

ANDREW ZAWACKI

from *Videotape*

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Each forgery flinted with bezel's
array is a pillar to every-
thing else: this arch
had to relay
the means
of its making
with it as it arose,
chose a creeper derrick
sidling up the siding under a
riverine sun, the posh & polished
deltas belayed by patience, by
pulleys, by PDM—as I touch
what metal had chilled the
palms of men whose
hands my grandpa
must've shook:
winched at
80 pounds of pull,
pipe-cleaner tendons
thru concrete, cement em
-bedded in stainless steel, tack
-welded plates a taut parabola—
plissé of gravity, balance's
torque, the swaying
of poise per
se

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 Crepuscule
 laid in ceramic tile,
 portobello & aubergine,
as a jet plane follows the fade
 to the west,
 slowing the sundown down,
 cutting azure
& caulking the azimuth's
cracks: 32,000 feet above the
mesas, earth is a topo-
graphical map & geodetic
survey of itself—
dental floss rivers, parks
in parquet—scaled to the splay
 & manicure of a micro-
 chip, or a mother
 -board, wrinkled
 at the ridges &
 neuro-
 logical in layout, while the 747
 surfs, a bullet slacked to
slo-mo
& studied for its trajectory as a
function of headwind &
tacking & hull: that distance, over
the puzzle-piece
ground, assembled from the air is
bared as time