

DANTE DI STEFANO

**Unsonnet Self-Portrait as Zombie Apocalypse with Multiple Nobel Laureates
and Spike Lee in It**

It's the feeling of a hatchet cleaving
my gray matter while the white house inside
my cerebellum burns down, and I'm stuck
between brick and chain link wondering, not

wondering, just againing into blank
checks, and white noise and white space and pundits
become kudzu around the magnolia
tree of my torso. It's the feeling of

too many drunk Faulkners astride white horses
galloping into the fugitive dark
and contending to sing from there under

the mushroom cloud of an alternative
history, while the footage from Charlottesville
rolls after the fiction, before the flag.