Michael Sikkema

Michael Sikkema was born in rural Northern Michigan. As a child, he hated rocks, trees, and water but now he's really quite the fan. His work has appeared or is forthcoming from BlazeVOX, New American Writing, Mirage #4 Periodical, Parthenon West Review, Cannibal, Fourteen Hills, Shampoo, Word for Word, zafusy, Coconut, Horse Less Review, Bombay Gin, and other journals. His chapbook Code Over Code appeared recently from Lame House Press. His first full-length book, Futuring, will soon appear from BlazeVOX Books. He can be reached at Michael.Sikkema@gmail.com.
Tucked Deeply into the Wild West Show

the insects are larger and more animated Good Wallace their machinist has the most brilliant meadow under his shirt
memory-shaped she naw naws shiver and track the 2 am noon becoming flight in every vein and tunnel fast sun locked as ever unthinking

acoustic panels piled around antique block windows frontal hammer and snare brush raped down to the military place names in everyday English in Africa or space
having imagined geography as plot device through the footage of bees and fault lines she asks him to undress the sperm exits his body at thirty miles an hour

proposed wave system of the polls’ magnetic shift running through absurd plus and minus signs of species and microclimates
a certain number of slaves are kept for sport and fancy hidden in the acoustics our bride has
fashioned a bamboo parachute a wager royal from seed

no target here the girl wakes with whole excited sentences a special cloth to keep in a locker you want
to say “choking” or “become” eyes everywhere
the men smash the ice-wife’s head to cool their beer hair grows
three or more inches of whiter teeth one spray for all three
a philosophy of milk would get us further into these dirt fists then fell in love with mechanics itself
whir and click at six cursing natural follow children through morning preconscious half

hard this body’s weight through codes and force

the window bright circles of shorn branches after ice
The Rosin Set

“not everything you hear is music”
birch trunks tamarack
diesel fields
a house-shaped fire
seeing left

as a buttonhole

immersion pain

stitches six cuffs

four named river
suddenly implies a wider dumbness

gradations of give leave trails

you see or don’t

The truck and wall

weren’t nowhere first
wet door propped up

in weeds and abstracts

scrap doll metal

motherboards

the nail is to rip your skirt
the fossil record fills in with static

your “rain leaves mirrors

in the earth” is made of time

like likeness

in scraps of sky
arrayed too fast for interruption

jealous of radio and mind-reading

“my voice is not quite loud enough
to cross so many fields”

You open and ring as you arrive
only breaking what you need to

anything for maybe a big kitchen

more like never or futuring

past know past guess and the snow

we'll cup and suck
your hair in 3 o’clock wine

at last stopped asking to be tragic

no names for trees in the idea of you

torque and leafy and force

a happier bleeding time
lead-colored distance

so close and early

heavy or open or no

the bulk of this I can’t

say or point to
snow foot and crows

I remember leaves

malt shop neon

you cup a flower

because the light wasn’t true
all the apples footsteps the stranger
we can become the better and sooner
you say with your eyes more I’ll
YES and all this I say into the river
goes only so far
postpone what until

what we won’t even

glow unless now and in

any room I hope

enough for you
This Form of Life Is Not Symmetrical

“If you explain
the sun is burning
but light isn’t
it still is”

Hunger throws voices

(Fist the acid-sack)

Flies circle shit

Wooden men rotate on street corners

“I’m not wooden” one says

One says “I’m not wooden”

You have to put a quarter in
When the thought-bubble bursts
it’s a parade
a fussy garage toy
a shell hears an ear etc.

Live trap
junko static

6 a.m. grate
of chain link
on rollers

The animal ghosts have jewelry in their shit
string of horizon pours into your head kids naked from the bath make crow sounds with crows to become an echo isn’t will but matter as music wakes in itself

========Beaded rain distorts a 14-foot Christmas bear========

With adjustments

to the charge

the hydra grows

a second head