

GAZA

Look down, the water opening up,
there is no end to this sickness. I

forgot the direction I was supposed
to be travelling. The sun seemed

like it was suddenly in the wrong place,
behind me. Ahead, night had fallen

too quickly and I tried to speak but
the words I said were wrong. There's

a revolution in another country,
the Internet brags about it. A revolution

is a group of people who suddenly
move in different directions. Maps

cannot contain us, so we spill over
the sides, onto the table, amid coffee

grounds and crumbs, confused. We'll never
get better, I won't. Under a certain

volume we associate many
nonverbal sounds a woman makes

with sex. Above a certain volume too.
We associate sex with pleasure, often.

A government is dissolved and then
put back in place the next morning,

and the planes, machines of acute
jagged marvel, were barely used. Ah,

the direction I am trying to travel
is home, a place I can stop trying,

measurements of stress, strata, fortune.