

Ali Znaidi

Tumescent Utopia

Conspiring with
assonances,
behind smoky seas
of [art]ifice
w/ complex disguises
to discourage the ear
to hear the polyphony
of sounds,
utopian songs
celebrate conformity
where only one sound
serves as a warm pillow,
the way
columns dreaming
not to lose their
classical entablatures

forgetting that there are

things called

rain & wind

But the hidden whale is

on fire

swapping the tumescent

utopia

for bitter disintegrated

slices of reality

Such a Morning

Such a morning
(foggy morning)
cor[responding]
w/ the [light]ning
& laboring
to develop a
[tax]onomy
of rain

Such a morning
(foggy morning)
gathered in
a cosmos
sewing up nets
to catch sundered
species

Such a morning
(foggy morning)
dressed up
in white fleece
to look like your
beautiful night[mare]

blue white red

blue

a dusty blue book
over a white table—

a sigh—

may tomorrow morning
become
a lecture

white

a white table
w/ three red
lame legs

and this desire to hold

red

three red legs

crippled—

Oh, book!

Draw near

& tell my blues!

Guilt versus Desire

Every time he eats lamb he stops and says,

It's time for me to refrain from eating lamb now.

Then he carries on.

Every time he eats chicken he stops and says,

It's time for me to refrain from eating chicken now.

Then he carries on.

Every time he eats veal he stops and says,

It's time for me to refrain from eating veal now.

Then he carries on.

Every time he eats turkey he stops and says,

It's time for me to refrain from eating turkey now.

Then he carries on.

Every time he feels guilty he slaps his face and says,

It's time for me to refrain from slapping my face

now.