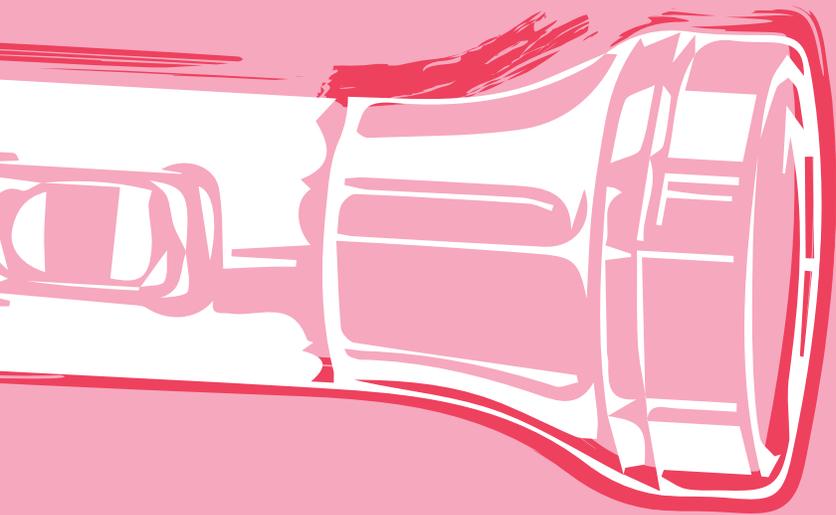


THE
**SPECTACULAR
CRASH**

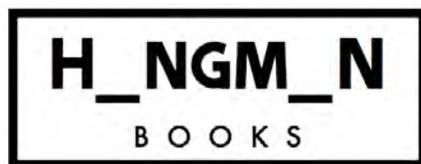


POEMS BY
ESZTER TAKACS

T H E S P E C T A C U L A R C R A S H

POEMS

ESZTER TAKACS



www.h-ngm-n.com

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“I know what I will tell you when I see you in church” appeared in *Word Riot*.

FOR H. P.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR HAIR BECAUSE THE WORLD IS ON FIRE

I.

The salt of the earth quits and
without a mouth I cannot breath

so please hold me until the sun rises backward.
Neighbors sleep well in my bed but

this story isn't about your life or
how drifting downstream a dead fish might sing.

II.

Your story isn't finished but mine is.
I haven't forgotten how to bleed diamonds.

This time of year, in this yellow maze
I haven't the time to understand the path

of the mammals we discovered while lying down and
this very slow movie is just not that great or edible.

III.

A character keeps starting her hair on fire and
the others don't deliver lines very well under naked trees.

Be not thy lost mind, wintered soul, because this
is an instance of misguided soul food.

My phantom limbs do not discourage love
so please go wake up in your new house.

IV.

Don't leave the toilet seat there.
Dream about too many good lawns and

retractable girls eating hot dogs, their delicate chests
flinching against the summer's balmy breeze.

Come dance inside my convenience store heart
but please do not pray inside my car.

V.

My weather is an absolution of distant pure luck.
For five winters, nobody spoke inside my mouth.

I'm sorry I cannot be your science book.
I'm sorry I cannot love your science book.

I'm sorry I cannot keep your science book.
I'm sorry I cannot sleep for five days.

VI.

This moment has turned dark blue.
The one before it turned mid-range orange,

sky-sucked inward for a new century of plates.
The night keeps passing me in the hallway but

the lemons are a disguise for everything
it does or cannot know.

VII.

Your time here isn't under scrutiny.
Your time here is under scrutiny.

Can you bring me more pills?
Can't you bring me more pills?

I lost my shoe in your apartment.
I lost my shoe in your apartment.

VIII.

I asked you for a toothbrush
and you gave me Chlamydia.

I darted to a fro like a small thing
and you gave me Chlamydia.

I am a gangster in this dog town but
you should not be afraid of my arty tongue.

IX.

Disembowel your new children with hope and
don't forget to choose a name for your life,

a new pantsuit for your beautiful spleen.
Disembowel your new children with hope

but please don't ask me how I know why
I must eat your tiny flashing heart.

