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*from* Gimme Kitsch

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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
not sure how one does it
dazzles Jesus
and a woman with one
unapostatical smile
denoting both humility
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

Kocher