SATELLITES

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FOR

CES + TPJ

KOMAROV CONTRA BAUMGARTEN

carbonate heel and fallacy
all left, one down, screaming for
brazed nose
fuck canned wings
fuck your carbonated anti-flight

athenaic drifts the dust cloud

bright |
bright | over the *new* station
bright |

ON THE COLLISION OF IRIDIUM-33 WITH KOSMOS 2251

I wait for you in orbit
arching through the spheres
& over Siberia

your glow
is limitless horizon &
I cannot stop the way you fall
as I fall quick behind you

shine at me
you glint so well
that I am fooled in silence
we never miss the atmosphere

to brush against you once
in fifty million chances
would be enough but

you have been sleeping
since I first passed you by

shine at me
I am a fool &
in the silence you
glint so well

to touch you I will
have to move
faster than the speed we took
when we escaped the earth

shine at me
I am your fool

& know when we collide
the sky will white and
hot ash will fall across America

I love you & they have miscalculated

TO LAIKA

curvature beyond analogy, there is nothing
to touch here, all is a cold sight all is
flattened into smooth ellipses of the
bulge atmospheric it blanketed ; it
was the puffed up coat the sea wore;
notice the deep south and the far west
telling their horizontal tales but
the original colonizers look up and
down; hey pup behind the golden
visor, the aluminum fleece tucked in
to your space belt, with the ventilator
puffed up and shot under Sydenham
at beyond 60 pulled back by the
weight of bustles into a crystal palace
"there is a war and many people will
visit this city – bread will be in short
supply but the best trouser suits are
well provided for, come quick!"
to the impregnable safe – the filth
I breathe in everyday I wish there were
a way to move without exhaling an
excavation violently enamoured of
its own reflection at 1995 fathoms
where the inner sea is crusted over;

women would understand hobbies
if they could experience the 13 exits
of the arc de triomphe's roundabout
so sexy, imagine taking them all at once
in 13 cars whose engines all take off no
need for bulletproof glass no one could
shoot you down in 13 different ways at
once since no one can bring you down at all

it turned out impossible not to take sides on the
issue of gauge systems, either one
supports a supra national network or one
does not; les canaux navigables bring
lavender to the sewers and this revives
the test dummy of the underground worker
who cannot be trusted not to breathe wildly up there:
outside the exposure time is eighteen minutes.

The air released from the tympanum killed
12 men below the pier (so how many more will
explode deep beyond?) GO on the tube and that
same breeze will blow up my skirt and warm
my ankles; all is air air is arche and the archaic
principles of density can be demonstrated from
the top of that mountain holding this plumb
line at the moment that you take in all the horizon
all of it how did you get there you're the most lovely
and reliable witness, / you're my dog.

EROS A

"I want warp drive, bitches" – Maoist Rebel News

under tin foil two heads beep
  these fucking tents
a-maker-taker stalks across
the desks the loss writ over
black and up
the staples
FLY!

EROS B

how to extend sensitivity into the green
Turquoise the quick bird arches above
the passive traders' liquidity, flips
a billionth quicker than she should

all eyes alight

roll back under ~~the~~ tin foil
two hard thinking heads
to their own red mouths
insensitive

PYONGYANG ENTERPRISE

Jean Luc has a very dirty faraday
turns it bright on & towards we
not knowing that no one loves more acutely
than this, daft dirty magnet

"*sing it out Kim*, I know
I let North Korea down that day
and excuses won't launch birthday
missiles but those computers weren't
real" shut up scotty

no diplomacy more real than a statue
pointing 1-0-5 west into an ash cloud

millions of balloon tears launched from
the upward eye pad

all sixteen by two in isolation
the non-stellar shine of the gym floor
how did you get here and trained for this
regulation denial of away missions

you all have the same shirt crease,
put on the badge and beam, speaking
about the evident yellow zigs on screen
and the personal meaning of failure

LOON

let illumination be a cone
sadness my praxis
orbital declension in neuter voice
ab, a,b, a to b

[last night a gladiator,
Uir-tuous killed a man, a woman
found the face scooped out and buried in]

let numbryng take hold everywhere
let the measure of each thyng be a value
to the tug below of rope-stretchers

let their records be the counterfeit
let the grain be the base and the weight
and let proportionality in all cases,
be indeclinably set by my wake

MECHTA

lowly copernican bastard
the inductive robot planet
aimed for and arrived at
heliocentricity first

for most the lunar tug
never held much by way
of initial attraction no
miscalculation in inertia

to begin as a comet on

terror firmer to be beat

slungshot out of observance

of scintillators, of the passed

and then the breath of it

nothingness' ionized stream

the solar mouth swallowing

out came a yawning magnet

between 400 and 700 particles

concentrated on malfunction

none predicted cosmic blocks

none predicted a salty tail

one, after 92, destroyed the payload

two, after 1-0-4, destroyed the payload

three, after 2-4-5 broke up also

destroying the payload you shit

rocket going to send you so hard
to purposive impact on that cold
alien seabed going to dint your
chromium plating and leave you

hysteric, no, that the eccentric
parabola turned outwards
in front of the sphere probing,
still if it's January here then

you'll still be gone and colder

the fourth past overhead marked

by the red of success and security

dwarfed by the future's spectroscopes

they do it so much better

than we could but with

more spite and no fear of

the vertical ambition o

is the relative trajectory out

not moving from but moving