



# America's Tin

Joel Chace

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Locofo Chaps

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented  
poetry.

Chicago, USA, 2017

## **America's tin**

they skipped the previews --

her blues are wider than his --

America's tin

hard right cross, bam! down! --

high wire didn't work today --

aligned with himself

exits flickering --

union members leave for space --

you've done for me, what?

kindling on the chair --

ineligible commas --

impertinent woes

fled onto the lawn --

curious how she looks up --

black pebbles-circle

## **a rolling abyss**

frozen water pipes --

rural, red monstrosity --

a face like his face

dissonant stranger --

for all she knew, it was night --

neat as a suntan

fistful of closures --

we wanted to bend her clocks --

then the march ended

their featured gambit --  
a conference of ailments --  
remembering rocks

oversight bunker --  
the rest of us will wait here --  
his irony zone

they seek an ellipse --  
keeping the tome fires burning --  
she hires breakfast clowns

evangelicals --

“there are turtles in our soup!” --

a rolling abyss

single file costumes --

in the wee small hours of --

“pitt, pitt, pitt,” pitt-pitt

ripples on concrete --

to rehearse, or, or not to? --

where there are seven



his crooked fingers --

an underrated province --

torn between the scales

## **inaudible rush**

internal triptych --

those nineteen lines in the sand --

this is where they sing

uncontested nights --

stairway to the wars, of course --

one eye was removed

still one way that's left --

massaging thin shoulder blade --

this silent tower

failed and glassy eyed --  
the theater's warm, at least --  
inaudible rush

beneath that hard time --  
they cleared the way for fountains --  
toss it underhand

## light bones

low sky, fifteen geese --  
under the spreading gargoyle --  
her bones made of light

small circles in the dirt --  
Bruckner's great adagio --  
dusk, snow, saucer, sled

their plausible nets --  
once more he banged his damn head --  
peekyboo Monday

iota of home --

rifle leaned against a leg --

we've gone a long way

stalled on interstate --

enlightenment overload --

past and passed chances

## liquid rosaries

emission free fall --

appropriate their abstracts --

incomplete gashes

seduction contract --

which one of them had done that? --

oh, oh, oh, hell no

profligate crooner --

there's much more room underground --

liquid rosaries

Miles Davis syndrome --

If it's gone, grab another --

last ditch effortless

all answers aren't five --

all answers are not seven --

all answers aren't five

flipping consciences --

alcohol over our brains --

try a tenderness

unlikely proteins --

culinary hide and seek --

repo the slo mo

having sought so long --

they all prefer the unruled --

snow falls against pines

he jumped the wrong creek --

o this headlong reverie --

her bruised rubato



who's important now? --

firmament of all their eyes --

only if we say

## **Locofo Chaps**

Eileen Tabios' *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*, 2017 Charles

Perrone's *A CAPacious Act*, 2017

Joel Chace's *America's Tin*, 2017

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