

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.