

Returning

by Ed Steek

I have returned / after

my roadside highway

wire-cutter motel room autopsy

nervous breakdown

model room display

crawling on hands and knees towards a state trooper

in Ravensworth Shopping Centre, Springfield, VA

clutching my chest / lung(s)

mummy torpedo

jury disgusted

by CIA torture

I-495 RSO speedway cerebral

transmission breakdown / alternator

sniping breaths in the heart-core

chambers

something over here stinks

to, yes, pump the blood

stygian awakenings/ vegan bio-mass

Kenny vs Omega

I self-referee

elimination chamber

How is continuing the work of the text – how is that?

Death of

/ symbiotic options to copy and paste

recited a lesson for beginners “How to
Swim” I fell out of it there, ended up
dousing my poor fat white saggy body
with corn chips, ouzo, marshmallow

either way—sink-or-swim—I drive on
deeper into the interior of the fucker
system

incomparable to how we breathe sometimes, lungs lined with wool
catch particulates broken free from esophageal chambers gathering

wet and incomprehensible, I am

Death is where I am, anyways, always returning to –
a clutched bundle of wax, tripping over paramilitary
flags and glass shards across from my dad’s grave

*where the run-off of motor oil drips down
hill mixing with corpse-box gas emanations
only here is where I can go to return to it, that
moment where I am always returning, awake
drifting in light or somnambulating in night
like a cat curled/ spiraled around a coffee tree*