

June Of 44

"Air -17"

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Black hole in the mid west
Four eyes
Flat on our backs
Bare (bear?) skin
Discovered an enchanted
An understated manifesto
In the stacks of a flooded library

Picturesque vision
The word is a stone
And an opening sword
And you can't stop this

It's three stories high
Loaded with electricity

Air number thirteen
Three stories high
9000 square feet

And the fans are on fire
And their water is on our floor
Layers of dust and carbon
An unsuspected surveillance
We can compare mosquito bites
And wish for vacations.

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