

## Benjamin Dickerson

### Los Angeles: A Scape

Because everything here is wrought twice &  
glossed over, this is for you: O City  
of extended syllables, whose orange blossoms  
fall & mix with bougainvillea reds, whose hues  
of autumn haze to pair with mornings' smog & beams  
(the rift between the visceral & tangible), whose  
scent of Pacific & LAX & the 405 blows along  
Sepulveda & past streetlights & signs (NUDES  
NUDES NUDES OPEN 24 OURS), which flash  
like set lights. Because not much is loud  
or said but shown as the reels roll  
much like the surf & the crop of make-it-some-day  
starlets from Ames, IA or Truth  
or Consequences, NM is picked for shoots  
in the Valley & traffic hums like silence  
repeated so much in space:  
Because here a child says shyly,  
"I met Mickey Mouse today," and one cannot argue  
the way one argues about gravity  
or light at the end of days. Because simulacrum  
is the fulcrum of identity in the city  
whose jetties act as fingers reaching for the long  
unknown wildness of the deep, whose nouns all clash  
as ivy climbs the freeways overpass &  
whose reflection is the unwieldy sprawl of a starry night.

## Crisis Rises

star is the/a sound.

A reverse inward of a particular  
ly erudite way of list  
ening.

star in the sound

a in the sound (an echo, a repetition, a same but thought of different consequentials,  
a nobody has heard the intonation sort of reflection)

A roundabout way of standard  
hearing

Abasically subset star missing and arms  
trying to speak through hearts (Mercurial

star of the sound

A general breakdown of simplicity, the way  
the small things the aging of the earth  
desire for lack/as  
one no longer recalls the fading

## 2 Other Places:

...and all the birds are different here.  
We move through water thoughts  
and distinct wings, the wandering streams  
of air: unleavened disjunction our  
pseudoscience of explanation.  
But, such is want.  
Waning exegeses:  
thoroughfares of depletion.

A bit of you:  
center the force of outward  
motion depleted by lofty empty  
ness's of fantastical provisions of  
spacetime fabricated textures of

“Plenty of tacks to go ‘round.’”  
a task of ‘round here  
to hear the circle argue  
ment of plans the clock  
ticks agreements. Find low:

Here no one can hear

A promise:

Here no one can hear

A premise:

Hear no one can hear

A pretense:

Now there but not  
spruced and scrubbed  
and sliced  
but now.

A sudden movement sent bodies recoiling  
and whistling through the night's whisper  
of traffic and hum of waxing streetlights.





“the bells still ring with  
out me/you, list the in  
betweens.”

Temper, then tamp and jostle:  
Jazz loose from grooves so  
sleep comes from this.

A nature second  
departed then we then us  
and sheets and backs  
turned away from our outside

As if others could hear  
As if others could here  
As if others were hear

that is/was/were what splits  
the shadow: aline, or align  
well here:

no want  
to say goodbye.

“In that light she looked strange and theatrical.”