

with an automatic portrait, careened
 through the knowledge of an actualized desire,
 came halfway round the world for the comfort of pizza.
 Earlier attitudes confirm suspicions.
 For instance, I cried in a distinctly flight-weary way
 when Jean Dujardin was murdered by Nazis in a lush French wood,
 providing just the cover to hang my disbelief on.
 But I sat stony and disinterested through *The Hurt Locker*.
 Expectations fizzle as the fuse gets cut.
 The culture concept compensates for life
 is the kind of embodied abstraction I get into.
 That summer we rewrote ourselves
 in the liner note margins of the new Kendrick album.
 What gets me about that refrain,
 “how much a dollar really cost?”
 is that its answer changes every second,
 is nothing,
 structures the comfort of my holiday mood,
 depends on us in that alienated way that defers, lazy yet compulsory,
 to a them no one remembers or ever asked for.
 Remember that dream,
 the one where “hands up” wasn’t a response to suffering?
 Neither do I.
 Instead it’s Kiesza’s elastic face
 cooing sex on backlit headrests,
 keychain comfort in the duty free,
 an Indiana Jones extra en route to a pretaped extinction holiday
 who said I would come down
 with something in Africa.
 He was right, even though coming down meant
 a movement more than a condition;
 something more
 a meeting apart.
 Jaunt at dawn to the game reserve,
 Marikana in the distance.
 Antelope are the Happy Meals of the savannah and *happy*
 is the flotation device that’s never deployed.
 It lies inert and expectant in its proprietary compartment
 until the plane gets decommissioned and, I don’t know,