



BEN LERNER

FROM "THE ANGLE OF YAW"

WHEN NIGHT FALLS IN THE MIDDLE WEST we divide the multiple fruit of the pig. A drunk man calls out for traditional shepards' music addressing the theme of love, scratch that, the theme of boredom. The children are made to recite The Officer of the Shutting of the Eyes. The saltshaker is full of pepper. The pepper shaker: glitter. At the bottom of every drained pool, there I are. There we am, openmouthed, awaiting the small, angular rain. A drunk man brews a second cup, one for each fist. Great tufts of white carpet pulled out in grief, scratch that, in boredom. In the planar region bounded by our counterglow, no means no. So does yes. Everything we own is designed to be easily washed, unlike the aprons of the butchers that we are.