

## IMAGO

I want to forget our world of trash and trashmakers, destruction and candied scorpions, celebration and woe. I buy an open world game I heard sucks because it's on sale for five bucks and that seems like a steal for a whole world, even a shit one. I paid nothing for our whole world, I paid dearly. If there's a special occasion one day I'd like to eat at the upscale Mexican place, Xochi, if we're ever over this sickness. I think I forget what it's like to dress up for a special occasion. There are ties, I think, and shoes nobody is supposed to notice. Blend into the background, let the fake candles on table tops do their work. When you become a poet you're lucky if you get three years before everything you write is an elegy. In the old Beyonce video for "Single Ladies" there's the dance moves of course but also one little canted angle, where Bey and her dancers move up an invisible angle for just one step, and back down right again. Is this poetics, the surprise step up and back again, Beyonce wasn't single when she wrote that song. The open world game features NPCs who have been programmed to seem to live a realistic and mundane life. Helicopters are destroying their city but they yell at cars that don't yield, have fake one sided phone calls about their dates. What part of our lives do we live in the wretched world in front of a hundred strangers a day? We're barely anybody, we're all mourning incalculable losses. Who'd want us dead, the full web unseen. The rootsystem infecting others a mile away, ringworm, we liked it anyway, we shoulda, we shoulda