

Fall 2022

Andrew K. Peterson

AUDACITY & ORACLE

Out 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 to look 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-scootered 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.

FOR SOLIDARITY, AFTER A PARTY

after Frank O'Hara, for Michele

I don't always know what you're feeling still I love you for what you keep inside your protective bedside blue dragon, that spring-intoaction kiss bobbed in my direction while I sit maudlin in the heatwave , & then it's on me to pick up on realizations, or misinterpret by my (limited) free will. What game shall I learn today? The things I wish I said to siblings' casual racism when they can't get a table at the country club

"You may've moved to Jupiter, your head's still in Uranus"

pose over blossom frosting, &, opposite like static cling to frames behind cleats on a faraway green lining up another shot in widescreen plasma. ("The tiny divine part of me is greater than my human guilt.") If I listen to *Unity*

Softly as in Morning Sunrise maybe spilled Prosecco down your shirt dries the same as tears in solidarity. 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