Capsule

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Moneymen paid Julie big bucks
to paint explosions in their lobby,
ones that faced out towards the cardboard
and tear gas crowd. She made
cartographic bird confetti. She gave
her mural flight plans, phosphor holes, and
swamps yapping next to straight-faced
ghosts of biology diagrams.

Powerful Julie worked in this armpit,
fingertipping rockets
into surrounding corn rows. Epicenters
met. Shaven flakes whirled. Julie lived
on this map in an invisible capsule
with comets and streamers digging
her a podium. There were flight
delays. There were comings and leafings.

There were prices, lasers, rises, drops,
and in the end it was like listen,
may death be alright
and reincarnation an upgrade.