

Cars Driving Down The's

Thomas Daniel Valls

Cars slipping down 'The's'
Cascading river of fuming light
They don't know what they've made for us
Up here or up above
I don't think they even give a shit
I know I wouldn't

Bjork had a video once,
Something about us
Us
Supercomputer humans with
Microchip warehouses
And Datahouse condos
Prius coffins also all
Overheating
Pulses
Avid clicks
On fire
We always look it, don't we

The Sun
That's blood orange of Northern Italy
Milan on the horizon
Where'd you get that from
It looks lovely on you, doesn't it

The speckled congregations of halogen and pathogen
You should see how Berlin divides from Space
You mass
Metastasizing
Turnpike veins
Lumpectomies for Costco's
Strip-malls the historic brownstone
You're postmodern, babe
Googie temples
Drive-thru Mecca
You wouldn't want Paris...

But its recipes
Or AirBNBs
Its Grams and the cobblestone

No maybe not that
Digging for the finest ideas
City harvesters
Acting as gatherers
Sometimes the gesture does us enough.
An idea of you as home as always frightened me
'I'd rather be buried elsewhere'.

But yes I suppose there's something more
Now I see you
Something you're brought on me
You tumor of grids
Masses of galaxies
Trons of Jons and Vons
Lawns
People yearn for the maps of our stars
They always fall but
Never across the sky
For all the gravities you push into your orbit
Bunch up
And pull up
Into the hills
Constellations overlooking Milky Ways

You're just all of me
And all of us
Us dreamers
Wielding tongues of snakes and shamans
Saturn Sirens
Vegans of Neptune
Peasants of Pluto we meme-share without desire for contact
Elitist loner-dom
Anti-stans
Echoed shadows my denizens
I'm home and I'm landing
How God I wish I could see you at night when I look up at the sky the way I look at you on the ground

Landing now I'll need a smoke
Maybe then I'll say I'm home
Here it comes
Tires down
Our Landing gear in set
Concrete burn and skid
\$60 Uber

And standing idly on the escalator no matter which side you wish to lean
I taste the dry
Air cakes the face, cake face mask
Smog-filtered movie-glasses
Rose
Into Rosé and violet and Aperol Spritz
Heavenly graffiti.

Being here's always waiting on the gates.

Fuck being buried, I don't know if we're ever getting in.