

Wo ist er? Not in any cistern, and not heading this way any time soon. They were so right about the shards, so right about the voices. They? Two tribes really,

two sets of ancestors. Exogamy, *c'est moi*. This talk of transgression, of permission, isn't it all beside the point? It's what's left that counts. May as well

call it a saving remnant. Brought forth from the fire, again and again. Tell me about the furnace, tell me about the forge. Tell me about the deal struck between the prophets

and the smiths. The masters lose themselves as they grow older; their hearts fill with blood and the ghosts come and feed. Ghosts, Incorporated. Poetry, Incorporated.

I have not and never did have any motive of poetry
But to move between codes.

Idiot gods, chattering in outer darkness.
At some point, the ratio of shtick to
noise got fixed. This is neither from

the ghosts nor about them. Covering
cherubs, archons. Filthy birds, hovering
above us. Where are the air traffic

controllers? Out on strike, soon to be
broken. What happened after that?
I'm still not sure, but it has to do with

supply and demand, conspicuous con-
sumption, lungs filling with fluid, foot in
mouth disease. Language is a virus from

the fourth dimension, history's bordello,
the other translation, the good translation.
The reader completes the circuit. Still

with me?