

ROBERTO TEJADA

Household

Here I'm untethered, or else this American household is.
A shame for guest and resident alike, torn asunder,

Immovable, unmoving, horizon line before it closes
On the embankment, which is too a slowing thunder.

Whether cash & cake were meant for us the undeserving
Is a frenzy of thought, an amusement from the spoils

Of corporation able to outweigh the will unnerving
All restraint from the madness or immodesty that coils

Each milligram back into the sky blue oxy addiction
McKesson, Cardinal Health & AmerisourceBergen

Manufactured for the painless end-to-end encryption's
Other plum for which we are to wait again our turn in

Line and still the others keep cutting ahead of us here
The completed & other-tongued asylum-seeking

Assembly of the glad in ordinary deliverance from fear:
First fuel in the plot that turns us into tyrants unspeaking

One more night to make them do what in wakeful hour
Is lawless for us depraved and still deprived of power.

Why Fear Heights

Looted homes. A few deserted by fire abruptly red after
I'm given to detach all the Technicolor film stock

and all the items capsize in outrageous dictation
with what I crave for the coming decade.

Property subject to seizure. Now phonic, now
phosphorescent whether fourscore and seven

to overestimate the next great task remaining. I want
a sequence so insane with pleasure as to impose

its excess on public speech leading all on Friday
to be intentional before the verdict, analeptic

for the next eleven arguments and discerning ever
in our feeble dispute. In this I was meant to rejoin

on charges to the sentence *Why fear heights*