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Untitled

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Sarah Den Boer

The investigations that have “led analysts in the defense industry to ask for other drugs that could, for the sake of national defense, if not for the soldier, temporarily shut down his or her emotional response” *

Somewhere,
some gods are laughing at us, a people who have
disconnected our own tendons, who have freely
volunteered to participate in an encephalon
stir-fry, of sorts. As we throw cloaks over
every stray limb and reel in each kite of passion,
we insist on only buying maps with
perpendicular corners, two-lane roads, car-washes
every seven miles. Complexity is becoming a
disease the way a person jumps up and down on
a diving board but never into the water because
his eardrums can only handle one level of
pressure. It is like looking into a pool of mercury,
a slow march towards robotization when
the princess will kiss the frog only if she
knows she can sell his legs on the black market.

**Adbusters, March/April 2004*

This poem first appeared in an electronic issue of *Brick and Mortar Review*

Sanctified

Sarah Den Boer

in an empty cave beneath the badlands
where black is not black
and lime blooms like hardening taffy
where the drip of water is the mark of
sustenance and substance

our hands reach, a clutch of
knuckles like cicadas crunching underfoot
an embrace of bones, knee to knee, clavicle to clavicle
we rattle the polka through the dark
skip over rocks slick as raw egg whites

terpsichorean creation buried before
it was born, then buried again