

Deborah Meadows

Similarity as an ill-defined problem

identical chassis, variant body work
factory farms' mass graves contain
the contaminated, inferential
guessing around—what might work
without new part

what was second last, and what
we see about—stamped
on listed priors and free

to mess with, reversed order
slight sigh til trumpet blast
via earring pet, can know

as if sight of safety vest buffoon
formed our verse for second chair
ended with lamplit emotion

clever part of the gadget a painting
presents climbs into skull matter,
visual cortex inflected with priors,
where the little lady says, *we've seen*
bits of it before, and she sounds like you
relieved of uniform foci

We had enumerated reasons not
to replicate genetic inserts, that

sheet music adrift, unbound
command to move inward, build
pillars, not terminator genes in field crops,
classical porticos in rye—they might just
leave it alone, pre-aurochs; whereas,
here we can count only the horizon
and profile of deep sea trench unaltered
truly

felt replaced, blown a threat to standards
perhaps a tenor apart? why
did they add horns?
what could render clarity got left out

get up, we hear often, get up
cabin pressure on Bucky's
Spaceship Earth with difference in union
Did it take more attention? More stone
against metate in regular movements
as if a remembered voice were there?

What do they call a name change
on the order of plaques and tiles,
not if you have to inform, but
tell little ideas down to the pectoral
fin spread across Pleistocene hunks
of time, temperature fled from a norm?

On lip of the glass, does your data
belong to you, something shaped
from olden days making a tight turn
against downtown traffic, timed just
right, yet off rhymed with analytics
of earth's atmosphere, thin heritage

vascular plants did it, do it; made-up
human capacitance does it,
that off-hand neuronal
whisper-game, our lesson of ashes,

when our fire won't fit into a box,
strings come in, aerial work awfully
ethereal, making strange the hand
in front of the face
Does it come to you held out as quiver
and collapse?

Think of scrapped out pieces covered
by up-coming jazz greats as phrasal
wonders, chiders on how time
abridged, expanded clipped syllable,
tedium got away in evasive rhyme

overlay of augmented trope messed
with serious habit of correctional
means on young climbing girls,
Cumulus crowned city hall, roses
on disasters, time stamps per second

having had it for sometime, given
over to its attracted filings, kept
here, animal life, magnetic reckoning
sound out vowel scale, yet here
creature forms seem an entire world:
lichen, polyps, coral, be our metropolis

old area not to unpopulated stay, more
than the scrape, getting out of it, haul,
moving load from it, that desire peeled
out this holy day in diminished rounds

what is place after all? set of coordinates
brutalized by power? how the clearance
needs a touch up, fewer pine needles,
fallen branches

it was a "grab," of something, of someone
a piece of surveyed dirt, snatch at Venus
maybe Mars; not fully a mission in music
but came around to these sentence-

clouds worked over the area about them
with them, hanging in what seems
forever a precipitate, ordinary, done.

“Octave Epitome” misused the coronet,
mouth over mouthpiece deliberately,
scrape key, disperse the discussion
all over about planetary motion,
let down Ptolemaic self-involvement

Pelagic fish, pelagic zone
press comment fronted by whine
of Gulfstream chopper out open ocean,
old try-works idled in rare fortuitous
backlash didn’t go anywhere

wide is the dismantled work, long
the view extinguished here, chimney,
steel gate, no terraform talk, reduced
to how steps take us near figures drawn

weird dealer with reptile tank folly,
sunbeam scaled wall, live for light
through trees, away from blacklight
for effect, woofer gone with smoke,
forthright, low viscous honey, live
for shimmer of light on slate bottom
creek, away, into strange old times

doll-sized gait, tiny ones, sum came
up short by end of shift, overtone
of municipal violence, neon symbol-
shift from roadside
false glamor to derivative sense
of timed sound, where they prod
answers out of thin means, high
notes help align fabric to pattern,
schooled to estimate toxin in ash
behind the original entrance ballooned
into cavernous sky, gone ...

help a person up to harm? wouldn't
call it tolerable, drew back, prepared
punch of breath, and took it.

Comes with Winter

Up for repair, brain muddle of this sky,
winter morning. Forest turned away from us.
Wouldn't you avoid interference? too
involved in complexities of leaf mold
and rain, more than us to think about,
what patterns compose as they decline,
throw away last year's fast things, edge
easily met, fated to low color contrast,
to means less stubborn. The path opens forward
paired with extra light in clearing, prints,
older residue, steps, yet no formal outline
or divergent argument on action, such as
who ran away to forest boles, scattered
approach to wonder, its defense. Drawn
between nurturance and liberties, we adore
snakes and birdlife, baggy at the knee;
all relegators at circadian bluff, free
of newspaper leads down each thorny path.

Enter take-overs, fudged rights, dupe me
once, seven million let go last year.
Will they purify river water, flash gold-
fish in museums? name all animals
and insects that interrupted electrical
service ... could they suspend this new
term's news coverage? Hearing.

Make it possible to shadow forth vaulted
space: echoey sound of paired steps rushed
the door, un-bandaged kid in display
window of lost wallet, old poem
on creased notepaper, hand drawn heart
with arrow beside devil with tequila shot.

Idea for a band proposed back when
furiously young in a world alert to time.
Order to mudslide, that predecessor

to archeological dig, hymn of praise
precedes freedom, cat worship precedes
neutering, but sexy human foible, desire
a supreme knowledge, bass rhythm
will make it go, come back new.

Once there were marks metal made
into auditory fabric, but now are none.
Meanwhile downstairs blue backing out
a window on the first try, then deciding
against all of it, created more work,
put it back in the wrong spot. Hard

to reproduce satiric reference, *get it*
on a time passed away, of that we profess
socratic ignorance, and pose question
upon question. How we enjoy best-
guesses when not snickering to ourselves,
comedic dialog with peripatetic
Angelenos. Let's wander, let's not set limits
to the conversation, let's laugh, crash,
illumine. Notice how divided state-made
language and street, unnatural growth
needs water, yet let's not take it
too somatically, name a dozen, set out.