

For MAF

Both sides of the pillow warm,
I rub my eyes. On a tingling arm,

up, I'm propped. Constellations come clear.
The Aspirating Ouroboros is there,

dogged by Arbuckle's Cokebottle alongside
the Bag of White Beans and Mechanical Bride...

I resist unseeing, but it is too damn easy:
Dutch in Jodpuhrs, Tommy the Traveller, Yeezy,

Samo and the Knockers Through,
Mary Jane, the Tolstoy of the Zulus,

Mr Split-foot – and in the infinite dark,
the near nova ruins of Rat Park...

You, you think I'm trying to endure
by going on, oh so willfully, obscure.

What have you missed, my dear,
by not, by never, being here?

Though twice as long as an accident, the meeting was short.
The smaller forests had to be dumbed down.

All the torsos that were going to go to work in the city
saw, after all, no reason:
they saw time spray painted and with
every pfffft, new hope of a year end bonus...

(They received the very opposite of pulp.)
Does this mean people will begin turning pages again?

No, people will not begin turning pages again.
No, or at least not until facial expressions resemble
vintage tubes and gauges.

After all

the euphemisms, I can once again love the way light falls over
dangerous, mined terrain.

Short circuits

and overloads, small electrical charges, leave me wishing
the heart was a square.

As a guy

who really had nothing to do with history, I had never known
this was possible:

that two very different things might be forming slowly and at once.

Like rope used on boats,
like me, roasted to perfection, with nothing left..

You just get so much information,
it's a bag of snakes trying to roar into space.

So often is this the case that I begin
to wonder, me, a great soul born in a smallish town, despising it,

a man who had taken his chair, perfectly resigned
to evenings in an enchanted garden of charcoal, undecided

whether in the remote western hills a small dispute
about truth is a wild beast or domestic animal and it ends in death for both –

if subtle bubbles, with a secret message stitched into them,
influence history and are perfectly civil. Yes. I wonder.

I will put it this way – yes is an ideal building material,
but when heated it is transformed into a purple ring with smiling green eyes
and a red mouth here, where an apple falls up.

There's no x-rated mountain, not a single tragic tree.
Mined from ancient slate, not all the dead are forgotten –

some were never acknowledged at all. A goofy wildness
has come with the exactitude of storytelling – a murmuring version.

Part of us should never be touched. Heh-heh. Why can't we all be
gigantic stone outcrops individually embedded in a tiny gold box?

It is a simple deficiency, part
of the torture, those reasons offered
for trapping monkeys in a storefront window or
bringing a mummy back to life.

Something not very far removed from the recruitment poster:
“Well, we can do anything.” (Just don’t look
at the past.) Indeed, so much has been
happening at this first pirate colony in space,

that I’m unwilling at the moment to commit myself.
You the boisterous spy? No, I know you. An
actress naked in a public place, making a serious philosophical
point is more like it.

The most dangerous dimension of all? The second.

I looked up from my book to see
my personal library had the ink bleached off every page
by waves that whirl around a glass of wine.

Since they were first spotted, spinning once a second,
they've built up speed. Each one seems to have
arrived just in time to hint of something more interesting, those waves...

Talk stopped. And you know, when silence, which may
govern self-control, is squeezed out, nature tends
to light up brightly in the center... Ah, the queue

that inches on, equipped with musical instruments, la-la-la,
chairs lined up along the shore, the ah ferocious flutes,
the wine, ha, the beach, and that lovely latter deduced from the former.

Down the fractured grooves
of offhand brushstrokes, a moment's gesture
fixed... sorry, I've had to lean on this arthritic hip lately.

But, what, I must insist, about all the good things I do?
Oh, yes, if you have to pick something,
why not the long low buildings that had so recently dotted

every reference to sexuality and violence like formal business attire?
See: they settle gradually on the faces of those
who, hearing a friendly murmur, begin to think of everything.

And you, twisted and wooly, what do you want?
Were it not for this long continuum, which is constantly having to be rewritten,
even more shocking amounts of mold would want to share their fantasies.

We are able to look at a crowd scene, to talk a good game,
but on these rocks, where furniture was placed,
what is called a demographic problem has led to something like the opposite.

