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## *from* Gimme Kitsch

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*from* GIMME KITSCH



you are going to experience      a generic  
division riddled with a lack      of sensory  
cues or if at all a dampening      filter like  
deep bass through sheetrock      on one  
side everyone laughing on      the other  
no one is having any trouble      following  
what happens off stage is just      a device  
a trick to make you supply      their violence



we were going to call      soon as we heard  
your gaze had shifted      irretrievably inward  
like a dead star metaphor      or gastric torsion  
we thought a call to be      too much concave  
too much like a conch      shell a reminder  
of the mind-body dilemma      the stark curve  
of an unfinished lemniscate      strange loop of  
finding yourself at the other      end of the line



clearly going to fumble    befuddled clearly  
not sure how one does it    dazzles Jesus  
and a woman with one    unapostatical smile  
denoting both humility    and sexual prowess  
one loves with a clear    mind of symmetry  
one loves with all clearly    relentless in mind  
nothing greater than this    botched affair  
hypothetical nonsensical    meandering love



going there was easy    we had tickets  
personal beverages    attendants' names  
we could watch one    get all mayday  
on the Hudson    while we thought  
Middle America looked    very neural  
like arranged according    to accidental  
minds like mine    cluster-selves lit up  
this world down there    whose armrest