

**^ jazz song
(the bug can fly)**

**by
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—I haven't seen anything in this world worth seeing. Conscious of literally nothing I'm conscious of everything / I want to scream. I want to look my terrors in the eye and spit on them. Not [REDACTED] though. Just unkindly disrespect and inattention too. I'm not a very good— That's actually not true. Where's that diamond pocketed in the too many jackets of my mind? (the rock) not fully formed I'm a saber toothed tiger trying to stretch its mouth to fit those teeth, not fully grown not not extinct she's dull. Shine for me honey. I love that giddy smile. Where did he go off to? I think I lost him in the crowd. Fuck. I thought I had a chance

I don't love rolling the dice but I do all the time. I love the way they jostle in my hand. I love keeping control close to me. There's a ghost in the corner of my mind and mine, so I'm cold. I love not being cool, but steamy. I'd love an hour in a bathhouse to clear my sinuses. I've never been In a sauna before. Or a bathhouse. Or a yurt. I can exhale as that little blue light flickering from the stovetop, remembering / forgetting what makes me tick. (lish) I'm Z-A(in)NY but

My Dad has most definitely played ^ jazz song. He started to jazz by checking out a jazz encyclopedia, A-Z, from the library during the 90s and then checking out jazz CDs of the jazz artists he thought sounded riveting. He discarded what he didn't like. He remembered what he did. I wasn't alive—

Leaves Tremble

my eyes sinking
into the floor so therefore
I'm an elevator and riding an elevator
all at once, the wind whistles and I slap him
because he took my hat and my grandma's wig
on Lake Minnewaska speeding away
on our little boat, the water and its teeth
glinting, shouting at my eyes, underneath, an abyss,
the basement of the lake, must've devoured my skin
my breathing shakes, like wintering trees,
bubbles webbing my fingers
pop
like an unwatched pot, my gaze
on the leaves about to fall, drop perfect
panel of proud elevator buttons (my fate) – smush it in
to be lifted up, or lifted down
to see my Dad, a cat on a boat
my grandma, an athlete. Like him,
I'm in the shallows, I
never liked to swim.

in the Opera House

hard cushion, little people, beautiful music, squeals
 quelled, body trembling, singer flutters, eyes
 unseeing, foreign sounds, hands
 shaking, rhythm on fingers like keys across outside leg.
 Keys in pocket, her wings quiver

start the car. cold outside, breath in the air
 clouds the light, rhythm on fingers like keys; Giantess moth settles for the lighter, blows
 in a gust, at your window, its underside too vulnerable
 on the steely glass, whispers spit and the funeral's sunny,
 the emptiness in the crowd lingers

for a bit

Animal grunts, can't even speak Hebrew or Arabic
 dangling necklaces, stutters on the fattening tongue smiles
 love in the mixed drinks mixed truths, soldiers
 don't come home
 Giantess moth says nothing but slashes in the shards a gaze

ponders on trimmed grass in regiment, yes sergeant, never quivers
 even in the breeze, heavy breathing, gasping for gasps, smolders
 a predator, shoots for game, shoots for country, shoots for closest friends
 shots fired into the wispy air, Giantess moth flutters, black box
 lowered down. Who dug it this morning? How long

did that take?

Remanence

is in between
the tread of your shoes, made from the mud
dyeing your ankles and sounds like the click
of your knee moments before you – F#\$%
ing tastes (on the good days)
as minestrone on the second night,
smiles in the steam
dancing up from the pot and laughs
as the broth warms every pressured place
on your face, looks
like an examination of your own
palm and its calluses, its canvas, its smoothness, its lines
and the misshapen finger from the time you were dumb
or punched that guy or dropped that hammer or you can't
quite remember but

you still caress that finger and ease it back
where it should
be and release
it forgets the time
before its insult
falling back into
falling back
into

Things I Need To Accomplish

- Shave the hair off the inside of my brain
- Take out the frog
- Not texting back
- Reincarnating as Buddha
- Using Colgate to brush my teeth
- Cook
- Simmer
- Sleep
- Texting forward

Ridiculous/When*Ridiculous*

rain split spit splatters spills
 on my head
 if i meditate it's all strange
 and laughable

delicately delightful
 if im not sniffing
 over the summer's breathing
 im still Melancholy

leaving someone in the mud
 by that baseball diamond,
play, or am i
 sipping your misery stirred in

with my iced tea
 dreary on this beach
 let the waves determine when
 the word inevitably ends

