

Joe Hall

Occupation

In the pink midnight, a smoking branch
when the pomegranate falls
from the mushroom's hair

there will be so many voices
Love? You don't owe me anything
and of flowers

faking it as sails: scratch offs, one in
a thousand—day for night
reduced jelly in the heat

of overhead dreams
strange dreams
plunged into sugar

Love? You are preparation
getting away with it, cutting
banks, trespassing, giving

all you were hired to sell
making numbers flower
into cold hunger

giving thoughts a separating core
organizing your sleep
so you are prepared

to use it, to swim
through the multitudes
of unwritten nights

cut into shapes
by debt's bright light

Lv Poem

Wakeful one, toe-knotted one,
how are we apart again? I miss you,
yr willful decency, what you
wrote. I miss you like dice, what rattles in the cup
isn't chance, its wild certainty. I miss
you, partly because you could use me
now, partly because I am thinking of all the
synonyms for particle, partly because you make me want
to push this poem past being derivative of
"Having a Coke with You." What I would give
I am giving to be in the sunlight of you
sleepily scrolling your phone, double curtains nuzzling
the blackberry cheeks of the night. Let's burn
some currency and paste our heads on Kathy
Griffith's head holding the president's head—sometimes
I want our love to be libelous, I think, grown
person on a mattress on the floor of an
unfurnished apartment full with just cartons of books
I'll never cite. There are small flowers sprouting
from the moss in my tendons and they are turning
their heads to you. You are buying vegan mayonnaise
and doing jumping jacks. I am so bent out of shape
I am missing those jumping jacks and Buffalo, the city
I love, is just a cracked flute without you, I'm just
smiling with a chipped front tooth without you,
making bad rhymes, doing wrong things with gerunds—
its Sunday and you are making lists for Monday, the
week
and eternity, and all I know is I'll wake up
turn to the East, where you are, and signify.

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The fascists repented or fled
to new towns where they pump their hate
into origami. Liberation spreads
pleasurably as an STD.
The holding center held no one
and police just fed the hell out of people.
Harper Bishop became mayor, threw up
shots with stoned teens and undid
the whole executive branch/spectacular decider thing.
The cathedral of things made in misery
became a huge colony of emerald bats and people
made good money just sitting around
disagreeing and agreeing and arguing
tangents until deliciously lost.

Joe Hall is a writer, teacher, and researcher in Buffalo and Ithaca, New York. Joe has authored three collections of poetry: *Someone's Utopia*, *The Devotional Poems*, and *Pigafetta Is My Wife* (Black Ocean 2013 & 2010). With Chad Hardy, he co-authored *The Container Store Vols I & II* (SpringGun 2012). With Cheryl Quimba, he co-authored *May I Softly Walk* (Poetry Crush 2014). With Ryan Kaveh Sheldon and Angela Veronica Wong, he participates in Hostile Books, a publishing collective dedicated to radical materiality. His poems have been translated into Dutch and he has done readings at universities, bars, squats and rivers in most of the 50 states as well as Canada and Washington, DC. Hall has taught community based creative writing workshops through the Worker Center in Buffalo and Just Buffalo Literary Center. Joyous Shrub 666, a 3 piece surf punk outfit, tolerates his bass playing.