Seth Abramson

Some Drowned Archer

Where the waterway gives out there is mud
and when the mud gives out
people. On display for heaven their things
arrayed in the dark. A horse fallen into
the track made for it.
A longbow can be had for fourteen dollars
at the flea market in Carlisle
but it won’t fire. And a bear that won’t eat
at the state fair. Love without blossom
everywhere. Some man has fallen in the mud
and the history of that
is clear. Raised up to one arm fell again.
Raised his head to see how things would be
dropped it back.
The sun dries a thing out for something else
to use. And the use of a thing
is never used. Or the history of it exhausted.
An archer shoots. That’s what an archer does.

Alyse Knorr

Quantum Suicide

The experiment says that a physicist stands in front of a gun that is
triggered by the radioactive decay of an atom. [Upon each pull of the
trigger], the universe is split into two separate ones: a universe in which
the physicist lives and the other where he dies, meaning that, whatever
the outcome of the process, the conscious being is immortal.
—Gabriel Gache, Softpedia

the boys at Princeton have found
a way for us all to live
forever
and what you must do
is point
a gun
at yourself
and fire it and
wait
for the universe to split.

if you die in one,
you will still live
in another—
they say
you go
your whole life
unaware
of your other lives
in other universes,

and in this
quantum slice,
I am asking
why
it is this life:
why
I am here
in this body,
in this time.

in one universe
I nurse
a girl baby with black hair;
in another
i am
ash
in early snow.

Brian Brodeur

On Hearing Congress Has Declared October
Sudden Cardiac Arrest Awareness Month

Stalled on I-94 outside Bismarck,
I laugh at the AM-station news announcement
that thirty-one days have been dedicated
to the total dysfunction of the human heart.
Indian Summer. What better time to praise the mystery
of the Ford Focus’s transmission, the wind thrashing
grit in my eyes, piles of bison shit hardening
on the highway, Coke cans lodged in tufts of prairie grass
(how long they last out here through so much weather).

Season of Hangovers and Infinite Bliss.
When You Die You Stay Dead a Long Time
Awareness Month. Month of Breaking Down
with a Full Tank in East-Fuck North Dakota
where herds of blackbuck inquire over the sage
as the sky flashes and dims, flashes
and dims, nimbostratus pulsing in huge
swells overhead, starting to tap on the hood
and make the asphalt hiss, hemorrhaging rain.