

## The Brothers

by Mathias Svalina<sup>\*</sup>

I love when my lover looks like an indeterminate eardrum manual, a dismantlement of tools, etc. I saw him slip between two songs with something that isn't love. When Chicago is a crosswalk collection, I am something else. A pier for fixing speculation. A dental style that is so accurate I have to bow there beneath the weird wastoid bones. No. What do *they* know? What *could* they know? I pick a noose and sing to him like the old gull I used to be. Because I can't shake that adaptation of purposes & ideas. No.

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<sup>\*</sup> from *Wastoid*, "Wastoid"

finger, hand & mouth thing  
by Eleni Sikelianos\*

if the mouth were an ivory cloister and  
a plectrum is also plucked shutter

is hand wove to winter  
let the spring day's dactyls

shatter what night carved from it corrosive  
delirium music a poison

drop in acid song appeared  
let my hand here corrode

the net the gate the finger  
till the good day's news

papers the earth and also as  
we demons are x to them

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\* from *Body Clock*, "Plectrum"