

Blankets

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and yet I feel
for the music
in the distance
moving towards
the motionless
us
conspicuously
caught dynamic
digits climbing
and descending
time tricks
reset the tape
four to the B
bee to the flower
waiting for it
assured nourishment
this one goes up
tones sing direct
to entrances
disguised exits
illusory strobe lights
is somebody running?
silence craved
taunts twenty five
cent peep shows
seconds in the elevator
dollars for a blanket
you can't go without
short pleasantries

No, thank yous
remind me of existence
as do children
screams muffled
by barriers
one foot thick
terrified to breathe
breathe breath
reminders always plural
discharge completes
a flood
of voices and pop
music stains clothes,
walls suffocate
good mornings
fail in the liminal
undetected transitions
between songs
when the chords
volume and
rhythm keep
their constant
disillusioned
strobe lights suggest
counterculture
proclaiming freedom
of choice but every
body is filled
with the same
batch of drugs
look at yourself
pupils burst
dilated hello
how are you
doing today

a sterile
sensory overload
thanks
the inner child
whispers with
personality
yet sonic vibrations
dampened
by professional
discourse again
in the interval
post man
you
fractured absence
this one?
confident?
masculine?
oh yeah?
we can do it
sorry about that
by all means
Oh Canada
your inclucivility
of all people
when an all white
jury too quick
to think the best
intentions of
a white man
a gun, and his
property
so when
in all of us command
the nation will
adopt new values

like creating jobs
by approving pipelines
running through
the earth as stripes
blue, yellow, red, green
but he can help
you on the other
side, that will be
sixteen
seventy seven
intervening times
perhaps this
prolonged forgiveness
was a mistake
on the part of
our elektos
this is not about him
this is not about us
all about us
this is all about us
did he give you
some money?
it's okay
is it?
just tonight
thank you
here's your receipt
set a reminder
this is not about us
this is all about us
so there's been
everything
we've written
coming through faint

memory and
triggers
make sense
of the voices
piercing through
composition provoked
hungover migraine
orders identify
by tone fucking
constantly
unconsciously aroused
you understand?
you go for five minutes
that's all
you get your money
and your partial peace
disturbs the
incessant stimulation
to cross the sea
four, three
fault lines
in the wall
gape a flood
of voices
once more
with background
timbre slights
titillation persuades
leafing through
underwear
trying to find
the perfect
affect
I love you for

the distant
footsteps hit
hard tiled floors
inherited dance
white noise
a choir
of rambling children
food orders open
closed cash
register sighs
ensemble escalators
the underpaid
rise above
the shrieking
ground of
fast meat
fast paycheques
fast fashion
fast espressos
two shots to go
mesmerizing dancers
flailing boas bearing
blue, yellow, red, green
vacuums breathe
clogged anger calls
in the voice
of rubber dragging
frustration at the end
of the work week
trying to wind down
with nothing
to be done
but resume
the struggle.