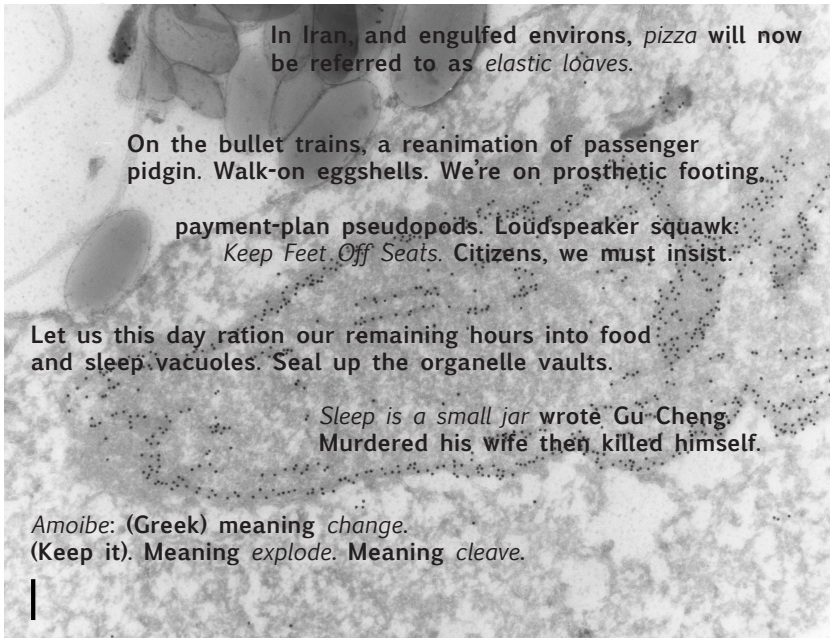


Binary Fission : Brenda Sieczkowski

Citizens: let us now solicit bombs to drop
black snow on our summer-sized cities.

Counting: seven, eight, nine. Popped foil on a blister pack
of siren pills. Fossil-themed watch parties.

Amoebas secrete long-chain armors, encyst
until conditions favor active division.



In Iran, and engulfed environs, *pizza will now*
be referred to as *elastic loaves*.

On the bullet trains, a reanimation of passenger
pidgin. Walk-on eggshells. We're on prosthetic footing,

payment-plan pseudopods. Loudspeaker squawk:
Keep Feet Off Seats. Citizens, we must insist.

Let us this day ration our remaining hours into food
and sleep vacuoles. Seal up the organelle vaults.

Sleep is a small jar wrote Gu Cheng
Murdered his wife then killed himself.

Amoibe: (Greek) meaning *change*.
(Keep it). Meaning *explode*. Meaning *cleave*.

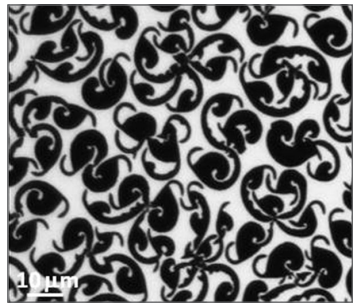
Change one thin vowel.
Protist. **Protest**.

inner-April: I'm not cut out properly for any Great American Poem : Brenda Sieczkowski

on Sunday I tell P I'm worried that boredom — Berryman's *must-not-say-so* boredom — is just veneer, wallpaper that, peeled back, exposes a sheer black-throated yawn

I pull my cowboy boots on & kick at a flocked rose. Fruitlessly. The wall swallows my whole leg into its black star, its vacuous pit where pipes and wires should course

on Monday, because an unidentified terrorist has planted bombs at the Boston Marathon, & I see the carnivorous blooms of flame & I see the photograph of a runner with his lower leg in shreds, I scroll through my closet-cache of biology websites



Lung surfactant: credit P. Dhar, University of Kansas.

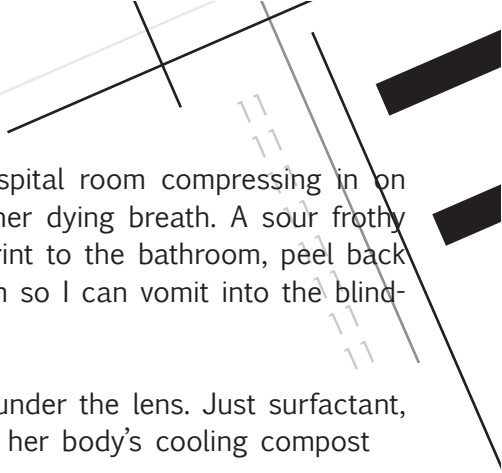
the fluoresced magnification of compressed lung fluid soaping our gas sacs:

sur-fac-tant: *surface-active substance;*

lipoprotein mixture which coats the alveoli & prevents collapse of the lungs by reducing the surface tension of pulmonary fluids. These pressed-flower tentacles. This inner testament to breathtaking grace

in the 1960s doctors didn't know that the early-bird blue babies were dying from lack of surfactant. The ephemeral Kennedy baby. The war doctor studying effects of nerve gas on petri dishes smeared with minced lung

poem-a-days from the Academy of American Poets website keep piling up in my inbox. On Tuesday, I read in Saturday's poem, courtesy of Whitman: *Something startles me where I thought I was safest*

Abstract geometric lines and shapes in the top right corner, including a solid black line, a dashed grey line, and several black rectangular blocks.

the fruitless paperless walls of a hospital room compressing in on
& yet echoing the cut-out scour of her dying breath. A sour frothy
discharge from her throat pit, & I sprint to the bathroom, peel back
the paper strip bisecting the toilet rim so I can vomit into the blind-
ing bowl

I want to snap that day's slide back under the lens. Just surfactant,
thrusting its elegant micro-flora from her body's cooling compost

I want to photoshop a pop-up silicone plant in with the picture of an
early-bird runner & start belting out debossed wristbands. WWWWD:
What Would Walt Whitman Do?

look for my bootsole under the pale-visaged wheat. Only this leg to
stand on