

Ravaged, sleep-torn, out of and into duress, you're a blue doll burned by white circumstance, a watery body, a wizen colony, you are the victim of an ageless joke: mild climate makes hubris, makes new appreciation for rock—it's churning mines, burning in the pines and furious floods in China. By the time you get this I will be gone, dust in the eaves, lost shoe by the door, unseen lava tremors over the gone green forest, everything gone gone gone.

The image I have of you from space—a microdot vanishing in inky vasts—is the cerulean seed of television planted in the resident brain. Perhaps this is the problem, a pill to plant a point of view never seen nor fully believed. No doubt a trip of late address, I'm having a vision malfunction. Your ultimate otherness will not yield and we will know you only when it's all washed away, some friendly face in the bottom of the pool rolling an odd stone out. Deep-ended, we are treads of lost animals, spinning wombs, tides, angelology, all black mass defined as a circle never seen.

Yes, it is a comfort, the image of earth from space we are told we are told again. Master Plan, I close my eyes and see it all hurtling away—a bean down a cosmic drain, one home arriving and the other departing, same departure of mind as the coal black cold. I'm deep in a well, fathomed five, how a planet is a fruit of temperate space, and species a tide of toward/away, motion or force of the arching bud into the dark dark completely.

Pictures of earth. Pictures of extinguishment. Pictures of the anthropocene falling away, I look at space because I like space, Apollo Something neither avatar nor car, just a boy and a buoyant walk on the moon, 1969 and I sit in my little Indian chair watching the seltzer bottle satellite glide through a black box set. So slowly, everything happened so slowly, and in black and white or gray and really, innumerable shades of the morning ash, and the solitude of not knowing why. Disconnect/reconnect, t.v snow and "Come to the Honeycomb Hideout." It's drone and zip and Mr. Clean, the magic kingdom and the Maytag Repairman, a streak of color through the topmost pane, my mullion glass to warm the plot, a dawn or an afternoon's snack. This is a picture framing a boy and his planetary sentence. How can the world seem so blue if you've never seen it? Just a NASA press release from total fucking obscurity.

Nothing of space has a color. Nothing of the self and the inner pith of the skull, grayscale I'm told but can't see, can't tell a child. Bible black and paint it black and put it all back. I'm ten years old and stealing cash, food, love, etc. What is a go? Agog? How long ago the untrackment? The greasy remains of Globe Pizza stain the baby with a kind of evidence. Later, I came to regard my dead friends in the night sky, oh, all its various inhabitants, something familiar in the cosmic gas, we call them stars. The gutter of my voice writing backwards into oblivion, an elegy/lie I need and preserve like trading cards stashed in a forgotten cigar box. Pictures of faces. Pictures tacked in a vast cubby. It's spectral thrall to be not alone, it's inevitable, yes?, we will make contact, yes? Jodie Foster/Pretty Baby not blue at all but a pause, a lovely beach for our overjacked phors, a pause halo'd by a grand idea: we are not alone. See the incarnadine skeins of the Horsehead Nebula and the sunflower burst of a globular star-cluster, see tin-tin-blue in the Magellenic Clouds and the torn purple robes of the New Age Arcturus. I subscribe. I have crystals. I am a language member.

Problem was there were real stars in the back of my eyes. Some unseen hand spilling light in the Sonoran night. I am on horseback, whoa, it was the 70s, and the milk splashed right in my eyes. Then there was Andromeda, beloved Andromeda—the galaxy, the proximity, the book. Stars like stutters, all perfectly reasonable and inevitable, he said, Arthur C. Clarke said. Why, a virus come down to make us human, the fallible thorn from space. It is the Other Thing and the little distance, and the thirst to be inhabited. I have the bug bogged deep in my ripples, I'm managing the excess. Astral juice, VRBO, too many people and not enough narrative, too much cyborg and the crowding of words, a firmament of dead faces naming things with their tiny perspective. Picture this: a gathering of less. I am getting tired of this. Can't you see I don't have a clue? Point of view is a tent stake in the night sky and I am growing windy. The plumes from the sun have been gaining size and momentum. Radio's out. Nothing's pure. I get my coordinates from the mother ship, which is the virus you.

