

# ~the brilliant machine~

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## THE BRILLIANT MACHINE

blowing grease with an air-gun  
staple-tacking the seams of this box  
cranes east west south  
my derision, metal in motion  
    strapping burnt plastic  
snapping the metal band  
what do you call this?  
pings with hammer, sparing nicks

angles, black paint  
gun at a distance  
bad bad wrists  
and ankles  
trivia, oh trolley-slag,  
details belie you  
lover never a fighter  
arms testament to lift and repetition  
hot metal, strong back  
thighs sped forward  
spirals like razors  
cutting through nail-beds  
smoke the doldrums for  
honesty in quick syllables  
what is a man without balls,  
hot lips, and presence?  
the dragon red  
hovering beyond us  
arms-length and will awaiting  
the song of liberation  
my meditation  
this lazy sun busting through clouds  
the mindless slogging  
fucking money  
you know what violence is?  
priss subjugation  
against the elation of letting love rule.  
there are wings hidden in our backs  
grace and steel shoes slide  
along a heartstring's bass strum  
there are no floors, only fingerprints  
and the humming of hours gone  
when the sun goes down alone  
vice is forgotten in the night wind

your lover's voice  
on the phone  
held fast in the balance  
of gravity and momentum  
overcoming inanimate objects  
and the unknown  
i green an aluminum can  
mainline coffee in great gulps to breathe, shimmy,  
and breach waves of streets  
to receive  
the future unfolding like a soft letter  
an alphabet falling  
an endless scroll  
unwinding  
gaskets round my wrists  
the earth element magnet flipped over  
well who am I to want more  
when this is all a dream?  
this 'morrow will find me  
eating the opposite of stress  
...a soft landing for heaviness  
auto-work braced in a box  
motor-spiced down the freeway  
18 wheels hit the tarmac  
whatever happened to revolution?  
strong hearts  
feeding strong minds  
in strong bodies...  
small hands turning the face of time  
paint stripped,  
weather-worn,  
bolts rusted.  
a belly rejecting water in dim sunlight  
vomits ash into an empty sink

eyes leak like green grease in the seams...  
just show up and work.  
a shipment manifest  
numbers turned over on a screen  
light refracted, safety plastic  
the mass and gravity of light  
let me tell you something  
now that we're alone  
my psyche  
she done broke  
her last bone  
the truth won't  
lift what is flown  
so i hold it  
in my hands  
make it smoke  
make it sweat  
make it burn  
make it bleed  
my body...  
the brilliant machine.

