

Magnetic, Actually

Nina Corwin

All the itch of eye teeth
with nothing to sink into.
Enzyme on the hunt for a substrate
to catalyze. Star of bupkes.
Whinny of spice.
Some things can't be helped.
The animal, the accident. Intractable
attraction. Butter me up
with happenstance, I'll nuzzle you
with cause and effect. Go ahead,
kiss me. Everything is over-
determined. Freud would insist.
Finches generally scope out
the utmost seeds. You look surprised.
Finches are no accident.
Needles were meant to be threaded.
Fields of obelisks bleed
in the sun while blind
battalions echo their intention. Honesty
is more common in the presence
of billboards with eyes. Imagine
two porcupines in love.
This may require a bit
of retrospective derangement.
Logicians salivate
for the climax, infrangible reflex.
The detumescence, no fluke.