

amy king



the citizen's dilemma

duration e-book 9

© Amy King

published as duration e-book 9 by
duration press / durationpress.com
31 Laura Street, 2nd Floor
Providence, RI 02907

www.durationpress.com

the citizen's dilemma

How strange that one should be able to say that such and such a state of affairs is inconceivable!
Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Grammar*

... for I know that queer things happen in this world. It's one of the few things I've really learnt in my life.

Ludwig Wittgenstein, Letter to G. E. Moore, 1946

People carry their small hands
as a damp diary harbors
my breaking down into telling
items, bits of hopscotch, liner notes
before a compositional ride, your archivist
to the grave comes back collecting,
watches this court case regime conflate
and bends the corners of your courage.
Thereby hangs custom, stale in its
compulsive conclusions marching...

My accordion treaty, apology peninsula &
cartilage camouflage simulate
a deliberate citizen.
All things must flesh,
so does this thorn in my heart.
Blessed are the ploughshares where
the slaughtered ghosts cultivate and decay.

God, in his infinite boredom, draws me.

The captains of industry locate
a brimstone butterfly lighting beside
its human counterpart, a champagne socialist.
They speak together in transferable voices,
mouths of the masses and suckling soldiers.
Extract from my future death
the spare grapes of matter on hunger's surface.

Turning phrases practices me.

Break in and burn the midnight oil against
collective security, a continuous chipping
off the old block. How you taste Eden, feeling birth
of the electric postal, one as likely as the other.
In the political sense, you may be heard
by either ear, contingent on an embossed heaven
in rural attire: women's work at birth belies
illusory sin. We stitch it see-through thin.
My own mass detours this ambling craft.

This morning, snow flurries and circling gulls.
God is not a pause or picture, me at my table.
To pay reflections heed, I suck the marrow
of blind forces, spit into the day tunnel,
simplified or happy to be born,
counted as only one increment.
Having no gravity, my honeycomb belly distends.
I carry a stone silk purse and string
these vines together for future admissions.

How will you keep in the house of people?
You prove a stiff upper lip in the ways
you love her self but don't know why.
Gunboat diplomacy doesn't feed the stuff
of democratic rock 'n roll, peeling away
identification conditions.
At the wooded edges of my tonsil prompter,
this reel clicks where several frames eventuate.

Bring your mobile residence and discard it.
Turn away from milk and honey potions;
the terrain is like nothing on earth as
to continue to carve it, a misunderstanding almanac.

Ants and finches know each other
without holiday reasons as we are
instruments singing behind the windows,
a stringed-cooperation rhythmic series.

For you I stretch a clean and even line,
this stealing at my citizen's dilemma.

Chin shaped as a volatile crescent,
one aspect of my mind displayed
above the dinner table contrasts
with dimensions of meated sponsors,
hungry for their own blood to flow
back into them. When to remove
laws from the sentence. Still we're
imposters in this, our own country.

Do not ease our geographical mule.
Flotsam and jetsam resemble flowers of sulfur
for the love of formation and tidal dancing.
Boil nations by the cusps of language origins,
beginning with the currency of current location.

The ocean follows, drowning itself.

Dying will skip the gauze and surgery scheme.
Sleep is a safety mechanism.
Our breaths intermingle where we lie
back to back inside the trenches.
Mud-lined sheets warm our veins.
After battles, we return undone, held
together in twine, so many kites recorded as flags,
lightning-singed. The body politic slides down
our newborn throats. Your hair smiled sweetly since
the desert knows best, braiding its crossroad oasis.

A five o'clock shadow requires a frame of reference.
An elephant's instep or a cross-bone style know
no less. I offer you room on my gestic chair,
where we sift through the grains of paradise.

Our evening exchanges are few and far
between, memorizable in hindsight. Let's
further the greenery of electric chair equations
and break bread for a joint thesis tonight.

Back in the old neighborhood we open
the Jerusalem artichoke to keep the pulse
rolling. Forget telling tales out of school,
we're it: lightning conductors seeking
artificial inspiration. Manicure
the torpedo world and reveal
the violence in repair.
This wall of ears sparkles
shades of a canary's voice, remarking
less than a fly made of fleas, our elemental
governing tastes. For the precepts of discipline,
swallow a non-issue, a brewing anti-elixir shake.

Serious telephone day as a private patriot
hacker pushes this voice into someone
who occupies room corners. We blink against
ghostly courses via wires tethering
an alphabetic planet. Continue playing fugitives
of supreme focus, the red carpet looking backward.
Glass houses knock and fade apart. We'll
awaken absence making straw into bricks.
Taxis float by the basement window.

