Sanctified

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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” *

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

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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