

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