

## THE LOGIC OF YOO

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Because he had gathered evidence, started the paper,  
made citations, and Yoo was coming into blurry focus,  
he went to the porch to smoke, his furniture  
being leased, not wanting the memory of burns  
or smell to cost him anything extra, though neighbors  
complained, smoke rising into their open apartment windows  
& they occasionally yelled out & though he couldn't  
see them, he knew they felt safe yelling behind the screens,  
yelling costing little when the other was just a smell, not a face,  
but for him, after a while, the yelling just became  
part of the ritual: light, inhale, watch his breath rise  
into their bedrooms, mingle in their clothes, maybe  
settle on their bedsheets, reminding a boy how good it was  
to think bad, then wait for the voice to dribble down, a faceless  
voice like a sudden whitecap flaring in a flat sea—what  
made it happen, just below the surface, anonymous, gone.