

Paul Loves Beautiful Equations

Little bulbs wiggle.

Wiggle little bulbs. The temple

ginkgo lifts a sky for itself. To grow
the pagoda. Green and gold.

Whoever thought of collecting. Feathers.
Metal. An elevated walkway

above the traffic eyed.

Bulbs vibrate. A secret wants

to be told. In the opulent cupola
bankers tabulate the cost of shears, spades.

A passport for Leo Africanus.

Ushers lead guests into the zone,

are never heard from again. Again
botanists bundled beneath domes.

Appointment with the Personalized Sky

Collection of sounds. Fire
cackling. Grapes

popping underfoot. Saying
it's a bit conceptual is just

another way of saying you can't
see it, which is just another way of saying

you don't like it. Being in the ancient library
means there will be shelves, natural

sunlight, daggers. Out the window,
people are getting off work,

wandering into the park, stalking
metal chairs. Do they drink a beer?

Consult a volume in the stacks. Overhead.
The ram's head swoops. Hence

thunder. And minarets wave.
This way. This way.

And You Get a Lair!

The foreigners approach, sunburnt, skin
detaching. Folding chairs from the sky

fall onto them. I am the crowd imagining
my own fromness, wondering what will happen

next. You cover my eyes
with your body. I am happy.

Afterwards I sleep. Dreamless.
I must have a mental illness.

I have ice. I'm doing ok.
The polar bears are coming, the news

reports, hooded at greyhound stations,
vandalizing vending machines.

Don't go into the bathroom. Don't see.
Pummelled by metal chairs,

helicopters drop, each into their own
personal volcano. I lurk.

The Weather is a Hippo Wiggling Her Ears

Wake up. Melt all your icicles.
The sea snoozes. The sea snores.

Sudden goddess. Flooded terrace. Pitter-
pattering down the mountain,

feet come and go. Make enormous
puddles. The sound of sloosh is

Frances. And I create
noise.

Permafrost buckled the brutalist seed
vault. Now everything grows

clumped, bewildering archivists.
Arctic island in bloom. In league

with collapse. Crucial
ankh. Ancient crux.

Cruciferous. She surfaces
wreathed in watercress.

Nuptial Pads

Elliptical paths through the forest
do not converge, but intersect me

in strange places. Searching for salt
in the square. Digging deeply, hands

become red. Some of us have
key cards. Some of us wonder

how many underground swimming pools,
tempting tectonic forces and civil

engineers, live under Manhattan.
Heat rises. The water in little strings

thrums. I am exuding
slime. Swimming with you

in the higher visions
while Alfonso collects canoes.

Poison Dart

Slicing through thick air
a million living

deaths frolic. Feet heavy beneath
massive stone head. I lumber.

Fill up with arrows. A balloon not
popping. Turn green. Turn black.

Sink into slime mold. Interface
with trees. Arboreal control.

There must be an artifact. Quicksand.
Seventh grade. Stripes

along the back. I will rise and still
be anxious at restaurants. Hands

dash for something to fashion.
Under the forest's tangerine

eyes, a universe—
a theft—spied.

Blinded by Giant Glowing Equestrian

What to do, succulents?

The lazy gardener

gardens lazily.

Ice returns

as is its habit

but indoors I overwater. I luxuriate.

Darwin collects the egg

of confidence. I read about Benin.

I'm no expert. At night

my book opens

to secrets, to memories

botanists bury under new names.

And still. Chain mail.

These brilliant knights.

To be giddy.

To ride a bigass horse.