

nine poems from

Mark Young's

*Your order is now  
equipped for shipping*

## **This Time The Heart Is Electronic Music**

I lie on my side on the examination couch, left arm stretched upwards, a mirror image of the Statue of Liberty but without her drapes & torch. Instead I am covered with electrodes, attached to various portions of my upper torso. By straining my neck slightly I can watch the monitor; &, as the nurse moves the greased roller ball across my chest, I see the valves of my heart opening & closing, opening & closing, like kissing fish. Then the ECG kicks in. It becomes a multimedia show, sound waves displayed across the bottom of the screen like subtitles to a foreign movie & a solid bass line that tells me I am well enough to dance to it.

## Travel

broadens the  
mind they tell  
me; but as with  
so many things  
the words — 'mind'  
& 'travel' — have  
to be carefully  
defined before the  
statement has  
veracity. Other-  
wise I'd consider  
it a false premise  
since I've just  
traveled to the local  
supermarket from  
where, induced by  
a plethora of rude  
& inconsiderate be-  
havior, I have re-  
turned a narrow-  
minded asshole.

## The Poem About The Poem

came so easily I could not wait  
to start / the poem. & yet,  
ironically, it was this eagerness  
to get on with it that made the  
starting difficult. I thought I knew  
the journey, knew how the  
poem would shape & show  
itself. Instead found almost nothing,  
a few pieces of past so brittle  
that they crumbled as the mind  
alighted on them. & in this absence  
of obvious landmarks realized  
that most of our life is not  
momentous, is instead made up  
of a series of minor moments that dart  
back & forth between each other,  
underpinning & overlaying, being  
added to until each series achieves  
a momentum of its own, a thread  
worn smooth by time where I,  
impatient, had hoped to find a  
knotted cord, a message stick.

## Cursive script

I sit  
in a chair  
in a room lit  
only by the  
lost light  
of late  
evening

eating  
dried fruit  
from a mini-  
pack made  
of a dull  
paper that  
stamps its own  
taste upon the  
contents

& think about  
moving  
to a house in  
the country  
where the words  
don't have to  
be summoned

but come  
of their own  
accord when  
they're ready  
to be  
milked.

## Eventually

Acrobats abound on the benches  
of the transit lounge. Everyone  
else is staying clear, washing their  
hands in rosewater or anointing  
their brows with the blood of  
pygmy possums. Curtains are  
drawn across the picture wind-  
ows, dampening down the noise

of luggage trolleys, keeping out  
the sun. It may be we are all  
waiting for flights out; but since  
there are no flights scheduled out  
into the future, this may be where  
we have decided to make a stand.

## Her thirty-third studio album

Miss Kitty tweets that  
the extreme weather  
sweeping the world

has left New York City  
reeling as it realizes  
there are now less

than 50 pre-mixed cock-  
tails in their plastic jars  
left in the entire city.

## A well-tempered murine sequence

The popular success of Hansel & Gretel was a surprise to the Grimms. In fact, the whole collection of *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* provided a serendipitous way to fund their on-going research into & collecting examples of *Volkspoesie*.

As an aside, they tracked the movement of words across countries & plotted their consonantal drift. How D in one language translates in time to T in another, *und so weiter*. Now known as Grimm's Law, singular, after the elder brother.

A century earlier J. S. Bach had trialled a somewhat similar path in a different field. There is his strange transcription of the *Toccata & Fugue in D Minor* that uses only letters, four of them, C, A, & G, plus D replaced by T. The fugue is base-paired—A is T's counterpoint, G is C's.

The Grimms didn't understand what Bach had been up to, not even the younger who was, supposedly, musically inclined. Beyond them. Beyond everybody for two centuries until 449 scientists & a super-computer finally figured out the mouse genome & went on to publish their results in a multi-authored *Nature* paper.



## *Take Five, Decades Later*

Supposedly it is a music  
that keeps you young, the  
Dave Brubeck Quartet re-  
dux, combined age around  
300 years, more white hair  
than a polar bears'  
convention. They try to  
believe their age. It is a form  
of floating. But. The music.

Is. Old. & without the  
transcendent magic of Paul  
Desmond they are only  
old men going through  
the motions / paying the  
rent / presenting the past  
as it was, not what it should  
be with fifty years to change  
it in. They want to dance,

but this recycled air is not  
for pirouetting. But. They. Go  
through some easy steps  
until the elderly Brubeck  
plays Brahms' *Lullaby* as  
an encore for the elderly  
audience & everyone & the  
elderly band realizes it  
is way past their bedtime.

## **Your order is now equipped for shipping**

A man runs through London's Hyde Park. Footage of the im-

mediate aftermath was shared on social media & now experts

want pork pulled over cancer concerns. There are important

things to note: summoning glyphs is completely hereditary

& the Red Sox have no one to blame for failing but themselves.