

SEBASTIAN AGUDELO

Summary

—after Valerio Magrelli

All said and done, for every foot
of majesty in the humpback breaching,
there's forty of proglottid adding
to the strobila of the tapeworm,

miles on end of herring-, screw-,
round-worms, cyclospora, giardia,
trichinia, liver flukes, and kissing bugs.
Hookworm larvae wisp in the blood.

There's also the cone plant's stemless
perennial lumps noshing on leaf litter;
clonaid sponges boring into shell
and rendering a filigreed brittle lace

that's the minute version of pock-
marks a Colt AR-15 will bore on walls
of captured towns, Mogadishu, Kabul.
In sarcoma's seeming sexual itch

you can hear something like music
arguing, in its very logic, its own end,
hear suspended subdominants, nonchord
tones disperse in serial, aleatoric, micro-

tonal effervescences fizzing everywhere
in the body of sound, the close-grained
spruce of Cremonas, the alveolar whirl
of woodwind. A tonal catastrophe,

history, arrhythmic cells, superfetation,
ambush, hold up, what lymphoma does.
And look at the land and sea, captives
to a guest that's armed and dangerous.