

Krysia Jopek

from *Iterations of Summer*

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The words were very hungry and, in turn, made the people who heard them hungry.

Some of the captivated audience would go for celebratory pizza and beer and talk utter bullshit;  
others flew home in metal-boxes to their estranged spouses, disappointed children, mammoth TVs—  
cyber blue light in the retinas too many hours of quotidian escape burned even in their half-dreams

[or, maybe] the pages of the Book would locate and drown them;

sentences dangling them over the edge-plateau Abyss. There were

metaphysical moments a few in the crowd wanted to talk about,

but the words ran right off the page—like a watercolor

on an incline leaving spider threads / maps. The dilapidated, lopsided mask-

constructions might banish the evil spirits back to their proverbial, macabre forests—

but *We can no longer see the trees*; stuck in *being* [pronouns].

A sign on the door signals the baby is, at last, sleeping.

The writing on the wall promised the war in someone else's country would still be going on; too many splintering teams, foreign interest / disinterest, complications of vested interests, threats of terrorism / social media [de-]propaganda, [*no breathtaking leadership*]—

but what, in essence, should a concerned citizen do—make a phone call, send an email, text the netherworld; tell them to come fetch some of the complicit / colluded crew.

Time should be carefully allotted before it accrues, fools you.

It's silly to remove the lower pillars of the shifting construction, but the heavy-metal soundtrack, replete with a chorus of electric guitars and five mammoth drum sets made it all seem somewhat, temporarily bearable— before the crumble-shuffle cumulative shock effects; *how dizzying!*

You really should unknot the plush, golden rope for the disaffected cat; tired, she lounges in the tall summer grass of late lavender heather, Russian sage, burnt clover— all the neighbors of the disenfranchised global neighborhood [*almost everyone*]— hanging on by a spider's thread. Saturday's fifth gear will dissipate exponentially by Monday, sigh.

It's all esoteric philosophy [subjective sentences built out of private nomenclature] anyway, isn't it?]

The cicadas will be even earlier tonight than the earlier duskfall sky paintings, muted by cloud layers, giving the illusion that all the pain is softer; light traveling farther away to be closer to someone / something else.

Objects, adjectives, prepositions, and complicated ideas [the brain's strange pictures edited by someone who went why with the scissors and tape] will be defined by what they are not.

July is not January; money is not water.

Not everything can be counted; not everything can be lost.

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Spiritual hunger has ebbed//satiated, in dubious fact—

that desire to have things||feed the null set ¥ stuff new abysses with light, possibly color• << impossible  
burnt

sienna~~inside a company>>an ongoing conversation with the universe.

It's not like it was anymore~~ and thus, never shall be ¥ >> merely another super|imposition•. The doors  
keep

breeding more doors, tunnels, and bridges through nights of crushed oleaginous velvet.

My forest owl continues writing its poem; the once-homeless poet-dog smiles.

The ground has shifted our common ground; bending forever—the roads with their attendant anxieties.

Imagination knows what might go wrong—or right, one reminds the self hopelessly lost in shuffle.

The final days of summer eluded. There was no music, just rain. The garden ran wild toward the sun.

Autumn began her delicate footfall—stepping in with a slight chill;

condensation on the car windows. One must clean the garage,

make room for kaleidoscopic memories; blooming bruised lilies..

This year, I swear on my father's grave, I shall clean the gutters after the old red maple gives up her leaves.

I will answer when you call.

Until then, you can find me on the rotting picnic bench of my childhood—

talking to the Ghosts of the House about music and rusted porch swings;

about longing to be a better human.