

HEATHER FULLER

from *Baltimore Notebook: Drone Edition*

mission creep

the God particle is in my B-movie body
in my mind the great collider

survival so much like free money
and snake oil on the back end
near bout what we deserve

so sorry
science beats the piss
out of romance

karma drone

taps turned south and my stoop
sitting countenance distant

I drank the water of Baltimore and thirst
multiplied into an army of appetites

where is my earring? where is my shoe?
pairs divide and reassemble

I asked for it
this sleep of knocked about bedrock

as for the personal bestiary:
beats me

draper drone

despite the biospill brigade
fantasy lingers

even in frock coat
hatpin
backseams
button-down
we are inappropriate
touching through steamer trunks
perpetually passing through

sharks winter in warm water around the nuclear plant

when all the while
heartstrung lips

pocket stuffed with cookie fortunes

drone eclipse

first class shadow puppets play out
hillbilly ribaldry taking the rich
too much for granted hogging
the oxygen before helping
our neighbor

super blue blood moon
is neither blue nor bloody
but there for your viewing pleasure
in the no-frills seating