When

when my skin peels it tears like paper which
 begs me to ask
 is my skin constructed from wood?

in a previous life which
 Forest did I belong to? is there
 a maker of my skin etched somewhere

I never noticed. is this why
 my neck always so stiff? creaking
 and cracking and groaning in the wind

my breath hot and not very refreshing
 at all i think someone cast an illusion
 on my tree mind

do trees brush their teeth? stop leaping be-

tween-- tweaking premises
tweaking stage 4

never on an empty stomach
or an empty mind
feed me sunlight

for christ sake my skin
peels like paper get a hold
of these woods

and spin them wrestle the loose leaves
into my grasp fall
into the dirt to sigh

with no relief just for the sake
of jesus not again
sinking, rooted, another immovable being

After "For You" – Childish Major

While I sit in an airport
 And a bird flutters about
 And a rat scampers
 And I hound for a charging station

A slight delay, a longer one, muffles
 through the speaker at the gate
Woo, woo, woo, yeah
 A sense of defeatism

in a smile, unprovoked
 I'm reading the psalms
 on her shoulder – a college girl's refund
 backing up books and binders

While I sit in an airport
 And the planes claw for the runway
 And the floor squeaks with crumbs
 And I nod my head until I'm nodding off

Another delay, a longer one, sighs
 through the speaker at the gate
Woo, woo, woo, yeah
 All my joy in sleeping, she sleeps,

she sets sail in a bottle trapped
 by its own vanities, she's sleeping
 where she's working at
 everybody has to get it

somehow While I sit in an airport
 And I forget to check myself in
 And I forget to check my blindspots
 And while I sit

Canceled flight, no more delays, apologies
 from the voice at the gate
Woo, woo, woo yeah
 pack your bags and go

tag a taxi, you, like the psalms,
find a hotel, and you're on your ass,
I'm rooting for you despite everything
in this world.

Ode To Free Tea

“Free coffee (or tea)”, he said
Really he excluded tea
that tasted like the masseuse
for my sinuses, cleansing me as a spiritual revolution.
I’m radical. I’m the Free Tea Party. And we sat outside
as those cultured people do. How they love
their money free. As
the last perfect day of summer
might sigh, this tea understood–
It also happened to be one of those
last perfect days. Nodding
our heads about these awful conditions
in which we really do live oh – and the fire
alarm beeped pleasantly
I quietly took up my belongings
and floated out the building.
Like the struggle for common sense,
which like a football game
in the British sense, pings about so quickly, fluidly
or roughly, we don’t move anywhere at all.
How American of me. Like we need to move
as unceasing squirrels do, spinning these forests
until the leaves are blurry, then green tides over
into blue, foam in my cup because I lied
I did order coffee

Santa

I'm burning
 up like the glimmering heat waves
 in July, inside myself,
 as light as the dry wind and thinning air
 dressing my skin,

I'm parched. My heart is
 on the desert highway, as cuddly as a cactus
 and charming as an eel. Who stole Christmas?
 Probably Justin Lin, who
 in the first grade, when we spoke in squeaks and gnaws, told me
 he wasn't real and Ms. Yee gasped... most likely, I--

Quietly befuddled,
 for why would fact be disputed? I only remember
 later asking Mom, "Is he real?" and she,
 with a moment of 'oh shit' but then remembering the forecast, confirmed
 what I already knew

and not to snatch the innocence off the other children's heads. A phony,
 I remember contemplating
 "That makes much more sense".
 What type of animal travels the world in a day?
 A pilot, my grandfather who returned to the farm for his brother

Neither of whom I can picture beyond a frame,
 A fake Santa better fit my frame, or
 so the tailor said, "presents with no purpose, expletives for George W."
 In that reality

I fit like a glove.
 Santa was an existential crisis
 no seven or seventy year old could resolve so
 once again hot and light, a great relief to me,
 I just dreamt it up.

You'd fall right though
the clouds
if you tried

jump!

