

POETRY

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X.1

this is a piss test you stuck again in the same thing
you win & once you are at the plate that breaks you are fate
you wing are off & then another you are a saint or off again you remain
the wane time throws boats above the stationary the squalor
the rancor the deadly hollow at the hack of his half step

a breed cycle a territorial bigwig the night catcher catches head weight
we wait for it wait for it wait for—nothing
semi-sensation a sensational mass in the lung in the shadow in the lung
the dreg fluid pastel fluid under the light the you stands
we will open heart him open heart him open heart him

vanish means vanquished had been veritably explored though empty
though heavily heavenly as astral provides immeasurable indelible
the laws of your youth are your mouth is cancer is straining
what a say we delayed to have you halfhearted the sound from behind a fan
was summertime we met we mettle we held on across the falling

their drugs pierced our shudders pinned are waistcoats to the bathroom
although the mirrors we fit in we slipped in we couldn't then return
from this is what became a distance because time is a distance like a mountain
as if we were ever moving like a glue gun along the ripping seam we straddle
augmentation was what our minds had to make had to suffer we secluded

we put our win away & suffer suffering the sailing ease the nocturne
the bed rite the long gone into the waving into the foghorn no more
the lure the lore the footprints that disappear from the floor of the world
have put your sword through your tongue into your memory upsetting
this setting & livable method of moving or removing or removing