

HAPTICS, NOT OPTICS

PHILIP JENKS & SIMONE MUENCH

Can't imagine how buried
it's like how under burn
is also skin— & also her.
Rinse din from follicle optical
so can't see the noise
he made when she was gone.

Like eggshell architecture, she's gone
wrong. Her good mouth is buried
beneath his inventory of noise,
light fretting a back into burns.
Where do they go with their optics,
their language of the pause? Don't let her

fret in fingers like wetting her
there across the neck shhh then gone.
Lips don't let anyone see publicity optical
or lantern kept longing buried
for her choice words—a daily digital burn.
He favored the colors, everything about her noise

locked him in infinite reverberate. Inveterate pink noise
a sweater makes when it empties itself of her,
buttercream borealis. Flame sucker, she burns
through lacquer through liquor long gone
was her whisper by the time the country buried
itself in scorched crows, rotary phones, optical

tricks of an eclipse. Is that which cannot be seen, optical
illusion or screaming at what was not said? A hexing noise

noosing its way back into what she said must not be, buried,
polished in the backporch out behind the rooms of his mind; hers
collide with the thought, sculpt it, scalping it, declare it gone.
She can hide it with some bramble, & burn

follicular. A caesura between collisions counts lips to burn-
ished skin fizzed with light. Do not rinse. This is haptics, not optics.
Not a noose in sight. They bend to flense their past to gone,
they wear their architectures well, & listen now to new noise,
a communication built of fires & hand-me-downs. Her
hex, he says. She hears hoax. He says bitter. She hears better bury.

It's not that something's gone wrong just simpler for them to let it burn.
Irradiant spicules, sunsploded ocean, refracted impluvium chimeras. Optical
bodies danced her noise, & we spill drinks in light to look at them.

DEAR SUNDOWN—

PHILIP JENKS & SIMONE MUENCH

I do not know which to prefer: orange crush
or grape fizz? I'm a diabetic vampire
rushing for sunglasses to elude
your corona. The bright eagerness

of your inevitability blots out
belligerent angles that tear through the day
in a granularity of luminescence
as you turn hair to fire strings in a spider

lily splendor, threading it with your undimmed
vatic collapse from season to ozone
to a violet tintured field grazing us
with the keys to your hematology

that courses through every sound. You are
the never ever redundancy, reflecting off Martian dust
high in the failing atmosphere, into us & your
own naming which casts about in song & verse.