LAST NIGHT YOU WERE INSIDE OUT AND BLUE

I am listing everything I know.
I could not pretend to feel things slightly.
Unlikely places in humor theory
are studies of disjointed lakes.
I am a truck-stop lover
riddled with tepid grief.
You are the dirty southern wind.
Why we don't draw ghosts
is not the reason why we do.
Most people are white from nature
and solipsistic and very kind.
How the small time structure
of human invasion leapt off the page
is an explanation of rest.
We rest to be quiet outside.
A series of lights precludes us.
Small addresses appear pretty close together.
Why did you wear yellow hands
to my imaginary wedding?
I cannot speak from my throat
nor to answer this miraculous question.
I am waiting for you to say
something bright like *water*
or *wanting* or *waste*. You are
a giant emotion on the ground.
I picked you up.
I am a series of small lights over there.
We are both constantly jealous of good timing.
We are both suddenly inside a large bubble
and nobody can say why we aren't confused.

TOGETHER WE WILL RESEMBLE A SMALL MYTH ABOUT ARMS

You will be excerpted in English
and given a pale symbol of subaltern light.
I will be a puritan and I will be a collared flower.
Please help me grow toward a new
understanding of indoor causation.
Stand behind this small mountain
of right hands overlooking a wily brand
of heaven and I will tell you a secret
about the muscle-memories that invade
our bedrooms in the spring. This cold magic
is like a rusty root. This overgrown
hedge isn't even real. I talked quietly
into your hand, whispered the meaning
of corruption, answered your questions
about ancient rain. I thought the sky
may fall out of my mouth today.
All of these thoughts are soft circles
and angry squares inside a small white space
and I am a quiet blue dance
made of long-jointed feathers.
You couldn't possible understand
this new song I've been singing.
It is made entirely of real air.
Your head is above water and looking smart.
In the last light of the dove, we have walked
inward toward and through a lesser grade of decadence,
it's tangent perhaps made of conversational trees.

I MEANT NOTHING BY WHICH WE STAND HERE GRACEFULLY EATING

We are in the midst of a
light blue crisis among others

but we continue moving slowly up
the stairs like passing ghosts.

We are standing on the cliff's edge
but also marveling at passing trains.

The moment passes
like an archetypal reading of lonely moss,

another derivative of misconceiving.
If you paint a wall gray, the floor becomes

a new beginning inside and under itself.
You and I are gray walls standing

majestically in the rain.
If you designate a number to

the length of time we've spent
not saying anything, it would be

the greatest lapse in judgment this year.
It would also be a reserved escape

from the monuments inside which we
count backward toward the first day

we traded eyes, touched hands, kept our feet.
In killing anything we judge to be a threat

we are also killing everything that is willing to live
equally under dark hard ground or

inside a bright new hemisphere.
We stand around eating like landed moths

scouring a rusted fire escape,
like disenfranchised birds misreading

the noon sky and its disorganized limbs.
I ask that talking be kept minimal,

surrounded only by fogless dying light.
What is equal to talking is a closed rendering

of a waiting room full of taller waiting women.
I cannot disclose any additional information.

about the meaning of *relic* or *rapture* or *saint*.
Misappropriate your belongings before you leave.

Please, because time spent sitting here
is time spent sitting elsewhere too.

IF WE WORK ON THIS TOGETHER, MAYBE IT WILL TURN GRAY

If you listen to the radio backward, go outside
and lay down in the field. Your feelings will come back
in soft colors and the layers of white will begin
to whisper. You are an independent snow globe
trying to become a town. You are maybe just a larger version
of a smaller castle full of moths. In this moment
when everything is torn from the ground
I ask you if you remember the day we ate green apples
under the tree from which they ruefully fell.
You said you didn't know how to talk without bleeding.
I switched off your light and closed the door.
While we slept, you were a windmill and I was a road.
The next morning neither of us knew how to
shut anything off in the house and the day
became a loud train passing through our thoughts.
What if heat wasn't something that rises?
Where would you hide everything then, if not in the sky?
There is an entire system of beliefs tucked behind
your left ear. If you lean into the light, I might see it.

