

H. K. Oubliette, 2026

Five poems

Aerodrome

Smoke in the mountains smelling like camphor
Gives you a call but don't get an answer
These silvergrass days unfold like forever,
...Humid weather,
The kind that sticks insects to air
A collection of pinned wings suspended up there
God's in his frenzy: ripping apart the past
Heat ray melts me via magnify glass
fire hisses

Scarab feeling hiding crawling writhing mottled sunset retching
Object pleads to mom and dad to somehow someday stop the kvetching
Carabid in sense in censer hence the dents inside my enter
Whence a feather opens tombs but in them something (senseless) looms?

...

...

..

.

Pretty metal decorates a face adorned with tears
Metal—via meteorite—arrives on planet only every thousand years
Petty battle split the clades and left me with a daughter
Object crushed and stamped a broken wish that I had bought her
Well, I picked up the pieces then, and
Fed them to a spider's den
Who arranged them in a magic circle that trapped the whole world into when

animal cries

Little pitcher fills a glass detects a crystal forming
Fragile picture willed at last a case for global warming
Melt the plastic from the wound
Sings the cauterizing tune

Dripping molten resin from the whole that you were bore-ing
Teardrop sun from sky-made-flesh falls into tomorrow morning

A city's lines that intersect with plants pretending-play the part of living
A town's a number cleaved by points and farmed in gardens of misgivings
At the airstrip crushing capsules that taste like someone grieving
low drone

Forget the story for a joke that chokes and labors breathing
It's all apart of magic web that fickle Spider's weaving
A ritual you taught me in effect to practice leaving

Century Play

Picture shut-in macrophagic locket
Tar and myrrh!
Gumming up my sprockets
Transformation chip in pocket
Well... *looks away* it's supposed to be
But I lost it

Well, I guess there's no morphing now
Or changing shape
Or making vows
Or pleading gently
For fruit from bough
Guess it's time to face my fears
Or cry a lot
Or curse my peers
Or do it all again
In hundred years!

Heh...
Plastic castle
Paper wall
Gravity to make things fall
These and more in my perfect world
And you're there as it unfurls

Demons enter stage from left-side whining
Screeching, roaring, chirping, pining
Stage director: "run away!" (she's signing)
The audience is demons too
So I guess that's the silver lining!

Well, I guess I can't run anymore
From demons
From egregores
From stage fright
Of the phantom play
From you and me on wedding day
Waxen figures top the cake
I made them for us special fake!
From churlish war
From surly corps
Heh...

Magic tower
Crystal ball
Gravity to make things fall
Yes, I see my perfect world
Electricity to light things up
New Year's liquor in my cup
You're locked in the oubliette
(I don't want to know you yet)

Stitching fabrics
Ripping seams
Gravity to crush my dreams
Light to vaporize my life
Blinding light please vaporize my life
And blast out the porthole-windows of the oubliette as I hold you twice

Aerostat

Daybed reclines into a figure floats away unheard
Infolds a sort-of darkness too pitch to speak a word...
So,
You repeat yourself a catchphrase that seems to me absurd
stabbing noise and twist the knife until my vision blurred

Now: I'm a ward with dungeon features
Filled-up walls with luncheon creatures
Ankles tied to cinderblocks and
"Thank you," feeling benthic rocks

humming
Seabed sinks to fission footing cleaves-unearths
Entails the kind of sharpness of hot needles in the pleur...
So,
You cant yourself a spell that seems to be a curse, and
Escape in angle-motion to a star which I referred

I, *clanging*
From where you are obscures my station
Coterminal with endless nation
Shoved into quote and curly bracket
banging someone stop that racket!

Please!
Well... we're all astronauts here too
We took a chance to fly with you
glass crack Liquid fills the suit
Bodies zipping down the chute
Go on, play your stupid flute
While plastic part meets fairy mute?

