

Visual poem with a title that reads: BRAINFØG IX.

There is a light gray, blooming image behind the words. The poem's orientation is landscape. The words are arranged in three columns, separated by text oriented from top to bottom.

The text reads:

(left column):

a billion insects alive in my armpits
I drink with my liver
she keeps me company
hues of aqua de jamaica
cling to afford life outside poverty
I wearimposter
smeared faces
turbid estuary
rehab sessions
crawl on walls
infest in small holes
with an envelope
close my intestines

(text that reads top to bottom between left and middle columns):

my patriotic silent rent every month \$784 as a teacher assistant
can't help but worry about access to health care and the legal system

(middle column):

ambiguous patterns impose
I see a trash can? cat? figure?
I walk closer
a man stands up &
runs away
stains oblique image
adulthood as a temporary
aperture pupils squint
obsessing over dystopian films
for stimulus
I die a broke/n woman

(text that reads top to bottom between middle and right columns):

On the edge of relocating 11 apartments: within 7 years
("illegal immigrants" in strikethrough text, leaving only a capital I) deal with so much shit

(right column):

I walk for miles
to locate seagulls
seahorse
perches on
pine cones
I swear the air conditioner
shifts into pelvises
shifts into new pairs
of thunder
pubic bone-sighted letter soup
cotton shaped candy floating
dust bleeds in my gut