

Solid

by David Ackley

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

