

~the brilliant machine~

by aksania xenogrette



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.

