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Counterpoint

John Yau

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John Yau

Counterpoint

The upright man marches like a clock which is to say he cannot quite return

to the same spot in the grooved sky The eyebrow panel is obsolete

The evolution of ants defines one kind of speed the revolution in fashion hints at another

Don't slump forward in your rubberized seat because you still need to order all twenty-four volumes

Why do you want to be naked when all the stars have rescinded their orders

I insist that you put more thought into your fortune cookies

Can receiving the consolation prize be as gratifying as entering the contest

Please learn to remove all evidence of your stubble without inconveniencing others

Arithmetic is a spiral shaped waiting room filled with the pronouns of ruined ladders

I wish I could get you to see it my way but then I wouldn't be here if you did