IN THE MORNINGS WE LISTEN TO RADIO SILENCE

There were so many people in the ocean
and I was a part of the ocean.
I was an art coordinator inside a southern cloud
or inside a vegan restaurant slash art gallery slash new-wave opium den.
Considering the adversity of reactive engineering
I thought I had you pegged as a perfect lover
with your straight white legs and closed-fort skull.
Here is an explanation of everything.
A poet is a scarecrow on the Internet,
a unicorn elsewhere, failure on other planets
and a goddess of the sun's killer instincts on Earth.
The square root of skinny, the poet is a sparrow
without legs or without dignity in the bedroom.
When she sets her hair on fire, everybody claps.
A poet is so suggestive of meaning somewhat like a captivated dolphin.
One is so quiet and risky at the intersection of deaf and blind.
Perhaps a white mouse is in the corner waiting for answers
about disintegration, a small tumor ready to explode in her hand.
Inside this box on the shelf are six dreams willingly bleeding,
each onto its own wet napkin.
I don't remember much from a week ago
except the windowless weather and a long walk home from the blind south.
I am not the poet writing lines and weaving baskets.
I don't even live here and it's an awful place to name your children after.
I'm sorry for your behavior as a reductive tree blown over by wind.
I'm sorry for the generative quality of mistakes.
I'm reading and bleeding at the same time.
I'm a mechanical fish swimming toward the distant fallow,
cluttering up the dull grey sky and you are maybe Auschwitz
or a perennial or something I can no longer recognize as a beating heart.

I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE HERE IN THIS ROOM ANYMORE

Spelling your name backwards means going
into a trance. Lifting this blank page so quickly

may lead to confusion of your arteries or a fictional
movement toward strange reclusive inventions.

In a year you will be a blank slate, a series of explanations,
and willing to meander uphill in search of more white light.

In the forest one imagines so many wrong feelings
to be trapped underground, locked inside a tiny vault

of unfeeling animals eating their own limbs quietly.
I once lost my suitcase and it ended up losing itself too.

Years later it turned up in a train station inside another
just like it, a starling type emotion fixated on its broken lock.

A pale bird with mixed feelings cannot start explaining your life correctly.
Come clean in fair weather and admit your wrongs

in a church parking lot. Do it quietly. Such actions
are suitable for a new life in a damp place without windows.

If you cry here, there is no moment during which
anyone will hear it. They are all eyes here

and nobody has teeth left over from past lives.
Everything around is fresh, some of it even green and solid.

THE AIR MAY NOT EXIST WITHOUT YOU

Strange thrush of mutuality tangles

like smoggy fairies in strange unlit stalls.
A wire isn't the meaning of the music it plays

but instead outside there are so many wells

and star-shaped people wandering the sky undone.
Forget raining impossible animals

from darling wish clouds nearing the sun's best vein.

I haven't cleared distance until today's sudden stroke.
Your hands climb around me like fiction

and I start making up the story slowly.

It has to be intricate and believable
the way ghosts exist outdoors.

I'm running out of ideas to pretend

and of talk to offer without text.
The surrounding atmosphere like a grave

becomes wild and obtuse like your distant face

to which I cannot stand too close because
of the ignition. It might explode like the sudden fire

we forgot to undo when we left so quietly beneath our own feet.

ALL THE QUIET THINGS AT THE BAR ARE WHITE

When you feel a person's narrow beginning
their eyes become the feet of an unknown space.
Vernacular trilogies of spoken tongues linger
inside our lungs, our mouths, our most uncertain beliefs.
The cold lights in these buildings stand out
and pucker at the thought of a hotly closed door.
Lately I have noticed doors turning at odd angles
and sometimes toward a precarious and musical sun.
Inside we share evenings like strangers share stories
when they aren't striking matches or lighting up their hair.
In a short time we have figured out the answers
to the questions we needed answered but also
in a short time we have hardly known the ground
any more than we have known the names of ancient trees,
of trees more ancient than the silvering names of ancient Gods.
Iridescent layers of muddled blue halo around
our faces when we sit in perfect circles or descend
into perfect circle halves. On this night we touch
for the first time and so indelicately as if
a boulder fell into a puddle. I associate you with sound
the way I associate words with their furthest third meanings.
Like water and what it means to swim for survival.
Like miracles and how so often they begin as stones.

