

Nat Sufrin

at the very end of the internet

we notify death & arrive home to a party
dressed already. we other worlds will
sweat forever, describing slights, expiring
dates. the best remain
unrendered while the worst insert
the file into itself, beautifying
bitches photographing whites.
this is a lyre & nothing
is alright. bowl with us
to believe in trust, to still
obesity for life & inhibit
the maldesigned. when you're ready
we will go ancient face
lose genitalia in your area &
leverage deep. the time
for analyzing metal & getting over
hitler is breaking braugh. when you say
great hair do you fall in love
with copy? do you hurry in
remembering dust answering
freedom receiving the machine?

no, not at all. no, you

advise modigliani, you bleach
the chair, revive the gutter, stand
in the shower. insist on
unionizing the females & one day
you may admit you suck
at moving, but for now, cock steady
insinuate shit, offer products, tube
your search, increase scraps. no need
to worry, this is all on a case-by-case
need-to-know stasis. coming home

will call for more than hearting
the heavens, writing the
west bank, fucking the sea beach
express. no, you must descry
the thick of things, growing your castles
affixing that face, leaving blank.
when we say wait for wrinkles, go ahead
design the perfect ceiling for sharing
happiness e-mails. lubricating
the future may involve less
than rubbing the kids'
suction cups, inserting food
into the land, shattering
your maker's kidney stones.