Your Country

I (*Soldier*)

Jerusalem

Two years, courting my gun
to be, that belongs to the state

Two years, I took mine at 18
right out from high school
in the United States

Two years, my first time home,
unconfident in my Hebrew
despite that I spoke at home
everyday during 18 years

Two years, important to my family
that I served, important to my Dad
who served and just the other day held
his brothers in arms close, embracing
about how it was so (many) (years) (ago)

Two years, he, my father, squeezed him
with a tenderness crossing decades
in a few moments,
no detail spared,
methodically, with discipline and precision

Two years, firmly, he called me
over, he wanted to know
everything about me.
I replied "I'm not sure
how to describe myself" and he either warmly
smiled or
grimaced.

Two years, they never told me much,
if at all,
about the war
or that I would be honorable
enough to kill some

body he probably deserved it, I
protected my country, who else

Two years, he looked
so young, the heartbeat of the trigger
so unlike mine, but
I feel myself changing everyday,
a second puberty, my face
just like his, I,
with no detail spared, so (many) (years) (ago)
promised to never shut my eyes,
look upon him again,

but for myself

II (*Instrument Maker*)
Ramallah

Have you ever heard the pop of when a string
breaks? Usually it starts
as a change in the weather,
a different wind The air tastes...
not
unfamiliar but rather like an infrequent appointment
that's always a little of an annoyance when
it comes our way. Maybe
there's a fine line between
an old friend and mentally grumbling
"oh. you again."
but
Our strings break

Have you ever watched me put on a new one? A new string,
that is, first we must loosen the instruments peg
to remove the broken

and the rest of it unwinds
The string will easily
release from the impossibly small hole that I drilled myself
into the peg
with our new string, we must steady

our hand to marry the the thinnest part (of the string)
to the peg, once locked, turn it

straighten the string (2) place it properly
on the bridge, now turn (the peg)
turn and turn and
turn me until I sing
my voice swells, pitching higher and higher,
threatening with music

And now you have a new string on your instrument
he'll take a few days to adapt to home
so retune frequently and if he pops

remember to properly grieve him

Funeral For A Friend

salty, sick and twisted
a pretzel on the couch
partnering tylenol crashes

to the sunburned carpet,
bleached red, saffron and yellow I'm all
over the end of things, and I smell, so

croon and spit for me, for my
groove, it's the same way my belly burns
good when I sing

the same song over and over and over
But no I don't sing, I'm proper – lying, rotting, the knots
in my lungs, stiff and blue.

Blue

baby in the sky,
over valleys north of St. Johnsbury
I'm nestled in the grass
I'm tickled and pay it no mind,
I wonder if it rains
would this field ease into Marsha?,

but for now the sky's all baby
blue drips into my eyes,
my irises swirl, my eyelids crash and fall
before receding back out to the bay
the same palette as the sky's I
cry because it's blue.

And even the flies sit still,
my useful legs run away with my unuseful feet
in heels muffled by the gentle grass,
they'll trip and fall won't they
Where's the rest of my body, baby?
In my mind's eye, baby

blue in the sky, my chest, head and belly button
found because it's cloudless where I'm floating
the way its emptiness smolders
makes me wonder, baby,
where within the westerlies I'll be
before turning up downstream

Even Matters

Late, so the
dog snores, so my
Eyes follow lines of silver mimicking
a prospect.
Shadows create cities
when they want to,
behind the murk
my crime pays
gives us insurance,

medicine,
coziness, a bed of roses
to be picked and bled,
grasped and laid, dropped
by the shore of the clearest lake
in Slovenia or
somewhere else

crinkling and balling up ink
and paper for a 3-pointer but
instead desperate efforts to
unlearn those hastily folded
lines.
Up that fog cloaked hill
behind the lake, these buildings
dissolve
blow, let them
drift out over the water cause
nothing

Leaving the bathroom,

You press your mostly dried hand against the wood of your bathroom door
but it doesn't creak open like it usually does,
instead it "humphs", refusing your passage.
You forgot someone came and fixed the latch.
You paid them good money.
You stare at the door as if it's your first encounter
with a door. Like a dog mournfully waiting to go outside
Life now requires an extra step,
you must reach for the handle
but right before you do out of the corner of your eye
on the sink
appears that bug that you swore you just let outside
which looks like an ant but isn't an ant.
And now the bug is a little too close to your toothbrush.
You should move, before the bug
edges any closer, move
instead of modeling your human form
and mind into statue.

Oh the bug can fly.
Hadn't seen that before.
It drunkenly hovers away from your toothbrush and disappears
to that other realm bugs must disappear.
Crisis averted.
So you press your mostly dried hand against your bathroom door—
\$&#%.