

Sam O'Hana

Inosculation

Some of the finest examples are found
in private collections; or amid the back o' beyond—
like a tripwire in the troposcene, or outcrop in the overpass.

Others, like colophons don't like showing
on the review copy of life's parade, as a langourous
langoustine sketched by chuckling Ashbery.

And these imbrications slot back into my mind,
a chef reminded the waiters—
art is the only twin that life has.

At times it's gruesomely intimate, like finding
yours was not the only one to leave heat
on the subway handrail, this discovery's epigraph is
Ladies and gentlemen, while my dopamine is held up
by the train's dispatcher.

In Shenzen factories, luthiers would weep if
they had the language, instead it's express train
cante jondo that hitches up its jeans and mumbles
to itself, *Lucero, Alvarez, Rodriguez, Cordoba*

I spill through the barriers into a Home Depot;
an assistant says Donnelly & Spahr are in aisle four,
while epoxy and air conditioners are on a three day loan.

Third Rail

At first, and now seemingly forever,
thousands picked up on it.

Terror, trembling, a woodblock
chuckling or set of castanets
as moments when you lose reception
or catch coat-tails in chomping doors.

By the time we reached a nearly-there
chorus on the intercom, no here-I-am
fitted apparel or diligent pair of eyes
could keep to their own coasts.

Clattering, and shucked plastic seating
smooth as a flume
wave and wear our fabrics,
gauntlets and slats of hair wish
as amulets against the crumpling
pressure on pressure, we are vacuumed
from myths of instant death,
it's a convincing 625 volts and 950 amperes
that push our bloodless knitting on forever.

Each & Every, Public & Private

Ready your clause and contract, reach,
reach out for for gold, consent and
consent to to half signed oaths
at the inexorable point of sale.

Leaders, when offered myth instead
of ounce or grains, scrawl these transactions into the
ledgers of time, a blow by blow tracking shot in 24 hr display.

Meadows, turf scrapings are first seized in theory. Your honor,
it is as if the swaps are planned in advance; pay nothing till
the hussars are ordered to clatter down the boulevards.

Meanwhile each nightly plunge and trough is named
exchange, though so clammy, without consent– just deal with
how IOUs, third & final warnings blot out the sinking sun.

Troyes, goddess of fixed-term contracts and mates-rates
landgrab. Her symbol is liquid assets depicted in the West
as a Prince Philip martini; after worship the fetish is placed online, offsite.

Wallets, fat as men, scramble along a firewall, legitimate
as a golden calf. In their crinkled veins is etched a license
to spew arms, ratchet tendons; they are glyphs cribbed
to thwomp the juggernaught haggling.

In the suburbs of slang, your uncle, a hispanoblante hegemon
huffs a polvorone. Elsewhere he is a prisoner
on parole, for giving debt the slip.

Paper Trail

After breakfast that
chuckling had subsided
into slander

and our behaviours were to
be tended in the breakbeat
allotment of nods.

A saucepot huddled up to
a print-out of Broadway.

Water lay in bed,
talking about oil.

Then with a crunch,
a slobber,

time-management heaved
itself up the chart,

peaking, with a cool-down
at 6.56am.

News Chant

A migraine upon on slow walkers and library book defacers, a nagging lethargy for non-tippers and hypochondria on channel-hoppers. Here is the news.

Tottenham estate hackers can end deadlock with ice fishermen of Baffin Island; both must accord, dig their own weak spot, and harvest at the ingress.

Alcoholics who wish to sidestep the refrains of vodou mambos, drink deeply from the Gulf of Gonâve, then gargle with coral and grits.

Tobacco addiction is a curse put on the children of Bear Valley combatants who crushed the Yaquis, last of them to be subdued; no cure is yet sexy enough.

In East Village carrels, the sestina ends four feet up against the sonnet and a mid-morning french-press drives a spike in the open form.

Down the swirling streets, a violent month takes its stand. Without warning, children squeal and scarper in Dodgeball, AI.

Hunger, like an in-law, can be tackled without mercy, ninety seconds on high holds it at bay until the insurgent regroup.

And, though it spewed not from olive-wood despatch boxes or are hacked out in scratchiti, a fact remains fat-free; no sustenance, satiation.

Forget these lines and be cursed to lose your swag, may you never get enough antioxidants and this colophon turn to tweets in your hands.