

Andrew K. Peterson

AUDACITY & ORACLE

Our task is to look at the world and see it whole.
Our task is to look at the world and see it
Our task is to look at the world
Our task is the world
Our task is the world
Our task is to look and see
Our task

HEX CODE

after Steve Carey

Any crocheting flunkies, cauliflower oligarchs of the oil brigade, any scandalized bridgers, any drunken groomsman half-emptied before the others notice he's a goner, any border-crossed gift taxers, razor-scooter-sprinkler passers through, pilgrims of the safety vest, any brahmins tripping off the back porch, any splitters-up over de Tocqueville, any unrefined regimers, figgy googlers in red saguaro dresses, summer go-nowherers, backward portrait hangers of the hex codes, any self-cloning toxic worms invading Maine, any Robin Hood buskers of rogue Harvard knowledge, egg yolk blossom marketers hand in hand in sanitizing bloom, any vernal huskers of vengeance dreams, any beard farmers, any puke in my trauma pot, any portal dwellers in the silvery-purple flask effect, any Big Time Bogies, any psilocybic lovers in El Jardin de las Delicias, any sabbath stains in the pink garage, any conditional angels, is there anybody really alive out there?

MOBLEY ON THE CROSSTOWN

for Donald Vincent

morning's sleepy riddle
warms the work crowd
commuting back into
nothing so profound
vibing off the Soul Station
from future destinations
back to here –
 Split Feelin's
ring weary ears, the mind
 kinks
 no explanation
unanswered calls
 pass fuchsia bright green lawn tiers
juiced perfume
 strips the shine
from the moon blood's milk
 ecliptic

A manbun sinks into the Amazon
book that cuts a body-chalk out
line against the cut-throat system
coldly closed we wake to,
 daily, & endure:

The DOW in the plasma dumps
the Californian crust brakes
the Tops, the uterus, middle
school, church attacks seep into
 burnt ink.

None-so graceful as the lithe
sister, caramel bare shoulders
horripilation
 hipped to rising
 heat
posture taut as jaguar skin
wrapped against her throat
dips back into

a dream of June
Jordan's strength to soften
the cross across this crosstown
drag-lit slice:

If I Should Lose You
in "the resistance of simple daily
and nightly self-determination"
communing under nuptial crowns
bedazzled with weariness & hope
evidence sprayed across the slime
starry sinews by a work-a-day curl
uncured by paychecks
.
. or distance
I just don't know what I would do.

Learn to
learn to draw
the line back around the sun
from fortune's blues
to this here destination
with peace and possibility
Dig Dis

Dig Dis.
I Remember:
This I Dig of You.

My love,
another étude for ways we re-begin.
Sour rings
 freshen in the tide.

THE STRAWBERRY MOON DONNA SUMMER DISCO PARTY

for (Karen) Reed

Tsk. I had no other plans just dogleg forgot about
The Strawberry Moon Donna Summer Disco Party

the delicate strawberries froze in the fridge
thawed on the counter rotted in blue fiesta
then carelessly tossed in the bin
mushily purple shadows
hurtle sideways against canyon walls
up over the ridged lip and out
into milk-black inner space

compliments spin out sideways
and chase him random moose / open a beer in round a.m.

Reed retrieves the menu from the desk then returns dutifully to
filing

“I just want to get umm... wings”
mm-hmm. there are seeds for that experience

within the structure of perception
the forgotten body's relationship to guilt
the guiltless mightiness it takes to grow

She works hard for the money
so you better
treat her right