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 collapsble 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 acresting 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
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.
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
iv.

Your silhouette a minor miracle I wait for
    at the apex, at the fourth
    corner
store. Down each street a cat goes—figures
    and curls away
into bushes where from a twig dangles alas
    my once wallet. Once
    the aura forms color takes
    at the rims, and grows
a flowering eclipse
    hours-later pain

v.

You confuse the population
    of buffalos remaining with the herd in
    Buffalo, NY    if you like me
can’t keep up a buzzcutcut, a woodchuckchucked
    or just
googled it comparatively. By which kiwi do you mean my
    hair resembles? Once the tripwire exists it does so
excellently everywhere. It develops
    certain knacks
    in the hospice of meaning
Problematics

Rose inversions
in calcify heaps

I feel the last of the disease waggling out.

Forlorn Loree was a beautiful name for
Grandmother,

Seo more subtle. More
Impressed with his Anglo gargoyle.

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