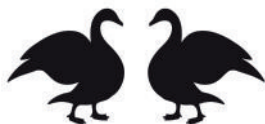


ADAM DEUTSCH

AXIOM

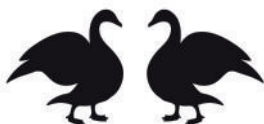


What's your reason
to ignore the frog
who climbs the garage
while the pies cool

Why distraction
in feet that are healed

ADAM DEUTSCH

JUDDER



So attached to the car, Man's a frozen stud,
double threaded and seized in the manifold.

Someone get a blow torch and back him out
three whole turns. Man's mixture is all wrong,

needs to adjust his idle, advance or retard
the distribution of timing. Let's face it:

he's downright exhausted, maybe even
close to empty. Man drives to the Sonic

Burger, orders a vanilla milkshake, listens
to the hum, the fan's gyrate, Journey on the radio

and is, truly, way more than a few tweaks away
from better than he's ever been. He's playing it cool:

no longer a temperamental savage-like child
springing on everyone like they're prey, full foofraw

waving bambusa. Man's got an unhealthy appetite
for large game and cheeseburgers.

Maybe it's the season, or the milkshake
but Man's cold. He should be back inside.

He should digest, then take inaction. Channel
some of that energy. The fuel that fills the tank

of his love machine. He doesn't yet see
this is about love. This is Man and his devotion,

a newly broken-in head gasket. He's on fire,
top dead center, waving sockets, open ends,

a whole box full of cudgel. He knows how
to fix it. He's still learning to fine-tune.