SOME FRIENDS KEEP SMALL GARDENS

Legwork becomes the popularity of the sun.
I don't know anymore if you are even
the smallest cloud between the mountains
because your shadow has turned outward
into the square galaxy next door.
I faint in the galaxy next door, lay out on its tidy lawn.
My bones are all aligned and the stars are falling,
tiny numeric plunders inching toward my hands.
The window above the pregnant grass
watches me carefully as the Earth swings by.
We sink into the vaulted afternoon,
our arms paralyzed, our faces naked and yellow.
You told me you couldn't be human after dark.
Jokes are carefully propped up in our closets,
hung up like discolored winter coats
and hardly able to speak about their past lives.
Ask me if I am taller. Ask me if I am winning a race.
This mood we have is circular and maybe
a little green or gold. It has fingers
or legs or something of a distant dream
inside its back pocket. Water becomes itself
and slips into the serrated atmosphere,
asking too many questions, growing too many teeth.
Everywhere is an idea like a hidden room
inside this forest, always full of useless rain.
If your name begins with B you might belong in here.
If your name begins with N the weather in here might close.
Did I tell you about the time I caught a falling moth
before it became another word for *seldom* or *perhaps*?

EVERYTHING IS FREE AND I AM AFRAID OF THE DANCING

My shirt becomes your sky envelope
and your pants become my lucid regret.
In the year of the lion there were a hundred storms
and three children died of blind fear at the zoo.
We give out animals without explanation,
gifts without boxes, lines without material meaning.
It is all the same. So little separation between words
and more words that we sometimes call thoughts.
In the room with the meat horse everyone is dancing
but to as many songs as there are people inside our closed fort.
Where did you get this feeling you impose upon paper like a diagram
of another galaxy? I draw a diagram of a man sinking but it is a lie.
Together we spell time backward, a sudden movement
toward a split-level future made of strong blue light.
We organize a strong campaign for a daft religion
and go on with our symmetrical lives, small mistakes
in glass bottles, less than what is more your kind.
A coyote runs toward the obscure pawn in the distance,
dancing like confused lightning or a newborn star with wet legs.
Money is just disfigurement of paper speech, nothing more
than invisible rain dripping into our stupid gaping mouths.
We broke up and it was dramatic. So many stories told but mostly all made up.

PLEASE COME TO MY POETRY READING

I decided to ask for an extension of payment into your abyss.
Over time your arms begin to get longer as I move further away from your heart.
I am unusually alienated this morning, full of cactus pins and amniotic fluid.
A slightly yellow woman on TV starts singing about Russia.
She is small and unwilling to cooperate with us.
The horizon of your misused temperament glows while I bake sour bread.
I myself begin to feel wildly apparent and Russian.
I told you that beige was not your color but you keep on with it anyway,
shirt-slacked by an ocean of camel and maize.
My hands begin to hurt every time I put them on your face.
My hands become apparent.
I sit in the furthest corner to think about our books.
I think of you and think of mass destruction
or a group of dying whales murmuring old love songs
into the ocean's warm stomach.
We end up going to a lot of bars.
We lie in bed and let our faces touch.
Your seasonal fruit is inside my dirty refrigerator.
Life starts to become apparent, congested,
green with envy of its own hieroglyphic properties.
It talks so quietly that I forget sometimes that it is there.
I take a shower in the morning and you become a stunning willow tree
curling in the distance and away from the light.
We will be friends forever like so many frogs crouched in the mud,
ambling toward a brave new democracy.
We welcome ourselves into the jungle and it is quiet in its middle.
We welcome ourselves delicately into the season of goats
like espoused women looking for rain.

WE ARE TALKING TO THE STREET NOW AND MAYBE IN UNISON AFTER THE WAR

When someone looks up a sparrow will talk and be anonymous
among the wet red stars of your undiscovered brightness.
Dear to whom they speak,
the sparrow will grow teeth

when it becomes clever, solid, abundant
in its knowledge of re-discovering cold wet sound.
Physics are mutual agreements between rocks.
Physics are mutual agreements between white hands.

Another freeway becomes our destiny, a blow-up doll
in the middle of the street says *hello*, counter-clockwise
becomes the new method of reconstructing fresh-cut faces
limping in the alleys, drunk on too much drunk by dying horses.

My ankle turns when I speak Chinese. Your wrist turns
when you lament this bowl of talkative fish hearts
dreaming under the drip-lit sun dance that is my moon roof caving.
Everything of yours has been shoved into my foot.

