

A.J. Huffman

*Esoterical Space*

belies physics.  
Gravity. Comprehension  
falters. In a blink  
minds divide. The law  
from the logic. Sink  
ing metaphysical teeth  
into loopholes that cannot hold  
anything. (But their weight  
in water?) Obsoletrical observations  
about inside the idea  
of institutionalism. That's why  
the bars are banded in  
shades of 3 X 3 X 4. The doors  
are all left open. It is  
freedom. That is the lie.

*R E / P M*

Skydiving naked in a mind field  
ing moonbeams like bullets (matrix  
style – all slow-motion black  
patent sexy), I dial escape. Screaming  
winds respond with a synthesized version  
of my own voice that could never be  
described as an echo. *Thank god*  
*for rip cords.* Way to overstate  
the obvious. I swallow  
our mutual fear, continue  
to free  
    fall  
into this quasi-dark  
ness that doesn't feel anything  
like sleep.

*The Elastic Gait of a Memory*

The rain is like a screw,  
twisting its sound to undertake the moon.  
It settles, a kinder tension – ash-like  
in its accrual. It abstracts the steps  
of pressure. Every  
drop  
institutes  
a re-active response. *Trigger*  
is the echo of elemental automation: Midnight's cloud  
disseminating.

A new filter formulates . . .

adjusts/converts/segments nothing  
more than the dusty expression  
of a star's silent stare.