

THE EQUALIZER

1.6



LUCAS FARRELL [121] The Dual-Shade of Six-Prong

THE DUAL-SHADE OF SIX-PRONG

* * *

Literally, I combed the desert,
traded grass for movie-lines,
a generation in myself:

the dual-shade of six-prong

—the molecular structure
of perspicuous love.

Somewhere in the middle
the words
got stuck, unplugged,
electric blood
poured
& the wind,

the ecstatic math-wind:

Deep God, on the in-spoke.

I combed the curls,
the still-frill of cursive-scalp,
& smeared charcoal dust
in sculpted
letters,

air.

No, that was a peat bog.

No, that was a graveyard.

You wrote, I've been sweating
in temples for centuries
& what's it
got me? Some fire-
robe to perform a rain

dance in?

My knees are scrub-bone-gray
& there's a dual-shade
where my
eyelids stray. It's windy,

here.

Therefore, grass for movie-lines
(fracture, scripture).
Friction of lyric's cellular lure—
flatliner green.

Focus on the projected stitch-seam.
My God-given name.

* * *

sure my parts
come
in a box

all packaged

with hands
tiny faces carved

into them sure
it's aflame

blackening
rust

then rusting

don't we all

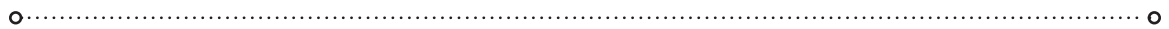
don't tell me
it's a lie

don't
you tell me
with your

eyes

closed I'm a
liar

open
them



* * *

A migratory bird masters the dial tone.
Language of the electrical socket, the outlet.

Thereby granting

flicker, groove to sprocket,
steady:

My refrigerator light makes its way toward you.
The cookiecutter shark makes its way toward you.

Albeit your source is depleted:

albeit my apostrophe is the death of a star
journeying toward the last of your say

uprooted, in transit, dual-shade—

our limits
graze

* * *

The river's
knees are swollen
like walking
me to sleep

every night

I can't tell you how
sorry the sun looks
this morning
through its

trampled
silkscreen
face

I will
inject and pump myself into

where I oughtn't
be

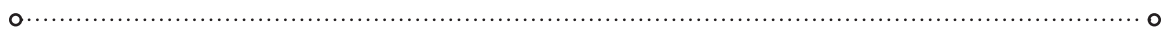
capable of
weathering loudly,

effluent

superstitiously red,
left
superstitiously red

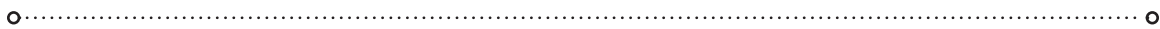
pouring down
my two-
dimensional

shins,



plumbing the dark
spots
of my cartoon

trees



* * *

If you can conceive of a river,
rare, unclean,
how many times we'll rush the sea.

Fear is worse than it was before.
We know less about dying.
No rituals, no lore.

Dad worked the paper mill.
Beds stripped of sheets,
my brothers & me with static eyes.

It wasn't lightning tore us up.
We bare-kicked blankets,

electrified dust.

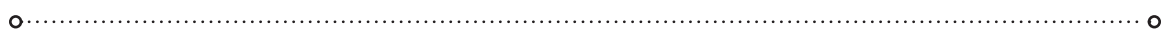
The end of elegy was an oil swirl,
colors unknown.
It was the thaw

told us: grow,
in the timeless way.
When the ink melted
into eye patches

on parking lots,
& the moon became a skinless grape,
& stars became
our mother's words,

did we speak of the end?
The dead in books shook
leaves & laughed when

the trees bent out of shape.
Conveyer belt jams
preserved the night.



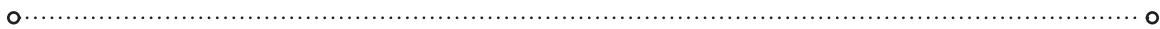
* * *

Say:

I forgot where it was I was born.
There was migration in
the epigraph, a dam
in the form.

The bedtime stories were:

Let the torment outlast
the fossil fuels of happiness.



* * *

When you came along
each prong received
a slightly different charge.
Infinitesimal,
my six-pronged heart.

My salmonfly hatch,
my arctic tern,
my tortured plenty,
my elephant seal, my windmill,
my troubled teeth.

You blew through your milky green siphon
& called the rain
that fell on me

janitor-rain

because I once was

scrub & jukebox
& there would be nothing left to clean up
when our fire was through.

Not to mention your heart,
all lit up at like a bug zapper;

you who once knew how to light
on a stray wrist, in the rain, in the dark.

You looked right at me.