



Go
to
the Ant,
O Sluggard

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COPY JUNK

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Author's Preface

The Fibonacci sequence is a series of integers that grows by adding each number to the number that appears prior to it (i.e. 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, ...). An expression of the Golden Ratio, the sequence appears in many manifestations in nature, such as in the fractals of a Romanesco broccoli and the arrangement of a pinecone. However, the sequence, like poetry and mathematics, is not so much a thing itself as it is an attempt to describe reality, a means by which to measure, to reckon. The sequence, along with the Classical aesthetic that arose from its usage, have long been celebrated in visual art, architecture, and even musical composition; the Fib is literature's attempt to do so the same.

Uncovered and named in 2006 by Gregory Pincus, the Fib is a fixed poetic form in which each line of the poem corresponds syllabically to a number in the sequence. Though Pincus named his form in a writing prompt that year, the tradition of the sequence in poetry dates back centuries. Given this context, I think of the Fib as quintessentially American: not only does because this iteration of the form originates here in the US, but because, like so much of our culture, it steals and builds upon the labor of earlier traditions in order to exist.

Go to the Ant, O Sluggard is an exploration of the Fib, and it is a meditation on the way Westerners think about work in a capitalist culture, particularly how labor in this culture flattens the things that actually matter in life. Romance, desire, history, and self all take a backseat to earning and efficiency in a capital-driven society that answers the question of "what do you do?" with *occupation*. The Fib is an excellent surface on which to reflect this content, in that it asks all that exist in a multi-dimensional world to flatten into syllabic sequence, into a prescriptive form of itself that has been built upon a haphazardly scaffolded tradition.

The Office of Tomorrow

i.

Hip-

high

broomsedge

savannahs,

reclaiming the oak

veneer of our desks, the fallen

walls, plasterboard partitions beaten into powder,

rare earth electronics returned,

replaced with rough stone;

all progress

rendered

wind

thrown.

Action Office

One
day
after
another
piling up inside
an optimized mausoleum.

Always Be Closing

Firm,
damp
handshakes,
masculine
exchange of greetings
and raw bacteria: culture.

Connecting

At
work
she flirts
with her phone.
No one looks. We all
pretend we can't hear her heart beat.

Front Toward Enemy

Boss
draws
in white-
collar fun
a comparison
between Antietam and sales goals.

Boil the Ocean

So
dead
we need
desk bamboo,
anything un-grey,
to revive this paradigmed day.

Long-Term Planning

This
desk
can't be
the drum throne
I dreamed of when we
feared poverty less than ennui.

Predecessor

What
flecks
crust the
keyboard on
which greasy fingers
strike? Whose yesterday snack is this?

Produce

Nut
sweet
scent of
coffee sent
from earth-bound workers
to hump-hunched suits shifting papers.

Go Outside

i.

Glass
tubes
flick a
fluorescent
reminder: I should
be outside building a summer.

Go Outside

ii.

Rain
claps
against
wet sidewalks,
spoiling order, while
we file inside, dry and upright.

Dress the Part

This
damned
neck tie:
better than
a smock, but still not
a window and a west-bound lane.

Unsure Footing

He uncrosses his legs and shifts
backward, then upright,
feet grounded.
How do
Men
sit?

To Tie a Knot

To
tie
a knot:
a Windsor
is not like a four-
in-hand, sometimes termed a school-boy,
the latter among the most modest aesthetic loops.
I cringe for knowing this, still new,
still not set loose from
Chuck Taylor
visions
of
cool.

Tucked

Shirt-
Stays
stretch on
pasty legs
beneath slate slacks like
garters built to hold something down.

Dress

Boss
asks
about
my untucked
blouse no he says shirt
he says square-cut he says dress slacks
I whisper gender
I think hips
I wish
knit
skirt.

First World

i.
He
clicks
news from
Pakistan,
“Rickshaw bomb kills 10.”
This chair is slaying his posture.

First World

ii.

“Shelling in Southeast Damascus,” he reads as he skims.

Oh God. Oh look, the time. I’ve got

to make these calls or

my boss will

surely

kill

me.

Beast of Burden

Sun

soaked

squirrels

foxtrot on

the parkway bulwark

making the commute worth the drive.

The Office of Tomorrow

ii.

He flees when the sea swings by for her appointment with the city. As the tide rises
he welters toward the horizon. The salt gathering
in his mouth evokes the lesson
he gleaned from the myths
of his youth:
never
look
back.

Expansion

East
Coast
concrete
falls behind.
We unfurl the west
as we rattle on through fog dressed
up in hilltops, then down down into the green Midwest
where Columbia disrobes, bares her blonde expanse, stretches sunward toward the day's last breath.

