

Nicholas Alti

## Method of Exhaustion

Deep in the floodplains of our happy daze, an oil rig has combusted near a central aorta.

Our finest eon was us lathered in mud, blabbering Nephilim blackout on moonshiniest.

Sometimes the world seems a terrible way, but, as the clover grows: when it's all said, I'm done.

*Well*, I say, *well well*, we said, and then—caterpillar eyes—you asked to simply watch me listen.

So restless together, aren't we? Huge tigers on a night crawler diet, soil so often oversaturated.

Nobody is ready for forever and it's cruel to ask; at least suckle on the glass if you won't gorge.

Absence becomes geometric sequence—this dilution isn't an exit, it's a more expansive radius.

Not unlike physics, arrows shot at random from Olympia

Innocent in a court that's thawed—  
quit twitching, fleet foot—drop it—  
will shall not wisp me, o, if no will  
spares whoop me. Torn apart twice!  
Pull my fallout—I'll finger flick  
a pulse waning—clocking out  
sensations, weaned from the teat  
of Huxleyan apologia—entrails  
to decorate cleats of Olympians.  
Whoopee my cushion—I'm in need  
of imminence—squeeze  
from the bottom until all goop leaks  
overboard from the atop portcullis.  
What about Sicilian poker—  
Yugoslavian slot machine, let's stop  
pretending games have winners—  
put a vague end to imminence.  
I've swindled less than I've lost—  
if that's not fair algebra, nothing shapes up

## Show Me Your Back Please

Subdivision blocked off. Dirtiest bomb threat. SWAT teams play Kill Pets.  
Attic windows elbowed out. Vantage point.

Streets full of teens, people, me! Drugs  
and drug dealers! Horrible feeling. Creep of inflation. Fence and wall.

Okay, now I'm are uh-oh. Sure enough. No, I've had nothing *too* naughty.  
Get real. You're a dirty cop, officer. Ossifier. Filthy porker.

Feel the rhythm, man, not my ultimate weapon. I'm the sound of movement,  
the code to the safe full of danger.

Letters in my mailbox from loved ones.  
On closer inspection, they're nail bombs. Return address: fuckyou.com.

I read about this before on yourefucked.gov, the dumb crawl of blood.  
Talk about razors in sour apples.

Satanic Panic all over. I'm Belial. Turbo McGoth. You, my pure beauties,  
are spine shaped knife blades.

## Sermon for Idolaters

elevated from a plume  
of sphinxish dreams    nonsensory  
                                 I don't believe  
apotheosises        only aggregates

anything feelable or phantom  
I fall in stupid awe

I'm gone— adios, goodbye  
a final wheeze among a throng

finite as the iron in my bloodshots  
I'm blitzed— annexed, nixed

feel me    rhapsodyzing? oxygen finds  
us barely hanging in there  
sentimental, carbon inundated

off tilted, are ye? axisless and most thirstingest  
surely, but an eldritch enigma  
exaggerated movement  
in tomorrow's fistfuls of fog

and I love the way I feel  
safely    among vagues  
kind    interpretationists

you wouldn't hurt me as much as I'd hurt you  
without giving me a head start, of course

## Symbiotic in Theory

The goal is to create a Hegelian dialectic which would produce a Pavlovian response, synthesis a queasy goodnight kiss.

The purpose is to interpose razor wire between thesis & antithesis, an illegitimate diversion for touching the right spot.

What once more creates a crevice for its ill child to slip into, as though warmth as a gesture could generate sufficiency.

The missive is benign, but the tumor adores sun like it loves growth (no sense of self can execute my Nietzschean god substitute).

The main idea is formulating a Crowleyan system of circumstances, swindle intellectuals until they condone nihilism.

The meaning is a trickle of radiated rain cheering on chemical fires, swell choice between new elements: zombie, agape.

The objective is to throw one knife but plant two trees, refine resource guarding, chew wounds like hungry strigoi.

What ore is sufficient to build a submarine to Mars, and is it even possible to make it beyond gravity and all the sharks?

The point is to trap some other poor fucker in the cave or shed so they can see if it's easy to look directly at the exit and stay.

What more is there to clarify that hasn't already been explicitly avoided? Explain the byproducts as idiosyncrasies regardless.

