

# spacecraftprojects

we are all astronauts

transmissions  
brandon shimoda

## THE DESERT

As the bus ascended the mountain  
and the surveillance apparatus thickened,  
I felt the eager learning of children  
in my teeth,  
and touched my teeth.

Nails had been driven through my teeth  
and gums  
in four places.

Long nails long enough  
to hold a house together

The mountain was, except for mounted cameras  
drones over the high, claustrophobic horizon,  
and small black bushes,  
bare

people on the bus mostly  
men, bearded and asleep,  
to whom children were assigned  
in the form of bubble-like angels

We were passing through what westerners believed  
was the epicenter of death,  
we were headed toward it, returning to  
the west. ritually clandestine flames,  
the most recursive,  
naked figures  
in paintings of naked figures  
turning a massive wheel  
that grinds and motivates the earth  
to sacrifice its organs  
for the wholesale suffering of the people  
in the glassiness of burning,

I pulled the nails out of my two front teeth  
checking my lap for blood.

I could taste the aluminum.

my lap was rubble,  
with the occasional insect shiny object,  
piece of surveillance equipment,  
wing of a weaponized mosquito

The landscape was meant to be dreaded,

I could imagine being a child in it, walking with my siblings,  
taking a break in the lee of a bush,  
thinking about our aunts,  
massive pots,  
long scarves of ocean whipping

## THE DESERT

Manifesting forms of resistance  
required design

The Japanese consulted the desert

The desert, hitherto unknown  
to them, had opinions.

Was the desert accustomed to  
sharing  
?

The gardens were oases  
predicated on the arrangement of stones stones' opinions.

transfigurations  
of time and space the illusions of time  
and space into effigies

Where does design come from. It is teased

requires a period  
of conscious  
and unconscious preparation

in the form of distress:

aspiration disease.

No, I was by the fence. my left foot on a rock.

The lights in Barrio Anita were orange.

I walked on a wide red tongue. filled  
with the scent of flowers, white  
and pink lilies.

I thought of the monk  
with the wide-brimmed straw hat  
He made the people absurd  
by showing them, without their approval  
the right way to pass

As the sun went down  
behind the sound  
the orange light became brighter, then  
went out,

having adjusted, for every one billion miles,  
the sun dropped

I walked until I reached  
the deer  
I saw legs

SUN TRAN

The watchdogs of disability  
are roses watched,  
in turn,  
by white, insignificant flowers,

+

A dozen goldfish rise out of a woman's mouth  
Her eyebrows the stains  
of solitary thoughts  
whose wick has burned down drowned out  
by drinking polar pop  
at 7:00  
in the morning

+

When the man in the black hood  
leans his head against the glass  
and closes his eyes  
a garden grows out of his neck

does it become a forest?

Who traverses the roots?

How smart are there  
pestilences?

With his hood he resembles a bride  
takes himself apart  
in front of a groom  
lays each body part down closes his eyes  
to relinquish the face  
that will meld if not careful  
into a syndrome

The garden grows landfills  
constantly burning

+

Long, polluted rides  
along the dry  
mint-colored  
dying

wisps of granite

turtles swimming on the window

Two eyes across the glass  
cup eyes gold

skurting spiders  
medusa.

done up as a bush a bush of great height

children, calamity  
of the downtrodden, shrieking,  
might eat it,

platinum wigs  
floating around the baseball field  
7:30  
on a Saturday morning

## THE DESERT

61 Palestinians dead  
murdered by Israeli occupation forces.  
By ext. the United States.

+

An eight month old girl, poisoned by gas

I can see her face high on the wall,  
angled down,  
like an ancestor resigned  
to her role  
as time and the rooms  
in which she grew and was studied  
for a way to be young

again  
Her face inhabits a sanctuary

+

We stand on the street,  
heads hurl  
through the fork

Man in a truck says Fuck all of you

Fuck all  
of you—

Disappears—

His range lingers,  
but there is river around the protest.

The protest is quiet,  
In fields where sadness lays

among the white

man is drunk

I have trouble calling him *man*

a *manifestation*

shoots  
into the city. cities

that have such sites of contemplation  
confrontational Fuck

all of you

in the dark

daylight.