from A Whirligig Called America

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What's the use in a nest, love,  
in this palace of fine particulates?
In America we won't repeat ourselves  
on the long drive from nowhere to nowhere.

Admission to America will be lightning  
dust over corn fields in Rogue's Hollow.

I don't want to be an amplifier in cutoffs  
anymore, love. I don't want to house
heaps of lag bolts in my body.  
I don't want the dead to cut wakes
through my sleep or anything else you're beside.  
I will sing better in America, which is to say at all.

I will rim the bomb's nose with soap.  
I will rope the dead in closer,
feel for their candles because I'm useless.  
When I get to America I will write a poem
that will make my friends and family proud  
or at least forget they're sitting in a chair
because, girl, those are the first things banished there. Lie, float, or get gone.