

Adam Walsh

sonnet 1812 [skyline]

god //

he //

does //

not //

build //

in //

straight //

lines

él //

hizo //

el cielo //

para //

tú //

to fall

sonnet 1712 [not yet]

es // hora // to // rest //

no // not // yet // you // say //

we // haven t // finished // this // undoing

[brothers are blood family leaves that scab and tangle together]

while thinking of my childhood friend who stole a hundred and sixty bucks from me to light up some meth
from a pipe he hides in his sock i imagine freebasing the voice from a Ginsberg poem to find my America it
s postmodern predicament so offbeat it no longer knows its own timing

we re so caught up in history we build monuments exhibits of our mistakes blaming mother all her rages
for why papa left or stayed but drank in other women s advances to cope with his supposed embarrassment

he d say life s a bitch and then you marry one at dinner over chuck roast and storebought rolls ma would
stare at the centerpiece she made weeks before greenery from one of her 4 h trailrides and some imitation
assorted fruit right after she d cry on the backstoop till the family beagle licked all the sadness and salt
from her hands

we crave dependence beg for addiction so we have an excuse not to meet our obligations comfort our
children who re too scared to sleep because of our wails clawing at wallpaper in the next room it s stripes
red offwhite blue snake out from corners to chokeout a nation all its color

lungs

also for mel

they gave out at hospice on a tuesday

two wet paper bags drenched in tar

from a fifty year old habit cancer and

god knows what else

they left before he did not ready

fighting to get back to cedar street

to a house with too many stairs

carrying the ocean

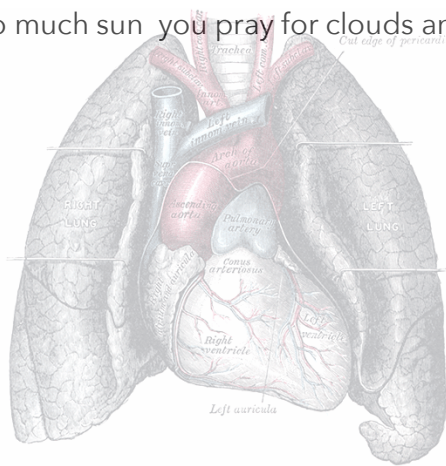
lots of brass ropes knotted in special patterns

framed behind glass pictures paintings

a life on the pacific

the crisp smell of a blue we can't fathom

so much sun you pray for clouds and what they hold



to put hope back in your pocket

a bit more life in your breath

and the tide coming in as it always does

reaching for land it can't have

but will ultimately take

just as we are

sometimes before we should be

[sheath]

i cast my seed into palm
instead of the ground
or my wife s place to germinate
a shackle to her core
devoid of my damnation for doing so
half a supposed child
dies from exposure
actually a million halves
each time each day
irreverent to god
the almighty man who needn t
such a process
to bear his son

how many steps does it take then

(1) a bird whispers in the ear of a woman

a must be virgin

(2) said virgin shall carry god s word

for nearly a year before

(3) the birth a holy scream

blood amniotic fluid christ

whereas the fallen have four

(1) take a person s hardest and softest portions

(2) create a violence with these two

(3) in this sadism one gives to the other

(4) allowing ten months for development

before maybe five steps

but i can t get past

being hard and alone
with a pixelated porno streaming
from a godforsakenplace
a human place

[industry]

we don't make much anymore
even the denim men die in
breaking blasting black rock
from a mountain's ribcage
stitched somewhere in asia
blue dyed cotton sown in a factory that sweats
children inside baking off their debt
rice for a family three provinces away
and milktea for the little one who's always ill

we're made of services now
move money around to make a buck ourselves
i remember an older gentleman who banked with my father
kept getting scammed sending his \$ checks
to someone in the caribbean promising huge returns
so he could give his wife a trip to rome
some dinners out and roses every sunday
till she left him for god

we bailout loaner uncles who get a chrysler luxury sedan
on a meager military pension and selling amway to his mother
who can't clean anymore and doesn't use lotions or perfumes
since it irritates her shingles she has been battling for years

what happened to industry
pulling something off the assemblyline
all we do now is store our wheat

to sour in surplus keep prices steady

silos full of grain sweet from summer

molds back into landscape

burned in hopes to make a new country

ashen a smoldering idea

a hot stained thought