

Joel M. Toledo \Taking Apart the Dark

Wind is but a useless inventory
of appointments

Meiyo

“Naoto Matsumura is the only human brave enough to live in Fukushima’s 12.5-mile exclusion zone. He is known as the ‘guardian of Fukushima’s animals’ because of the work he does to feed the animals left behind by people in their rush to evacuate the government’s exclusion zone.” —elaion.org

The house overran by moss.
Past the glass the abandoned vase
and the soy sauce. An old nest
in the tree outside the fever the dream
a feather. When science arrived
to explain the break

the hatch opened into a tunnel.
Within it is the heart wilting but
the dogs and cows need
feeding. The antidote in the vein

the wobbly stem useful
for firewood. Keep sane
and the same sentiment:
Laugh and to hell with the radiation

that can wait visit
some night fester. Morning
more powerful than
nothing and leaving. But

a sliver of sunray forcing
him to wake. The field, too,
emerges. Hard and real,
pushing into the kitchen.

The Decline in Price of the Synthesizer

And its miniaturization. Moog Moog
Moog and more gated reverb
Like Cyndi Lauper flopping on your bed.

It had to be the fear of media: TV was pulling everyone into the center. The sun shone onto its own brightness, and the gray movies with tracking issues were kept unwound. Even the tarmac was suggested, and as Ninoy swooped down the stairs, shielded by familiar sun, the shot rang out and persisted. The experts expected, the trouble with the Beatles forgotten.

Moog Moog Moog.
Funny Komiks. Before Gary Oldman,
Gary Numan.

To put gel on your hair then pick up fallen mangoes. To have posters of Billy Idol and Tears for Fears torn down your room's walls because Satanism was on the rise. Throw those cassettes away, now; watch Jimmy Swaggart since the robots have been banned. A man in trouble is not a temporary thing. Must find out more about this goddamn gunman Galman.

Moog Moog Moog and Kadiwa
and walking on sunshine to line up
for Nutribun.

You must break the line like you break bread, automatic like the shutter of cameras on chanced-upon celebrities. I was shuffling teks at the town plaza when I heard the news, and news among kids is a thing that gets shoved down pockets for shinier marbles. But everyone fell silent. Manila was an A-ha and The Smiths and New Order.

Late in the night
I saw a snake crawling
under the banig. Moog Moog

Moog and the Thomas Dolby sound, which was analog. Outside was the evening keeping guard. We were a patience and a poverty. If it rained, we'd have to put up planks to get to the kitchen. At least I had the radio, and boys do fall in love remixed. How wondrous, these shrinking things. How hollow the sound of guns under the thin blanket.

Moog Moog Moog. When we bought the TV,
the face of Marcos came on. Then we watched
Chiquito's *Six Million Centavo Man*.

Everything Quivers

Whom have you read lately, your mind
a circle? Was it Breton on the Ferris Wheel
or Kerouac somersaulting among
magnolias at dusk? There's
that passing line from Milosz,
the one that haunts you and which
you won't speak of as you see yourself
in it, a tremor between words. But
scrawls and omens. But the wisp
and the ripple. At some point
we all get stuck on pages
more hurtful than others. And
go beyond the tricks of language
because corridors upon corridors
are upon us, and things are real. In that
fleeting space between arriving train cabins
you see someone across and now is
gone. But you have kept your faith:
You have read the psalms and drawn
water from a well. Reached your middle age
and understood that everything is gilded
by mistake. The sky is a mirror
and shards fall each time it rains. Friend,
we are our own strike-throughs and perfect
bindings. Each time we stumble, the body
breaks a little, scampers to right itself.