

Patrick Hill

Manifest

for like, four different people

I never understood why
I was placed in this position:

Listening to Drake in a Taco Bell,
ESPN in the back of my mind,
Hair thinning at the thought of Baja Blast,

Online deciphering passcodes for
Audio mastering tools, which make audio
louder, which is usually better,
if you ask most people,

which is why
they play Drake so loudly
when you're third-fourth-wait
wheeling on a bed-stuy
taco bell's mountain dew,

ordering via automated kiosks
that only accept credit or debit,
i have a moral moment
but it's such a long line so i

betray my maoist instincts
as of late i had been
thinking we should try
something right

but as i was saying
“automation really is the —“
cosmic goo spewing out of my fucking brain
STARING at the delivery people

IT’S KICKING IN
or maybe it did
like five minutes ago

tried to have fun again,

people behind the counter screaming
“GRUBHUB GET IN LINE” and i’m like
thinking about vaping and about
poems with very serious lines

after that bill bissett reading
katie and i made ghost sounds
and people looked at us like we were
actual ghosts

but they got involved,
which gives me enough confidence
to leave three people
and go home,

and more time to
think about poems,
or really anything,
to be honest,
but mainly poems,

something in particular just gets at me
when i’m thinking about the whole situation, like,
if any of this is necessary, or if it’s justified
that many zach landers cigarettes,

some inarticulate thunder
— a kind of counter-panoptic
urgency — thinking of all
living beings

whose shapes are very simple
and the same
and within contain
endless possibilities

walking slower in the night time
animated by some divine wind
was it supposed to be funny?
i'm always afraid of laughing

always trying 21 times to
elucidate a new music in the
sewer gate crease
by the police station

saying A C A B
love is only phenomenal
temporary mesmerism
from decoration to power

reaching forward into my
groundwork of being,
it all seems so galactically fuzzy
wind-chill petering my soul having

little sympathy with mere life,
expounding philosophical bullshit
at 3:30, now Four, now slowly reaching
sun light impeding my soul

all this effort for a frozen
drink an ex's dad once said
would give me cancer,
stubbornly i do remember

gas station parking lots at night
without the lights on,
hoot and holler spark a smoke
just enough from the gas pump,

repeating the same logic
i had dumped for the urbane,

reasoning its worth by
the subway gates,

thinking of you
and love's golden
afternoon anticipating
happiness divine

without meandering
existence, or maybe so I
manage to save the hidden
animal language

we have grown so fond of
making each other happy
without trying to,
without gifts or sweet words

tripping over sidewalk
balking at my nuisances i'm
tripping already now i'm
tripping back home now i'm

still in this position,
I can see it all so clearly
polyphonic arguments for
a nervous intelligence

closest friends are splitting
and yet mercified by silence
tonight is barren wise and striking
bells of hunting garbage

i am passing by a relic
of a barber's chair
staring into windows families
people watching television

spilling out the desperate
sort of thing i had been working on
cultivating self-discussion
loathing inconsiderate

christmas music twenty four
seven by the fucking river
vaccinate against some manufactured
moral fervor as if

the individual subject
is of sacrificial origins and
therefore has a tendency
to preserve itself from death

despite your corporate nihilism
ghostly motherboards of
perceived separations intent
on the first recorded epidemic

sliding a card and looking in the eye
thinking of writing the
field recording, effortlessly
collaging all the sounds we'd make

intent to discover some
durational heft in these
post-human intuitions of fluidity
hosting all our demons

automatic immensities
coordinate our entrails
and if the sky should drop
we'd flutter

way and around these contiguous
natures,
in the elevator,
thinking not of our lonely hours

and of despair,
which i run to avoid,
gasping near-asthmatic
after chainsmoke in winter,
striking an attractive pose
for filmic insecurities,
i do not seem to rest in that
definite manipulation,
illiterate to the serpents

of the final irony,
catchers of mentality in
escapist interrogations,

mutual affections
exploding people's heads
idealized aestheticism
obscenity in opposition

key in door
door unlocking
rationality does not give us
the roadmap to revolution

some mythic proletarian i stumble into bed
infinite knowledge adapted to the shit-realm
i've burrowed in, ecstasies you are better than wine
i am aching for some way to express

i never understood why,
seeing you from such a birds-eye
would throw me, high
and dirty 'gainst this terror-glass

manifesting satisfied
syndicate in temp-death
positioning forever condemned
to these structured infinities