

CHRIS HOLDAWAY

*In colloquial trees*

Stageset on a near-  
Metonymic beach, lined with the narrative  
Flora, fauna, title  
Deeds, government, staffed  
Dizzy  
Shoreline. Little more than a list  
Of easy paradoxes; determinist yet difficult  
Mirrors—as if the smoke of something else  
Was all that was real; as if  
The idea of breath stored outside the vocal tract  
Should bound the instructions for mining along  
With inventory stones. *Spoken like true useless dirt!*  
Even the stowaways would not believe  
The words lived here  
To say the tide  
*left to the crack of doom.* Savage imitations of the sick  
Taste of ventriloquism boiling down to  
The feet—a delirium of—raised  
eyebrows / ringing bells—high and low.  
Everything  
came before, along with the sense of time  
Never having happened; crossing backwards and forwards  
In a pinch to  
A point when even the idea of imploding cannot be  
Entertained. This instability is on balance  
The only way. On the stage  
Set dusted in sand, laying stone rows in the coarse  
Beach, inventing

Computable shell grids, dot-matrix

Printing molecules & the language thoughts are couched

In. Turn

Between yourself & air—hidden friction of ninety

-degrees in a direction you cannot stare. The wave

That has been gathering all over

The day & the gulf—horrifies and grieves—is large but cannot

Be anything.

It feels like the last century since

We're living it, but much like a lottery you *know* is a waste

Of time sooner or later someone has to win it.

There's a famous problem where any number (or

letter) contains the first & last of its main sequence. It's used

To say that any time you find a serial number

On an iPod, Fender Stratocaster,

German tank, or American assault rifle—the chances

Are we're more

Or less in the middle of things . . . I hallucinate focus

So shallow it's inside

My eyes—push arms through sleeves of iris to find us

Running while talking so

Fast we get shivved by

The serifs of our words.

—for Leigh Davis