

UNTITLED W/ WHALE

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Failure is an art ahead of me. The day
which it contains comes toward me.

I watch the days before it pass; something
in them sounds. Unlike a whale does.

Expands, transforms, succumbs. It displaces
an interior absence, whose hope is

impotent. Silence is what was here first--
the only portable voice. Introduce it to itself.

Listen, wrong cloud. My genes code.

WHAT DO YOU CALL AN OUROBOROS WITH NO TAIL? HUNGRY. OR FULL.

As the caravan pulls into the vacant fairgrounds, Gravitron can't bring himself to do this all again. He closes his eyes and tries to picture a him he can admire—a

gleaming monolith on the bleak horizon. But he's having trouble sculpting himself anew this morning. One of the movers knocks on his hull; it makes a hollow sound. He

tries joking with himself: if they set me up in Australia, would I spin the other way? This just makes him feel worse somehow. A lump in the landscape, Gravitron waits,

listening for himself to rust, unable to overcome such overwhelming inertia. He dozes off. Wakes back up. Unpeeled before the endless night in time, the earth is bright. He is

part of its brightness; someone so generous has plugged him in. Ready to spin, Gravitron blinks. Smiles. More innovative than ever.

NO. 6

Gravitron is having one of those days where he feels like an absolute genius. Each revolution less redundant than the last. He thinks of Pollock and de Kooning and how, like

them, he can't imagine doing anything else. He is inventing an entirely new circle. Gravitron wonders though, if say Franz Kline ever woke up wanting to paint a colorful

meadow. Because sometimes Gravitron wishes he were vertical and could spin slowly, like the Ferris Wheel. Wants people to hold hands, fall in love, enjoy the view. But

when the switch is thrown and the electricity courses through his wires, any doubt as to his lot in life is suppressed—Gravitron heads for a speed that separates everyone,

makes even The Fat Lady weightless.