

## THE LOGIC OF YOO

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The “baseline dependent state”  
was his usual modus operandi  
his ipso facto,  
so he didn’t require a special diet or a diaper,  
just fishing his keys out of his woolen sports-coat pocket  
was enough, the problem of evil  
just another problem  
among the unwashed dishes & his color blindness,  
the green & red lights of the Christmas tree blending—  
a deuteranopia as John Dalton first called it—  
confirmed by DNA analysis of his preserved  
eyeball. Green-blind, that eutopia  
ού τόπος  
his “no-where” place seeming perfectly right.

What he saw was real.  
Some saw halos.  
Some saw scruffy dogs where devils were.  
Some saw existential threats in disgruntled pop guns.  
He saw an empty apartment, filled with papers, a perfect  
tinderbox of words:

*false wall, facial hold, lovely, please, your hair.*