



I am on a spaceship
called Stable Earth
Deep Salt Sea
actually a poem
by Susan Wheeler

they want to leave
me on earth
so they do
even though
I don't want to

I am there
and say
Then I *said*
Here I am
Send me

like a thread unraveling

the dam tree. Pronounced dead, the leaf says

turn the other cheek

the tree counts nothing

to put it plainly. I've exhausted the possibility

and the possibility bled

in front of the t. v.

I've been lied to and published

don't breathe this to anyone

bum this. I will try

to say

possession is a spitting image

a digit of his body in a sick state

however ruinous

an inky cavity

overshadows in the stall

turns down his comeback

resumes

say

I am all ears, on all fours

I am public

in English, not myself

my dirty mouth

heavy with traffic

that of coming attractions

an edge, I added

a perpetual calendar

to the ground