

# INNERSITES

Bret Vollmer

I've heard my internal workings:

a stomach that sounds like a haunted dog.

Veins full of gunpowder and pasta water

irrigated by empty ventricles that cage

an imaginary city...or neighborhood?

...really nothing that busy--

maybe a valley.

Or actually,

what's within my skin is, like,

(and maybe you feel similarly)

a derelict fireworks factory

on the vacant plains of grassy Oklahoma:

a vast and flammable savanna

where the summer sun drinks every drop

of earthy liquor from the planet's roots.

And the factory's staffed by a single sleep-deprived smoker

who eats TV and speed to stay awake,

and takes regular breaks

to inhale

and grind their eyeline against the dry horizon.

Watch with us--

together we'll stamp red cigarette butts into tender earth

and shiver, because it's night now,

as the sparks take flight like vicious pixies.