



by Alex Wisser
illustration Rully Zakaria

THE SURFACYCLE

H O P E

moving toward the ill
dry vagina in imagination
is the step of love, the word
which moves lips

the poppies of ammonia
practice a blown code
for the evil the sun rises on
the blink of an eye
spreads the foundation of new tribes
spreads the desert
that burns the shadow
that blinds with a vision
that opens onto night
that opens onto day

P A R A N O I A

a game of chess
in chiaroscuro
a charred city or ravaged
silhouette on the bay
a gasworks crawling with stars
manufactures masks
cast on a chicken wire
of conduits pulsing with espionage

neurotic acrobatic astronautical
interior of the sleepless night
its emissions
fire breathing the sky for change
the industry of lost time
feeds the cracked belly of innocence
that death lives on
that death
lives on

P E A C E

a tablecloth the candle
in a wine bottle
drunk with the fantasy of work
so what!
Bring on my friends
we will clap each other's backs
our pasts flapping
through this city without detail

when the frontiers spray the sidewalks in the
morning
shadows of our striding past will cling

I promise I will take another step
I will make a mess of it I promise

The tightness, the animal seeking water
cut the trunk Ted Ujensik
forged to a woman's hip
with an ax on the neck of a chicken
we giggled with blood
till the jaundice of old pages
turns to nerves and night excuses. Ted burned
down churches
Ted the beard, spittle speaking Ted
Ted of sour pigs feet.
Hatless Ted we called him when piped into
desert mountains to play at rocks and scabs,
hiding from our parents.
he was in other words too big
for pay. ☒