The Millions

Epic fail and the man I sing
above the strip in the heat index
dead desiring dry tsunami
curtaining the buildings like fallout
drifting through corridors tidal
sweeping sunglasses, crankshafts, I-beams
before it
(still itself the
wreckage amidst
the wreckage)
meanwhile staggering
on the zombie economy
tries to think itself out of its mind
like a small vicious strong-smelling
animal a mink
exposed in the iron cage of its
habitat
we walk until we stop or are
stopped
under the interchanges
abandoned cars strung out like beads
doors flapped open like tongues
shading eyes to the horizon
to the catastrophe
squatting there with its million tongues
as if it were that simple to bear to witness
the event
if I could get it in gear I
would believe me
can’t find the wound with my hands
but it’s an arrow piercing me and
everyone
branching back in ragged feathers its
purer linearity thrust forward
between my daughter’s eyes
back turned to webbed simultaneity
this morning thousands died
the evening’s birth is universal
no I can’t count that high
on my fingers and toes even
visual modeling makes a window
but I don’t know the code
zeroes and ones fly by
adding up to the noun intelligence
“as for living, our hybrid vehicles
will do that for us”
the window’s closing
on all that air and light
to render it spectacular and unusable
but for now nothing protects me
and I’m glad
to be the child of my place and time
the father too I would make
a model means of seeing diorama
glued to a plank in reason
floating in whatever gutters are left
under a few stars
to document my failure
to secure and see the millions
find me midstream dragging a hand behind
grasping fishy Heraclitus
pulling me back and under
drowning my life and my life
together for a breath
counting cadence to survive
the work of open eyes