

Onomatopoeia and its Environs

Dylan Willoughby

1

Kinda glad poetry is dead. *The New York Times* pronounced it. I'd rather speak to the dead in a dead language, if you know what I mean.

When I say something to Musil now,

2

he nods, rather than giving me that befuddled grunt.

3

Even now, I'm not sure if he understands, or even listens. Enough said. Dead. dead. Dead.

4

When I got fired from Twitter,

5

they didn't know all the bots I had created.

I felt proud like a heinously ugly man anonymously donating sperm. I loved each day suspending accounts on a whim, or, best of all, letting the tweet stand but robbing it of any power to be shared or seen (unbeknownst to the tweeter!)

i can still hear all the writhing screams I bottled in old milkman's glass

6

I called my office The Dead Letter Office and named my computer Bartleby. I read once about free speech absolutism but got too bored to finish. I thought a public square sounded weird.

7

Adagio? Huh? At this point? Imagine a Murakami character cooking pasta like only they can.

8

The pusillanimity of boiling

water

9

O, I like the transmigration of souls there, there
when B shifts melodic minor

10

Oh, Lalo. Lalo Lalo Lalo.

That time Federico Garcia Lorca snuck ambrosia into your espresso.

Lalo, Lalo!

Mild remembering

heavy with forget