Brandon Shimoda

INCARCERATION

There seems to be no end
No matter how beautiful is

Momentary

Homogeneity

There is butter on a leaf
There is butter on the leaf I pass
Tripping like an axe

Melting, though I am momentarily less depressed

The beginning and the end
Are interchangeable, evaporated, leaving

A landscape

Waits

But by some unexamined noise
The future of the desert
Inversion of its past

The desert
Taken away

Look at the bodies, whose existences are proof
Of the inexorable beauty
Of lives clinging tenuously
Under the weight of imminent collapse
That is
Already if
I eat the trees will I pass the radiation?
Light green and refreshing
In the thirsty air
Through my digestive system
In which I’m barely less invasive
?
Sun is perfume hand to hand
And never goes down
On asylum for the mind
The sun’s center is cold, always dark
The sun has not yet reached
Bodies on the slab in razor wire
One hour until the blowflies
Are much admired
Because they think against the sun
They shine on
Refreshment sitting in dried excrement
Even the attitude to quench it
For a refugee
Especially

There is cactus
Cool cactus amusement

A refugee can seek
But when they stop seeking
They become a prisoner the environment does not change
A refugee must always appear
To be seeking even after
They have found what they were looking for
They pass into dream, the dream of those who came before
Prisoners of a populist order