

Amy Whatever

Thirty Seconds in Elsewhere

We get a glimpse of her sitting
in an armchair expressionlessly
watching something we cannot see.
it was all rather pleasant, calming;
ice cream cones after terror drills.

She was fitted with the circuit boards
needed to stimulate human emotions.
Feelings, pain in a heart shaped hole,
the place where a heart might have been.
We can no longer see into her face,
our eyes blur. There is pain behind
your left eye. A needle of nothing
poking, double-plus good, scalding
hot milk before falling, falling asleep.

It is only in places like this one that
the fires of hell can keep the churches warm.
This building puts a lot of money
into a lot of well-lined pockets. Balances
earned in this life are balances earned
in the next; picking wildflowers, theft.

You said, just fucking go.
Drive the car into horizons.
Past the black lines, lines
separating us from one another.
The psalms are quite clear, saying,
Quit fiddling with that stove.
Go past what is in front of you,
go further into the ditches,
prison is always one step away.

You drink too much
You shouldn't be in such a hurry
You think badly of us
You are just too much
You are out of order
You called me a fiddler
You have taken a diabolical liberty

Go, stick a feather in your hat,
I think the psalms said that as well.

in five minutes.

The vowels in her name reverse gender,
Change place and return in different locations.

She is no longer noun, but an adjectives delight.
Verb-like she pounces upon a name written

As if to stop the flow, an inkling to pushing back,
I want to go back to last week, last Wednesday.

He makes a moue of disapproval
Clasps his mind, hands at his side.

Few masters of craft linger, scuppered
In the wake of sleepless robotic arms.

The ambulances do not come, her e's are leaking from her body,
Hers is a name, an appellation mountain, amber waves, pain, life.

Future times arrive slowly, there is no end,
They will changes lives; a truck will pass by.