

Somberly, Kimberly

Dirty Projectors

I read the furrows in their brow and between the lines of our ageless faces; the way it braces on a man of forty surely means something.

Jacket of dipper nets(?), the conferring like a chorus of walrus, or a wall with dryers in the laundromat rumbling in sonorous unison.

There in me.

The suped-up Hondas stalled in traffic on Bruneseide, burping their subwoof like a council of bullfrogs.

Somberly, Kimberly, they install the settling evening