

5-2018

## Ham Radio Operator

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Ham Radio Operator

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of  
Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing

by

Zachary Hester  
University of Kentucky  
Bachelor of Arts in English, 2010

May 2018  
University of Arkansas

This thesis is approved for recommendation to the Graduate Council.

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**Abstract**

*Ham Radio Operator* is a collection of poems.

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## AMERICAN GHAZAL

Don't expect a refrain here, we only move forward, only update  
what we care to keep: iOS, extended cab, Fat Boy, burritos as big as your head.

In remembrance of those we lost on 9/11 the hotel provides  
complimentary coffee and mini muffins from 8:45 to 9:15.

Drunk clowns are popping up roadside in the high beams of passing cars.  
The worst part, according to the paper: *This isn't just happening in Kentucky*

70-west stays shut down and my detour lifts a concerned eyebrow  
of geese over the yellow of *Love's 24 Hour Dine-in/Drive thru*.

There is some good though: Florida Man reunites with cat lost 14 years prior.  
In related news, Pennsylvania sheriff accuses Punxsutawney Phil of deception.

Here, trees lined with Huggies and Roman candles border the old pond  
where, dressed as manimals in bull masks, we celebrate our independence.

I pencil each "A" with forefingers pinched plum-full of lightning  
bugs, learning my name on sidewalks, in so much star-gut and light.

HAM RADIO OPERATOR

..... / .- .- .- .- .- / --- .- .- .- .- .- .- .- .-

*“Of Course it’s ours. If it’s anyone’s, it’s ours.”*  
Tracy K. Smith



## END TIMES

We say it where I'm from,  
to mean: what's fucked up is by design,

God gives  
signs, pay

attention to numerology.  
Five hundred year hurricanes

so often now birds  
have learned to thrive

by flying in the eye  
of storms and in the face

of such low,  
low Black Friday

rollback prices  
like these, lord

it must be  
a sign of the end of times.

Curses are breaking:  
Geniuses are living

past 27: they have stickers on avocados  
now that let you know when they're ripe.

It means the Cubs have won  
the pennant.

We're running low on fuel  
at the pump but thank God

a triceratops was here  
and now my champagne

'96 Nissan Maxima has gasoline  
for Taco Tuesday.

A total solar eclipse  
is only visible from Earth.

There are fountains now that give you  
every kind of soda. These are miracles.

Excess carbon emissions  
will ruin a good sweet tea,

like too much sugar.  
It means you can light

faucet taps of homes on fire  
in the more magical parts of Kentucky.

*PRISCILLA HUGGABLE ATOMIC MUSHROOM,*  
from **Designs for Fragile Personalities in Anxious Times\***

The designers have invited us to embrace  
our fears: to take home nuclear annihilation

and cuddle it. But I'm suspicious of growing  
too fond of the inevitable order of this.

In front of the contained mushroom cloud,  
my partner tells me the closest thing these days

to the taste of *real* banana  
is Moon Pie—this included

the bunch of them I have cradled in the wire  
basket above my microwave. She was talking

about the *Gros Michel* which is extinct,  
or near it, or approaching it's hard to tell

but she stressed the old artificial flavorings  
companies branded during the Cold War

were built to last. They were necessary  
because no one was sure when we would surrender

the taste of something  
we took for granted.

I believe if you scoot a thing an inch

for long enough continents can split.

That you fool memory  
a millimeter at a time.

Don't we all, on our own terms,  
learn to love what can destroy us?

I never knew until walking down Lakeshore  
revolving doors were built to prevent draft,

never knew it was not the cold  
coming, only the heat leaving.

CODA ATOP WELLS-FARGO,  
OVER THE BRONZE MOUNTAIN LION IN BOULDER, CO.

She will be the last of the big cats.

Her open mouth, a copper reservoir,  
quietly collects snow on a tongue  
long-surrendered to lichen.

She guards the Wells-Fargo on Pearl Street  
and if anything will live forever, it is a bank.

I had been sent away.

Not for good—just for this cup  
of coffee which I take seated  
across the street

from a sun that goes off this morning  
like an electrical fire in a paper factory.

Light glides from my end  
of the street to the lion's tail  
as quick as the click  
of a pedestrian sign, same as it will  
until the final giant sun rises  
and I know this is not sustainable.

Let me be clear: I believe in lichen.

They will be here, thriving  
in the radiation.

