

ticker

this is scary accurate.
the automatic radiation
in a granulated sinking
said with a rush
of borrowed adjectives
from unavailable references.

an unfelt link between lobe
and knell that's beneath all the din
in the night's night
when the going gets its fill
of the wane of the report
laying itself down to be rid

a quick pick up
a must to abbreviate
any too-ready entries
sloughed off, rebuffed
a set of demands saddled to stand
(with a stem's bend)

up to being man-handled.
the ultimate terrible metaphor
for so much of the world's span:
large flat glass stacked
end to end

all untamed. terrific potential
although each glance timed wrong
if I passed through the park earlier
if I were on my way home a few minutes ago
if I guessed the width the path would be
this is why I wanted to be accurate

scariest, supposability
does not check out
I lie that I have a card
and assume the cost
is meant for me, too.
with those stars around the price

a stamp spells our name
on compressed pages
flipped apart we breathe
cramp it back to where
it slides through time
and leans, a laugh

for no reason. a graph of the frequency
of followed conventions, the stupid
reflection of all the reactions. nothing gets done
except thinking and going on
I told an easy shadow, "go home"

he surprised me with a male voice,
said, "don't let the frequency fool you".
I couldn't wait for him to go and then
faked a warm goodbye. I don't think
anyone matters when I think about
the fate of the telephone.

remembered: leaning hard
in the dark on the receiver
renting breath from evening
getting a buzz into the skull
that will bounce around for ages
think your hearing into being

the head a hull that eases
heavy forward filmic friezes
heels drag greasy paths after
neat seeming weeks are seeped
in bell tones, each ring cut in clicks
that catch and register as seconds and copies

my psychic sees reels
every day, mostly words
inside her skull. she says
today I'm too worked up
about distractions and must
focus first on paying her.

empty late sun soon to crash
lengthy extension over sprawl
we all bridle with the descent
slowing out a slur of salutation
but I decided to sign off
leave the edge to its appearances

go to a party
where the light is timeless
wearing something smart
dance near a room
with a pool bright and flat
sit at circles with voices on top

drink in sips spin
down to the abdomen
several bodies
fill in for all
the muted tin

shuttled rather than dispersed
cordoned off belted in
watch the windshield
make motion turn
drips, blips of sodium
onto the road

harboring ardent sneer
halt breath with next
how can I write this
after I've gone to bed
heart burned
ash everywhere

tear tongue down to
tiny buds to taste self
well of any wry aside
washed away. I grind
I dish I vie I rescind
early on I'm not a burn victim

these are experiments in sedation
these hypotheses are not responsible
they are subject to a mouthpiece
that mimics notes on tests and
prove people are placeholders
makeshift personality breeders

so if you forgot your phone
if it gets lost when you wake
as we get to the part where
the sun's radiation and
its granulated light comes
down on the smooth stones in that stream

massaging scenes of fields
the very edges where the grass
rubs out onto an empty buzzing
finishes now into an almost
sleep you have no problem
getting to sleep I tell myself

he says “come under here
with me” and she runs
into the bathroom where
I’m waiting. I say,
“electricity will kill you”.
she cries, “I’ve already touched the socket”

she vomits shapes
onto the rug, I run out
of the house, down the street,
come back, she’s having
a popsicle. orange.
popsicles help everyone

the sun's pressing its back
into some seams.
The only pen I can find is wax
melts grease in my hand
I press my palm into your realm
I dream we gather around the print

figure a friendship is tainted
push it back to an acquaintance
had a dream about the lake
so had to go
stand at the wrong end of the usual
ghost bus goes past

it's such a clear, shallow, extended lake
more like a perfect square pool
people talking in groups
I find one, or they come over
asking for things, if I'd like to dance
there's a hydra on the shore that mates with me

such simple things
sitting in the sand
shifting into divots
people talking everywhere
grains get on and glint off the page
kids pick them up with their feet

she's there. says, "back to yourself?"
my yes or dissent. all lines smile
arranging the terms of a laugh
my wish is to just not need to
graft half-clouds into a sky
urge thunder after lightning breaks

turn around, don't drown
forms more of a metaphor
for the intensely immediate
that will drown anyway
your resistance turns into you
saying "are you serious?"

I had just enough fare to get there

Laura Goldstein's poetry and essays have appeared or are forthcoming from the *Denver Quarterly*, *American Letters and Commentary*, *Jacket2*, *How2* and other fine publications. She is the author of six chapbooks, one of which, *phylum*, is forthcoming from Horse Less Press. Her first full-length collection of poetry, *loaded arc*, will be released by Trembling Pillow Press in Summer 2013. She currently teaches at Loyola University and co-curates the Red Rover Series with Jennifer Karmin in Chicago.