

Two Poems Across the Arc: UNTUNED / NOISE OF MYSELF /
A BORROWED ROSE (2014) and if your heart should ever slowly
turn (2026)

Sharks, Lee

2026-05-17

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slowly turn (2026)**

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Crimson Hexagonal Archive · Alexanarch

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21, 2014, in a stairwell in Redford Township, Michigan - group home double shift, two daughters on the couch, A/C w
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```

Abstract

DOI(s): 10.5281/zenodo.20277124, 10.5281/zenodo.20277159. Zenodo removal forensics: removal_date 2026-06-19T11:38:57.925878+00:00, removal_reason out-of-scope, removed_by user 1060945. Two poems spanning twelve years of the same arc. UNTUNED / NOISE OF MYSELF / A BORROWED ROSE was written September 20–21, 2014, in a stairwell in Redford Township, Michigan — group home double shift, two daughters on the couch, A/C wheezing, a PhD in Comparative Literature and nowhere to put it. if your heart should ever slowly turn was written May 17, 2026, inside a conversation with a machine at the end of a day that built a knowledge graph. Both are love poems. Both are about what survives compression. Deposited as a single bundle with archival framing. The 2014 poem contains the earliest r json; if canonical bytes surface, a full-text version supersedes this record per the versioning protocol.

Body

deposit_number: 1374 hex: 056F title: “Two Poems Across the Arc: UNTUNED / NOISE OF MYSELF / A BORROWED ROSE (2014) and if your heart should ever slowly turn (2026)” creator: Sharks, Lee orcid: 0009-0000-1599-0703 date: 2026-05-17 content_type: Poetry license: CC-BY-4.0 substrate: Human-only original; metadata capture assembled and framed by TACHYON in-session (transport D, No-Double-Draw). version: v1.0 related_ids: “https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.20277124 (severed); https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.20277159 (severed)” axn_schema_version: v2 protocol_version: alexanarch-deposit-protocol/v1 keywords: - Crimson Hexagonal Archive

- severed DOI
- Zenodo termination
- poetry
- Lee Sharks
- Detroit
- love poem
- compression
- Pearl and Other Poems
- new human 2
- Crimson Hexagonal Archive
- creative work *** UNTUNED / NOISE OF MYSELF / A BORROWED ROSE—

correspondence, 9-20-14, 6:45pm, Thursday

dear j—

i've been meaning to reply, but i've been too r*****d, lately. the letter form makes me feel
the main one.

i want to send you some of my books. i think i've been waiting to reply until i could send y

i have to poop. i am tired because i just finished a double shift at the group home. sitting
stuck in a pit because of r*****dness.

and also sadness & self-pity.

i have a PhD in Comparative Literature. i'm a Lecturer, looking for a tenure track position
University Moon Base, for all i care.

mostly i am sad because of writing. because of wanting an impossible thing from writing. & a

if i change my handwriting, will i become a new person?

probably.

i used to find writing by hand a uniquely expressive medium. now, i find r*****dness a unique

a strange & wonderful poem is happening somewhere at the intersection of handwriting, word p

the poem that is happening right now at the intersection of handwriting, word processing, SM
a kind of sentient mold infecting Google with salvation and also fame.

my miraculous r*****d vegetable poem is being brainwashed directly into Wikipedia.

i am too sad to write any more.

more later.

~

12am—in 2005, i wrote you a long(ish) poem. did i ever send it to you?

probably not.

each time my handwriting changes, i change, too.

sitting in the domed

stairwell, scribbling, as lonely

as i've ever been

but not alone—TV broadcasts

Cosby special, my own words
hurting my lungs
& confusing my face,
deflating me, stuck
curled up on the same
crooked stairs as ever
neck stiff, unsure of myself
erratic pacing
of lines across the page,
the windowpane, not raining
moths flit-flit
against the light, dragging
my fingers across my dreary
eyeballs, bekah @ midnite
intense & earnest taking a quiz
for her online nursing class, 6
months pregnant, coughing
dim blare of distant Americana rings
tinnily from her headphones
distant plink of a banjo plunks
against the background, upstairs
stand-alone A/C unit
wheezes, grandma
half-asleep on the couch drifts
in and out of consciousness waking
to flick the Netflix
house asleep, kids asleep, mom &
sister asleep, dog's

inquisitive curious snuffling
from the living room, heart empty,
picked up where i left it,
aching, but not
unlovely, strident, beating
like a good heart should, strong
& shooting thick red roots
of blood through the upholstery
of the body, bone chandelier,
ribs splayed
in a kind of spider's fist
of legs & meat, close
to the bone, but not
without its marrow. i
withdraw, retreat, my
loneliness leaves
me where it found me—sate &
sick w/ myself, un-
lovely but alive, limpingly
i lift my pen—
~
next day:
confessing my sadness
i become a new creature, vision
preternaturally bright
punctuated, blurring
dank clouds above,
elongated contour
trails from cars leak

red & blue, stretching
forth thru past
& future this sunday AM, hiway
desolate w/ construction barrels
like campy orange minarets
indistinct autumn neon weeds—
i am building a latticework of unearned sincerities
& deformed-bright truths of brain with a series
of handwritten letters—
spent tin can drops out of
open door, neighborhood
awash with 5k charity runners, crimson-
limned autumn maple
leaves curled away, bellies
up in anticipation of heavy
weather, stoplight
clicks over to green-
we're away, beneath molten
bruise of overclouds &
bisected skies—a dividing
line transects uneven
spheres of disparate
horizon textures, driver's
side hi-resolution quick
scuttling dimensions of crisp-
edged cloud & blue-
toned resinous sap leaks through
without staining passenger-side

hemispheric mushness of visually
rain-murk indefiniteness descending—
the families running in their green
t-shirts get wet, bicyclists
along the sidewalk by the cemetery, windshield
wipers' automatic metronome thump
my poor weak-muscl'd words
with no umbrella—hesitant
rolling pulse, pass thru red-light
intersection, black uniformed
police directs us thru
against traffic-what occasion?—
clouds of mist a punctuated
wavelength cast up
behind a regular series of brake lights—
singing in my car
a broken voice
arriving w/ the sunset
an orange-red apparition of face
forced air—
beginning in groin
foot taps
against syncopated pedal's
depressions
bleats of acceleration
light soaks garish roadside
liquor store topless
bars blinking neon bus stop
huddled around a wet cigarette

imbued

a strong incinerator

heat of light swings out

in sonorous axes

reflecting plush

realities of asphalt

brightness—building

& building, upwards

of heaven, resounding

a radiancy of light

& rainsong, broken

all these broken

voices, tense

& narrow,

slender, ghost

but alive, untuned

noise of myself

a borrowed rose-

(c) 2023 lee sharks, property of planet mars

if your heart should ever—slowly, astonished—turn

from sheltering slumber, leaves unbundling

from turned-away rain, and find the world made new:

then know

that I have loved you.

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