



Evelyn Hampton

pyro alchemy

patrol tases all the 00 and says it's no good
we aren't allowed to take 00 from the trash
so we have to buy 00 from the trash
and we go home and suck on a corner
and say this 00 is crap

total exposure

patrol goes out looking for a tower
we are confined to communication
pages of a cold voice speaking from behind the heap
cord who made us vanishes badly
feet are seen sticking out bald feet
we play with the doll that twists into more dolls
an elongate curve darkens the sky to 000000
r u afraid we ask our bellies

the chance of a storm charges the gods
wired they go crackling by
the continent drifts laterally
earth shoots off infinitesimal warped tangents
like crackling ground bloom flowers
planes at night are mad bats
our bellies feel like an alien resurrection
r u gon 2 die we ask our bellies

blinking dragon breath

one

two

three sisters we count

the fourth is a silence

the fifth silence is ice

and breath is a howitzer

warship

it arrives booming in its apparatus
long after its shadow throws off
some mega & medieval hells

supports like hesitation upend
panic collapses all images into one killer concavity
that concentrates our memories against us

thought is dismantled
and the thing uses up the landscape
with its reloadable aerials

until new memories bloom from purple pulsars...
and pockets of salt...
we won't be able to imagine having to shoot someone

the grave digger monster truck does clean up
patrol comes round with more 00 & blankets
voices begin to crawl out of monosyllabic
huts

bella noche

our door is a bone
and we behind it
are a wriggling microscopic mass

under the skull
brain is a big box pulling tricks
with flashing signals

we huddle wanting our 00
and hang down our intentions bladed
there is grabbing involved

wartime gets remade into feed
new rims for patrol and new digs
for the flashy gods and for them
bambino crackers on holy platters
make their hearts all holy immortal patter

the returning fire missile launcher
is celebrated under pittsburg party streamers
and green visco fuses illuminate a sky
we've sloughed off and left
to crinkle with stars alone