

from *Cults of the Unwavering I*

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Change of Scene

1.

We were warm in the summer grass, fireworks on mute. One of us arrowed out toward the question of our death.

Their faces were brick facades organizing under the sunbulb.

A thin voice of silver chalk spoke and changed the scene.

2.

They were both in the rain-wet boulevard, with many corners and culverts—a state of mind where desperation was devised to look like accident.

We sat beside each other and hummed for heat.

A thin voice chalked up the scene and put itself in the question of our space.

Chain

We were told the fibre thins out here.

Tidal waves curry our address so we fuss.

At this depth we are visible to each other in bits.

The geyser of a new death is still around.

We can't exit this command.

A large image of the moon is coming through.

They say we hold what it takes to return.

They say that tides arise from an error on the map.

That some of us switched too quickly. That there is regulation for the pull.

We move through silt because we know enough about caress.

We accrue more of us found in the grain.

Gateway

We see two white dogs and draw the ambit closer.

Resolution reveals lego in a field, a sensor for a stand-in.

At this point, it's speculation by way of description.

(At this point, it's still language.)

We feel quaint for a fibre thinking about the afterlife.

For a fibre we were next to dogs, and then—

The menu's ruse of options and the house it asks.

We fill in filters and find more dogs.

A new fibre has been built because we are in Tokyo.

At this point, it's speculation by way of proxy.

The city is quiet and bright with bonds.

(At this point, it's still language.)

Gerrid

We are on top of each other and the pressure crunches dew.

Packs of Ativan banded with rubber in a safe.

The boss doesn't care as long as the work is done.

We have grown to acquire a splitting.

Smile's inverse panopticon.

We chatter in the back of your head but we are not your friends and lovers.

Images of images of us elsewhere with minimalist furniture.

Our loyalty to the coast is keyed in before close.

We no longer look each other in the eye, which is not to say—

Delinquent envy of little kids' leisure time.

We are told to treat texts as separate from people.

For purposes of efficiency, not criticism.

Fragment, please consider revising.

A splitting is elastic and it has reached—

We spot the pills on the table in the Montauk Sofa ad.

A force around us says not to take things personally.

The office diagnoses us as manic though we are not.

A lack of visible expression on our face could account.

We have a ream of cellophane to catch us when we fall.

The surface confers an ease and clarity for ten minutes.