

prayers for meatwagons

by strannikov

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prayers for meatwagons prayers from meatwagons too:
things can happen in intersections aspeed
with two ambulances from separate streets.

one victim here the survivor of a crash
that took the lives of a family of five—
he and his driver never knew what hit them.

the victim from the second ambulance died
almost as much from his gunshot wounds—he'd just
said he'd like to kill the fellow that shot him.

the surviving ambulance driver recalled
having to shout “imbeciles! out of the way!”

quiet physics

in the quiet physics of this room bright light
slices through shutters' slits angled to the sun
eight bands of light I decorate with smoke swirls

spinning vortices of vanities exhaled—
not much in and of itself but a display
illustrating these planes of nothing but light

from only that sun with only thin grey smoke:
a conjured model of galaxies aspin
turning themselves diffuse into tranquil air:

dispersing splintered dispersed once moments pass
the room soon hangs in an evenly spread haze.

hendecasyllabic trajectory

publishers afflict us with irony, too
(ironies can only be hoarded so long):
of Zamyatin's dystopia we might get

a utopian edition's proofread prose
with no pages missing and none printed twice:
the square root of negative one in the text

deserves its mention in the text column, not
in the page numbers on the bottom or top—
if publishers loved Zamyatin they would heed.

(of publishers absurdists are heedless, not
by innumeracy but trajectory.)

