

Making by Rae Armantrout

“What made this happen?”
you ask every time

as if
compulsion itself
were mandatory,

the way light travels
at the speed of light

“because it must”



It is in no sense
essential

that this crown of leaves,
sifted by wind

as if turning over
some problem,

is a gray-green
brightening into rust-red

at the tips

or that its equivocations
fill this instant

to the brim.



While light
has caught up

to itself
again

and only seems
to be making

time

Speech Acts by Rae Armantrout

Something's going around.
The crows

started it.
No language

can tell us
which crow.



You who
in the

mama turnpike
sexy tough shit

steady state

thought bubble song
churn



What's new? Presence
as fad.

Humans
photo-bomb the planet,

pop up everywhere
because incongruous

is funny

and we want you
to know

Hate by Rae Armantrout

The market hates itself
just as much
as you hate it.

Look,
in this spread
for leather products,
a stern-faced man
in pink pants
and a bomber jacket
stands on satin sheets
in front of leopard print
wallpaper
holding a small briefcase
or purse.

The market hates you
even more
than you hate yourself.

Chimera by Rae Armantrout

Neurons phase lock
to produce an executive

summary;

a throng of fish,
each one swerving
to avoid the rest

in perfect equanimity