

JOSHUA COREY

**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