

First Act

By Gregory JM Kasunich

We are of this thing-

Blood and silt and sun and seed Organic and manic
depressive, recessive genes - Silicon beaches and and diminishing dreams

We are of this place-

Stars and bars, Vine-rotting fruit,
silk sweet tender reaches, accolades and promenades

We are of a mind-

Neural net descendants, form and function,
Mask matte and matter spat, brittle bone spittle and burnt embers owned and owed

We are of this kind-

Raw and unkind kith and royal swine bit lip and
Tell tale beats - receipts, go on, check the feed

We are of this grace-

A manicured pace, Obsolescence and reframe
repeat back each echo chamber container, a soul-shaped hole in torn up space

We are of this stuff-

You and me and he and we and she and all of it all of it all the same

carbon arranged and harangued and banged into shapes shots, sex and thoughts

lies and loss and perfect present imperfect thoughts

past and pending and sending all we got

into the voice and void of some unbroken unknowing spot

at the tip top tippity top of it all, all, all of it the same.

We are of this thing

A place and mind

We are grace and stuff

And all that but

We sure don't act like it