Counterpoint

John Yau
The upright man marches like a clock
which is to say he cannot quite return
to the same spot in the grooved sky
The eyebrow panel is obsolete

The evolution of ants defines one kind of speed
the revolution in fashion hints at another

Don’t slump forward in your rubberized seat
because you still need to order all twenty-four volumes

Why do you want to be naked
when all the stars have rescinded their orders

I insist that you put more thought
into your fortune cookies

Can receiving the consolation prize
be as gratifying as entering the contest

Please learn to remove all evidence of your stubble
without inconveniencing others

Arithmetic is a spiral shaped waiting room
filled with the pronouns of ruined ladders
I wish I could get you to see it my way
but then I wouldn’t be here if you did