

# THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING LYNX

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so cackles  
this ka-tet  
– me, myself,  
and mr. crow.  
at the ocean's  
edge, the steel  
tracks are the only  
thing that seems  
to be producing  
any sort of comfort  
this morning.  
it seems, the greater portion  
of i, has found a deeper  
connection in the painted  
faces of migrating  
containers and train  
skeletons – ka  
klunking their way  
down the track,  
than in the herds  
of humans killing time.  
the taste of iron  
hits the tongue  
like fresh flesh,  
like a half beaten  
heart. maybe,  
that's because passion  
persists in death.  
maybe,  
it's the subtle  
undertones of self-  
discovery found

lurking in longlines.  
maybe,  
it's the fame  
flashing off rain  
puddles  
scattered across the rumbling  
tracks of artistic expression.  
maybe,  
it's the fake ass  
counterculture melting  
from hipster feet.  
maybe,  
it's the confused wait  
of a lonely pylon –  
aching along a cold  
coastline, seeping  
superfund make believe –  
groaning in the sound,  
growing barnacles  
and catching starfish,  
never awarded the opportunity  
to transform.  
maybe the moss  
is mimicking  
the drooping devolution  
of humanity.  
if you're asking me  
who should be counting  
marbles and who  
should be sacrificing  
lambs, i'm telling you  
– go fuck yourself.  
i've already lost my marbles  
and killed like nine  
lambs – let's sacrifice  
a politician  
and have ourselves  
a real fucking party.  
nothing goes better  
with swine than lies  
and applesauce.  
let's pretend gonzo  
is tattooed on our rib

cage and keep shooting  
until the squeals stop.  
what if the question  
in question  
doesn't have an answer?  
i offered myself once  
to the blade but god  
does no favors  
for sacrificing the filthy.  
god has no use  
to those reborn  
as greater beings.  
true forward progress  
is not found in the upward  
mobility of social stature.  
what kind of monster  
questions the question  
itself? who let  
the dumb kids  
back into the conversation?  
question marks are for assholes  
not poets, quit bending  
over. what difference does  
it make if these books  
are stolen or not?  
if we learned how to fly  
tomorrow, they'd chain  
us to fence posts  
and selectively breed  
us until we walked  
like penguins again.  
who do we even  
blame for the missed  
classification of self.  
these are my eyes  
yet, these images  
mean nothing.  
if we're so nestled  
in the comfort of  
a stratified society  
then why do i  
feel so exposed?  
the goblin king just finished

his final song –  
you have no power over me.  
then again, if i told you i  
didn't want to be judged  
i'd be lying –  
like every other poet  
squatting in the corner  
of self-awareness.  
put my name on your  
shelf, i'll turn your son  
into a king.