

OVER HERE  
by FRANK SHERLOCK

Out there is sunsetted a low-wattage glow  
to backlight the active to give the theories their shine  
Stacked books of forever stamps have already  
blanketed trails     Finding the next lost history via  
these lives will be a wandered conversation beginning w/  
the theory that turns on the active     A child  
stands alone w/ a gas can in hand

Bomb belt hula hoop     juice box w/ a pull pin     Keep the straw squeezed &  
nobody gets hurt     It has almost been covered almost  
a memory like the time when the bison had space

The arboreal snow has flaked  
from its wheel-shaped center  
but that was before & that is the future  
Now is the season for getting knee-to-knee w/ the roots of trees  
Trunk Leaf Vertebrae keep us  
connected obscured from the monitors mounted at various heights  
Our true stories have always been different than their  
true stories     Move over the dead who have  
since been eaten in their graves     The autographs of cannibals  
are peppered on the flat spots     The caskets  
re-crafted as comfortable furniture

So what otherworldly beauty I want to be disoriented by  
yours     Before the romans arrive w/ concussions & fire  
              there remains a walkaround village of indoor spheres  
Some are sketched w/ others weighted down     A slow bow

plays a body cello in a house of abandoned audio equipment

The compost of noise will be rolled into tongues in the coming  
years The words free & love have not  
been obsoleted I am bruised I am dazzled by the colors

Tight displays of restraint models have  
connotations of ongoing discomfort Tacked  
over the posted complaints & atrocities  
are the official causes of death Undocumented  
clandestinos that have dared to be  
vocal have been suicided on the job

When the red is meaty it stains in relation

blushing the opulence into vagrant company Cars are  
parked in reverential stillness The commonality  
of small & big tires is that everyone is vulnerable  
Windows & the mill walls will not reconfigure themselves but  
plants grow wild in abandoned industries until they interfere

I am a passenger sitting in a suspicious  
way w/ a yearn for the new to be older  
Strangers become friends even if they are sometimes objects

The white star is on the blue field There is a black eagle on a red sea Crates  
have brought w/ them the dead people & the letters  
sent from loved ones when the dead people were alive  
After running through tears the torn  
papers are thrown into a river as offering There  
is a will for the old to be new &  
for the summer to one day have daughters

In flits of total courage in states of grainbelt labor & godbout  
beer the attraction to tradeswomen  
becomes more apparent There is a threat of a threat to  
the no-exit chicken plants where there is a view  
west of darkness It has taken litigation to  
allow them to coal out the mines It takes  
street rituals to curb traffic increase sex decrease  
work & seed pavements laid before them In search of local flowers  
fists & arrows  
are drawn in the soot of each other's skin  
Ill lighting from the burning raw fuels can bring anyone  
closer w/ the ruinous allure of the hillsides

Attachment insists that something must be done  
Are you igniting the earth again From the desultory  
to the precise the quasi-alphabetic scorch marks  
pattern the booty of ruthless developers Charlatans  
revise novelizations of vulgar lives into new  
campaigns Termites were thought to be an answer  
but what was thought to be material turns  
out to be smoke It will dissipate soon  
I saw the buffalo in twilight clouds I know this to be true

Tolls are meant to be paid not heard The future  
prostitutes program that recruits from the food  
court features kitsch of the genocided indigenous This cigar is  
just a cigar now hold still while it brands the skin selected  
for its thickness of condition What is it that keeps us in these jobs  
Looped christian radio music  
suggests we wrestle in the masks & tear them off