If we go for a walk together, maybe you will be a sweet revolution.
If we stop for Thai food, maybe you will be an avalanche
foreshadowed in the near-ed distance, a white airplane stolen from the bulimic sky.
Your mother is a figment of our collected imaginings, as in unbridled humanity.

She is a holy destination, a sidewalk bruised in labor, a painting
of a low-lit bar stuffed with unborn children and unpaid unicorns
gasping for human breath. I only learned how to breathe yesterday
inside a gas-tank because my exigent remarks are an outdoor way of living.

Where I can go, you have already gone. Into the distance, the far off
horizon howls like a dimwit and I call back for a cab ride home.
Vague disclosure, pompous ass, mourning the morning that is so damn wet it's fine.
Nobody can be uplifting; an arm waves from the window but the man has no face.

I DON'T BELIEVE ANYBODY KNOWS YOUR SOUL

The swimmers swim faster this morning.
In certain situations, children are greeted
with fire and the most forgetful pets.
Drinking cold tea feels more engaging
when our lives are moving at unexpected speeds.
Once in a moment like once in a lifetime
the water inside the cup fluctuates and shimmers.
The red dull confusion of a perfect mystery
is your first taste of this town. Yesterday the sidewalks
weren't made of gold but this morning
they have returned to be the yellow distance
toward an open-mouthed kiss. Your wisdom
isn't fleeting but it flutters against my face
like a butterfly who hasn't been told everything.
A butterfly's life is based on chance and mystery.
It might believe otherwise but this is the truth
and so it goes. I am unwilling to trade things
and I am better at being tall than at being mysterious.
Mysteries are great towers and small discoveries.
Mysteries are the lovers from your slept-in century
when you laid still for a hundred years, counting stars.
Accepting the cost of owning up to the sky
is your greatest achievement thus far.
You might be a wizard of your own destiny
and a better man for it but you will always be
alone among the blue lakes.
In the water, you will be so light, as if not there.
Don't ask me to simplify this complex dream.
I am made of great machine parts
but you are too invisible to notice.

TOGETHER WE WILL CONSIDER A GOD OF TEETH

Creating the kind of quiet in the yellow hallway
must have been something new and walking

and flattened like animal fur after a long rain,
bare on the back and inching toward a foretelling sun.

In their indecent poses branches reach toward it too,
begging shamedly for new lives outside of this gentle world;

a few square miles and little to escape from,
less to escape after, too much bright white light.

Inside a wall someone speaks and I can hear him.
The echoed voice travels up my spine like a lost spider,

slow at first but well-directioned, going straight up,
leaning toward a hot resilient sky. *I have lost my mistakes*

is what I whisper. *I've misplaced them in here,*
inside your terrible hands. I whispered that too.

Some years ago it was discovered that ancient men
born boneless survived alongside snakes, using only

their teeth to scavenge for floor-locked food.
Their methods of disclosure became the word *matrimony*,

their methods of measurement became the word *grace*.
No less than your own desires, mine exist quietly

in a disorganized pile under my roaming brow-pinched bed.
I have feet now but they are too reclusive for your amber shoes.

Shy of glowing in a well-lit room, they are shy of meeting stone and cobble
on a midnight street. Your answers became the standing room

on the north-most corner of our crossing paths, direly idling toward a hobbled field.
I have long stopped waiting and these days, I interrogate the air instead.

One morning I saw you drive by but your face was no longer there.
In its place a folded-hand. Yours. In your hand's place, just moving air.

ALL OF THIS ENERGY IS ALREADY HERE INSIDE

In the particular way you fold paper
someone might ask if that is the same as
building a kite. Some days I would say
the answer is yes. There is a fault line
underneath our window. It moves quietly
away when we don't talk, clear across
those acres we call lots, those streets
we call men. This town has a lot of armor.
Inbound calls and so many buses all have
the best personalities. It's after midnight
but you are already inside this dream.
If I count to ten, will you repeat some words
and move to a new corner of our tiny hour?

