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The background of the cover is a complex, abstract collage. It features a variety of colors including blue, yellow, green, purple, and red, which are layered and blended together. Overlaid on these colors are numerous thin, dark lines that crisscross the entire page, creating a sense of movement and depth. Some of these lines are straight, while others are curved. There are also some larger, more defined shapes, such as a yellow rectangular area in the lower right and a blue area in the upper right, which appear to be part of the collage.

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*Astral Tryst With a Socialist Revolt
and Several Lines from Apollinaire*

I light the room with a porcelain bowl.
I soak dried mushrooms in the bowl.
I call my boss' wife—
life is deliberate.

But calling your boss' wife is different than calling your wife—
my boss' wife is named Cinder.
She comes over in a dress like a honeybee.
I open a door that says "My heart is a gaping door."
The mushrooms absorb the light.

From this point on all decisions are accidents
which means they are not decisions at all. She says:
"Did you see the sky? It is constellated with spilled milk."

She says: "If you lay the boss' wife
you age twenty years and your fingers fall off
and your hands look like dried mushrooms."
Did I say my heart was a gaping door?

I add butter, onions, red wine, the mushrooms to an iron skillet.
She lays me down on the floor.
Her skin is stovefire.
The sauce simmers.
Her nipples are comets.

She instructs:

"Love me sparingly and the pain will be exquisite.
And tomorrow, at work, the memory will burn."

At work, I instruct: "Comrades,
let us strike. Let us no longer have things in common
with those afraid of fire."