

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