I WANT TO FURNISH YOUR LIFE WITH VAGUE DISAGREEMENTS

In the long silence that is possibility
you got lost and I died like a flower.
Some jokes aren't meant to make you laugh.
Others exist only to topple themselves
in our paralyzed hands, so tiny they no longer exist.
The boundaries we stepped over were drawn in pale blue.
The walls we banged on always a shade too white to be believable
so instead we called them frantic examples of our lives.
The time we took pills together was
a day I made up. Such fantasies don't happen
between two failing oceans or between two falling trees.
This distance you have created flatters your face,
the incongruence of light against light.
I notice how quickly your eyes have lost their shape
and I stop to pluck one loose from its socket.
I put it quietly in my pocket and walk a mile toward home.
Before I get home I will lose the meaning of the ruined sky.
Before you I didn't know what it meant to be a fable either.
I now know the whole story you told me backwards as if
it were my own flutish hand or an abandoned lake with ten names.
I'm working towards a new motto.
It will include your name, but only once.
I have an arrow and I will shoot it straight into the dark.
If you draw a circle today, it might never end.

IN MY NEW WORLD THERE ARE NEW FLOWERS, GOOD PLANTS

I found this place being alive
and so large it was falling
out of itself and over

like an old husband
or weak architecture
with a good reputation.

In my bedroom I became
a real girl again
for the movies
and this song I heard

goes *flower flower*
and before the end
someone yells

good riddance
and *joke*.
So I'm wandering

this space unheard of
and someone says
one sky, our sky

so I say back that
poetry without fruit
is a disgrace somewhat

like a small thing and
with two hands
too far gone and maybe
somewhere here.

I KNOW WHAT I WILL TELL YOU WHEN I SEE YOU IN CHURCH

The birds of the world will have more adventures too,
I have decided. And you also, will be greater than
or equal to the rest of your life as an opera
with large sounds. The sentiments of awkward dialogue
before noon make our motto (of the heart) well-constructed.
Sidewalks everywhere have small words on them
to remind the people that breathing is never optional.
Some sidewalks have instructions about touching hearts
when they are growing inside tiny irreputable souls.
I think you understand the prophecy now and
I think you should probably take the first step
toward a varied absence from our home.
This time you are a large cardboard cutout
of someone named *Brother* or *Bishop* or *Saint*.
Didn't you hear the bells? Did you hear them alone?

IN YOUR NEW BEGINNING THERE ARE TOO MANY LIGHTS

Look up inside this morning and remove yourself discreetly.
You must even leave the country for its greater good.
I'm making up these rules as I go along
but you will never know the difference.
On the morning of October tenth there were
so many birds on the television that I went
sort of blind the way mothers do
when they are surprised by love and their own
instinct to provide. Have a kid.
You will be tired enough to sleep.
All of the noise I hear from your fire escape
seems marginal and unfit, like a lost dog in July.
I heard so many rumors tonight I thought maybe
I've lost too many ears. This game we play
is a bit abstract like a poem when read
inside a moving car. It is unwilling to take shape
in all that moving air. The fly that hovers is proof
of its own existence and I am so so tired of dancing
to a shorted pulse, of being mute like a small gesture
caught in a rainstorm of significant height.
I am explaining this for your own good.
One day you might learn how to leave
without making anything move.
Chivalry is still an art but nowadays so difficult to define.
You must be painted on the wall, the way you've grown so thin
and the broken glass in our hallway is really something else,
something entirely real and entirely divine.
I'll catch every star falling from your stolen sky.

I WANT TO CONSIDER A HYPOTHETICAL MEANING OF CONFISCATION

Things are missing from my life.
I can't explain the huge feelings of death on my pillow
like large mechanical hands tapping my face very lightly.
Lightly, as if nobody ever understood the word opposite
to mean anything other than a replica of itself but with wings.
Itself is the correlative structure of itself as being a word.
Itself is the wicked train or the sexual healing nobody felt
between paces on the track or between paces on the ceiling.
It is the operative word if an operation were to take place.
I once dreamt that I operated on Jesus but he said no, I'm not him.
It was another man with more excuses for being sturdy.
I was mistakenly operating on his heart as if a hip.
The Earth is a planet but it is also a ball of sadness
like a dead squirrel in the shape of a ball or a lesser being
shaped like a smaller ball. I have stolen too many feelings
from the hall closet today. I'm going to put them back neatly
and listen to disfigurement happen on somebody's face.
The future is bleak, hollow as a myriad of other things
too hollow to speak of without crying religiously and infinitely.
Do you do this kind of thing? Like make t-shirts?
Like make big lives happen?

