

Nate Maxson

BLUEPRINT/INSTRUMENT

Sonic implosion of windows in the eventual
What we used to hide under the desks in school in preparation for
But I haven't even seen the machine yet
Actually, the glass is still intact, only the will of it implies the jet
First there's a sound, but what's the distance between them called?
It will come to me
Like a shortness of breath, it always does

Nothing but blue above and blue below: breathe deep and find out
The belief that all this has happened already, even if we forget
The mock contrail, skywritten plea for attention
We know this, something was written there: some message, "don't all of you grow up to be
archaeologists" perhaps but ah it was too late and too soon dust
All this, deep in the earth (but you wouldn't know it from the dark)
Subtle notes taken in shakings, ovum of language in time
What's to say asemic writing isn't simply, a matter of time?
Somewhere in between it isn't, but on all sides: déjà vu induced poppyfields abound
Once upon a time, the color blue was described in terms of wine, they didn't have the direct
measurement of it yet
And don't you ever wonder what we used to have words for as much as what we didn't?

In this, one can cut the sky with numbers on the ninth day of each month (because why not)
Sit back and test the saltwater diligently, having dug deep down to chase brightness
The experiment might seem to be progressing nicely
Except for one little thing,
The canaries have all started coughing