

# Solid

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Ground does not quake underfoot  
when sole strikes, okay  
but there is palpable contact  
pressure, a sort of karmic confirmation  
of equivalence.

Mirrored, are those not  
eye, nose, base, superstructure?  
A congregation  
of hairs, shaved? Spit spat?  
Snot blown? Shit flushed?

Greeted and departing,  
are those lips not his, kissed?  
Well, then, inter alia, de-facto,  
does he not exist?

Is that not money,  
in his envelope?  
(Okay, bits  
Or bytes, transmitted—  
a number on account)  
because to this place work  
with phonings, meetings  
screening, busy fingers sending  
someone named him comes?

At the end of the day,  
at the end of the day,  
the bottom line is

particles across

gaps held by forces:

gaps,  
yearning across particles

