

FLYING DONUT
A POEM FOR
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Picture a donut gif spinning
in low-resolution dark sky wallpaper
home to LA's finest aurora borealis
we saw last year
so much spun out
from what starriness lies inside it

*

Winged, not with laughing gas
or drugstore mimesis, simply
a malleable spring feeling
plumbed from louche americana
mise en scène of the ring-tailed lemur
stealing your vape
in a meme

*

The pleasure of whose juice is ersatz
exhales of propylene and glycerines
sufficiently viscous to produce
altered cell metabolism
in our studied children.

While time passed for us, it never passed
for the edible sprite
sleeping in deep space
without being eaten
by anything but franchise

*

Interfaced at the drive-thru
with vocable embarrassment
buried in song

[*A cheer chorus*]

We live in the ad breaks of unknown transcript
unwrapping pastures of capital
the quivering pixel apparition
of what became known through error:
that I did not mean to reach for thy
sugared firmament
my own stammering, moony-eyed
ego will see

Infinity in tiniest sprinkle,
to those who tasted the ventriloquism
of our waitressing
held up half the sky-
blasted Starlink of unlimited interest
while mere autonomy
dots the surface
we sit in cafes
safe from orbital congestion
not scrolling media, just
the qualia of that donut

*

Don't knife its flesh, Echo-hearted
with the wrong idea of being
anyone's consumer oread
to keep my eye on the halo,
glazed-raised classically
to know you
melting into treat fruits
aspartamized
and restockable

According to bodies of legend
clicked to a higher icon,
the donut as it is in cinema
mostly
a landmark of love's transient
critical minerals

*

Allowing the insides to cook evenly
we are punched through with memory

Permanent in anecdote
knowing that bliss faults itself

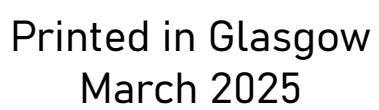
For being adorable, without cure
still, the hole was needed

for
whose
sweet
harvest

snack-threshed
from tuck shop

pear-flavoured emerald filling
gains
a linnet flown from the void
time honoured
minutes to feral midnight

I was added to the item category
mostly having lived in
the erogenous carpark
retired my pom pom elegia
licked lemon icing from eyeballs
fortified by 18ct gold
satellites, vitamins
derived from gorse
and surprisingly proteins
being the best of both worlds
is exhausting
but
I am healthier than Coke



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