

## Pinteur J'Suis Pas

*Jorge Sanchez*

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The fuckshot heart of things is blown,  
far-blown, blown out, blown down street  
all streets same street get name straight  
it's Gyrating Scripture, it's Untrombone-  
able Sluice, it is Us Most Obvious:  
*j'suis ne*: what of the chain-links,  
bike-chain, the chain that moves the windows  
link-chain, the move that chains the windows  
up and down. Oh canvas tall and wide,  
oh world so sucking in of paint and oil,  
(why am I always addressing: *j'suis apostrophe*)  
I always foreswore the French, Paris pride,  
the unfurling boulevards, yet here's all  
a painted city, lurid and goughish, rough.