



JASON WEE

Blueprints, A Sketch

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The body's a machine.
As he would say.
There's always a part for me.

Nobody is
irreplaceable.
Click here for regular upgrades.

Everyone can
outlive their bodies.
Isn't that the, you know, who?

*

Asked me to name him
just not my birth's.
His full skirt pooled in a ring

in the middle of my bath.
I reached, what I touched
called me gentleness,

calls me to the copper
quiet of electric mistakes.

*

This body is not
for opening today. Call
it blackout. Call peace.

That it calls does not
mean exit. Rife, yes, with
fracture, but you can't deal.



In The Time to Turn A Full Tanker

*

Not pulling back the welcome
mat but the surprise
when your front window

breaks, the unnerved talk
of truth as never without
unjust cause, but how

do you spell
authoritarianism
without asia, or will,

given the atavic ore
we tore our now for,
the strength heard in speech

upon "I'll protect" speech
be the exit of
a limping king or a

scene, pleasuring yourself
to find your hand in
the mirror stroking a

chimp? *When should I walk
away?* When does nothing ...
remain, replace the pane.

*

Isn't that I cannot see
the lit path back, mud-
caked shrapnel, debris

blasted from the meeting of
will and resistance,
but another sight,

a wish yet-spoken I held
like a cure, full, on



its outstretched spoon.

Hearing is the last sense to
go or, the corpse still
has a way with words,

a gift-wave transmitting your
wish to its inner
ear, not *live* but *leave*

not again but forever.
I put my lips to
this dead earth. A wave.

*

The board by the lift
to my apartment
refreshes with new by-laws,

space's the crux, its scarcity
for others means watch-
words, nouns drowned by their

covert weight, of hills
razed into shores, of bit tongues.
Courtesy is for

free claims one poster.
As for the self, how much was
it for, it the grains

my built dreams tremble on,
the fact buried by
the omitted, for this?

*

Flags drape off every
porch and parapet.
Posters, in bold, 'this country

the ship that keeps us
safe'. Declarations



legible everywhere

and no evidence.
I tried to talk but
ears turn faster than questions.

I run from those who say
they love me. They say
that a lot. I run hard.



Phosphoresce, or When Forensics Fail

*

The body next to
the recycling bin
wasn't there when I left home.

I turned it over.
Their neck tears off their shoulder.
I ran up for help.

The flesh's now glowing.
When the medics lifted them
only the bones rose.

*

The news this week reported
all other things but
the case, now handled

by the serious crimes unit
(what would a crime that
cannot be serious

look like?), the death of
bees, a new server city
dedicated to

gaming, the last five
million of crude worth
more than rare metals,

the next Big Power question,
what is an eagle
learn how to spot one.

I'm not detective,
just beat, no idea how long
it takes to solve this.

*



Open a window
where none exists and
my body shapeshifts into

a house of birds.
Inside a mating call
of a recent lover

a second bird tells
the soft secrets that move
and damn her everyday

which is saying too much.
A third sings of the grave
it's leading you to.

Shut the window and the doors.
Don't bother with locks.
No one else comes in.

*

The spectrometer found an
isotope trace in
the follicles, no

blood or prints, the poison
may have been delivered
days earlier. Crime scene's

sheathed tight in white plastic
fear. Two more dead. The rare
metal's from 'the East'

but which country for
security reasons
the chief refused to say.

*

The era of science
has begun, says the
astrologer. Hasn't it



left years back? There're shops
for legal bets on feng shui.
Even chance is math.

The witch knows how long
your candle lasts, spare me your
e-condolences.

*

Trying to hide is
still synonymous with
done committing a crime

by detectives embolden
by their cognition
of their own blindness

which is not the same
as to unblinker –
more selection, less purpose.