Because you’re
American, I know

I can trust you
with this large sum
of money.

×

Glittery images of you
slid into an incision in me.

×

If it involves an and, it goes on.

×

A yellow bird thrown
in to see how deep it goes.

×

Actual words said to me as I ate steak. (Throws down napkin)
Unbelievable.

×

When we do we must
speak clearly of the device, or else
in silence
it passes over us.

×

A nocturnal flower
with a curled-up police officer inside.
If this resists
arrest.

×

Anyway, rainwater
is redundant.

×

Prenatally, we
turn in warm prose.
The devil’s in the syllables
or between, in these
interstices.

×

Seriously, though
the red wheelbarrow
is clearly Marxist.
Besides, the white chickens.
Flexible Machine Parts

Tim Carter

Put a skin on emptiness.
Press two emptinesses together.

There you go.

×

Tiny, pliable, semi-permeable imitations.

×

Really the ear garbles slash gobbles thought.

Basically,
a Bosch orgy.

×

Hee hee hee is all teeth.

×

Hearing, in another sense, could be seen,

from a distance, as sound squeezed.

×
A heard blur, an internal error, a murmur.

×

Not to say that sight’s not the softest touch.

×

As far as emptinesses go,
our bodies are largely
arbitrary and incessant
in their digestion of
pain, et cetera.