if nothing happens

There's
Blood
Music

Bellevue
a Communist city

The steps to the Capitol

As
best-seller

a kind of love
Turned over
What Happens Down Deep?

How can the Dead workers know
— hello
— hello
— hello

an open market
labor for 5,000 years

One of Nature's greatest puzzles

pisses me off could only be for sale in the United States

You finally can't look
know where we can buy some pills?

it's raining
The president is in town

No America isn't a wall.

burned out on hope

Goddam it,
the possibility of loss

I will probably drop off
The Atomic Energy Commission says I hate you

I don't remember you

the violence
Of the world
in the red blood cells
how this happens

I may have wasted half my life

the human body
immersed in The

buried
state capital
Reality  SOARING FORWARD

What can I say

the cost of this fuel will be
striking the big oil companies
demonstrations
Break Glass
like shrines
The beautiful formation
human suffering stays in the body every part
I am a Roman man
I am always moving
human labor as snow without industry
And beyond it all
Whirlpools
I've never known
Many crop failures

you note

the lonely territory with

swirls, twirls, curls and a double helix

The way the weather is

made by radiation

many centuries cast all in one piece

government's almost identical

car engines wear out

The Devil coils

into his willpower

the dolphin or whale

laid on a photographic film
poison

world where food reproduces itself from

The twisted ribbon

a recurrent place of power

impossible era beyond her control

so many things that happen

Emotions art, nuclear energy

phenomena is carried by the blood

This appears

In

The things to come
There is one question left to be answered

Can a nuclear nuclear discover green plants?

From the very start only uranium

In the meantime strike.

Until Sylvia is the shortage of always getting hurt

I want I want I want I want I want more progress

Get out, all of you
inside The nation

a Nautilus lights up

The first premise of all human history is

The Star Map

production of

more cattle
determining their production

the material conditions

formed entirely
of nested crescents.

the resulting masterpieces

ORBIT

begin to distinguish themselves from animals

begin to

stretch our consciousness

I Have a definite form
Sandra Simonds is the author of six books of poetry: Orlando (forthcoming, Wave), Further Problems with Pleasure (forthcoming, Akron), Steal It Back (Saturnalia), The Sonnets (Bloof), Mother Was a Tragic Girl (Cleveland), and Warsaw Bikini (Bloof). Her poems have been included in the Best American Poetry 2015 and 2014 and have appeared in many literary journals, including Poetry, the American Poetry Review, the Chicago Review, Granta, Boston Review, Ploughshares, Fence, Court Green, and Lana Turner. She lives in Tallahassee, Florida and is an assistant professor of English and Humanities at Thomas University in Thomasville, Georgia.

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