

## Matina Stamatakis

Exploded View 1.0

must Darjeeling be you  
too verklempt hotness oil  
coil me around rubber hose after  
midnight on your ephemera  
bubble

I see sun splatter  
in directions all fringe  
of consciousness when  
I slipped in the tub  
called 9-1-1

here's a giant sequoia  
(get well card attached)  
ersatz me made of leaf  
finger painting a child  
of bamboo

must break she so easily.

## Exploded View 1.5

spent evening digging up  
exoskeletons in the backyard  
she broke me/ broke me not

how dulcet sound scrapes  
as electromotive perfect  
healthy flow of platelets  
how do you do do again  
the dig abscission of skin  
I uproot a girl mouth of cunt.

## Exploded View 2.0

take this girl rot heliotrope  
shove her bloat call white on  
blue on the ebb of hem of rift  
fleshy eelpout not so fallow a cow  
excind for now gestation

come now wake will from dream lay  
the beaming of glabrous nights  
without a raincoat I smell  
a thousand naked thistles  
know her as a crime  
of fringed orchid bleeding  
Formica plastic lip

drip she who lisps a moo.

## Gradual Phaseout

3.

They become corrupted  
sure the line segments were beyond the law

reach the boil of oceans  
rapt in milliseconds

I thought about how old fish heads are  
slave descendants  
just like shit

but they refuse to open a window

2.

you should know  
I'm not from the suburbs  
not the city  
or nautical underbellies  
gasping for air

this  
a moment to attract a band of neurons  
with a dwelling in the electrician  
who tells me anything too bright  
is not to be transplanted into my brain

all assumptions  
principles of action  
from his binary star a fizzle-  
pop exploding molecular  
gone too far

the following are: bathroom victims  
late prophets and astrophysicists  
without degress  
who speak easily of Muhammad  
but do not know the mass of nebulae--

a void by far too large  
to calculate with fingers

I.

this is a closed system  
of origami fold--against all events  
unfolds a strange rash from radiation

exposure

nothing grandiose  
fragile as a pressed cumquat//kilowatt

I kiss-heave the stardust--  
wait to fizzle

still

ca. 2000

Tibia quick  
[raise monitor transmit  
this robot]

21st century melodrama  
about a boy naked Sue  
in the backyard swatting

erect

zinnias while momma  
looks at sausage quietly

contemplating circumference--  
nice foot these shoes can dance  
the zapateo but scuff  
and transmute  
into armadillo heads

what used to be silver-gray  
but now just umber

the system is vacuous as night sky (pressed)  
through a valve

all wild indigo has been drained out of palm  
like grape jelly out of a feeding tube

with torque/ quick/ now/ deliver  
torso through the projector

call it 2006 automation's after-ripening  
of car parts in gullet--breathe--  
here's one for the compost  
a big one--judging by size  
foot 10 shoes lined up in a row  
of genocide victims  
in Zambia--decompressed  
into arboretum--

\*swat\*

<kids everywhere are starting to realize  
it's not Smuckers.>