

Michael Starr

Synth Concert with Numerical Significance

Words fail me, amber shells  
Truth speckled delicately across the battlefield  
Just imagine, stripes of falling spritzed cedar  
Devaluation  
Evolution  
Timid revolutionaries  
Meat  
Zippers and padlocks  
Handfuls of meat!  
Disposable varieties  
Bastion, toothpicks protruding  
Thorough electrical tape  
Nickeled  
Perfect spheres of dried grass  
Dissipate in the wind

Vin

Intoxicating,  
The woman's bosom squished and squeaked  
Across the windshield of his roll cage.

Plastic Farm Houses, Or: Empty Hammer, Nails Too Far

This silent brigade of tweeters  
Birds, *id est*,  
Could be finches  
Wither their beaks, taped shut  
Tape's small/cut  
Off-plastic  
*"It's that plasticky kind of magnetic tape"*  
Abutting this stone-silent army of winged lungs  
Read like a pirate: Couldn't be too hard  
They huddle together for warmth  
Insides a cage whose wire walls  
Are made of rusty nails  
The cage is knocked sideways and the birds  
Are forced to perform aerobatic  
Miracles that would make Madonna go,  
"Darling."  
Collisions with the walls cannot be altogether avoided.  
However, collisions with the walls are startling.  
*"It's like being hit over the head with a piece of wood"*  
The kind that doesn't give you a concussion or make you pass out  
On the way to the floor  
On a bed of nails (gentle landing).  
For, to tell you the truth, dear friend,  
The story of our birds ended not when the cage was built or even  
When its construction was first planned out,  
Or when the husband brought home the wife  
Chocolates filled with Hawaiian vacations,  
But when he said addressing the matter was of no importance  
For the time being.  
For the fact of the matter is  
His bubbling, ebullient singing meant nothing to her  
And so the fine, parallel walls of the birdcage came crumbling in  
Piece by piece, said crumbling likened perhaps to the wall rot of a gnome hut  
(Underground).  
Know wind to dry it out but not for handfuls of crystals:  
Calcium sulfate,  
Calcium carbonate  
Zinc Mangaperthiosulfonide (residue)  
Lime

Salt

Rustic sculptures worn through time by nature's hand, itself powerful

Worn by frequent attentive details

Who managed to grow through the permafrost.

Because the house is gone and it's only planes, now, of ice, tundra, thunder storms,

Or dirt. Endless planes of the finest, richest soil sitting there,

Staring you down, saying, "Look at me, I hold your sustenance,"

Yes, Dear audience, Shouting something vaguely religious or glowing like that.

Fine moments in the English chocolate shop down the road

Hamsters alike

Released from that cage

Let animal instincts flow

A river tenderly caressing

Curves of hillside, mere cats smoking in the lounge at dusk,

Dawn, for millennia, till kind words melded wall-to-wall, floor, and ceiling

Until soil grew stale,

Colorless, turned to sand

Nonsense phrases of affection wind-washed

Knotted throats in the lovers buried their forevers

*"Lovers > Knotted throats > Forevers: Buried"* (Good)

Until! \*gasp\* sea levels rise and the house

On the farm with the dogs barking out front to greet guests lovingly

Turns into a painting worth not all too much, to be frank, according to popular

Opinion at the auction house.

Pending delivery of sufficient funds, those families eagerly awaiting

The paintings of their own damned houses to hang on their deliberately colorless walls.

Of their houses, a plurality (inside, outside barred) shall see no thunder.

Feel? No. No meaty, mealy ground mush in the kitchen for some sort of pancake

Or dinnertime meal. It's just the things that people do

That aren't quite enough,

And the sparrows who painfully meet their demise as the walls collapse.

Yes, they are sparrows now.

## Boring Chestnut

The boredom manifests itself as a chestnut  
That can't be opened.  
It's just sitting there, on the middle of the table.  
What's the table made out of?  
No words, no instructions. Norse Viking gods!  
No, none of that. Valhalla sends it heroes with golden wings  
To crunch on this chestnut for me. How kind of them. Absurd, its delivery.  
No cracks in the shell to exploit.  
No machinery available.  
Know why it sits there. Know how it will be removed. Know on what day,  
At what hour, minute, and second its meaty insides will be  
Displayed on a poster.  
"This could be yours." Lies. Worst of all, to know it, you have to swim in it.  
Wade in it, really. Distance traveled isn't measured. Just how long you sit there  
With your water wings in this warm swimming pool,  
Hair and pieces of dust and dirt floating by. Drink the water,  
Get hair in your mouth. Nothing stopping that.  
No filter over the shower drain that you have to scrape out with your fingers  
Because your housemate is female, a hippy, and an Indian man.  
Transvestites produce the most hair. And even he/she doesn't know  
How to crack this nut open. So I just sit there, my mind salivating  
At the treasure hidden behind those brown, wrinkled walls.

Temporary Title: Tenderoni;  
Permanent Title: Use of Colon Cancer in a Critique of Capitalism

Temporal

Jumps

Bend

A: Fortification

Of: Cellophane panic

Method: Remote control

Marketing: It's all the rage, latest brand

Of: Cellophane

Price: Ten cents

Split: Between the angel investors

Funded with: Blisters, aerobic workout shorts, & saline

On: Concrete slabs, pasted.

Foliage.

Jamboree of: Bicuspid, tricuspid.

Ventilation enchanted strawberries.

Barnacles as far as the eye can see.

Terrible aroma of synthetic pearls.

The arts and crafts store, shut, possesses few: Ghosts,

Nightmares, or goblins.

It sleeps tenderly on the hilltop,

Fed with the summer's finest sunlight.

Debriefed under stormy night,

Military officers ponder bow color match.

Fine: Grain, weight

Exquisite: Tensile properties

The paper, under inkwell

Phonetic: Damper

Rubber: Stop

Shards of: Perfume bottle

Restlessly juggled in the kitchen

For hours