

TODD FULLER

Coming and / or Going

*"The planet groans every time
it registers another birth"*

—PAUL SIMON

: The earth / bends / on its axis. And so
You have (at this moment) taken your place
Inside the revolving door.

: Meanwhile, complicated / aeronautical /
Circumstances push the moth to its implosion
Against a murderous, yet unassuming, sedan.

: (Within the enclosed space of paper and
Thought, that which you think / and type /
Could [just as easily] be newly sewn raven's

Wings echoing / or breathing / against
Borders, or something to that effect).

: And a son is born / with new mixtures
/ Or equations / of blood that irritate, ignite,
And, of course, enflame old colonial scars.

: And a holy man is interred / (because holy
Men [and Women] still roam from one bruise,
Or / purpose / to another) among the masses.

: This is every new life sliding / swimming /
Flying / & hatching its way into the (blinding,
Ever intoxicating) revolution.

: Conversely, this very hour will be the only
One of its kind with each of its / ridiculous
/ Seconds vanishing against your active or

: Inactive palms. / And so, we are all coming
And / or going at a pace that belongs to some
Kind of astronomy / with its fluid (& ancient)

: Rotation. / Here in Oklahoma (the Indian /
One) a brown body is snuffed of its life / with
The all-too-eager snap of a trigger / and ?s

: (Of course) remain lingering on barroom
Air & smoke & fist-to-cuffs for generations
To come. / Perhaps you are terrified

: Of crossing bridges / or vast spaces / or,
Maybe turning in circles makes you weak
/ In the knees—not like when you spun in

: Abandon, twenty years ago. Since then,
The list of those expired stretches from / you
To the end of your recollections. Likewise,

: The list of those learning to negotiate an
Erection and (their own) breasts extends
From hand to hand and beyond their lips.

: And so, here we are (the seven billion) stuck
In the door (and all in the same neighbor-
Hood) while balancing nickels on our

: (Ashy) elbows. Everyday: It's coffins and
Cradles. / Out of the womb and / or into
The ground. / Otherwise, you and I are

(Momentarily)

: Caught in the middle: between two / worlds
& The possibility of your next / precisely
Calculated / glance. And what we all / see

: Next / the taking and leaving of first and
Last breaths / is the precise equation of our
(Adding and subtracting) flesh.