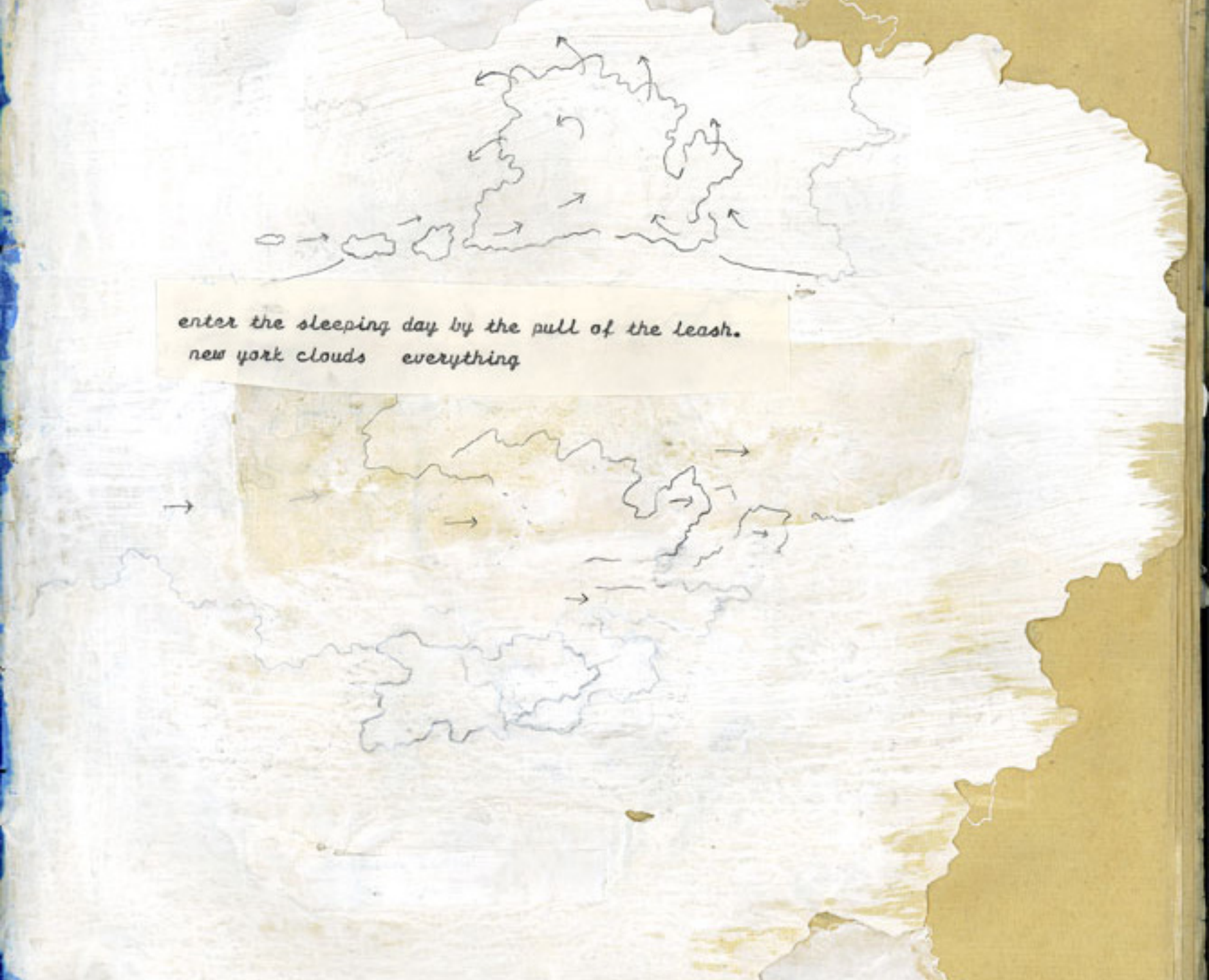



when we first... care
... are surface of dreaming

prose. what we call in weather, a front

embryos of spaces where clouds may cross
"think bigger" in skywriting what for
was illegible



