





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





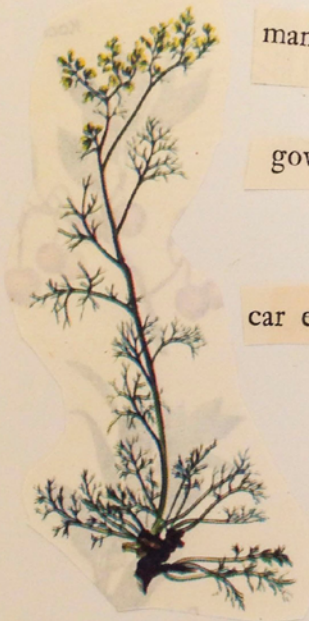
Many crop failures

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

Sylvia Plath discover

green plants ?

From the very start only uranium

In the meantime strike

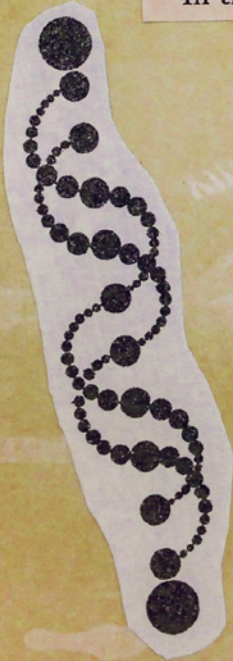
Until Sylvia

is the shortage of always getting hurt

I want  
I want  
I want  
I want  
I want

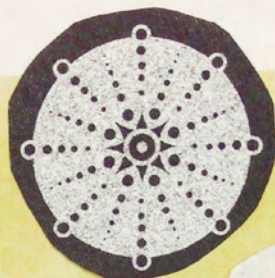
more progress

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.

**This untitled chapbook of collage poems** is a bonus addition to the 2016 series from Bloof Books. Handmade copies were created and distributed by the poet in September 2016, followed by this digital release in November 2016.

[Bloof Books Chapbook Series](#)

ISSN 2373- 1648 Online

This is the electronic edition

November 2016