When all that's said and done shivers to reflect,
a wolf in sheep's clothing retracts from her hide
the thin heart of a wedge. Death and taxes cover
what can be parceled away. Let's blunt
the endings, acknowledge how we hold
within our arms, each other, and sway.
My blue-eyed partialling son.

The ritual ropes spring loose in his shrouded wake.

A matryoshka doll lists little by little down
the curve of the week as though she becomes
her own temperate inversion. She multiplies &

I think I write what I cannot hear until
it dissipates. Never strike a book by
its own mottled cover. Today my eyes
and ears fall separately intact.

The paper engineers' design became a kind
of palace revolution, which stands to reason
in the lap of paradoxical sleep. Soothe the savage
acorn for its beaten pulp potential.

Surrounding floors stand hardwood still.

Quivering time of day passes.
We sit intramolecularly in the lap of luxury
playing our steel guitars. This eve cries
your cinematic peacock sentence,
no equation to obey it. Without heat,
the sword can't hear. Now inserts
pink carnations in the plane of your hand, glad.
Eat repeat fictions for they
alone provide a fortified dawn.
Metal notes buoy & mold our silhouettes.

Add winter to the fire and wait
with baited breath. As an agent provocateur from
a paper road path, we are patients
of yours faithfully and stand in the woody nightshade
by the yellow brick road, so many drops per bucket,
your advocatus diaboli at attention.

The atmosphere's room breathes skeleton rites.

You call to the door, dead in the water,
I dare not say, walked off propelling tunes
blown against the pilot light. From a fold
in the sky, human fly gathers power
in the blood, easily an appetite of salted presence.
But for bodily broth, to err is more than arriving.

Crystallize the mockery, one metamorphosing struggle.

In the heat of midnight, we shuffle under
sheepskin cloaks from the first days,
ships into satellites housed within
each chest that roots the wind, travels from
friends a lifetime apart, attracted to fleshly light.

We enter categorical tomorrow, still out
in the cold woman. Of constant cups &
dirtless trails, it's only me you think
you should escape. I looked for you closer
but this engine wasn't destiny now.

The pose's diagram betrays its bodily numbers
in the deed 'to count' instead of undercover
once cashed in, a surface of depth overload—
until the sum cloud of nothing explodes.
I feel a draft upon the sighted garment
I wear into view, balancing the fragmentation
cargo carrying through the waves between us.

Fossil service broadcasts the fruit genus
of public engineering—insert our buzzing
mosquito svelteness. A stitch in two shakes saves
advertising staples, our simple act of connecting faiths.
Navigate by the vinegar in your glass tooth.

We suck the juice, punctuate equality, tying on disguises.

Acquire immunity if you must minister
to the crown. Its thorns pursue point by point,
a minimum lending rate of the manual alphabet
you throw yourself into. Speak of your personal
coffee tree, lock stock and seed; sell the drink.

Speech protects you, becomes my luteinizing
height, a caffeine laboratory, this dilating area.

I borrow your sins from the head of the world.

Implement: the photo sanitation hands
our chorus back. A camera is a get-together.

We will go to bed in a letter
only viewers can read we don't
burn or catch the bridge across the equator.

My exhaust pipe endures each spider
vein in a series of lasting, burning steps.

Genesis imitator discharges her descendent,
a remark later to occur. And throw in the sickle,
your hammer with a sail. It undercoats & engulfs
the change in rhythm I accept. We audibly writhe.

Arriving softly, I remain a snake for the uncommon rebels
dwelling almost in legends of history's tattoos,
blue-black ink speaking the world of briefer skin.

Human psyche walks upon lava flows,
at best, mercury transfusion as in
cells to molten soul. You've worn your head
to escort the steering, a luna cruising
in low altitudes. The moon's prismatic touch
controls our reflective interconnective tissue.

What *is* needs *unheard* to charade
in word veils among us. This pointer prods,
blinks against deboned captions.
The underlying crime claims you don't
see everything yet. I have not seen you
with my own eyes but am running to stoop
before your image on the open road.

Slightly beneath an umbrella,
dawn speaks, clouds lift and
a unit of acceleration propels
the milk of my body, taking
her seat on the train. I must
present my ticket. This example
continues a series of lenses,
certificates and paper tigers
in a waxing theater of shadow
play. Throughout renditions,
my shoes murder my religion.
The steel cars pass above
the river's flow, immune in
a forever return to our essence.

Finally, we marionettes export puppeteers
through so many stations, taxation in totems.

Our strings of aliases deliver
gentle limbs through border crossings,
a repeat existence in arms—

Names accumulate and shed each battling
embrace such needy secrets will bear.
Opaque plagiarists may love & converge ahead.