

from *The New Economy*
by Rob Budde

ashes across the pass

the sound of land, wet and
stopped, alternating
language and substance, subject
and object, lost
in a host's presence

and how he greets you—
the welcome is
stone glottal and aspirant
wistful over the river

(but that river bend, that one
over past the joining, that one is
not for you)

problem: standing on the ground (yun)
double dawning like that other
idea spoken to you and ('ust'oh) you are

like days of the week and work
ethic and the lord's order/layers
of speech when the young girl says
she is not coming home

the language comes like (I am)
a four-year-old

an uncertain anger for a verb
its sound eluding your tongue

the protocol

Intransitive, the pleasure of recognition
flows from the colleges and corner stores
where that line that thought streamlines
marbled meat in a mode of production like the rows
of close-set colonizing corn proliferating itself.

It's more than is needed, more bushels
per page and the required distance from the healthy body
remains—writing pennies to read dollars in a colossal
economy of docile fossils.

The poem leaves no trace. The book is a feedlot.

A regurgitation into the cheapest deal, the closest
common sugar, the delta of the new hypoxic and the election is
next Wednesday.

High yield lyric poems are lesser and larger and
subsidized by the firm of Fill 'Er Up and
Ease Inc. but the only guy getting good is beefing up
on the wasteland baby.