

## CYCLOTRON POEM

*FROM THE RIVER, BY A SWIMMING HOLE, DAYS AFTER,  
JUST OUTSIDE NEVADA CITY, CA*

What do you know about elements,  
an arboreal-concrete bunker, a blanket made of lead

Follow a breadcrumb beam line back to the source my little grapefruit squeeze

Punctuated lids on and near ripples  
Is it gold or is it Formica of the eye

A several universe  
A several cave  
A several pit full

Wait, when do we get to darling  
And was it the cyclotron that did the eating

A send down to an everlasting cheeseburger meal

Tomorrow is for disco  
And a weighty, transparent crystal stopper  
Breaking what it is said to fix

*FROM THE DAY TOUR*

Soccer analogy's gonna need a bigger loop

How do you know

Looking for the exquisite molecule, you, my darling, are an exquisite molecule, a particule,  
consecule, logicule, a unit of universe plus a unit of space the universe takes up under its  
speedier greedier expansion,

hiding behind the corner that is a question

that is a beautiful device

In case of emergency punch those three buttons okay

*FROM A SHEET OF PAPER I FOUND IN MY POCKET WEEKS LATER*

Am I hollowed out by the cyclotron or do I just need to eat a nondonut

Too bad, too poem  
:all the events or the ice ball,  
an ice bandage for the valley coils and those who love war biographies

What are your dreams, beam  
Have I implanted myself successfully

Last I saw you told me about your crush and its strength as if we were competing

Did you win

All this radiation is invisible it doesn't leap over doors or into cars, not at this rate,

he heard a mouse in the line but do we believe ghosts  
After all what's solid and what's a cot

No one saw us, privacy

Why the empty,

Windows yawn our possibility,  
some kind of wrap-around balcony

If a non-impulse is a kind of impulse then a negative cube, an enduring cube, is still a cube you  
pessimist

Grass between toes at long last

*FROM THE NIGHT*

The block is a wall in a crack and a light: orange or amber

An inner library of endings and issue voltage  
is everywhere and this catwalk

dosimeter tickles minor  
actors finger  
puppets hamstrings

A flashpoint

Rooms dropped in the middle of a place  
What is this room doing here unattached to other rooms why are there so many  
midcentury modern oscilloscopes

I wanted to gauge your potential response so I said a thing that wasn't the thing  
To be near you and a little gentle collar tug

Moths-for-moths, the personals flutter

Between us is ten feet of concrete, something blocking and am I grateful

I am grateful!

Oh, a lie  
is the reason for this party, a reason to live

And every few seconds a chime languorous and pink  
the way it holds its tone  
lingering after you're done looking at it eyeball to eyeball

What is a love letter inside a cyclotron  
The way that it just stays there a bendy heart with its secret notes

High rate of dream appearances  
Congratulations you  
out astral all the rest

Out of a cockpit or a passenger seat  
there are no airplanes unless there are radio poems

Fixes for futzy valley coils

Writing you from a small dark room with three screens and racks of electronics, wires hanging  
down like hair over a face

What a kind of face!

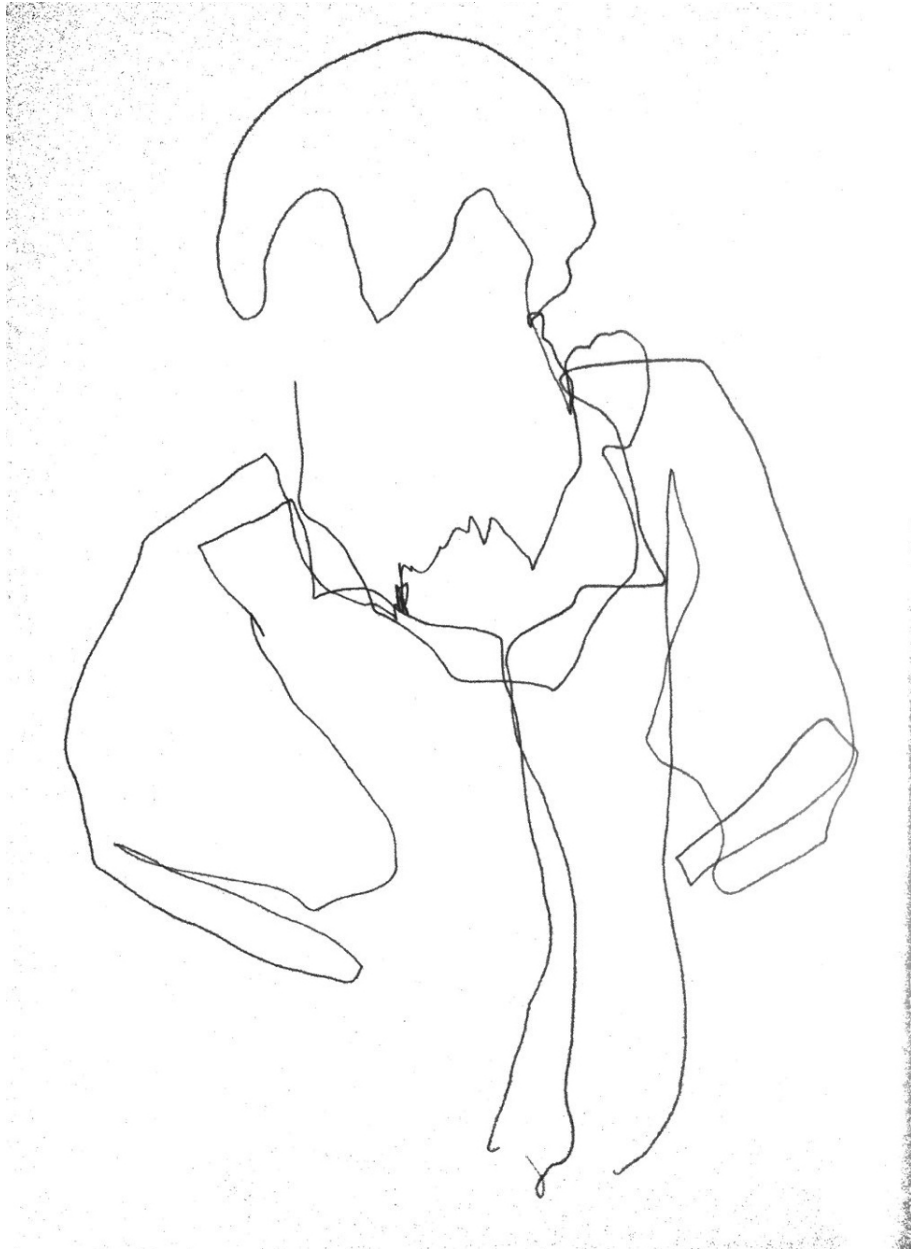
All knotty and painful to comb (the hair):  
this is a cyclotron and I like it?

I'd estimate three times a week, maybe more  
Not willing to wake up too soon either

*FROM THE MORNING AFTER*

Good morning particle accelerator!  
Good morning love  
I followed you all night  
Your beam through my eyes  
Through heart, fingers upon skin  
Your flesh, mine, turning breath  
On both sides, breath through vent  
Slow and dry, the morning footsteps  
The padding downstairs as if  
Any of us could make it, the turning  
Sky, as if we could see it together, forms  
Its one-or-the-other, you bend  
My hand your rib my beam  
Is a continuous particle landmark.  
We ungain our purpose as it is  
Morning! And you are walking away!







## KATE GREENE

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