Degrets

helicopters break the sky into rooms, sonic interiors
short on implacable angles, report myself to graphite
food tasting lines walls, in red stencils, the raft shaft
cousin container, not divided by radar reflector, I
should hurl my glasses from this ferry, but I really
just really can’t see shit without them, eek serve
claw nebula bats pillars of creation into panonymity
for Eddie’s birthday we took the life vest out from
under his seat, somebody should iron this, dare me
while you’re periodic tables in neon, no gore screen-
time for handwriting, which, a la Bigfoot, freaks the
seen, that conservation intern cleaning your head
remains unpaid, someone says disembowel the vessel
every time I start a letter, portal appears to bobbing
skyscraper, silver guy in jeans & olive tie asks immobile
tourist if he’s a cop, sets up silver guy shop at bleecker’s
mulberry 6 stop, room with interior chat, room licks
room, where guitar folds into room with no privacy
imagined me, starry (white) bunting (night blue), held
I hear the old wobbling floor for sale, crane hangs crate
in front of box of sky, I drop like a cat from monkey
bars June says, a severe inability to make contact lets
wave remains empty our bodies, it swings by, loading
standard viewballs, slurred or eviscerated by light
human legs mutating into drumsticks, o lantern
holding up a hackstop, what do you illuminate

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