

AMY DE'ATH / Security Cloak

A response to *Light Sweet Crude*

for Catriona Strang and Nancy Shaw

1

And I just and I just don't see any

No I won't No I won't let it happen

How real is this can be.

Shred us, shred us like light

Immiserate on a scale of one to seven

Take me down to your apartment

Like a custodian, like an angel.

2

A kaleidoscope is a prudent safety hazard

As much as I as much as I can get.

I have pissed, and what I've become is tendered.

Effectively constructed myself

On a period, blazing ruins.

Nothing extraordinary

Nothing empirically justified

Still the affect-bleached, impossible co-star-

I resign from my shelter

absolutely sovereign

very much civil and betrayed I

never saw I never saw it coming.

3

The consistent drive

socialist era high-rises and a popfeminist pink tent:

phosphoric acid and winged waterboarding are

just something new to us.

How can this can be.

Here's a variation on the denial of fortune, the

power of acting, resplendent happiness or

what I think, what I want, what you sing, follow this curve
and I will follow you
across homeland security and unrenounced enjoyment
as a call to wakefulness invaded by bees and dragonflies
and a small girl loitering
a long way back
blown up globally blown
over by the beekeepers
and the ideological state apparatus
and the individual savings account
and the blazing trail of whiteness
and the many, many men
neither can I bear to leave her
neither can I there how can this
how can this can be