*enter the sleeping day by the pull of the leash.
new york clouds everything*



return to the dream a young boy
at the crown of my head inhaling the smell
of freshly washed hair

motherhood changes you, she said, i'd kill anything now

perfectly maintained
yet uninhabitable

unburdened, plainer
two spoons

this much clarity
is false

the line gets drawn goes soft goes

the brushwood we gather--stack it together,
it makes a hut; pull it apart, a field once more.
[jun'ichirō tanizaki, in praise of shadows]

speaking of her drawing, she said

have to look at the
you're about

it is really hot-- in the nineties today i called my great aunt
because ann landers died in the midwest/this is the end of an era
my great aunts she jokes at ninety three you don't buy green
bananas she jokes but it's true

says i've had a love affair with
life i've had a ball

speaking of her drawing, she said

~~in the curtains~~

~~it's also said~~ you
have to look at it like
you're above."

the heart of the highest

altus
peer

speaking of her drawing, she said

~~in the curtains~~

~~it's also said~~ you
have to look at it like
you're above."

the heart of the highest

altus
peer

everything rises in the body

begin

begin

begin with

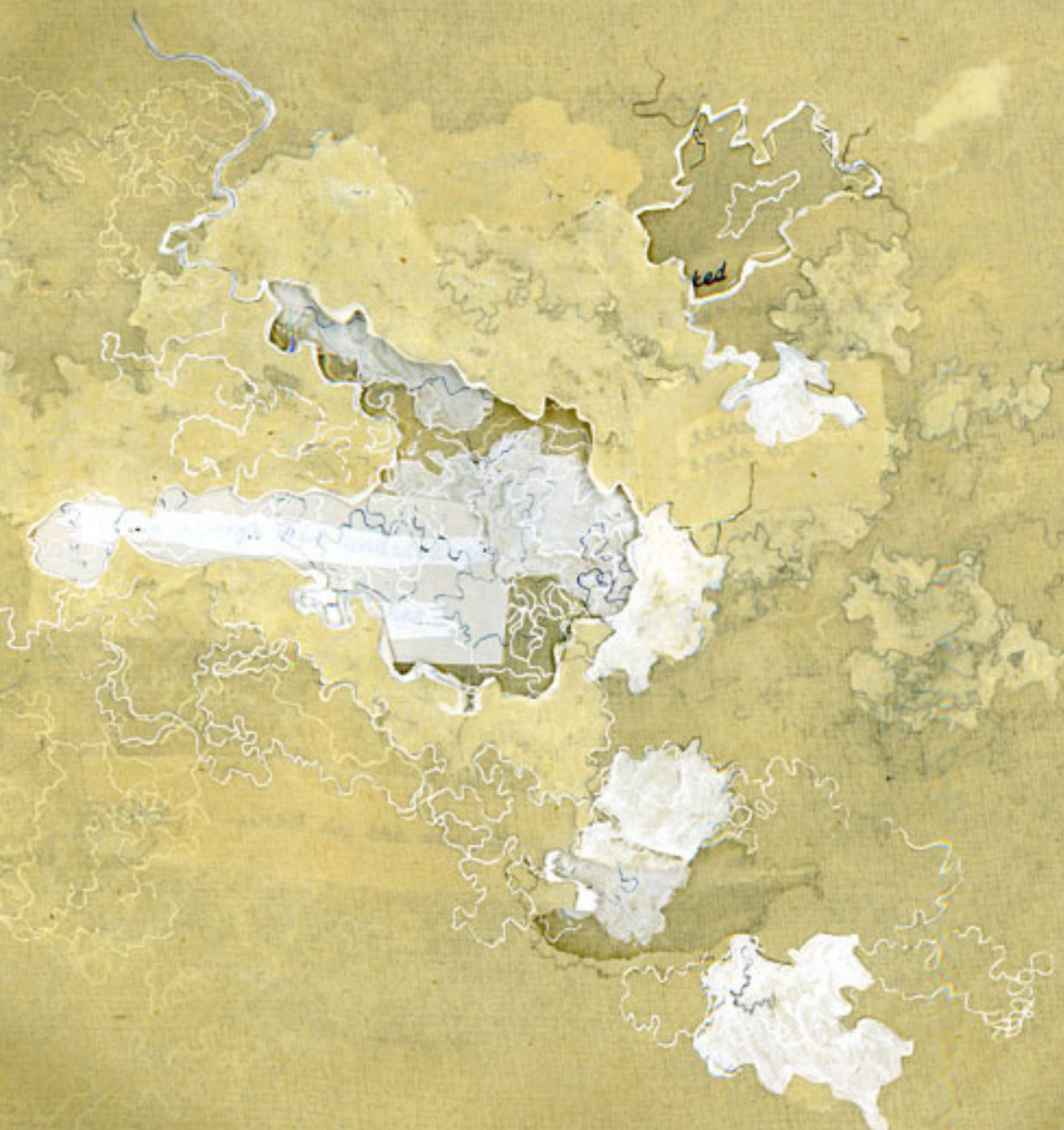
the

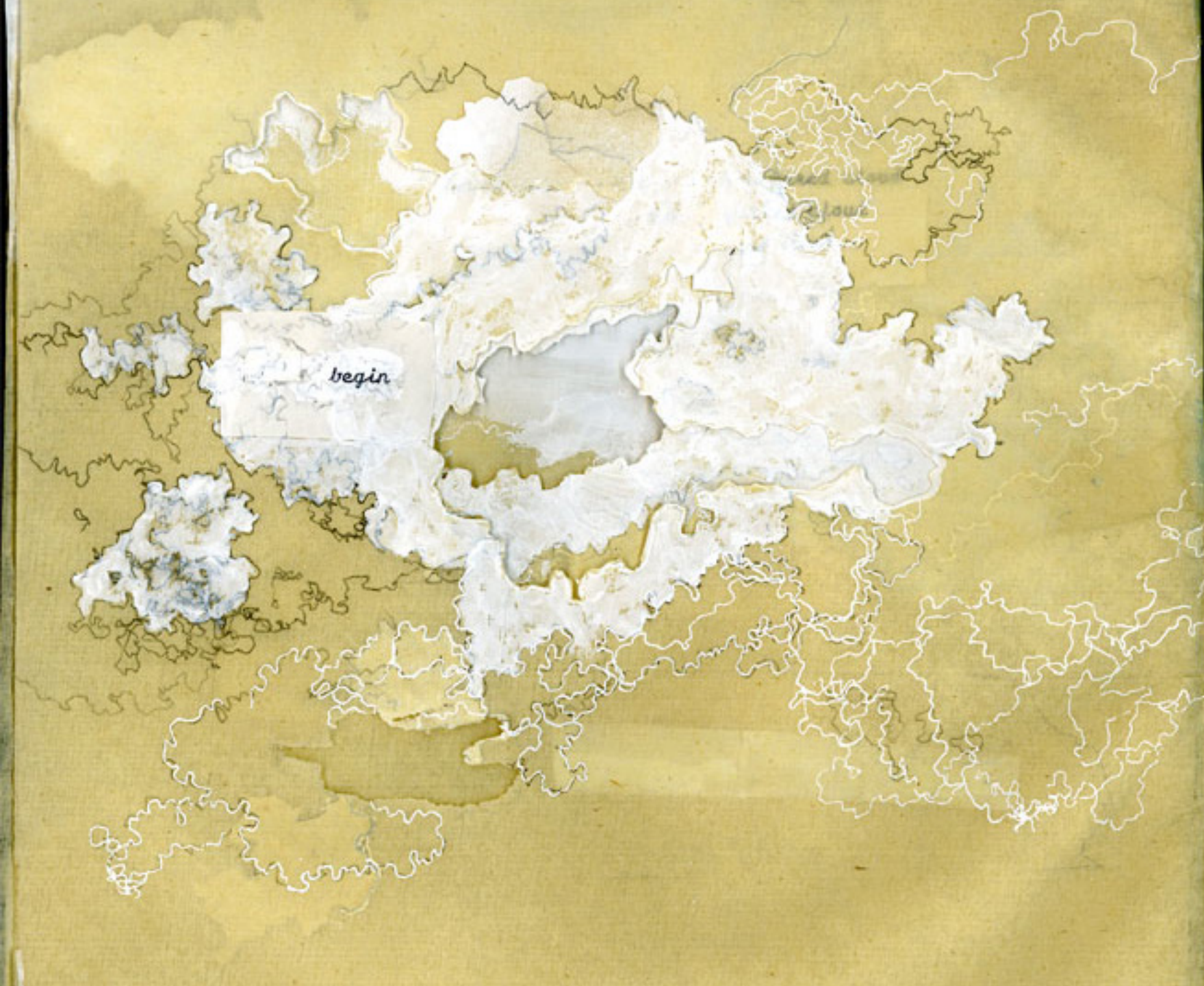
weathered cloud

the

gulled cloud

a raw cloud





to make
a whole summer slips by

begin

odd with possibility
a whole summer slips by

the old from the old

milk net
dark cloud

holes we fall
through and through

it comes down to this
and this

when

the old from the old

and

missing:
our imagined life drifting

the blue boat in the harbor

solitude

solitude



it comes down to this this and this

it'll begin

when everything is done

you knew
this

and

odd with mountains
a whole corner slice by

will not
last cloud

so, what about this surprises you?



