

Michael Sikkema

Momentum Remedy

Queen Anne's Lace, goldenrod,

no forest, a tampon ad

The gas station squints—angry teeth

Mind the tanks buried in the flower garden

Floating torsos wheel on stage

No machine more simple, humans are the smallest insects

Spray painted on the floorboards:

a country song: "Brandy Has a Meth Lab"

The people in my family portrait replaced

By Hitler, Disney, and Ford

People are going into that building to view landscapes

The sky is no color July 4th

Drunk men take off their shirts

to make things explode

The bleachers fill with laser pointers

Bent wire in high fashion

Headline: the first composition has been restored,

boxed, and is about to be wheeled on stage

The lights go up and the gears

for the doll factory work

well in the planetarium

In the back of the atrium,

a false door named Poisoned-By-Music,

but she's alive enough until the code alters until

O digital sky backlit in surveillance photographs

Time leans into attack and elegy

Your window doesn't empty light

So happily choked

with victories

on the capsule ride

The children string plastic beads
The window man pisses

through his nylons

As the whole note swells

to faces she fists through

Chests loosen around staccato brake lights

In the audience cattle

prods and cat calls

Wind wants no outside

At least no one sees

At least a species limps free of itself

A major chord shifts a mouth over a leg

or a back and ceiling

The map warns of map danger

The audience throbs heart-shaped in red and blue

A tall flat man smiling above the word VIAGRA

One bullet spatters the battery acid

“Well, I’m not my *favorite* form of cattle”

Glazed meat rotates like polls shape the fire

Flagpole syllables unravel dawn

Motion is one map navigating another

three or four swallows' acrobatic

hunger in bug-shaped light

Buildings approach all angles to spin

His headset pinches into antennae——motherboard

The night guards lube up the horses while the sergeant

counts nipple clamps, starlings big as rats

big as people

Pain and so and pain, the lights go up

At least in a cartoon hat a legless man

stretches smiling in the grass

The boy walks between bicycle-powered saw blades

One answer to the garden is floating torsos

and a pig forest

Men harness cattle to the Trans Am

On each door, nailed meat, steel wool

The conjugal trees blossom in the doll factory

in the bottle gentians in heart-shaped pills

Half-number, half-ant-static, he never gets

the letter that says "Look" or

the first simple flower hardwired to eat

insects and songbirds

Hands stream to play a six-sided joy, too bright

too large to carry

String light on police state

String light on barbeque

Girl property muddied hems

String light grafted to the mouse's back

Your feet move in a little circle

In the season of eating from our sores

Michael Sikkema was born in rural Northern Michigan and lives in Buffalo, NY. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *New American Writing*, *Bombay Gin*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Xantippe*, *Mirage #4 Period(ical)*, *Parthenon West Review*, *Word For Word*, *BlazeVOX*, *Zafusy*, *Cannibal*, *Seconds*, *Horse Less Review*, *The Tiny*, and *Shampoo*. His chapbook *Code Over Code* came out from *Lame House Press* not so long ago.