



*Fall of Babel* by John Elkerr  
14" x 10.5"  
Ink on paper

## CODA INFINITUM

forever is three a.m. on a scorpion-tailed highway: miles of snapping tails, crowds torrential, exits unknown. signs flash *Remove Your Clothing*. but it doesn't matter, they sting you anyway. if they sense resolve, they sting you twice, three times a woman sells you burning ice cubes. you buy one, forget, buy another, repeat. a clot of mites throws your voice. you ride the pulse off your feet, draw lift up your thighs past a window. Mattie watches the iridescent indigo bands of your gown rise through wishbone pines into the black snow morning. Carlo chases your shadow across a field of white rye to the music of the lord's haunt, a factory whistle played by a pillar of soot.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry