

Fire, Fury, and Frankly, Power

The vacant midday: it's an incoming
silence. The globular frame still
heavy with task. I should stand
somewhere immediately
at the water's edge and wait
for reflection adjusting
my degree to the headwind. Maybe: Adjusting
my hat.

I dig a hole to China with a stick
for my son, assuming one
he fits. Two he cares if we stop
by Korea. I float my hands
like this, and then like that
to explain it.

*It being seven turtles
piled on like clams
my plate a rock*

when my bladder walks
me home my coworkers gain
vigilance, the wide-eyed sun staring
down exposed brick
lanes where the willow waits frozen
in starboard slant towards Atlantic
Horizon lines collapsible atl. antics

The last opening closing
remarks: *it's done. Look,
it's been*
there and back, see. I *told* you. There
being *forever*
where my laptop wakes lapped
in another, bigger laptop, assuming
better posture is cresting
regal roost we should assume

another three-hour discussion for
another three-hour dance, etc. etc. on behalf of
Dance

The digression a terrible symptom of the consequence(s)
of having found myself unconscious(ly)
of being out so late on a roll-out carpet
-ed sidewalk -in closet off Main e
Road, Manchester
by the sea gone fans long gulls, chanting incidentally in e
past the hour of corporate duty, chanting incidentally in e
-minor socks, whilst me holding on
tight to your holding(s) again, your hand
-warmed beer. Only fair I put it down now. *In this day and age.*

Civically, I might add, I loved. Though the quarters are suspect
too, for putting me here
with all this spare radio
activity

on my hands
and nothing to wipe it on.
but a mouth that says things 'll flatten out in the sun
by late summer: dead
and re merge
as a drummer: reborn
come autumn. Come again?

come autumn. Come, winter. The same old Wisconsin
theories everywhere, numbers. The same old
secret pass[age]words securely
purity measures against
the woandering eye

Mulberry Swine

Don't button your top
Lip until you know you've
Sewed it on the bright side
Of reason.

East of Eden: a bird
Eyeing view of pond reflections:
Clouds surfacing turtle for vapor
Near beneath me hovering Spirit
Over lording over stars. Snaking
Grasses underfoot the BoR

You turned my outward nature in
For crimes against itself.

In each cigarette a mouthing hand

Profess, Pillow
why are you moving the coolness
of the Way
other order—?

These days,
 Preachers out
Of pocket
 Mutter local news
on global weather.

That War

I woke up to paint
The masterpiece in mind.
Only rivers met my gaze, even
Horseflies eschewed the principal
Formulas. The question quickly became
Is it right to cast

Lines out
Onto unsuspecting watersheds
When the lioness
Trememelos, de\de\lays these pages
Watermarked in rage from years ago.

/

Who/o is Bubber? I want to know him well.
I want to sink my canines
in the river lest they starve
I saw them ribs gaunt as never
before is nowing near the creekbed |

The missing wonder of the world Found
hiding under Barbara's porch the spittle
in her beard not one of them, her scowl
as she watches The Hummingbirds lose
nectar to wasps not one of them neither.

Bulletin

i.

The creatures of the forest won't accept me
for my accent. We make dewettes on smaller
pensions than the birds God's
not starved. O ye
of little tolerance for the CD-rom antics
in my briefcase,
remember. I measure power in the yards
it took to cut

ii.

A hair fracture growing without regard
for the sun
that feeds it is an axed hand crawling
through some version of Paris
towards imagined countenance. Old
age wanders off (the Papacy aside)
point again.
Let that kind of thing go for once
across gabled rooftops

iii.

The bluer the sky, the more uninterrupted
my floaters. I yell logic
at the kids on the chat piles. We go home
to our dreams and our social
studies
assignments: gangsters
in nature, cowboys on the bus,
marbling mothers enthroned. O quarantined in the steppe
wrote of walking
to the lake and down by it,
that she might do that today, the spirit willing

Problematics

Rose inversions
in calcify heaps

I feel the last of the disease wagging
out.

Forlorn Loree was a beautiful name for
Grandmother,

Seo more subtle. More
Impressed with his Anglo
gargle.

You gifted me the rubble
Of a namesake

For once
and for a
Llorando the timeliness building

From deeper inside

the structures of suspicion

On the oopsing

Axle of the day

Zy

Consider these

Stencils

of trying

To search for habitable conditions,

On flightmode

You just don't

have the *sense*

is what I mean