faces unfinished
lift over the shoulder
lifetime weather

boundary

it

it was

you knew
this

it is hard to participate in someone else's nostalgia.

i'm talking to you the way
some people talk to god.

the world is not a place
to be afraid of

the world is not a place
to be afraid of

i watch you being yourself

the world is not a place
to be afraid of

how to cloud inside you

the world is not a place
to be afraid of

we're in new york -
even plants offer themselves across a boundary.

n.

it
this morning began with a flood
it was a relief to see a manifestation

now we're talking

i have spent most of the day pulling certain weeds from certain
cracks my neighbor said a weed is anything in the wrong place
i'm worried i am but i'll wait it out

i have no screen and my curtains are blowing in wildly
sipping light outside quietly

does my hand-mind-?

do you have your own space?

einstein wrote that you cannot use the same
thinking that caused the problem to solve
the problem

it

write me a letter a long one

alla

across a boundary

with entrails horses
trombones

write the space
without person or number

break the voice
break in

it

we all like this space near the

canvas

the park

a pattern for anything is difficult to convey

a mother is more or less a fixed point
to this small boy in red trousers

it

parents
planets

across the plains
like noonday moons

~~the~~ canvas
~~the~~
a breath drawn infinitely

project

the slowest film

both on

it

downward facing cloud

who looks direct in shadow
craving

breasts, cloth, halces, salt, lace,
and often eyes, as they roll back

of 1911

it

cloud-the edge we come to -

life is there
painfully there

feeling everything
nothing
somewhere

parts fall away

the water's gone
they are wide open
I can see inside them
they are drinking air

a throat knows the difference

a throat knows where to put things

earth is still
the world is still

it

I can see another from
with

in broad white where to
with

forget every stone that came
before the mind

forget every stone
that came before the mind

revelled cloud

with

a conspicuous flag
raises grandeur seen trail

in the terminal

a man lifts his camera
pulls a "no" into focus
he will remember
what he did not take better

it's the same principle: leave the shells
at the beach the stones where you find them
they will get more beautiful or you will forget
it is the same thing

they will get more beautiful or you will forget

infinity

a non-breaking space

if you say "i am i" our culture goes with you
if you say "i am nobody" you have to think

"who are you?"

without your body
without your self?

