

Burst Main

Damon Stanley

The description coming uncoupled from the image,
the wrong suspects have been apprehended. We say
the chipped concrete accounts for the general decay
(here cause and effect are reversed). The pier and play
of light against the wires dropped from our tongues are saved
from the monitoring devices (our hearts are gauged
and listed for their worth). "Struggling to repay
your debts?" a sign asks. The falling snow does not wait
for an answer. Let us go into a dictionary of ways,
resolve this whole, graying mess. It's seen better days,
this portico with its wilting residents braying
against the smoggy rain. A voice: "I'm gonna brain
a faggot tonight." The same price for the same train,
we insist it's fine. We insist it's great.