

# REAL AMERICAN POEM

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*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

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*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.