

Verses Out of the Vortex(t): Prison Vortex

*["Prison Ecology and the Water Crisis in Flint, Michigan"
(Prison Legal News: February 29, 2016)]*

& the legs we refuse to make walk go
the ways of

arachnid
suns

the unusual

way a likeness unfurls its legs to lead up to a body more astral yes
a starling is beautiful & what not

at twilight I agree but let's refocus what of prisoners
drinking liquid lead
what

of these stars'
tars' art-
ful

actual lack comes into focus as some abstract "centre cannot
hold" splays man's reflection
in splays of oil splays of "black milk

at daybreak

we drink you at sundown / we drink
you at noontime
& dawntime we drink you
at night / we drink you & drink you" like the wavy-blue

diner booths in a Long John
Silver's
painted the color of
the Caribbean becomes closer than a shadow's

obtuse tremor the objects twined
to the twins of affect & effect "breathing
the shadow
of decayed pianos" still lacks
that "faculty to imagine that which
we know" but what we know is exactly what's going on
sometimes "the times"

remain unmoved as the vortex seeps & pools
into sometimes the vortex(t) its anger

writ into tides sometimes rising like mercury
in the blood
of a woman in Flint, Michigan
dreams her unborn
child's way

through her veins won't
fall apart

like moonlight mangled in a tractor-blade's
taffy-pull
of wisteria at sundown & there's
that starling again perched on the fencepost
seems there's always a volta

built into every volume into
every volute into every
crown

of sonnets & if I take it too seriously it's because
that's exactly where
it fucking hurts the turns it takes

to live always just
around every corner from there from that from this from the
eyes drifting like an index
toward their text