

Track 16: “Half Light II (No Celebration)”

by **Arcade Fire**

by Matthew DeMarco

if you conjure undercurrent make it lasting through all white noise

:: :: :: :: :: :: :: &wash ::bake ::half
::a ::snake ::goldie ::prom ::ise grab ::a ::locket ::eagle ::tenor ::creak
::and ::howl ::break ::the ::perm ::it ::speak your ::mis ::take ::house
::loan ::dow ::jones ::index ::in ::it ::honor ::roll ::ex

Mortarboard placed in a box
as headlines formed a pattern.
Crossed a threshold naked, blacked out,
passed out in this narrow bed.

incidence has passed the point that sought its common company

Looking west from a pink bedroom
full of linens for a guest,
my eyelids sagging, colored
red from liquor and cinnamon sticks.

*enemies and friends are common, commoner than rice at weddings
poison strikes the birds that sup, the streams that roil and the bridegroom’s cup*

Since Chicago fell apart
I counted up the cash I had,
fantasized, but only that,
about a train to Occupy.

i could say i had intents but that itself portrays regret that something stirred inside my head, unacted, and so now it's void

locked If it was noble
to correct the market
the unemployed would be given medals,

and we'd wear them.

Give us medals, and we'd wear them.

This could only last so long
before a house that's filled with birds,
before my partner paid for me
and brought my suitcase along with her.

it's one thing to take a locket but it's one more to have never bought it. what about a priceless trinket can be given by an antecedent?¹ who has trinkets for the giving and who gets gifts made inside prison?

Rain and night, Minneapolis,
us, and four suitcases.
Greyhound and a city bus.
Clipped roll in the night. A fade.

*the water table underneath permeates the sheds that shake beside the lakes
the common source of poisoning affects all things that drink from me. that drink of me.*

We won't change the house or road,
and the history that built them stands.
Here's a tip for the welfare line:
a note on letterhead from the mayor.

The sign reads, "Today your host is:"
The sign reads, "Today your host is:"
The sign reads, "Today your host is:"
The sign reads, "Today your host is:"

looking backward *running back*
full stop *double back*
quick take *this is it?*
running backward
jumping
ship

¹ I started this project thinking I was writing a story about the music people had given me. When I became too old to buy my family's Christmas presents from a pop-up shop at my elementary school—paperweights, magnifying glasses, coin banks, and gumball machines (of course with my parents' money)—I still hadn't come into any money of my own. I made personalized mix CDs for them, arranged according to our various shared tastes, with new suggestions. I assembled them from songs ripped, pirated, or swapped, and placed them in my brothers', sister's, and parents' stockings.