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# North Pacific Gyre

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## *North Pacific Gyre*

The wrecked tire  
of him  
*ART!*s, silences the noise  
of concept, slinks from a drunk  
buoy with clanging bell.

Curious  
laurel  
helixed around his pooled  
Pepsi sea-monstering the  
fog of preposition.

Follow him  
dive mask's  
passable eyes. So long  
kayak, prose. All oceans breathe  
against my displacement,

arms' scherzo.  
Supple  
in ministry: "be prey,"  
he divulges into the  
weather's language with

contagious  
faith. Yes,  
darken your teeth void. Let's  
get a deep look at you. (That  
there is reef below must

be a gaffe.)  
Shut up  
starfish, you Molotov-  
cocktail flavored bubble gum!  
*Ipsa facto* hyster-

ical, N  
SA  
tiny dancers finning  
glass as if light required eyes;  
his “seal”—estrangement

verbatim,  
a form  
almost divisible—  
spectacle, undress yourself—  
I can hear myself think!

No products  
but in  
subjects; it is not want  
of discipline that expels  
me from the pale garden

of quiet,  
it is  
for want itself *itself*.  
Purity’s the resting dead’s.  
Every self-surveil,

the contrail  
of its  
thinking—a teaser for  
the new Terrance Malick film.  
The persistence escapes

me, not me  
it. No  
clearing cookies or cache.  
No recess unmoved by gods  
tricked in Louis Vuitton.

Such divers  
moments  
as animal are back-

ground to desire's jingle;  
to be, buy animal.

16 to

30s  
demographic-savvy  
he feats in victim like a  
commercial streaming from

the TV's

next room—  
not bad telling on me,  
my pelagic caretaking,  
my fear to resurface.

Surfacing,

he parts—  
unstopper of clumsy  
music. Listen, it triumphs  
dying to hear itself!