

# The Sizzle of Moving Day

by Harrison Fisher

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A television station signing off  
becomes very friendly about its power  
as if to say, “All joyful day  
we have been destroying  
air around us.”

Home, friend, mind, gut—  
every noun finds “-lessness”  
clinging to its rear  
in the back-door erasure  
of moving to a new place.

Depending on your century,  
all or any part of those megahertz  
can be focused

right at the viewer  
and come sizzling  
out of the picture tube  
to kill him where he sits.

(I had been mulling over  
a clod’s choice of chest hair:  
evolution that is Boy < Man < Ape.)

I could hear  
the sea robins chirp,  
sea scorpions click  
in the branches outside,  
the cheep cheep  
pcheek

and click click  
I’d have to live with—  
(Moderate,  
be moderate  
in your chest hair.)