

REAL AMERICAN POEM

Tim Carter

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.