I get it, this is difficult to listen to

                                at 12 years-old
I was sucked into the sound-hole of my guitar
the television console & the other thing I did
                                    when left alone—

it was 1973, and it marked another tear in the fabric
of the dream
              pure financialization began to swallow
   manufacturing & trade

& what had seemed so solid in America (the GI bill, the television
console, the beagle in the backyard) was more
   and more ethereal and strange

theoretically, it must have been possible to have perceived
the perceptible in the imperceptible
   the fluxes & flashes, the refusal of feeling

in our Southern-California mobile home park
marked by mother's migraines & her middle child a run-away
   her respectable wine-coolers and her Tranxene haze

earthquakes and unreality had swallowed up my family
before it could even begin, less a model than a visual echo
   of the great American fantasy

                              it should come as no surprise then
that this latest fascination took hold where value splits from cost
   & self-worth comes untethered from the self

economists dreamed greater wealth & newer forms of alienation
while my dad sold Amway from the trunk of his Dodge Rambler
   listening to remakes of pop songs on the 8-track player

each of us addicted to the thought that somehow
just around the corner—
                        prosperity, solidity, belonging could be ours

            a box of burning Polaroids
            a redacted family Bible
            obscuring no doubt the Torah
            and the half-sister bridesmaid—
            unfaithful founding documents
            & violence where there should be openness and love

what eats away at the working-class
is not the judgments of our neighbors
   but our own internalized judgments of ourselves

force-fed the self-help image
our secrets covered over by pyramid-scheme dreams
    and the latest forms of self-abandonment and thrall

so that when we got a new puppy
on the very day we put the family dog to sleep, no one
    asked what happened to our sadness

or even how we would pay the bill—it was likely leveraged off
with missing siblings and unspoken-of abuse, just the latest
    sad installment of our failure to adjust