

Arrival

Whose woods these are
I think with my hand,

my handling of
the situational comedy
of, of arrows.

*

Let's get to the meat
of it, the good

parts, good
to the bone.

*

Wings & Ribs
(now open)

think it through-

simplify-

*

Center-
divider
as
sliver
of
all-
owed
park

*

Lined-up
spines

of how-to's
(a better you,
plumbing)

beside as-
is trinkets
or cruci-
fixes, perhaps

space is limited

or moving outside
of itself-

*

Pop-up hot-spot's
lunch-rush
pork-line
congests usual flow.

*

Carving localities in
a tornado,

like a slow-motion
that never was,

radio-host reads
manual for building

revolutionary interfaces
for the shopping
experience.

*

The map's now a
mug shot. There's no face,
like no place.