

Eddie Hopely, *To Improve Upon The Ultimate Wisdom Of The Natural World*

I am moved by alacrity
and with concern
towards this archetype silver
sedan, matte on coruscation,
and I lift myself into the imperceptible sphere
of dayburn lighting, from its front,

and walk to the side door,
standing square, and then I firmly mash
the bottom of my loose fist
on the flat of the translucent window,
feeling out the tense material—its rigid
strength
against what I am, skeletally, and in fat
—and I strike the bottom of the door
with the outer edge of my foot, turning
a bit sideways as I drive my leg out
and into the shell of the door, bounce
off of the impact and stagger
backwards, and take one big step
towards the door again, swinging
sideways and dropping my full weight

behind my right shoulder as I fall hard
into the silvery white strip of metal
and paint between the windshield
screen and window,
and I throw my head back and spit up
a small amount of partially liquified
pinto beans and chinese cabbage within
a membrane of pink and yellow fluid
speckled with cracked black and white
pepper flakes onto the top
of the windshield, then lull and shake
in place, peel myself back from the car
and spit on the hubcap, then crouch
and penetrate the ornate gaps of clean
plastic with the curled fingers of both
hands and, with a bad grip on the unit,
tug on the edges of plastic that flex
outward and nearly crack before my
fingers slip out scored from behind the
face; I toe-kick with reservation the lip
between the hubcap and tire, coughing
out a glutinous bit of throw-up
from my throat and onto the window,
then recklessly swing my closed fist
at the window panel,
only collapsing my fist and pulling

back when my midfinger knuckles
strike and drag across the pull of
shatterproof surfacing, and I square my
shoulders and hunch down a bit
perpendicular to the window, roll my
upper half while tensing and loosening
my own figure,
then deliver a series of left and right
punches that increase in intensity as I
gather confidence in the fitness
of the window and resiliency
of my hands,
then punch hard, then slam both of my
open palms down on the roof of the car
above the window, shudder my jaw,
and belch: an acidic, cumin-tasting
liquid into my own mouth, unhappily
suck the solution through and off of my
teeth into the center of my tongue, and
spit it in a curving symmetrical stream
over the car and down its passenger
side mirror and cough, and I pull both
arms towards myself off of the roof,
leaning my chest and pelvis and knees
against the car, and flick both elbows
into the window, knocking myself back

a step again, then sneeze with an open,
relaxed face and nostrils whatever
loose material in my sinus over the car
in a mist; I bring my left foot up
and onto the side mirror and apply
pressure in a few bouncy waves,
moving the whole car against its tires,
then steady myself with both hands
on the car and, anchoring my left foot
on the mirror arm, step my other foot
up onto the edge between the window
and door, pulling across the roof
with an awkward, open-handed
stickiness and pushing with my thighs
my weight over the lip of the roof,
where I tumble onto the side of my
knee, drop my temple onto the hollow
top for a moment, roll over onto my
stomach, and churn-vomit water
and lemon fruit juice down
the passenger side of the car, smacking
the window with my free hand as I do
so, then I push myself up relaxed onto
my knees, unfold, and step-jump gently
into the air above the roof, land on both
feet evenly, responding to the pressure

of the roof responding, and plant my
left foot, bend both knees a bit,
and stomp my right heel and foot into
the surface above the back seat, falling
into a moment of bending, steady
myself on top of the wobbling car
by throwing both of my arms up and
out and stomping again, then drop my
kneecap onto the roof material
above the driving seat and vomit
all of an egg, tomato, and rosemary
sandwich, snot vomit fluid out of my
nasal channel over the windshield
and hood, hoick leaning forward, spit
mucus on the hood, and roll off of the
back of the car; I place the front of my
foot gently on the inside rim
of the tailpipe and wedge it into
the space a bit, then kick
straight down by extending my knee
all the way, flicking the pipe roughly
off of my foot and jolting the car,
and, off guard,
spit up a broth of viscous amaranth,
millet, and red quinoa, involuntarily
opening and choking closed my throat

in sputters above the corner
of the trunk; I hunch over the back of
the car and bring my fist back
with my fingers facing up and slam the
front of my fist into the reddish-orange
taillight cover once,
and then twice in a row, crunching my
hand into the coated plastic, then I grab
at the edges of it and twist my whole
body right, ripping at the ridged edge
of the form with my grip, and my short
nails catch in the lines, my fingers
numb out tense and slip, and I tumble
off to the side in a new twist, and I
spew a green triangle
of lentils in white coffee sauce
over the tailpipe, and I stomp down
on it and bend the metal along a rust
line, then I stand back from the bumper
and kick straight out at the lip before
the license plate, and at the license
plate itself, and I enjoy the sound
of the plate material clanging
and the plastic moving in the plate
holder, and I scrape the tip of my heel
along the bumper after I kick up under

the car and straight into it, and I walk
myself back from the car, take two
fast steps towards the car,
and ram my side and hip into the edge
of the trunk and bumper, stopping short
and collapsing my weight away from
the car, cupping around it, and within
the gesture of laying there I stick
the fat softness of my tongue into
a sharp gap between my molar crags
to out a cereal husk, wear out
the muscle in my mouth, then release
in a trickle without effort
the husk, vomit pieces, and excess fluid
from my mouth, over the back of my
front teeth and then down onto the side
of the bumper, and I walk around to the
side of the car, crouch and reach under
the frame with relaxed hands,
mold my fingers over the exposed
metal beneath the side of the car,
and then commit
with all living intensity, from the center
of my core and into my knees,
and on the inside of my shin plates and
thighs and arms, to flipping the car

over, and I untuck myself painfully and incrementally upward, yelling and pulled as if by flaps of skin around the ropey muscles at the sides of my neck, and I feel my lower back through a bright speckling whiteness and my asshole ripping delicately, and then drop my arms down, tear my fingers across the raw bottom lip of metal or something and fall backwards into a rigid curl, then rock forward and spring onto my knees, and fall forward against the car with my mouth open against the door, salivating bile into a smear on the car door; I tremble and stand up and compose the regular points of myself into something frail, then punch at the back window without striking it and knee in the soft of the back driver side door; I walk towards the front of the car and, crouching to the side of the front bumper, grasp the bumper and, clawing, walk forward with my weight and force of motion, falling into it and shoving,

and decouple the unit slightly from the
inside of the car frame, breaking
various joints, then collapse against the
broken plastic molding and press it
into my abdomen—I am nauseous—
then throw up gel in crust falling
in clear earl gray, struggle up away from my
splattering vomit through my body waves,
and jump-kick the wet front bumper, leaving
it jostling the grill;
I reach over the hood, slipping onto it
with my elbow, and snatch
one windshield wiper arm up, twisting
and yanking it towards myself, slicing
my hands a bit, and break the plastic by
bending it against the side
of the windshield, then step backwards
parallel to the car, and flatly kick
the passenger side mirror outward
against its hinge, snapping it,
then throw wild mushroom ravioli up
in my mouth and spit the tan porridge
onto the side of the car