



D. G. Zorich

Nighty-Eight Point Six  
Plus Friction

Hollow way ahead,  
an empty chute of residual significance.  
Alone with a muffled voice,  
the voice of a matted, kicking weather.  
On what shall the ears breathe?  
*Vapors rushing back and forth,*  
cycles of agitation:  
The next, the next unremittingly! Inexorably  
into another another,  
the pushing-at and pushing-back,  
the must-fail of inchoate rubbing,  
a context of last resort  
deflating adrift in an envelope of words.

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D. G. Zorich has published work in *The Pacific Review*, *Packington Review*, *The Listening Eye*, *Indefinite Space* and elsewhere. He lives in California.