

SODA FLOWERS

turtle says to ten suns *this weed makes the wind itch*
he laughs like a piece of candy into the 1980s
pulling the caravan forward
fifth avenue breaks into leaves
who's afraid of paradise on earth
sitting on the curb waiting for your friends
one el after another lets the summer swarm
asteroids sound like the feeling of soda
in the throats and joints of arcades and parks
rabbits jump on trampolines at night
popping open the sun in your skull
i miss all pleasure at once
a ghost of smoke held in stream of light
turtle says to ten suns *no one's even born yet*
you might have a good time
sitting on the curb waiting for your friends
the ocean looks like 1991
a seagull drops a fish into the ocean
how we tripped and names went away
how i fell out of the photograph
and started walking toward a lullaby
i wake and you're asleep on my shoulder

the train will be late, who cares
you read poems to me while i shower
cicadas shake off old dreams
who's afraid of paradise on earth
a shadow stands inside me
working for no future
we fall asleep watching heart of a dog
a seagull drops a fish into the ocean
i kissed her on the head, and i said "i'll love you forever"
i hide tomorrow's pain from my mother
the waves continue the trees
the sun also rises on the dashboard of a kia bribe
one el after another lets the summer swarm
love is a catastrophe, sure
you might have a good time
used tires pile up under the el
i look into tires for a deal
i listen to romantic piano
close your eyes and what do you see
a car's always trying to make everyone happy
my father takes us to encore books
a seagull drops a fish into the ocean
the dream is not a mortgage but the ocean
one day he will stop abandoning you

wake up is spray painted on the wall
i wake and you're no longer there
dust is just tired air
ghost of smoke held in stream of light
who's afraid of paradise on earth
working for no future
i laugh like a piece of candy
cicadas shake off the crust of old dreams
the threshold resembles a wound
your typewriter is blue and blue and blue
the kitchen breaks into leaves
the kitchen is ajar with flowers

LOST MAZE OF FUN PARK

a seagull got caught in a kite string on the sand
and a swarm of seagulls formed a siren overhead

the dried out sun-bleached marquee rusted us
back to sleep

in the meat of sleep lions were eating doors

in the morning a towel hangs off the television's ear

an old man steps out onto his balcony wearing
a t-shirt that says ENOUGH

news of wildfires far away, in the same country

what would you like from stuey's juice bar

i walk down hand avenue thinking about love

on the boardwalk a t-shirt says "i love toxic dads"

every bar has a dog in its name

the bar gets lower and lower

wildwood rhymes with childhood

you create the thing and then it's like fuck you

i used to throw up around here

the sun's just being the sun

the sun burns thru the night

regrets only

BRIDGES

"the fire is central" -diane di prima

you can't burn a bridge that never existed

bite into the orange, it's yours

a stack of suns unpaid for

a queue of light

trains are running ten minutes behind due to operator unavailability

here we are, late to paradise again

a strike was authorized and leaders cozied up to the boss

a strike was authorized and they said just kidding, no hard feelings

if you stay in one place too long, you remember everything you're not supposed to

a capitalist gets clipped by an amazon truck, squirrels scatter like broken bottles

a stop sign lies on the pavement, no hard feelings

fingers pointed in all directions, no hard feelings

justice is sudden and kaleidoscopic

laughter out a car, the spring, sprung, springs—

polysemous red sneakers leak free beauty

pouring thru the doors and out the turnstiles

the failures of the bosses melt off our shoulders

no hard feelings

where two rivers meet, all careers disappear

a skeleton full of rain cuts a hole thru a door

they try to seal off the city with hierarchy

but they've run out of careers

love burns thru the line
the draino of time chokes on itself
each split second of organizing the cities
splits into a forest of memory
spreading a thousandfold
a stack of suns unpaid for
widening the sky
a frame is just a frame
you can smash it to pieces
love burns thru the line
the world grinds open
like a fruit
the trains fly thru
but not for commerce
what are they for
what is anything for

HELL TO PAY

there's gonna be hell to pay
when i'm president and i make
every month 60 days long
and abolish the calendar year
cutting rent in half
and doubling the life expectancy for all
you're gonna get so bored
sleeping in on the 7th saturday
of october, whatever the fuck
season it even is by then

AUTHORIZED MOTOR SERVICE

chipped out on the wall by accident was a fish, suspended in the old office
of mike, the mechanic

in the middle of the fish appeared the face of a bear, looking into a dream

my toyota, originally my grandmother's, was now 28 years old

it was leaking brake fluid

mike had the car lifted into the air and shone a flashlight, very carefully,
along the corroded brake lines underneath

should i just get rid of it, i asked, is it time

depends, he said, does it have sentimental value

CHRISTMAS

jesus points a gun to your head
on the other side of the phone, who knows
all the toys quit
there's no train on the 4th floor
there's no train on the 14th floor
the stairs grow band-aids
and copies of time, a magazine for concentration camps
we're all in this together, he says, *choose love*
the new santa clauses smile
they believe they're going to be paid
they think they're outside the poem
they're not outside the poem
neither are the old santa clauses
ho ho ho, says the unemployment line
jesus *who*, says the unemployment line
jesus *what*, says the unemployment line

RYAN ECKES

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