

Spring 2011

Nullstellensatz

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Recommended Citation

Waldrep, G. C. (2011) "Nullstellensatz," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 74 , Article 15.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss74/15>

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NULLSTELLENSATZ

The plains around the volcano
were littered with the bodies of broken
horses, was one way of putting it.
We studied the video
of the ice-fishing championships
again and again, sixty little vice windows
coming unbraided.

The childhoods of Russian soldiers
were soft. Tourists paid
to leave their thumbprints in the matrix.

Belief, not beauty, is the basis of
autobiography, a sort of faith-healing
technique
promoted by the bourgeoisie.

In all the pharmacies, shadows
with the shape
of a governor, glancing backwards.
What a messy empire.

You cast your vote, and a corpse
adds itself to the line
in the government-subsidized cafeteria.

Kiln-fired. A postcard album
salvaged from where the two largest
rivers intersected
in the form of a panopticon,
doo-wah-diddy-dum.

It smells like bacon, but it's not. Really,
it's just something else
to wear on your head: I mean,
It's the *war* we're winning, after all.