

# DAY POEM

*LAURIE PRICE*

brick walls again where  
a moon crescents  
marbled in its place

scrub-powdered surface  
disappears from above

o blinding absence  
illuminate this pod  
of perpetual day inside  
whitecloud apparitions

elevate color to air  
the way neighbor detonates  
operatic warbles

o today the one thing  
I want is a 272-threadcount  
permission to linger in  
an activated nirvana chip

## E-365

Gluey angels embrace improvisational fears  
with tenacious franchise

Dollars convert, Jews convert, Spaniards convert  
are three separate flows linked by one word  
only

less is more or costs more

one muddle begets another muddle begets

troubling strangenesses from suburbia

alternate-side-of-the-street parking  
is thought on steroids  
identity is

salting laborious gestures for which  
pay or be blanded  
buys  
the chemical compound for  
a liter of joy  
hard as a drug

# INTRODUCTION

Unwriting the lines between language and sex  
so deprivations sequence sensory loads  
and you find that heaven again  
is right where you put it

Often the last stipulation on  
long-held silences can be broken  
with a correct product say a tongue  
helping itself around another mode of  
communication is no one's cliché if after  
that bracing difference an end can exist

Lamenting the chance to ironize  
advocates for private disclosures  
a blueprint for excluding all that  
is economical unlike parting  
umbrellas from rain

There's a stain any impulse imagined makes –  
a hell to bargain for and a digital social science  
monitoring those untold efforts