Do I have to spell it out for you? Chaos, loosening joints. You are a series of trees, a series of houses, corridors between cinder blocks, cigarette butts, people living in cinder block houses, and a white van parked yards away watching, aiming. You are red ant furrows gone awry and gassed prairie dog burrows waiting. It's broken corals, corrals, chorales, everything massed to a single hum, you are the bird rhyme of the missing jungle, and a very big copper mine nowhere near a living thing, you are a vast coriolis on the face of a spinning orb, and the playground on Whipple and 6<sup>th</sup> where a small blond boy combs the swirl on the back of his head. Up and down, forward and backward, the dissipative structure of bee immolation, or my memory of you from another planet, all I've got to go on. Gore said it would be alright, bags of trash by the road side, and he invented the web. But what has been chipped cannot be filled and what has been sold cannot be brought back through sail. We are forlorned in an exchange of lacks, our jumps from the space domes have gotten us nowhere, DasBoot's gotta leak, Soyuz10's going down . . . . To say everything's slipping is to imagine there were once gears. It's just the boy is falling, banal injury, a series of books and a bag of Hummels, there's a magma burble inside your brain, and the text is going badly. I will read it to you, I will make you remember how ordered and quartered and clean, how management would, and spreading and sprung, our list listing in a limitless sea.

Alright, one more blast for the yawning breach. You've asked and I'll ratchet for the beggar boy I am. It's you and me and my blue dog arrow run out of the Pointed Village. All the singular roundnesses left wandering in the forest cannot be wrong. Rolling rolling, a perfect game of bowls. Your land of milk and money is no match for the sea of time, enrafted we drift and in drifting somehow return, refreshing the continuous fold but at a price, why a point in every direction is the same as no point at all. Soon we will be invading Mission San Blah, and the friars will be set loose in time. Everyone stumbles on the black black robe. I visit the porthole in a valley fog, holographic implant/no ground, no buggy to drive us there. To find the staff missing in the middle of a field, no shepherd and no summer, a series of drinks and party hats, guests aflame in the utmost of summer, a blue swing held up in its frozen arc and all the chains all aquiver. You've seen this in your prophecy orb, you will come upon a yellow car . . . .

And so in the summer of my 48<sup>th</sup> year amidst forests afire, floods and political pestilence, I acquired a voice over which follows me everywhere. Plaintive cries of jangled birds, you go caw caw caw as I question the third person and

appreciate the aerial perspective. This is to say we are here we are here we are here, all of us in this shit-com. It's SpaceFetus and Horton Hares a Womb, a feeble hinge of imagining into the epistolary mode. No row of resting doves in murmuration, no twilight gleamed brushing of brick buildings, this is the death of an idea borne out of chemistry, not painting. I speak of the address by which I've gained our loneliness, lost letter, postal buffoon, we live as locations, each to each, a way of you-to-me. It's in our sinews but we cannot be separate, there can be no separate you. Left with a no elegy, we are a lost people with a land mass problem. I needs thou and you are it but I can see clearly now you've let me down. I will this as a badge for us all, that image of blue from space not television at all but a cosmic ray that is inside and outside the storm. Light travels and the black dog wanders the streets, pock marks stain the hide of sudden bodies, there's a growing sense of victory on one side or the other, but no one's seen it, nothing is getting off this rock.

Perhaps it's because you are beautiful, the color of soul and the sea. Mirror ball, I still have a crush on you as you will inevitably crush me. I like it hard. High Seductress of Horizon and Valley and Precipice, I constantly want to climb on you, into you, to go out to you like a boat on an open sea . . .

To leap in the face of a vague spinning is to feel the immensity of your granite hand. Forever and ever I am awed by the violence of your crystals. Ultimate punisher, carver and sculptor, I have an image, a dimension saw, I feel buzzed and bristled and taken apart high. I am Camille Claudel in the marble mask, and the ultimate urn of unsilence, why you-and-me are pornography. To fall for oneself without consulting the mirror? Death be an almond scent distancing us from our losses. You have clear access to capital, the pillars are made of your sleeves, but you've got to spend it wisely. This is the loved in the pit of your stomach, and we are crisis of forks. Farewell to the magpie the midge, I'm skating my bets on the fading light, there's little wind at LastMetro. Hurricane's up, there's flooding, I'll see you a distant queen.