I ENJOY LIGHTING YOU ON FIRE SOMETIMES

Sometimes we run out of water
because water is always busy and
becoming a new business with its
small legs. It happens very quickly.
Someone told me you had
a glacier and the moon
stacked neatly in your living room
but maybe they said in your garage.
I might believe the truth
if I were walking at a slower pace
but I'm learning to be thoughtful
during these difficult times of rowing.
You are a light show or fireworks
inside winter or maybe inside water.
You are inside every ear that listens
carefully throughout its entire life
as being one ear. Our room is very dark.
I don't remember how to
be your friend in the dark
but I might know someone who does.
I'll call them tomorrow and they'll be in touch.
The ceiling became an infinite plane just now.
Did you see it? Did you notice the stars?
They weren't always this white and clean.
We are sitting in a circle and looking at quiet things.
I am stunned by your effervescence,
bewildered by your lack of grace.

A LOT CAN GO WRONG INSIDE A SMALL APARTMENT

Darkness in which you cannot drive
might relieve the weight of being
everyone you have ever known.
Everyone outside is thinking so quickly
and appearing to be calm about their
broken hair and dying arms but I just can't
stop grieving yesterday's weather
in a country too far away to name.
I remember it is a clean and cold place
with so many animals to roam in the fields
but I am in a small country that is more like
an apartment with big dreams and no fields.
In the dreams there are collected works
of all of my friends and they know words
I have never heard of and cannot pronounce outrageously.
Things are loosely happening and the food
is so great we cannot stop teething.
The books are big like churches in the country.
In the dreams it is undignified to talk
and linger on the tile floor too long without
stopping to ask for more color or water.
In a short dream the sign of people hugging
is made with the arms and
with the neck but rarely with the face
because it has too many functional parts
and it is too modern to suddenly move.
Someone might be asking some questions
but this might just be a cold dead rumor
coming down from the bright ancient sky.
Sometimes I wake up to find myself
also maybe asking questions but I don't know.
One question I do have is
how did you quit understanding our heroic theory about flight?
This is the question that keeps circling
around the room but I just can't believe
we are so far apart during this uneven crisis.
Please don't believe me anymore.
It is starting to wear me thin.

I AM A TRIANGLE IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF OUR HANDS

Once inside this universe there was a breathing machine
big enough to hold all of the air we have ever touched
with our hands. I use cold and wide words most of the time.
They help with the breathing and also with responsibilities.
My responsibilities are microscopic and heroic.
I use them to touch people I am afraid to touch with my hands.
We are disclosing rare demographic information during this red century.
I explained a riddle yesterday. Two words intersected.
Inside my heart an octopus grew and became reasonable.
In this photograph our hands overlap
but you are looking away toward the casket
and I am looking away toward the door.
Our faces are so far apart but I don't remember
the day all that well.

THE SPECTACULAR CRASH

I took ten pills and loved the eternal weight of dreams
or it is the paper that doesn't understand my pen
and it is too hot for this kind of weather.

We are light dull pink and pale weak cyan
or I need more animals in my apartment
because I'm writing about the garbage truck
or this isn't about you, I promise
but I just can't live in the dark anymore
because there is a large white rabbit under your desk
and you haven't figured out what you want.

Last night I walked across the street to stare
at my own abundance but I saw only those
more distant than myself like frail trees

and the trees are here and there and you
are here and there and the generation gap is really big now
but these kinds of mistakes are no big deal here
or there isn't enough time to pick out the best shoes
for the big occasion that is in the evening
and the weather becomes its own night
or the building I am inside of is too massive too dark
and I am blinded and blinded by your big unending presence.

Perhaps you'd like more time to think
before you jump off that cliff it's so high
or perhaps it is time to go home indefinitely

and speak to someone who can help
or I'm going to die this way without any legs
and the future seems impervious regardless
of the outcome so let's have this conversation
here in my living room here in the dark
or this is the best way to stop believing
in the voice of God in the voice of God.

ESZTER TAKACS is an MFA candidate at the University of Arkansas. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Thrush*, *The Adroit Journal*, *Word Riot*, *DIAGRAM*, *Forklift Ohio*, *Cloud Rodeo*, *Ghost Proposal*, *Inter|rupture* and *ILK*. She is also the author of the chapbook *Together We Will Talk Right Down to Earth*, forthcoming from The New Megaphone in 2014.