I want to be there too,

to watch the last sun devour her,  
or her devour it—  
in the calculus of photosynthesis—  
in the way only two lives  
coming together can.

## TAXIDERMY IN BOULDER, CO

“New Year’s night, just before midnight, a Boulder police officer rolled up to the intersection of 9th and Mapleton, pulled out a gun and shot an animal,” Fox 31 Denver

Because it is too hard to leave

a gun un-

shot and because buckshot

undoes

four chambers of an elk’s

stomach,

night dimly ties ribbons

of the star-

sky to the spaces made

undone

by aim.

This dumb shine betrays

the crabapple

leaves settled on the floor

of the still-

warm reticulum, like sod,

and police,

smiling, stand over the dead

with horns

cupped in each hand

for a photograph.

People say *light breaks* when

what they mean is

*enters*—as in, when flashed

the camera

didn't *break* the body, only  
explored  
the places left erased.

This is not the end. He will  
clean the body.

Make right the head, the eyes,  
for his wall.

The antlers will fight  
for space

in a room filled with more  
faces,

more eyes pointed toward  
the same space,

in the middle of a living room,  
in Boulder,

where things die and are made  
to look

as if they never will.



VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY OPPENHEIMER

*"It worked!"- Robert Oppenheimer, July 16, 1945*

Have you never pointed a laser to the ground,  
told your dog *Go!*, and become God? It works  
ya know, physicists have set a watch to it.

*Doomsday*: I think they named it after the villain  
who, in a marvelous panel of speech balloons,  
finally overtook Superman— or maybe it was the other

way around, the clock came first. It's hard  
to keep straight all the ways you can kill a hero  
and all the reasons it becomes necessary

to make new ones. We have ventured out  
past the slippery edges of science: reality  
can be ordered *virtual*, just shy of one hundred

light years Babe Ruth strikes out in game 8  
of the World Series—it's 1921 there—he is in  
the on-deck circle of KDKP in Pittsburgh, PA.,

and in the hands of the right Ham Radio  
Operator, you can still dial in the Lost Cosmonauts  
and hear their countdown to reentry.

In 1890 Heinrich Hertz invented the radio  
and from a satellite we know our galaxy  
resembles an eye. Our supercluster: spiraling hair.

Why do we always confuse God  
for something that creates?

I heard two friends at a bar recently

speaking intimately to one another:

*What's the difference between a playground  
and a terrorist camp?* the one said.

*Hell if I know,*

*I just operate the drones.*

ON MARS ROVER *CURIOSITY* SINGING  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ITSELF EVERY YEAR ON AUGUST FIFTH

The height of human achievement!  
And loneliness.

A woman in this dance punk-electronica crowd  
has come from nowhere,  
  
shown herself, and tells me  
how I dance says a lot about where I hold tension in my body.

She tucks her deep fried Grateful Dead inspired eggroll  
in her mouth, flexes her fingers  
along the knots in my back, and begins to move her hips  
just a bit,

they were bubbles  
in a carpenter's level.

She came from nowhere.

This is how it works,  
right? We don't see a thing  
until we have a name for it.

Most languages don't bother  
to differentiate blue and green,

this only makes it easier  
to confuse a horizon.

We manage to scrape brilliance together  
at odd times though, don't we?

The giraffe's heart, two feet long, beats  
twenty gallons of blood per minute  
as if that is enough to sustain always sticking your neck out

and we keep sending music out  
to space, *Curiosity* waiting for its annual curtain call,  
performing donuts and infinity signs in the red clay  
  
of that other world.

DREAMS ON THE MORNING  
OF GETTING KICKED OUT

*"I believe Icarus was not failing as he fell,  
but just coming to the end of his triumph." J. Gilbert*

It opens like an eye-  
lid in the back of my head

while I sleep. Satellites  
stay in orbit by falling,

I need to know  
that kind of math.

*Hell, you say,  
love should make you feel holy.*

So I hold your voice  
with child's hands

against my ears  
like a bomb—

what a warm factory  
the body is.

There is a magic in this,  
but don't we dream of more?

These bodies could smuggle stars

from open fields like gun-runners,

stack light in beds  
of trucks like lumber.

I love what stray long hairs  
on a shoulder say about a man

or how even God blushes  
at the open face of a tangerine.

WHAT I WOULD TELL YOU, DALLAS,  
IF YOU WEREN'T A JACKASS AND DEAD.

