

Brain tissue unwillingly ornamenting the greenery:
hortensia, ambra tree, hibiscus, dahlia.

Milk teeth of hegemony.

Slice bread at night, star particles arrayed. My feet
unsteady on the floor. Exist on an orb adrift in black ocean.

I see clothes fluttering along the streets, nearly animate. Evoking bygone nights and glances. Now they are showing images of solitary houses. The days still feel calm, movement of feet beneath the blanket, dead, living.

Body is sewn into steel handed out by water bordering the grass, in
the boots such blue feet.

Beautiful children in their wool sweaters
seagulls near a seemingly deserted pool
desolation in a downpour of popular culture
children are monuments in the open field of grass.

Children sit on the floor and eat ice cream, blacked-out summer heat in front of the TV. Cream runs through the slits of their hands.

They lie bent in sleep and their breathing is rapid. Comfort of watching the stomach's living movements.

In the hovering house, feverish delirium made the sister glow, the others bent over her bed. To water flowers became survival instinct. A few days earlier a park was visited, thereabout, plump shrubs.

The sister's hair glossy near the school building
architecturally planned to enhance
the worried one's placement in the room
a few classmates surrounded
the pink meat, rows inside the mouth
blood ran like quivering Rorschach.