

Counter Measures

an erasure from The Monkey and the Wrench

We confess: we don't own this language.
We maneuver our way through a wilderness
of wrenches and the mystical. We're discontents

amid the infinite accumulation that leeches
what seems cornucopia into goodbyes.
What other moves can we make? What persona

is coming? We are to Drink X. Drink ends
of poems. We are wired to trap doors, hearing
words repeated: goodbye, goodbye; Oslo,

Oslo; sea, sea-girls, seaweed. Fast-forward to
statistics, suspected; remedy, limited; instruments
distressed. After decades of complaint, even

lovers have less faith, tongue a ringing slogan
in a vacuum, and simply melt away. Are we
to respond with explosion or lament?—

facing a striking absence, a sign missing,
radio sizzle settling down. A wilderness
of night agents traces a desolate world.

Whirl the story—tell something that will change
the seashore. Address the sunshine and its
marquee-anatomy for monotony is a hard chair.