..- - - - / .. / ..- - - - ..- - - - / - - - - ..- - - - / - - - - ..- - - - / ..- - - - / ..- - - - ..- /  
..- - - - # - / - / ..- - - - ..- - - - / ..- - - - / - - - - ..- - - -

*“Even the mountain falls down the mountain,  
even in a vacuum, the moon erodes.”*  
Dean Young

# I

Outside the maple knits a leaf's shadow  
off the spool of sunlight  
into a six-hundred thread count  
Molotov cocktail the size of my palm

and climbs the tiny ladder of staples on the telephone pole  
behind it, toward the soft voices that ping off transponders

and I am thinking of that morning  
when you said you don't eat sweets  
the way alcoholics say they don't drink.

Consider the conversations exploding overhead, these hanging  
lines a prayer box, the moon a quarter in the eye of a dead god.



## II

City lights have wiped  
whatever face the sky has out of existence,  
and the pond—where the turtle  
that rushed past our tent  
makes its long journey  
to the bottom—shuffles  
between liquid and ice. Even in May,

Colorado freezes at this altitude  
and the turtle buries itself  
in the mud, neck-deep in oxygen,  
its beak gripping the body  
of water, its mind swiveling,  
an open kiln coming to temperature.

The ancient eye watches the light,  
staring toward a lens  
that separates its world from ours.

### III

The atmosphere, we know, was closer  
to a brick oven during the last extinction.

We know it was sometime between June  
and July, the lotus flowers and lilies pollinating.

We know this: glass fell like glitter  
and the stratosphere  
sifted rock back down to sand,

bullets the size of an Empire State Building  
shot through a vacuum, tearing through a kerchief  
of ozone like your grandfather's sneeze.

We know that's how it must have been  
a stunning noise,  
lilies quietly passing notes in amber.

#### IV

Two shells stand on my childhood armoire beside the signed baseballs and chewed-to-bits mouthpiece. These shells are bullets— and the red tracers of Knob Creek’s Machine Gun Shoot, where we would go every fall, are mine.

Kingdom: *Americana*, Phylum: *Ingenium*, Order: *Carnivora*,  
Family: *Browning*. Family: *Remington*. Family: *Colt*.

Indigenous to the Greater United States, .50 calibers travel 2,800 fps. and the steel core and incendiary tips are hot enough to pull a school of mosquitoes out of a night’s sky like an insecticide.

Diet: scavenger. Diet: opportunist. Diet: cannibal.

Fact: it takes just under twenty minutes to chew through the dead cars that line the Knob Creek embankment in the photograph I have where my feet dangle, bobbing over my father’s shoulders, my tiny hands squeezing the invisible trigger to the barrel I stare down.

V

When you die the brain surges  
one last time: the broken seal of a refrigerator door  
unlatching before the electrical cord is yanked,  
finally, from its plug and dollied  
out of the empty kitchen:

a last flash of light before the move.  
Doctors press their luck and name this

Near Death Experience. Even as kids we knew the tenderness  
of that friend's open refrigerator, the light blinding  
after the long walk down the hall in the middle of night.

## VI

After the long walk down Sheltopee, after the evening  
of frogs' songs and ruts of buck have worn balsam fir  
down to kneeling prayers, after your knuckles have dried  
to papier-mâché and creeks have split themselves  
open in the caverns between fingers,

after the water has fallen long enough to cauliflower  
everything it has touched into swollen bloom  
and the open and empty beer cans have been crushed  
into local color and after the stars  
have finished, finally, boasting about their age,

the night drips off your still face and begins the slow crawl  
toward a metallic gurney that hobbles over the deck's cracks,  
where the sun, peeking up over the hedges  
of your back yard, reflects off the chrome of the wheels.

## VII

This morning: four horseflies  
fossilized in the wax soap dish,  
between the bathroom window's edge  
and the tub's grime and standing water.  
Being neither dim  
nor too bright, only some Valkyrie-  
touched nitwits, in need of nectar or blood  
meal, the flies filled their guts and lungs  
on the pollen of Dove, the lilac  
of Dial, until their bodies were cleaned  
of anything useful or living.

Dallas, the radiant halfwit  
fly can beat its wings two hundred and twenty times a second,  
but never once toward *no*.

## VIII

This is not so different than your daughter,  
now seven, and running the bases like you did,  
fast and electrifying and rounding for home.

