

Daniel Godston

Know Now

*...those militants Lakotas
made front page news
by kicking America's head.
—from E. Donald Two-Rivers' "Same Ole, Same Ole"*

Know now, know now, know now, nah ni.
Potable norms,
portable nouns, what's the tone, Potawatomi.
Mi my many
mow meow. Irritated marmot instigates malamutes

irrigating Illinois. Names nouns know now Washtenaw.
Seesaw chicory
Chicago Chicasaw, whippoorwill Wisconsin williwaw.
Ohio names
Michigan now rifting iterated Tories, turncoats, crumbling

carpetbagger territory. Naming names, placing places, placing
names, naming places.
Remnant names regarding vestiges, holding places, placing
holds. Owe
ow, Ohio Iowa, I owe you owe we owe Idaho.

Scent to You

started with a prompt from Lisa Hemminger

If you could see a memory you could lift moonbeams
above dreamscapes. If you could hear a barnacle breathe
you could footnote a buttonhole. If you could feel the high
note you could hear what your nostrils could see

with their inverted eyes. If you could taste a sunset you
could plan a lunar tide. If you could smell a paradigm
you could impeach petunias. If you could hear shadows lengthen
you could see stars' bones bleach in the Egg Nebula.

It's no wonder there's a cabinet in the lunchmeat. Of course
the concourse is crinoline. Why wouldn't we tattoo tatami mats
with knuckleballs? It's no wonder typewriters are blocking
the door. Of course the linoleum's lined up lanyards.

Why wouldn't we leave the platform for Fort Lauderdale?
It's no wonder the drizzle's dazzled doorbells.
Of course the driveway's batterfried with butterballs.
Why wouldn't we number doorknobs

with subliminal accounting ledgers? It's no wonder
the beachnut bleacher's featured. Of course butterflies
flutter like podium speakers. Why wouldn't we
jewel encrust scallops with ringtones?

If you could smell regret ahead of time would you turn back the clock?
If you could feel a cell dividing, would the zygote feel
like a flower bud fattening? If you could taste the highway
ribbon unspool across the prairie would you wish the moon's stillness

could pull the twilight through like a hole punched
in the night sky? If you could see the ocean's aroma, the wave's skirts
could gather their lacy salt. If you could hear shadows shorten
would you want to polish the sunrise's boca naranja?

Tuba

They fell into a tuba-sized distance, and the tuba was full of beeswax,
melted into a soup
of sea storms stirred with wooden ladles held by mandrills
certified by the city's
best culinary schools. The distance ran fast around the track,

which was made of recycled sneaker
soles. Halibuts chased bees chased soles chased sloths till they became a tangle
on the high jump mattress,
and a lone tuba player played a lamentation song in the bleachers
as the sun went down.

Do_It-Yourself {Ins[ect]ion}

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Frogs and Amazon Cockroaches Stencil Encyclopedias
Katydid Build Yourself an Adobe Birdhouse
Practically Medicine Jigsaw Thorax
The Complete Furniture of Exoskeletal Stamp Anatomy
Praying Mantis Massage Table
Mites Make Veneer Association Makes Soup
How Fire Ants Fix Buttery Biscuit Joiners
Romantic Centipedes Polish Silver Tables
Dung Beetle Paints Glass with Mandible Wiring