Unit

by Jeff Blackman

Jeff Blackman lives in Ottawa with his beautiful family and fantastic community. You may read more of his poems in recent books and issues from Horsebroke Press, Puddles of Sky Press, and words(on)pages, and via his blog, jeffblackman2001.wordpress.com

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www.pearlpirie.com/phafours

Civilization: Modern Era Start

We scavenge the post-land.
Our ethic is everything has a use.

When confronted, choices array.
The body's control is clumsy, but
to it we get used.

The time it's light and the time
it's dark are debatable.
We persist and we surrender.
Describing a day to you

I collapse hours into gestures.
Explode moments.
I think before I speak, but I think
the world is ending.

Vanity

I am not the pinball. I am the
machine.

Fulfilled as a stat

My eyes march, my skin
conveys as a belt, my heart
must be a wheel.

All together now: I am a boot
someone steps into.

Lemming

Tell me to put out both hands &
let none pass.
Tell me to start digging, to start
swinging, to climb the walls.

Tell me to build a bridge (just
give me the tools).
Tell me to walk off a ledge (I will
open my umbrella and hope).

I am desperate for order. I want
to grab my head and explode.

Picked Man

woke like someone hit start

rose like a bar from a chart

the thought of I a lash

moments whittle a path

Living in fast forward's hard
Someone says something almost
inaudible and now—now!—
What do you think? GahThey're
already saying something else