

*throughout all our efforts, in every dramatic struggle
between old and new views, we recognize the eternal longing for understanding,
the ever-firm belief in the harmony of our world, continually strengthened
by the increasing obstacles to comprehension.*

[A. Einstein & Leopold Infeld: *The Evolution of Physics*]

**yes Melvie; my killer comes
to Inaccessible Island with apologies
& cigarettes**

+ My killer comes to me, a pitiful coming, Ludlow's Smoker's Palace is not a tent, he may as well have wings, a script translated only with apologies, defenses, no longer am I enamored with lifting, humanity a bullet, a slant, upwards tilt in trajectory charts, blasted hope, compensation of aim, above my head, high heaven, but out of the gate, out of the barrel, perfect descent commences, a rise of misconception, a bullet through me centerline, crown to laying a hollow point petaled egg, perfect cleavage, *knick knack paddywhack, your welcome bones*, he clears his throat, lighthouse, foghorn, bottle neck, club soda, effervescent entourage of shrunken see-through fireflies, esophageal, tracheate, every breath they mate, cosmic cycles in his neck, clustering universes, illuminated alphabets, *a long time coming*, may as well be spiked with acupuncture needles not meant to be removed, his cutting edge corona, his aura, sword blade tip reductions, his permanency is aberrant, any permanence, I'm the sitting duck, stuffed with sword blade tip reductions, ping-pong universe, bang, crunch, squeeze, echo, 57 known varieties, 31 tasted flavors of *booyah* existence, time and again, boiled down to me and my killer, stew, bouillabaisse, (*Mr. Goudas*) callaloo, green rags, leafy rags, the falls of St. Mary's River, *the soo, the soo, in Sault Sainte Marie*, whistling telephone wires, juniper breeze soy candles, healthy and harmonious living in *Tang Soo Do*, he comes to me, belts, tethers, lassos, lashed together, Joan also had a stake in holding and being held, atmosphere banked in gravity, universal gravy, ultra, infra, extra, *hold me, Tang Soo Do*, coolness in a breeze is anesthetic, *o honey, do it*, my gooseflesh rises for milking, a thousand nipples, sweet rows, his sadistic intimacy that I expected, but too transparent, nothing's inside that I can't see, *for the love of god, in the name of love*, stop, go, dance, *Tang Soo Do*, erratic fishbones, crisscross, look out now, look in, hive tiles, hexagonal prisms skin, crystals pour out of his pores, sweet sweat, sweet breeze, hexagonal framework of all natural snow and ice on earth, *for real*, not all is natural, *for real unnatural*, since 1979, every number larger than 1791 as a sum of four hexagonal numbers, kill-points, bifurcation locations, Legendre and honeycombs, six-sided scutes on a turtle's carapace, *sexy, sexy*, basalt columns from Giant's Causeway in Ireland, *oh those shoulders*, power-pushy, pushy, powwow framework, now drape feathers, now further the legacy of flightless birds, Falkland Flightless Steamer Duck, *o for the love of Malvinas, whoop-dee-do, toowee, toowee*, my cousin Melvie warned me about this, microraptor song about rapture, semi-griffin, *hello*, is this ginger, is this higher harmonics of horseradish, vibrating sap, feast of the epiphany Krewé, tribe, mandrake's earned turn, *hello*, the cigars pop, dried up cocoons, flying ash I cannot magnify, cannot locate complexity for all the beautiful symmetry, some delightfully nasty, feast of lights, *hello*, Gerarde: Master of the Company of Barber-Surgeons, superintendent of the gardens of William Cecil, 1636, *hello*, male and female mandrake, root of all Adams, all Eves, Vegas show-stopper showgirl, knocks socks off, breath out, sanctification of waters, what would Melvie do, Inaccessible island was accessed in 1652 by *t'Nachtglas*, Dutch ship, his tongue pops, each particle is part of an alphabet, they freckle me, I rub them, swooshes, whorls, only commas, colons,

separators, emphasis, blurs, he has social security, he has ways of extracting blowtorches from his flat pockets, he keeps them away from proof, he keeps them away from examination, so close now, I can taste, touch, feel, Inaccessible's yeast farm failed, Inaccessible's possum farm failed, the road curls up behind him, a key coils inside a tin can lid, sharp edged bed, *lay down, Tang Soo Do*, he trails mechanical monkey swirled tail, my fingers slide into a slot on his back, up to my elbows, easy, easy, *Tang Soo Do*, till he is my armor, he is my chariot, rickshaw, barbed wire veins, bow tie arteries, clogged with gifts, the coffee is sludge, *milagros gruesos*, the jam is spread everywhere, and there is no everything no everywhere in which bread has no part, *sorry it took me so long*, for the love of the *Tristan da Cunha Conservation Ordinance* (in place as of 1976), the salvation of Inaccessible, I don't want him, kill joy, the missionaries go there, spoiler, *la fantasia es meurta*, its grand executions weigh in *como brazos del apocalypse*, dream killer, *ai, ai, ai*, in the Vulgate enterprise, Vulgate inceptum, kill joy, *sorry it took me so long*, we open the cigarettes like fish bellies, *yes, yes*, affinity for guts, but no, as if we get to work after examples of looting, no clairvoyant mentions interiors, the white wrappers have been camouflage, preferences for swans, domestication of idea, how briefly ideas balance on lips and burn away, the fire is small, personal, a company in China makes cigarettes shaped like fingers, it is becoming popular to smoke a hand, to wrap five finger cigarettes in a white paper glove, *happy anniversary, I'd know you anywhere*, the hand is small, child's hand, protruding from mouths, escape route, climbing out of a tunnel, finger food, paternal reckoning, *wait here*, he rolls down a hill he'd already descended (some heft, and it's magnificent mountain, all about summit), to my feet, thinner and thinner cylinder, white coating, personalized cigarette too big for me to lift, on the ground with it, so yes, we lay down together, *will it happen now, will you slit my throat while I sleep*, my cigar throat, his cigarette throat, *is this what you really want, will this really make you happy = greater love has no man than this*

—Thylias Moss