

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.>