

## *Two Poems*

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### SEPTEMBER BECOMES THE JET AGE

*for Emmett*

First the sky is two blues  
then twenty-two

a reflexive act of flattery  
Chimney and smokestack

become that pixelated neither –  
each blue open in equal part

to something and nothing  
independent of light's

calculus against touch: fingertip  
to glass, deduction mined to mind

Someone says measure (graphite)  
Someone says signal (coltan)

We ask for clarity  
The signal does not make it

down the line. (Our argument  
for expansion has expanded

to include every pixel after or before.)  
In good faith we gather to explain

to ourselves what might be happening  
to our selves – hands, as they say

before the flame, a collaborative act  
like leaves turning after first frost

(Yes, yes: woodsmoke as a given  
country's promise *and* failure –

how to tell an ear  
from a hole in the ground

a punchline from nostalgia.)  
After some debate

upon this we can agree:  
The missing plane idles even now

at the edge of a salt flat  
What feels comfortable is just

pre-occupation. What sounds  
promising, placeholder. In the capitol

you can tell a patriot from a priest  
by the size of the riot, but not

vice versa. Someone asks if we  
know more than this. She asks

come morning will there be  
a twenty-third or -fourth blue

At first we mistake her voice  
for a factory, then for a fact

Someone else's voice breaks  
into song: "September in New England

let loose the cats and the dogs  
we're drivin' home —"

You are always on one side of a country  
when I am on another

**AESTHETICS OF AN INCOMING ROCKET  
(or, THE HISTORY OF RUSSIAN CINEMA)**

*after Tarkovsky*

fodder through  
fodder through the gates

to where the gates go where  
a slap on the back likens habit to luck

the birds reply chorus-like  
“it is too early for beauty”

the hexagon proves ownership  
nothing else

whereas the pentagon  
aesthetic of the recent open world:

it is time to let go  
time (fodder through the open gates)

to fold her through  
the iron gates

by force of  
a slap on the back makes fodder

luck look  
fodder in a bus

fodder in busses  
fodder in a train

(fodder: “in the trains”)  
fodder across the plains

the asymmetry is just  
for aesthetics told her

(fodder with beautiful legs)  
(proves you are stronger than the enemy)

bird fodder heard fodder  
herd fold her told her

another day of sacrifice

another what proves we give

back the bull his entrails  
what was twenty

minutes ago a bull  
fits together in black and white

(from bread to dough  
from dough to batter)

we dress the bull in his skin  
the bull comes back to life

folded head to toe  
back to flour sacks

back on the wagon  
against the executioner's block until

the knife pulls away  
fodder taking back

the stab the slice  
the bleed and so on

and on so  
it goes to the stockyards

to the mind the rye returns  
train's reversal

away from whence  
it came fodder to

that dream that herd that  
heard we fodder

for (or against)  
everything we have

