

Liz Mariani

Tailed Calibration

In a virtual graveyard
en route through
recollection.
attempted abductions of self.
removing. returning. renaming.
stomping a larger Google footprint
edging the elephant cage.

Decomposing grays.
whole wholesome. more evermore.
Give way to each verbless process.
all abscesses will call.
all canvases will leech for sound.

Game River

Satisfied with the landscape. The vista.
The punting panorama.
Glancing downwardly.
The ground mocks.
Surprising canyons.
Rivers of fecal matter flowing where milk could run.
I lift my mind when memories pour over.
I lift my mind to scoop singing carousels.
I lift my mind to fill, once more,
with a child's radioactive, unsaid, uninsured pain.

Isolated, I lift my mind.
I dig for the golden hypothalamus.
Dig with a sterling mellon spoon. I give it CPR.
Playfully, exhausted by repetition.
I give it a drop kick feasted by thousands.
The crowd roars.
Extras are called in to fill the gaps.
Lush with support, it becomes food. Food for holidays.
Food for tradition. Food for hospital. Food for death.
When it is no longer edible,
nearly never digestible, it is recovered
by a voyeur's archeologist who declares it,
all of it, untouchable.

Standard Kitchen Heat

Amniotic sacs convince hard coils to wake at dawn.
Lemons drip. dot.

We make it through layers of
skintight girlhood washed from
sweetened voices.

The lemon dripper
rains upon stippling portraits
retorting.

All clockwise time lapses into a sorted spinning
running tandem turning night terrors like dough.

Eventually, sharing impersonal exhaustion,
white noise, heat lights diminish.

Absent. Lifted from skin.
The current begins.

Orange Season

What about your fantastical cemeteries perched upon a weaning genmaicha
where dogsleds slice pulp?

Tell me. Will you know you are in the right place?

To check, scour each threaded contralto. Listen for mammal cries.
Stake for other creatures, other movements. Notice those able to walk.

Please remember to amputate extracts of static.
Charter the pigeon-toed.
Census the indexed, the eager, those muted into bedded mustard.
Challenge this jargon-thick bibliography.
It has, after all, been said.

Whereas plastics calm phosphates, arched shape-magnets fall weak.
Machines call, crawl. Crazed.
Ring. Ring. Ring.

Desperate, we fall for refrigeration.
White bleeds a still, fermented exotic.
Brief theists fail to show.

Citrus groves fail to deliver palettes of absolutism, festering a problem.
A problem. A candied purse.
Dollar coins harm pious anklets. Clanking.
A daughter claims weight. Leans.
She reaches gingerly for the possibility of an urban farming orb.

We walk, walk, walk.
Take Nothing You Do Not Find stands neon. Stands slogan.

You continue to ask if age can swell a fervent sucrose for benefactors,
the benefactors of hip injuries in tune.

Documents arrive. They ask.
Who exits nude, ceaseless, forgetting cause or hunger?
Who buries for the roots?
Who gives to the citrus what acid will not kill?

Jeweled geckos arrive entranced, entrenched, intricately in tow.
This time, we answer with story in order to enthusiastically put you down.