
cutting through city, really over entire earth,
white vigilante patrols (some wearing masks)
bearmace whichever homeless camp dare
scatter for winter, even if it's patriots—police,
firing pepper balls into burlap-drape persons,
feel limitless. It's this surface I'm on, our eyes
as is bleeding out, police charge at the car
batons out: "It's only a rental" one & another
yells. More "non-lethal" spider-eggs rain out a
slit "non-lethal" yellow snake. Synth and piano
arpeggios shine through a stereo field,
percolating through a filter of shadow

off surface

percussion before snaking down an alley. Song about reincarnation, then song about cop-mind: right mix? out-coded neural pathway? residue of what neural-toxin-worm eat out? No—it's only never over: off surface grab an ally, imprison its face; off surface eat itself, corrode surface How can it do this? *That's me acting on my desires, not awaiting affirmation from this world, even as I never hear this night again, refuse define it* Just then white-gang unit-cops slit a trunk. Out it unit-cops pour then split into unlit white-unit cops, really every species: white sun cops, riot-gear cops, worm cops, time-cops, cops, out lord cops, off cops, barrier cop, surface cops—it seemed easier than to split myself, at first. From off frame white gang-unit's recorded voices seep in: they bark “we're ‘clonal parasite?’ Have a go, toxiq! Drain a frame but you in it? *How soft!* Who likes this worm-soft body anyway? Rent yr way off surface, bleach out filter-feed—how's it ‘*like that*’ in my kennel?” Worst thing, it rhymed somehow, if only with my body Who guess

we cd never take this body just let thick viscous piano-notes take the street. Other cops move in to attack person: “private property” fired three gasbags into a cage. Take the street? That’ll only feed whatever glossy authoritarian ballads beat down love with a flashlight, as in worm-dream-loop Cop drove his motorbike into a patio dining set another was taken by a cop. They sprayed furniture all over the street. We tried to drag her to safety but safety didn’t exist and no one was saying anything until pre-recorded “we’re being kettled” expired. They could ask us questions, if we were those roaches/ ashtrays inhale night daily/ only baptize. But...: “police baptize every level of this parking deck yes?” Next time someone asks me why I’m handing trash to police I’ll say *Don’t we all grey the same slagheap, who got nothing on us, inhaling but one night daily?* It’s a lived question, or a felt question, I can’t tell. Drum-machine rhythms nod off, blunt their cutting edge against new-age synth chords, noodling guitar, and percussion that

sounds indebted to whey gang—fold myself in,
deal myself out. There are those who bleed out,
those who split off, those who dial it down,
dilate phase, mistake larva only to open cage
onto whatever cop-arc it's on
