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# *CONSENT*

Kimberly Campanello



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## The American People

The American people are  
What the American people want is  
Americans, yes, Americans say  
The American people tell me time and  
Your everyday American might wonder  
Americans on Main Street have had it up to  
What the American people are sick of  
Options for everyday Americans are decreasingly  
Americans bring up that very thing  
Americans over here chime in  
The American people understand  
Most Americans know better  
Your average American can't figure out  
The American people find it increasingly  
Everyday Americans want  
Americans find this sort of thing  
The American people are sick and  
Those American people on Main Street  
The American people believe more than anything that  
Most Americans know nothing about  
I've heard everyday Americans argue  
Americans say give us  
The American people find it hard  
The American people are better off than  
Americans are weighing the  
The American people are telling me  
Every day Americans wake up



# Now

I.

Now the wracked bodies  
of charred rabbits  
have disappeared  
from the fields  
and the village is flooded  
with people who can't  
speak the language.  
Each day we help each other  
peel back our eyelids  
despite the sun. We  
prepare food with a  
rusting knife made  
by a child  
we don't know  
laboring  
on the other side of the world.  
We sharpen  
a hundred pencils each  
and work on new lines  
to press into our palms  
new veins to line our legs  
new omniscience  
to goad our hearts.

II.

To displace  
the obelisk's  
stacked stone  
To invent new trumpets  
tubas saxophones  
To march  
To attack first with rosemary  
then predictions  
to demand money  
to accept tears  
To run up the street  
from our offices  
in high heels  
to grab our babies  
to feed them  
from our breasts  
then and there  
To light candles  
in the grotto  
to light so many  
it will explode



III.

I squat over these rising white ribbons, these  
maggots reaching  
and twisting themselves

from a rotting leg joint. They  
promise me  
there are salves

for all of this. Salves stronger  
than nuclear waste

with a smell  
that could fill a church  
like incense.

Biologists say  
a maggot's whole body  
is covered with ocular cells,

eyes that never blink. They  
always  
respond to the light.

## Orange on the Horizon

*Comme le feu, l'amour n'établit sa clarté  
que sur la faute et la beauté des bois en cendres...* — Philippe Jaccottet

Orange on the horizon—a boat with curved Viking sails  
in flames. No, it's the moon rising. I still want to cry for help.  
The ring-necked dove crying for help. The one with the broken

wing that we took to the rehabilitation center. *The only thing  
to do with a ring-necked dove is wring its neck.* A non-native species,  
they probably fed it to an ailing osprey. A boat with curved Viking

sails in flames. In Dublin, they built an office on the best  
Viking site they had. *The only thing to do with a ring-necked  
dove is wring its neck.* We're just mixed-up capitalists. It's nothing personal.

A fire—orange on the horizon—takes seven days to reach us. Day one  
we laughed and skimmed ash off the sea. Day seven the gardener stayed  
behind, drawing circles of water

around the horse, letting the cars finally explode.  
Orange on the horizon—the surplus value we'll never extract.  
I can't seem to drive my feet deep enough in the sand to hold me, to keep me

from treading water. I must float or stand. The moonrise reproducing the  
means of production. This shoe is heavy and seeks non-native species—  
Cuban tree frogs and iguanas—for smashing.

*The only thing to do with a ring-necked dove is wring its neck.* Dear  
Orange on the Horizon, or to Whom It May Concern: For just five  
minutes give us something different.

A tall glass building, windows with no drapery, and people and doves  
we can watch rehabilitate. Draw a ring of ash around my neck, for  
love. I will float and stand.