

MORE LIKE A TRUTH/
MORE LIKE A VACUUM

1 - expectant

the colors that the son wore
always seemed to match
the urgency of his heart

blood pulsing
breath gasping
 no time for breath
 he just wanted to see
 more

but the mother didn't want him to grow
<up> knowing of the
war out/up there

oftentimes people saw her
as pulling him
along

holding him
<back>
more like the truth

2 - reluctant

ascending staircases
with blinding fear of
what could be

at the bottom
of the stairs
only dreams/
nightmares
relief

at the bottom
the fire and the lightning
of disagreements waged above
cant reach them

<fear not realized>
<fear manifest>

but the son could always imagine worse
unfailingly wondering



*Subway Exit, 1946,
Osvaldo Louis Guglielmi*

about the inevitability
at <of> the top

at the top
people afraid of fires
running for other safe tunnels
to be
<buried>
safe again

at the bottom, he's frozen
not knowing when
 <if ever>
the pinnacle
will reveal
the unimaginable

3 - god only knows
they were always late for church
but what good would it do to blame

was it the son with his needless
adventuring
wandering/wondering
or the mother with her compulsive
adornment
costume<d> jewelry

was it him with his stupid
queries
<why is it constantly burning up there>
or her with her critical
explorations
<what will people think>

the son wondered where a stream of water in the subway tunnel came from and wanted to follow
the mother worried that the rust-red fluids would stain her stockings

he wondered what god thinks of tardiness
she worried about the health of his mind for the first time

'take em two at a time'
the mother scolded

he counted by twos
a newly gifted know-how
unnoticed

4 – see to believe

the 23rd step
always seemed
the most difficult

but today
there were no discernible
discharges

tugging the son
 <or the other way around>
increased resistance with
paralleled exertion

the 24th step
the terminus fully realized
 <no fires today>
momentum begins
 <safety>
vision invites ease
 <if only for the moment>

momentum creates mountains
the anticipation feels electric

5 – the smell of shock: astound

everything's a war
the light
from the bombs
always brighter
than the son imagined

to escape the smoke
by choosing
pyrotechnic demolition
fiery demise, always surprising

the son remembered
the first time
that he saw
the bomb

the searing flash
the smell of marzipan
the heat surprising
the screams
the screams

imagine something behind
so unimaginable
that detonations
are destinations
the screams
the screams