

Private Equity

:: i want to tell you a story
 about hands that migrated
through water
 and sourced their network
of mollusks to the arteries
 that span out in a bloodened
oil hues in the resin
 of burned thighs
the buffalo who browned the people
 with their
afterimage once warned us of the
 hazards
of individuation and the perils of de-
tribalization
in the private sector where we fabricate
 stories for
our therapist about what ails us when
 the rapture bells
turn soft and our alienation is totalized
 by a loss
of consciousness in the spheres
 of privation
and the exfoliant rituals of self-care::

:: the gas flame that burns the kettle
 is not yrs
(but private equity) two hands that
 cling are
not yrs (but private equity) two lips
 that speak
are not yrs (but private equity)

the parliament
 to the tecolote or the sloth to the bear
 is no longer theirs
 nor the holy mountain its analogue
 nor its fictions
 of steady-state
 (but private equity)
 transcare and
 public sphere and private
 fear are
 private equity
 the flint water that burns from the faucet
 the ambulance cars
 that rummage through the defamed tunnels
 the eroded gods
 stenciled on the walls and paved into
 the lineal
 descent of the streets (who watch you
 and measure you
 and dim the lights when you speak
 her lexeme
 and you sleep)
 are private
 equity in the airport turnstiles
 in the prison
 cafeterias in the surveillance mesh
 of self-
 fashioning in the human effigies
 crafted
 from yr ten names coded in darknet
 these too
 are private
 equity ::
 :: at the border outside the border

inside the border
alongside the border they speak of Babylonian
walls they watch
at the gates for enlightened palefaced monarchs
to arrive from starfleets
and tread softly in the sunrise
conserving their
strength for the shadow
arts of legislature—
but underneath— be-
neath your feet deeper
than the starfish's
encrusted labor of sleep-spell the pipelines
run black
in carcass
bone and hum privately with all the murmur
of Blackstone
the pipelines
course through cemeteries
of crustaceans and they run
faster than mineral
in freshwater they are speechless
in their profounder
equation
are silent
as gods in the emparadised
earthworks ::

:: this is a poem about private

equity & it has failed
it's been bought out by live screen
cultures that manufacture
brains at a bargain rate it's been
burned into a flash

drive buried somewhere
in Taos, NM & it waits baked in the sun
for the bison
to canvass thru the opening of the

fields,
the lengthening of shades
who refer to you
as wind-on-glass,
(who whisper)

“grassleaf

grow

grow
again”