In a Remote Part of the West

I would have taken the administrative attempt
To dismantle the general intellect to be screeching
Tires across institute gates and surveillance
The status of mascots and Fauntleroy but for the boiler
Room smell of billionaires basking in Irish malt.
Newsrooms swarm with rumors of an immunity
From fear. Except for the bruising ten o’clock meeting,
Instruments of torture become the solution to
Everything because competition is stupid. The beams
Of headlights from executive cars, opulent transport
For Cleopatra, and for the couple with children,
Targets a suitable driver in Tutankhamen. Freak plagues
Make alternative travel a taxidermist’s castoff. EU
Subsidies lie fallow for US subsidies backtracked
Then cracked on the hard rim. The old prosperity
Of nature seemed endless. Swung inward, today’s
Mechanisms force into hairline cracks the plot of Afro-
Caribbean extraction (cf. Puerto Rico after Maria).
The transport police are ready to assist you
And your family. Being an artist means extending
The evolutionary process in that very thing
The whole environment echoes in each source, transposed
For the human to inhabit it. You have to keep the
Story consistent, some say, by inhabiting echoes
Credited, transposed, or otherwise solidified into
Burglarproof property and travel arrangements
Eyeballed by scholarship boys and girls at the local
Ivy-league prior to a good night’s sleep. In this remote
Part of the West, where hell pierces one’s heart, we
Pull into the center at arm’s length. On a flat dish
Relatively stable insurrections are reflected as off a heavy
Object. The fundamentals, it’s said, are crimes.
Prepare the World

I have had a lifetime of listening to people who believe
That life can be talked away. It cannot be done. With no home
In this world anymore something special may be next.
The moon shows itself drifting away, standing outside terrestrial
Landslides and stories the soul takes having come into
Existence without dragging itself upside down. We picture it
A form of awareness, an essential envelope of resemblance in a
Game of resistance to the nervous currents of breath and
Sunlight. An unprepared reminder of mortality invisible even to
The eye that comes very close though it dropped off its hinges
Long ago. A spacious sledge of all virtues having collapsed
In front of us, an integer, and fundamentally so integral, so very
Labyrinthine that no area of this life is left untouched. We’ve
Grown up in the same society together and so in acts of charity
Move to reconsolidate property. It hurts someone when I eat.
It’s almost as if they begged for the grace of becoming feces.
Self-expression? The idea of property recapitulates every social
Division. We hate each other’s guts. The world’s method
Of seduction provides everyone a piece of waste land. Our
Teeth quiver as they chew the stone. We partake in America’s
Fine tradition of savoring fear. A real historical unhappiness
May be received as the supreme reward bestowed on the most
Obedient of servants. Your metropolitan areas have value if
They know when to live and when to die. The thesaurus of a
Derelict rendered ampler than our own dereliction is perpetually
Shrinking and expanding in anger and despair at what is going on.
My signature is a pseudonym. My last words are winning and
Losing in a competition led by my unconscious self, transformed
In endless pretense and growing debate. I have no hand in the
Formation that brings you joy and happiness. Its nature and causes
Gradually fade away. Evil could become a success. The good
Opinion of others has nothing to do with why one revises ones
Own work. The worst could happen.
Destroying Exculpatory Evidence

The smoky and sline heart can be given or withdrawn,
And that may help us understand something about who
Is being deceived and who no longer has anything to
Unveil. There may be some serious flaw in our delirium,
A series of traps for the capture of objects. Is there
Such a thing as a temporary region of the sun? Or, the coffee
Cup through which you can see more than two thousand
Stars? Is the sea inky blue, and am I a Hoosier Jew?
My anaesthetizing myself with alcohol and morphine
Only the faint glow of my wristwatch still connects me
To the world. The reality is that texts and images make
Mistakes all the time before passing the reinvigorated
Further down the symbolic line. Detected and corrected,
The resting places within the poem are allographically
Indistinguishable. My thoughts, however, seem to be
Combined by concatenation constitutive of all contingent
Properties. That is, enveloped under an osculation
Seen in the bare sky, suede under water. Or, a unicorn
Unaware that it rests firmly on the sleepers, a magical
Childhood I no longer have time to tell. Or,
Entering into one’s home illegally owing to circumstances
An honest, meticulous, melancholy communist who
Prefers to busy himself with his literary criticism, which
Is published in magazines that three people read. All you have
To do is watch for hyenas and yell. Political homelessness
In the centrality of the home can’t be described. One
Imagines oneself to be incomplete without a partner, lost
Without a romantic relationship. A separate object in
Interaction with other separate objects. Europe, Asia and
Africa. To be far away. Its presumed place of origin over-
Determined, a reverberation anticipating the future, a tape
Worm who wishes to digest the whole host. To retain
Something, to wear us away, destroy us.
The Things that They Do to Shoot Through this Country

An inheritance of liquidation in meta-forgery deploy. The lending of Selling and buying in the disturbance cul-de-sac of public opinion and Investment escapes surveillance. It is the surveillance synchronized By satellite to hit a distant terminal (misunderstood as arbitrary) Spinning around, self-sufficient, and scattered, to captivate one’s precise Location yields another surface in the center of one’s soul & screen. An army of trolls among the stoned sucks the stoned in yellowish Monochrome the quality of a mindless relativity. The illusion of having Overcome distance, of having erased time, however incommodious, Is the delusion of distances overcome, of times erased. The meats are Perfectly smoked. Citizens, too. This quarrel with time is the Ciphered part of human thought, an unstoppable drifting toward Governmentality kindled almost without smoke, though discolored By oil. The power of complete non-attachment as per Eigner’s “the / Constant ephemerals,” between thinking and listening, called sidelines, Provides half of the oxygen we breathe. People create their own Genres, not genders, to keep them from falling below the beautiful Shapes of participation the implicate order implies? It says nothing. That’s not all. I am devoted to money, yet I don’t care about the pay. Beyond the personal I can’t see anymore – to squeeze, to put Pressure on one’s immediate environment, words compete to be Selected as a function of their semantic distances, the plasma levels In the blood and brain. To guard your boutique in the little boat, In a system of ceaseless goat cheese, one notices only an inexpungible Smell of things moldering that robs one of breath. If you put the sandwich On the blotter and take the boat in both hands, the falling price of Coal wipes it clean, then folds it up and puts it in your wallet. Parents Stand beside it and eye their children. Fed on fishes, frogs, and worms, Their beaks wiped clean, the muscles growing stronger, the genetic Clock in tender green meadows (on Blackboard?), the variables Gathered at a nearby table, launches into the opened spleen a person Who cannot grasp the troubled script that a shooter dissolves.
Andrew Levy is the author most recently of *Artifice in the Calm Damages* (Chax Press, 2017; the complete book is forthcoming spring 2020); other books include *Don’t Forget to Breathe* (Chax Press, 2012), and *Nothing Is In Here* (EOAGH Books, 2011). Levy’s poems and essays have appeared in numerous American and international anthologies, including, *An Anthology of 60 Contemporary American Poets* (Zasterle, Spain, 2017), and *Resist Much Obey Little – Inaugural Poems to the Resistance* (Dispatches Editions, 2017).