

# Sara Mumulo

## I can't hide you—the rock cried out.

Because the mechanism of surrealism is an activity

not an image—I find embrace in description.

Where a staging of hours counts closer stars

and fails capitalism

—so we may conjoin where air does not—

in San Francisco's parks,

a fog confetti. We unfasten

lids to open brief eyes

across lawns. This is where we ask:

What's the matter with you rock!?

We mouth: P o w e r!

Ducks beak away their feathers,

their plume—in limbo—insults clouds

under this state: how we bankrupt

separation in lieu of—

burning cigarettes through cotton-

money. Breath cleaves

your peering through these holes

when every tree suddenly scents of

cultivation.

Variety is the plastic we make invisible, industry

is everything, even gardenias.

# I never learn the language made for us all.

Everyone's face strapped on by collars of incognito.

How would we sign when altered by slips in coordinates...

I'm crying in an airport food court where

we construct approval of my emotional desperation,

which occurs from lack of exchange. Maybe I've heard

death news, the father. Peering

into this court: Here, a table

because my hand sleeps on it.

Action. Not narrative

and a napkin crumpled beyond my abilities.

—it skids. Poussin's Landscape with a Man Killed by Snake erects

around me— 3-d resembles our world now,

only more stylish. What voice

we allow out of the house and how we leak inside it.