

the conversation they fashion cascades like ticker tape / out of their
mouths and into their ear
/ canals and forms a little heap in the cockles of their hearts
one day there'll come a day / when everyone'll have exhausted all
discourse / repeated every puffed-up metaphor
to everyone they know
every tired turn of phrase / every long-winded grievance and expression of
affection
that is when / they'll / twist their phone cords into a corkscrew spiral
/ and in one fell swoop / flourish their scissors snip / snip / off with their
handsets!

that's when they'll get a Bloody Mary / and the lyrics to a thriving song
/ in a gesture of recognition they'll savor forever

and the song will go like this
/ O / don't you say a thing
/ O / don't you have a fling
/ for when our fins take wing / we'll make the rafters ring
/ so don't you say / O / don't you say a thing

and everyone will want to sing it
/ and when they're done blurt / ※○&※◎
/ i.e., a single / barely audible / *frig'n!*
with a tone like an olive / divinely / dirt-free

one day there'll come a day
/ when every butterfly will be a lopsided carpenter's square / every camel
sport a hill
/ every bridge throw on an air of gloom more fearful than a viper
/ the ant will be mightier than the bullet / more powerful
then everyone'll / move into their very own phone booth
/ and there they will they will discourse all discourse / like a high-speed /
juicer
/ mouthing a wind chime's hatchoo

(Translated by Steven Bradbury)