

Harrison Fisher

Ancestral Run

All I have known  
to be green  
lies forgotten  
under snow.

We mush  
over new spoor.  
The abominable  
one

lowers the dire news  
of his species  
and the secrets  
of his clade

from shaggy  
transport,  
from the peaks  
of white hell.

## Syllabism

That greeny flower  
creeps through a greening dawn on  
variable feet.

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I ate bad bacon  
once, although I didn't make a  
big deal out of it.

If your dry toothbrush  
smells like the Elephant House,  
you have gum disease.

I puked on the way  
to the periodontist.  
They rescheduled me.

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Counting syllables  
for measly haikus is not  
how I want to live.

The happy chasms  
of the sun. The deep, spurting  
chasms of the moon.

## fforestry Not for Everyone

fforest stuck,  
a ffoot in a trap.  
ffixed fforest,  
a staring, accusatory eye.  
Two effs in the fforest, one is  
ffear scratchings and denudings.  
The other is the ffundament (x, y, z)  
of the ffundamentals.

I'm gonna get  
pulped in there,  
my insides hosed,  
window chop-chop.  
Dark matter  
and dark energy equal  
ffulfillment of dark nature,  
but here?

Retreat to home—  
a house,  
a house's black stairs,  
a house's petrified owner.  
Next sun despises me,  
my shadow an understudy  
in some sidewalk  
theater of cruelty.

Klepto

Sea slugs practice  
kleptopredation,  
which isn't  
what it sounds like.

The kleptopredator  
doesn't steal prey  
from another predator—

it eats a smaller predator  
after the latter  
has eaten its own prey.

Thus  
the kleptopredator  
downs its prey

and an inside side  
of the prey's prey  
all at once—

phage of phages,  
the eater of eaters.

## Bookended Solecisms

*with thanks to H. Ryan*

Another daze,  
another dollar.

When caught between  
bookended solecisms,  
you might be squeezed  
till your pips squeak.

You could care less  
that I couldn't care less,  
but you will find  
neither therein.

Feather your nest  
in the nether-fest!

Your egg,  
the incredible,  
edible egg,  
your ass is grass.

Stated points  
do not beg questions,  
they raise them.  
So raise this, then:

Another day,  
another dolor?

## Visionaries

*National Sea Monkey Day, May 16, 2022*

X-ray technicians go batshit when archaeologists hire them to X-ray  
a mummy because they can crank the radiation up  
to levels inconsistent  
with living tissue, so they make revving noises and whoop about

while blasting the mummy. I slip on the classic X-Ray Specs and  
survey the scene--I see no mummy bones, but,  
just like in "X . . . the Man  
with the X-Ray Eyes," I'm ogling dancers at a groovy party,

but, *horribile dictu*, the dancers are just these tech guys and gals  
fakely unclad, X-ray techs hokily shimmying around  
the mummy.

For this letdown I blame Harold von Braunhut, developer

of this piece of crap, this "See Through Anything" con deploying  
light diffraction through a feather pressed between cardboard  
to simulate rays  
penetrating the interior; the same man

who then went on to invent and unleash upon the American  
youth public one murky, smelly bowl after another  
of hybridized  
brine shrimp marketed as "Amazing Live Sea-Monkeys!"

Will miracles never cease? Yes, miracles have ceased.

In the world of wonders by proxy,  
the understanding was always  
the wonders would happen elsewhere.