
Jules Boykoff

**It was just another day in the life of just another day in the life of
just another day in the life of census, ambition, sentiment, guile, of
diamonds, expression, reverence, trials. It was just another day, it was
just another day, it was just another day, it was just another day.**

Or,

An Arrow of Geese Flapping Forward

expressions, ambitions, all sliced into slats
expressions of sentiment, the ghost of diction
retrofit the diction for expressions of ambition
a sentiment, a groundswell, the horseplay of justice
groundswells of sentiment, the pulse of expression
rhythms thickening, little fists of resistance
a pocket of pine nuts, purple pup tent for two
I still can't tell an eagle from an osprey
but I can see water, coastline, & land
an arrow of geese flap forward toward expression
an arrow of geese flapping forward toward we

The rhythms of happenstance were rolling thick in the socket of circulatory systems & an ever-shifting sense of place loosened mercilessly while it all seemed unseemly & we tried to glide beyond the thickness of theorems where historical recompense leavened reverently & dispossession scratched its name without shame in the sandstone.

Or,

Poverty Is Not Pornography

barely audible as it was at the time
it all sliced mightily to your ethical metric
your innermost peripheries broken into flows
a blue halo surrounded the moon that night
reality is a wooden handle for a hatchet in the ice
a no-no boy in Heart Mountain, Wyoming, 1943
Thomas McGrath called it an alchemy of resistance
smoldering in the socket of pre-cognizant luminosity
Neruda said he did it so *everyone* could have servants
arboreal detachment, preemptive karma unhinged
gunmetal sunsets wrenched asunder this time

Hope is a category, an object, a toothbrush, an unmarked door, a metric of leisure, a decolonized mind. Hope is a volcano, a train platform, an island, a thumbtack, an impediment, a bombshell, an intellectual pitbull.

Or,

Hope Is a Full-Time Job

where death means death & not the end
where closer to closure means not quite there
whereas closer to closure, closer to fine
where finite closure meant death without end
where closure lived swimmingly without love in the end
whereas love in the end meant closure to that question
where closer to death meant fine thanks, fine thanks
where your moxie rocked up life without end
where death meant life on a highway without stars
where death meant life on a highway without stars
whereby whereas whereupon we must live