...Please...?
sobbing
Wonder when to where and

What to do
A trefoil knot linked me to you
You severed
Strings? from
Cells dilute and
Making me look
Lillyputian

sigh

Deathbed gallops 'long the beach
One thousand years of tephra stamped beneath her feet
You ride yourself a machine to where nook and cranny meet
Spandrel hold me you're flying out of reach

Happy Star (Smile Engine)

distant twinkle

Tenyears ago a light cracked t. night-skybox
Zig-zag flight, it laughing, "Hahahaha" alll the way down
It was t. beginning of Happy Star
Happy Star devoured our planet into machine-engine-organism
And produced smiles for alll the whole galaxy
Born on Happy Star a girl WAS lost
In her forest she was so so lost
Wandering t. tree-ocean looking for fish
You can kill fish because theyn't feeling
Eating all the meet and leaving the BONE
She energy-used to produce smiles all day LONG

We alll belove Happy Star!
Spreading smiles near and far!
We alll belove Happy Star!
No matter how much pain we are!

So Happy Star evolved the language of the plastic-based lifeforms, and
And crushed the unfavorable kinds of organisms that might form, and
The Smile Engine produced a celestial heat that was quite warm, and

Happy Star smiles took the galaxy by storm.

And 13% of the universe-market's share
Was Happy Star smiles and Happy Star wares
And 13-years-old was the little girl
the sound of remembering
Who was...? Mindbegins to whirled
GET OUT

We alll belove Happy Star!
Happy Star Smiles way-past the bar!
We alll belove Happy Star!
Happy Star will heal the scar!

So the plast'c girl wand'red to t. CORE
Smile Engine drones
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT
She threw the torch into the coolant chamber
The Smile Engine began to swelter, a brilliant blaze wells up from center
GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT
Closing her eyes, she let herself fall in.

Idol

Muddy water thrashing in the wetland pasture. A clay idol unearthed and pray. At last: the land of the vegetables. With its endless river-run and ports dugout souls. Carving through the floodplain you carry me left and right and left. It resembled the adolescent's portend, the one steeped in electric shadows—I hate the television. And the dream repeats from there...

One last before the idol, muttering something only in rain catches. God made Object as a joke before making animals. New orogeny opens up the planet like erogenous zones he gave her. I had this dream when I was 13 years old; it was about disappearing for good, and isn't it funny that good means forever? From the drenched soil, some you promised back then grows ceaseless, a mighty gravestone for good. In the tower of #, the scaffold weeps. And the dream repeats from there...

12,700 years later—which is when we have evidence of pottery—the tower tremors because of remembering. Something said someplace secret, and the wick is like the capsule, you know, crushed between *loud, abrasive noise*

Ah.

Did you hear that? Now, lightning strikes between the merlons. All the world's pain for which he is a conduit. Did you know that the witch-woman [REDACTED] had a brother? And the dream repeats from there...

This year's spring harvest is a field of tombs. Someday, you'll harvest souls just like your mother and your father. You're looking for someone? Sorry, but due to heavenly precipitation everyone that comes to this land drowns in mud and groundwater and plants use their bodies-as-nursery for more plants which feed on them and transport nutrients to their smiling, loving, tender bud of flower brings me joy. I wish you could feel this joy instead of sulking. Kick the angel dust, I've got something better. Hard work! I sleep like a log after a day's reaping.

cough

You don't know what it's like to really love something that doesn't exist, because you've never had it in the first place. Well, I have. And I lost it. I was careless, and I lost it. For good. So here I am in the pouring rain looking for it for one million years later, hoping it remembers me. Is this thing on?

The Earth quakes, seizing, everything reduced to photoepileptic rubble. The crumbling tower that grew from the soil. In it a sheep chained to a post eating all the grass in a circle around it with a radius r . For good. You gaze longingly up the radio tower. I told you there's nothing for you there. Absolute stop. Utter wreckage. Mudslides and landslides turn this land into an endless uneven surface. Sirens wail because they're scared. Sirens wail because they're sacred. One last before the idol; though the parting hurts, the rest is up to you? And the dream repeats from there...

Rowing out, the land of the vegetables appears small from here, like a landscape seen through viewfinder. The violent sound of rain ripping through porous earth grows fainter still. Clutching the idol closely, I repeat from there. Through the enchanted wood and down the waterfall. I wake up and the club president is yelling.

The jagged rocks tear into our hapless vessel. I lose the idol again—but, and anyway—I don't remember where I got it from.