Never once toward home, those nights ran  
through powerlines and privacy fences,  
floodlights jumping  
through our bodies like corked ground balls,  
like air. How can no two things touch  
and still move through a body?

A nucleus is small  
compared to the holy spirit  
of an atom, the same,  
I've read, as if you've placed,  
on the alter under the soaring dome  
of St. Paul's Cathedral in London,  
any common orange.

IX

A good ending should be surprising  
and still feel inevitable and god damn  
if you didn't deliver in spades,

just missing the look on your twin sister's face  
when she found you stone-faced, breathless,

and I know you would have apologized  
were it not for your collapsed lungs  
buried in the chest cavity,  
your face blued by the raindrops that fell  
one by one, on the deck,

each drop speaking once when it touched you,  
a single voice a sole syllable long.



X

You die twice: once when the heart stops  
and again, the last time  
someone says your name.

I can say anything here. Dallas,  
our only moments now unspool  
again in a space as black and vivid  
as my own skull, where I still see  
you bare-knuckle boxing  
the garden gnomes planted  
in your front yard.

Even the city you were named  
for is how I know you

continue—shaking me  
in a wind  
the strength of your fist.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BIRD

- . - - - . - . - . . . . / . - - - . - . - . . . - - - . - . - . - . - . - . . . .

*"Home is burning in me."*  
Lucille Clifton

ON HEARING THERE'S AN ACTIVE SHOOTER  
WHILE TEACHING HIGH SCHOOL IN TRUMANN, AR

Snow geese migrate in thousands,  
    their white-breasted bodies rest  
        in the rice paddies around us.

They are headed to Vermillion Parish,  
    or Monclova, Mexico or maybe the Gulf,  
where they will swim in the exotic scraps  
    and the rich fatty trash of Coca-Cola, King Cake,  
of candies and mole, tossed aside Powerball tickets.

But here, in Trumann, Arkansas  
    everything is littered  
        with the beautiful, filthy cotton  
fields, the gins clicking  
    like metronomes.

In the Pacific, two thousand  
    of these birds dropped dead  
        out of the sky from Cholera.

The only sincere double-billboard  
    on the highway passes, *Rick's Sweetheart*  
*Special: Two sirloin steaks, \$19.99*  
    and the other sign underneath  
*We too are about to meet God.*

And then, today, thirty miles west,  
    In Jonesboro, the other light show—

a Gadsen Flag wrapped around a 12-gauge throat,  
demanding we hear his voice  
over the dipping sun that turns  
the white of the paddy geese gold.

OCTOBER IS AS FINE AND DANGEROUS A SEASON IN AMERICA  
*After Thomas Merton*

This morning's fog is ghoulish and a procession  
of austere goats eat the heart  
of the park across the street from my apartment.

It's a work-trade with some farm  
just out of the city. I say *howdy* to the man running  
the operation, his body molded

in the sinking lawn chair that holds  
his body as he drinks  
his thermos like a man who believes in coffee.

I hear waterthrush,  
their throats warbling from the ribs  
of a pink kite buried

in the unearthed roots of a tree  
hanging out  
over the edges of Scull Creek.

A squirrel darts.  
Overcoming her own body,  
she carries the whole of an apple

back to wherever she banks.  
Her stomach remembering last winter  
the way mud remembers

the sole of a boot.

The moon is a Maglite  
fooled into hunting snipe

and houses line rows of the city-  
grid like a train  
run off-track—all tremble

and steam, tremble  
and steam. The chimney stacks  
have set to flight what,

for a little warmth,  
our lives set on fire.

## CHILDREN'S ARCHITECTURE

If you don't believe a rock can be a key,  
trust how it opens his skull:

The home was a lab that year  
and still smelled of toluene,  
clean bathrooms, and cats. Still

violent. This was not our subdivision.  
It was the opposite. And the kids  
from different schools had little

patience for our clean clothes.  
I know there is luck involved  
in this. We measured guts by split-

seconds spent on the dare that Dallas stay  
hung from the carbonized rafters  
that stained hands. These beams

long dry-rotted and the rib-  
cage of this house laid bare  
to a beating light so long,  
ferns and dandelion  
had potted in the exposed sewer pipes.

With our arms up, clinging,  
the boys picked parts of their broken  
street apart, hurled them, and made a soft room  
out of his left cheek,

unhinging the door  
by the temple I pressed my palm to.