the volume and
the possibility

take the first and the last breath
feel until feeling goes

make it something . . . something

then, let it go

life's random blows

pull from the center

and we are more human in it, for it

*root cloud
left cloud*

late cloud

wandering cloud

who will fly back with the body cloud

over-divided cloud

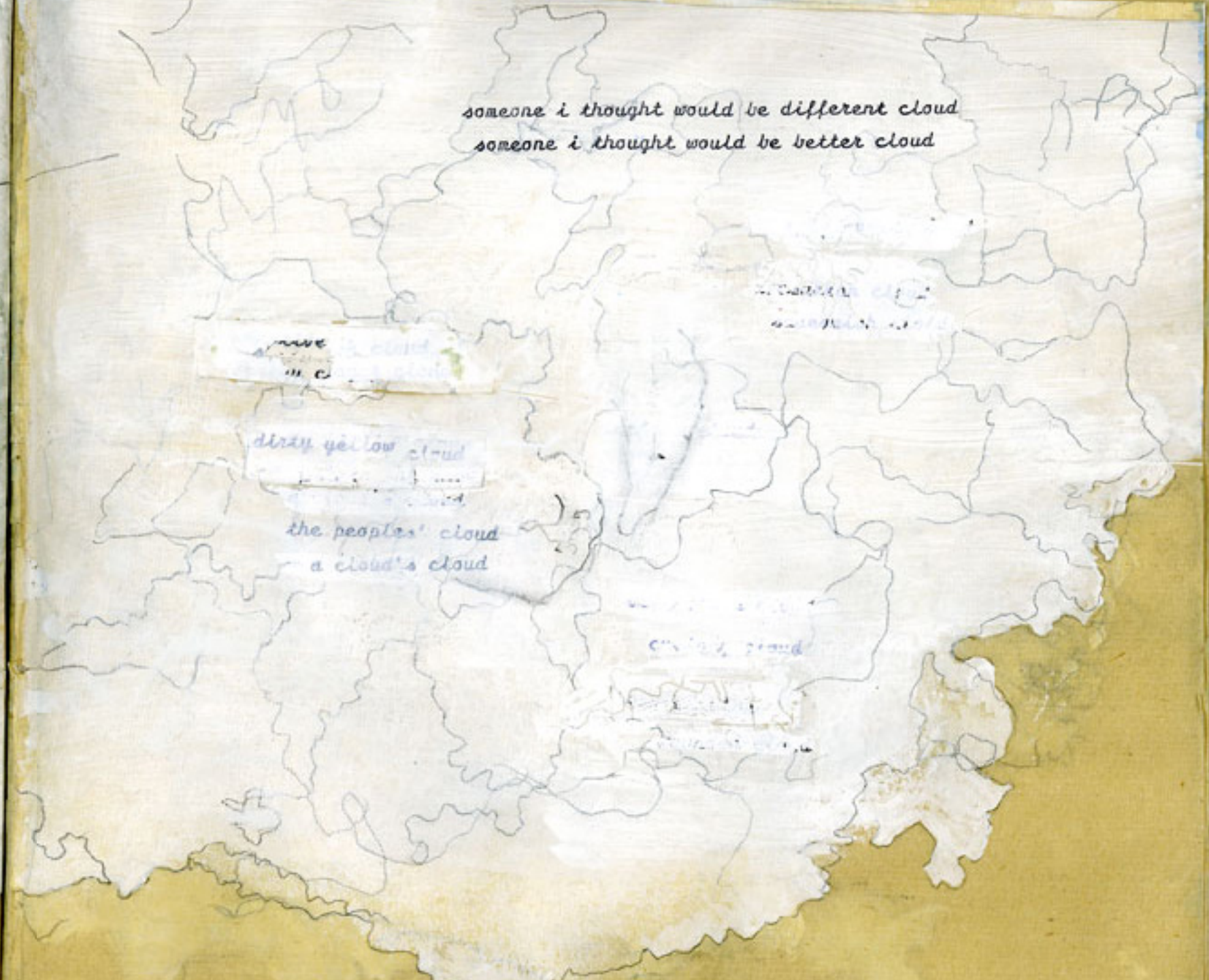
unreturned cloud

domestic cloud
inward cloud

cut cloud



stalled cloud
reverberating cloud
electron cloud
spirited, noisy,
shuffling cloud



someone i thought would be different cloud
someone i thought would be better cloud

move cloud
in c

dirty yellow cloud

the people's cloud
a cloud's cloud

cloudy cloud

cloudy cloud

please let me sleep without dreaming
last nights dream kept me awake all day long
cloud

clearly cloud
ungenerous cloud

i behaved poorly and i am sorry
cloud

peniless cloud

lot cloud

scientific cloud

speech cloud

cloud

restless cloud

responsible cloud

argumentative cloud

giving cloud
given over cloud

please let the stars without
last night
cloud

divergent cloud
critical cloud
self-defeating cloud
threadbare cloud

what would you use the money for cloud
what are you going to do for money cloud
balance cloud
history cloud
credit cloud

surpassed cloud

malignant cloud
positive

ceased cloud
you have moved me cloud

out of body cloud

cloud cloud

supportive cloud
industrious cloud
sporty cloud

obstreperous cloud
in your face cloud
courage cloud
signifying cloud
enjoyed cloud


i'm just wondering if you're still here cloud

comp

ending

possible

necessary cloud



twenty types of sheep, trees, vegetables

a cloud is a fact as the absence of cloud is a fact

edison invented the lightbulb but then needed switches, batteries, generators, meters. like writing a novel.

we imagine in the shape of what we know
metaphor leading us backwards. there's
no way around this in words



inside there's a dog with her chin on my hip
she wants something don't we all

edison learned only to
bother with inventions he knew people need, want, and within these,
recorded music, the first films. for business use, he said, and yet
there they are: two men waltzing to the violin. a sneeze.
a house that turns. even the electric chair.

dear neighbor nearby light

imagine the space that
you can't know you need

