact
dimensions of our complicity