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Wrought Constituent

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first there was the regular track of time & energy, then like botany class the lab opened its glass doors: you were blinking in color through the microscope of your stunned Monday; you were in your warm car in the lonely parking spot you chose carefully, just to eat in; the sky is something enthusiastic through windshields...Maybe you’re wondering what carried you here into this crazed radio station called rush, or what exactly it is that lives on the crown of your head, tingling at a thousand frames per transmitter, the caught feeling of keeping—the car running while sitting (listen to her sigh), and the clink of a brass penny against the jar making a list of what I owe to its rock, how the face gets carved by the transformation of the arm into a robotic force, a honeycombing of faces to a scale led by dynamite, everyone talking thereafter about who deserves to be added.