

KEVIN DUCEY

## *W. Benjamin opens for the Plasmatics*

In Odessa, once, I slew dragons, then stumbled,  
by chance,  
into you, I loved so dearly, in the lane  
behind my parents'  
beach house.

Odessa, once defeated,  
in chance, one  
I loved so dearly—  
in the lane by my parents'  
house and I went  
back to search for the soul  
hidden amidst  
ten thousand things in arcades. We list  
it as though  
numeration will clothe us, give  
flesh to bone.

At the border, with the enemy closing in, I shed  
this body at last, as  
Wendy O.

Williams  
switched off her bulldozer and descended  
from the ziggurat of crushed TVs,  
only to find  
herself alone  
in dark Connecticut wood  
with a shotgun. C

who charted this cartography—to run aground  
on the shoals of American healthcare.

She takes  
a burning cadillac through the mechanical heart  
of reproduction, she leads us out of  
slavery, a pillar  
of smoke in the desert,  
the HMOs even now closing in,  
the border ever receding.