

## 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}**

Superhouse Proboscis Does Yoga for Life  
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