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.
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.
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