SO MUCH OF ME IS HOT AIR

that when the empty space  
    between the atoms in my body

is sifted, finally away  
    what remains

will fit  
    inside a cup holder.

Maybe it's apocryphal to believe  
    the heart is only ever medical

but what else is left  
    when the war drum  
        finally stops its march.

As a kid I learned metaphor,  
too, could be a punishment—

    it's not the taste  
        of soap that bothers me so  
much, but how after thirty seconds

    the cleaning agent begins  
to peel back the layers  
    of your mouth, like a red head's

sunburn, or the first  
    hurried bite of pizza from the oven.

When I was six  
I took a pair of scissors to the tulips  
    in my mother's garden,  
tied them in a bouquet,  
    and handed them to her  
because I thought the only way  
    to show someone you cared  
        was by severing roots

and drowning something  
    in glass

    on a kitchen windowsill.

ELEGY FOR THE CHILD WHO DID NOT DIE OF SIDS  
*or One Sentence in Memory of Shane Lass (1992-1992)*

I am terrified of the moment  
no one witnesses—not

trees falling among the forest  
leaves but more like the glaciers

floating along the nitrogen  
seas of Pluto—the terror

when something as large  
as Iowa swims

about a planet as quietly  
and unnoticed as a star turning out

in the sky above the backyard  
you nearly grew up in

in 1992 when your mother held you  
close as a grocery bag,

like a head of lettuce and tossed you  
in the ditch along the road home.

## HOW TO PLAY WAR

When my father was five he stole Virginia

Slims and butts of Pall Malls off Aunt Barbara  
and his own father. He hunkered down

in the crop-maze bunkers of the house

across the street, scurried in the husks  
and became nothing more than a smoking rattle

in the corn tassel. Armed with a .22

and a soldier's uniform, my father lit  
the neighbor's field to ash. Call it tinder.

Call it napalm. My grandfather came home to fire

fighters lining his street and amputating the lost wing  
of his neighbor's yard with jigsaws of water.

You can measure battle

by scorched earth. Isn't this our measure  
of war? Winter's ration burned up, a season's haul

lost to friendly fire. Call it casualty

of profit. This is a Christmas story here,  
or one where we're sitting around drunk

off the myth that what we do as children matters.

## MUSCLE CARS

Earth too has an appetite for beasts.  
Smooth, Bridgehampton Blue and Oxblood wings—  
bewitched of bent chrome, not meant for flight—  
are just heavy ornaments and so at home  
when nudged from the nest,  
landing on a tongue of limestone.

                    This is not enough  
of a warning. *Advantageous*  
is naturally occurring pain relievers  
in the brain and a strong line of credit.  
It's knowing the cave will always be  
55 degrees. Turn pit to profit. Put glass over it.  
Rope it off. Charge admission  
and let the kids under twelve in for free.

## ELEGY ON GREEN SCREEN

The trick to touching fire  
is to stand in front of the TV

and wait for the 8 o'clock news.  
Stare inches from the static,

wonder why green is the color  
that captures Super Bowl confetti,

bullets, Marvel body suits,  
and El Niño. In post-production

they call this Chroma keying—  
the way CGI-effect

removes background  
from the subject, the way

tonight, heat frames Carbide  
Industries, where chemicals

erupted this morning on WLKY,  
the flames taking up the familiar

left hand bulletin on the screen,  
my eyes so close they squint in the light—

where I can just make out the factory  
my father works in golden time.

A POINTED CONVERSATION BETWEEN A CARDINAL  
AND ITS REFLECTION SOMETIME IN WINTER

As a kid I watched a cardinal, real tough guy,  
a solitary blur of bird like canned cranberry  
flecked against the white chinet of January, dodder  
from finger to finger along a Chinaberry tree, drunk  
off the fruit, slicking his crest up into its pompadour  
with his quick-draw comb as all the bars are closing.

He was beautiful but losing  
his edge and I watched him dive  
straight into his own reflection

on the pond's unforgiving stage plate.

I knew someone  
who did this.

It took a little under a year  
to watch her chew her own teeth,  
to grind molar into terracotta soldiers

at attention before her tongue. Another year  
for her body to become hermetically sealed,  
her mind a sweetbread.

There is nonsense in hearing the bird-chatter  
of a thing when it breaks its own self in two.

