



Radio Reality City: Circuitry

Warszaw

Switchblade

Machine Gun Haiku

Another Beach

Years and Years

A Fake Bible Verse

Irregular

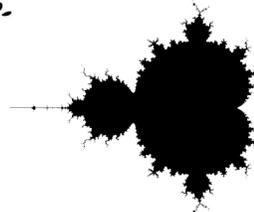
Flutter

Palpitation



Volume 4

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Radio  City  
CIRCUITRY

<https://radioreality.city>

**Irregular**

Beats per minute  
Sixty or more  
Increasing with length  
Of veinsurge thrown  
  
Every beat  
Of an ocean's heart  
Is a violent swell  
To crash apart  
  
On glass sand  
In fast stride  
  
It's the pulse  
Of the waves  
And the swells  
Meeting tide

**Flutter**

Thump  
Water swells  
Then recedes  
  
Thump  
Thirty feet  
Forward  
  
High tide then bleed

**Switchblade**

Fog evaporates  
With the stinging heat  
Of ultraviolence.

Droplets of amber  
And sap bleed to  
Creep like centipedes

Down the branches  
And trunks  
Of rubber tree forests.

So the fog is gone  
As the sun stabs  
Dawn into the woods.

Oxygen is sunk in  
From the outside  
Like golden gore.

Gas from monolithic trees  
Sublimates into

Sweet sharp cigar smoke

With the strokes  
Of ember splashed  
Paintbrushes.

When the switch is stressed,  
the blade does the rest.

**Machine Gun Haiku**

Takatakata

Takatakatakata

Takatakata

<b>Warszaw</b>	On wet blacktop, Crawling in cracks	<b>Palpitation</b>	But palpitations Beating the shore
There was always the Wet blacktop.	Under car tires Driving over roads.	It wouldn't be that memory Of stained glass dust now Scattered upon those grains Before the windows disintegrated	With brass swells to crash  With bounties of lotus Flowers and the memories' edge Relive once by carefully sculpted Windows in sacred temples
There was always grey Warsaw clouds Threatening to drain Onto the small world.	Droplets of glass Grey land, and Run into gutters.  All taking place under warxaw clouds	It would be a high tide Of a rising kind pulled by A celestial body Further into the shoreline	Moon crabs now the only ones Left to appreciate the lotus
From heavy nebulas In the heavensya Where mist rolls In webs To aerosol ticks Jumping.	On oily, wet black top  In sun, in rain, In midnight, In black ice day, In fograys,	Where swells crash into Tiny tidepools and decorate Moon crabs with shards Of stained memories	No more murmurs  Only palpitations
Falling. Falling	In awe,  In	It would pierce the pressure In my chest It would relax all tense urge Of needing to make these things	
Through open sky, Past trees and Telephone poles, The ticks land	Warsaw.	No longer murmurs	
<b>Another Beach</b>	into its reflective commune it calls home.	<b>Years and Years</b>	Up late nights Like you have
I'm sitting beside a lake with two beaches. One above and one just below the water's texture.	Receding tide or water level reveals the second beach while the color flows out into silver, amber and umber rivers	Doesn't feel like years have passed Since I've seen you last Yet there you are  In between streets Running in the urban dark In between backlight of Dim, orange street lamps Like you're the dark Pupil of an haggard iris With a backpack Full of [bronze piano wire]	Insomnia brackets  In the core Of your distinct Silhouette  With a weathered hoodie on And joy ride jeans Covering the jaunt From infrequent rain
I'm laying beside a submerged meadow. A field of grass in a shallow current cooly below.	to find again a precious mirror to call its new home, of which to reflect a new maroon sky or neo chrome alpine meadow in another beach, in another lake	Your hair is blonde now Your hands are cold Uncovered by gloves Or something warm to hold	<b>A Fake Bible Verse</b>  Jake ∞:∞
I know this because I explored. By foot, by kayak by wading in the trifling waves.	below. The ankles are divers in the depths. The eyes are the drunkards sipping tall glasses of color garnished with the sun.	Besides your tools And your devices Found from drifting	"By this right, I do alone rule."
I withdrew from the lake dripping with liquid color vividly splashing back			