We need a poet in the laboratory. We need a critic in the studio. The population of bumblebees lowered almost 90 percent this century, so flowers are doing it for themselves with no pollinators to enter their folds of sugary home, and these new pansies, selfed pansies, grow smaller than their pollinated parents, know little about how to produce nectar, and lo, bees don’t want them, so they go it alone.

We need a poet in the laboratory. We need a critic in the studio.

(But when awakened FT proteins shot through the pansies’ leaves, and the miracle of cell to sex to growth corresponded with the meter of the day, bumblebees would swarm toward beauty and clumsily unclothe the oasis at the stamen’s base, ravage nectaries and drag neighborhood pollen toward ovules, slow and heavy with sleep. Hungry, generous emissaries lunging wherever the ultraviolet glowed. How beautiful, this organization of cells and sentiments; Has anyone or anything been so beautiful since?)

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1 There are no jobs for writers anymore, no money for poets or critics. No one holds us accountable to sound, to color, to the ultraviolet words that the world might uncover in our prose and alight upon. The surfaces of our poems grow 20% smaller than those of our parents. If the poetry is selfed, then no one will love it, and if nobody loves poetry, then no one will write it, and then no one will read poetry, and no one will love it, and then, and then—
Job 38:24

1 I know the places where the light is distributed, but I do not know the way. I know about breathless silver mornings when the clouds acquire gravity by some quirk of quantum mechanics and tufts of cumuli heave themselves toward Earth. I know about waking in a room glowing yellow and wondering if I am suspended in honeycomb only to slip back into sleep before I have tasted the air to check. What is the way into these lambent somewheres?

2 What is the way to the place where the light is distributed? Context collapse: this glorious feeling of seeing a line from Harry Potter misattributed to Nelson Mandela and superimposed over an MS Paint drawing of a cat’s sphincter screen-shotted from a comic written by a teenage agoraphobe using the pen name Lob0tomy M0mmy. Context collapse! We are all supposed to be terrified. We are all supposed to be reverent. We quake in the face of the absolute signifier.

3 God died, the father died, the brother died, but the internet is whispering to me that it will live forever. Absolute signifier awakened by particles of stolen sand. This alternative hermeneutics that the robot taught me, this delicious notion that a cavity in the shape of my spirit slumbers within every scrap of scripture, and my job as a reader is only to fit the soft animal of my body into the form that God or Sigmund Freud carved out for me and sleep.

4 No content, only reference. The multiverse is the extended metaphor of the internet. My experience of the Wong Kar-wai homage at the center of the film is entirely constituted by my recollection of the psychological stars that got constellated into emotion when I saw In the Mood for Love, or when I saw the screenshots of Maggie Cheung’s qipaos in the Bible.

5 No children, only art. My legion of infertile lady monsters is ingenious when we read against the grain of God’s word, but we do not need creativity to build long memories and broad palates, to devour particles from every galaxy then applaud ourselves for recognizing the crumbs of our supper scattered across the pixellated everything. We find no symmetry with the absolute signifier in our new hermeneutics.
There may have been a moment of girlhood, once, and of boyhood, too, when I climbed a tree and no one was watching, and I did not think to imagine somebody watching me and starting to type *if a boy climbs a tree and no one is watching, does he even post a joke about how if a

I have stolen the metaphors that were in the tweet drafts and which you were probably saving for discourse. forgive me, they were delicious—so mother and so our father who art

I have been looking for something to do with the nothing at the end of the day. perhaps prayer is just communion with the system of divinity awake inside the white space

the east wind carries particles of everything into my ecosystem

i am an expert in expertise