ELEGY ON MARTIN COUNTY COAL MINE  
*or* A FEW QUICK WORDS FOR MASSEY ENERGY

The trick to turning water to fire  
is to light the taps in homes  
of Martin County, Kentucky.  
There kids color rivers  
orange during school to map  
lake-fires they know  
bubble up in seams  
between floorboards.  
If you were a child  
we could roll a boulder loose  
through the back  
of your home,  
rattle your crib, choke  
your watershed with slurry.  
If you were trees we could stain  
high water marks in coal against your bark,  
but all of this you have already done  
for us. You are in Flint now, in Congress,  
you are the phantom and we are the dead  
canary floating in the mine.

TO THE BIRD THAT FIXES ITS BOWER WITH THE SCARLET-HEARTED PILLOW  
or A LOVE SONG FOR THE UNITED STATES:

*“We’re accustomed to looking at the history of people by day”-  
Svetlana Alievich, Second Hand-Time*

Tell yourself                    it’s beautiful.  
  Believe                        in courtship.  
  
Even humans                    drag trash to the nest,  
  
litter                              with something that shimmers  
  and hope for                  the best possible case of love.  
  
                                      I saw you on  
  
Planet Earth                      the other night,  
                                      between the unwrapping  
  
                                      of Singles—  
  
American  
  
is gold too,                      and if you close your eyes  
  
                                      it can turn into something exotic,  
like *Velveeta*.  
  
                                      Dear, I would wait  
  
to see                              if they make  
  
your crown unfurl—              what happens at night  
  
between two people              vanishes from history—  
  
                                      I would wait to see  
  
before  
  
                                      you peck your soft heart  
                                      into the ground,  
  
                                      before you offer  
  
one                              more                              shiny                              thing.



*notes*

*AMERICAN GHAZAL*

Varying slightly from a traditional ghazal, I wanted to (purposefully) appropriate a form from Arabic poetry. Historically, the form consists of a series of couplets with disparate narratives, each ending with the same final word. The last couplet is set off by the author incorporating his own name into the poem.

The content of each couplet stems from either newspaper headlines or the author's own personal experience.

*END TIMES*

The “more magical parts of Kentucky” refers to Martin County, where 306,000,000 gallons of coal slurry spilled from Massey Energy. The arsenic and mercury killed everything immediately in the county's watershed. For this, U.S. Secretary of Labor Elaine Chao—wife of Sen. Mitch McConnell (R-Ky)—fined Massey Energy \$5,600. As of 2018 the tap water of Martin County is still highly flammable.

*PRISCILLA HUGGABLE ATOMIC MUSHROOM,*

from **Designs for Fragile Personalities in Anxious Times\***

This is based off an art exhibit by Anthony Dunne, Fiona Raby, and Michael Anastassiades, 2004. Currently on display in the Art Institute of Chicago. It is made from reflective fabric and polyester stuffing. The first two lines of the poem were lifted from the artist's statement.

*ON HEARING THERE'S AN ACTIVE SHOOTER WHILE TEACHING HIGH SCHOOL IN TRUMANN, AR*

On December 10<sup>th</sup>, 2015 a man at Arkansas State University drove onto campus with a shotgun, a can of gasoline, and a large propane tank. He held the shotgun to his chin and poured the gasoline on his truck. The campus and surrounding schools were placed on lockdown for the remainder of the day. There were no casualties.

*VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY OPPENHEIMER*

The Lost Cosmonauts refers to several audio recordings discovered by amateur radio enthusiasts in Italy. The recordings are of a woman describing her reentry into the atmosphere and then an apparent crash. The former Soviet Union and current Russian government have denied these tapes existence.

*MUSCLE CARS*

“Two years ago, on February 12, 2014, a sinkhole had opened up inside the National Corvette Museum in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and eight Corvettes were laying at the bottom of it... once we saw more and more visitors starting to trickle in from the interstate, we shifted our attitude. We embraced the situation,” Corvette Museum

*ELEGY ON GREEN SCREEN*

Golden time is the term for hourly pay over 60 hours in one week, when the employee is paid double on the hour.

*TO THE BIRD THAT FIXES ITS BOWER WITH THE SCARLET-HEARTED PILLOW*

*or* A LOVE SONG FOR THE UNITED STATES:

Ideally, this can be read three ways: LTR, following the left margin down, following the right margin down.

“What happens at night between two people vanishes from history” is an excerpt from Svetlana Alievich’s *Second-hand Time*.