Where was I? There is something I have wanted desperately to cling to.
Colored panels never got the message. At a cel's edge,
if you have a very good ear, the musics of our time exude: instead.

The attempt to seize control usually requires several sessions.
You might have to change what little breeze there is. Putting together

just about all shards of ice, smudges of soot, I sense
we'll have to get on a waiting list behind a man digging a well,

a bunch of sailors facing away from where everyone else goes
and naturalists studying the behavior of ephemera, which is never over.

Stripping down, we might simply be replicas. Or feel an embrace for once.
An original pop music soundtrack wants to know and seize control.

Something left, I suppose there was that.
The beach was clearly posted – internal
organs optional after this point. Your

compound-complex sentence revealed,
each letter crabby, hissing, “can’t sleep,
don’t want to be awake – go away.” Once

again, climate equals clothesline for this melancholy
superstar on tour. I was beginning to feel lost,
except I didn’t. It got so, I almost wanted

to repeat the deception, tears used for lengths
of pipe or worse. At least I felt I was able
to want to employ such words. Seeing earth

climb out of the car, not wearing any underwear,
alas, there’s no words there. Only new spruce
needles. Those aren’t words. They just ain’t.

This is no time to make unexpected connections.
No, not during this lifelong accumulation of unrelated
shootings. Ach, it seems, a half hour earlier than before.

Of sound and moving visuals, and what is
not a mess, a pep rally vigor styled
in a cheetah print or human body submerged
in the ocean: yes, never a beef product...

Is there anything to this? Absolutely:
there's skin covered with little hairs, as with
a sunbeam, the gentlest chemicals,
slow muscle movements, the person listening

on the other end. Even though the buzz guides
us wearily round the ruins a few minutes
from the airport, it still takes a great many
shelves to run a race. Think about bricks first.

Avoid tightly focusing on just the socks,
or a self portrait of the creator (hee-hee,
look at the spider-like legs!), or contents
of a mini-bus. There are more subtle things.

Apart from a few moments of crispness,
it's been a long time since I got this flat
on top of a towel. My second favorite? Um,
wide expanse of sand under a single bumpkin.

As loud as you yell and protest, it wasn't all
misery. Only the sounds are far more intense, almost
a clanking, rather than the reverse. Also, the pressing
of a flashing red button, done mostly by monkeys.

I must admit my discomfort with peoples'
psychic investments;
cameos by several famous figures inspire only
an interest in hasty translations.

Although trained in high theory,
I am becoming in some ways

more comfortable thinking about afternoon
light puncturing walls of winter gloom.

An opportunity is approaching for me
to create my own version before
the string sections are augmented or musicians crowd
the stage.

The experience of being in an airplane comes to mind.

I want to stop without ceasing to move.

I muttered into a clench of my hands,
whispering into knuckles and nails and hairs on my wrist:

the many rain streaked spellings; the large pale scars
made me not want to take sides between water and sound,

relieved as I am by the cool and relatively indestructible
terror in the face of androids, their much debated aesthetics

modeled entirely upon popular adventure films of the era.
Sadistic? Not-so-good? Or simply damp, squishy and squirrel-like?

Like trees on fire swarming with some secret alibi or serenade,
I crave only what three doors and a security guard can comically instill.

Looters in swivel chairs, I didn't see that!
Like color that's sleepier than it first looks,

the grimmest facelift leaves us contemplating what we
now would consider a beautiful art deco building

were it not sunk like sand under water, or waiting
to be recharged like old electronic goods.

At another terminal, microbes dip toes under a train.
A blue – as no mind can – lights fires,

adding stretchers and guitars, numerous little threads,
that grow shorter, as letters do, due to tears.

All are separated and rejoined again, or else bubbling sounds rapidly follow
empty cups and empty chambers – at least until I can string them
into a brilliant set-piece or merchant ships

Sticky material: retirement country homes, the overall amount
of burned area, or the price I'm all too willing to pay.

The fantasy is a little hill, an escape from monstrous paths,
a few moment's gawking at fortune's wheelie through peepholes.

Let's wait and not see. A sonorous, charming voice suffices
to hold attention. We can tear ourselves together.

The truth is sleep, sleeping well. I circle you, away you slip.
Even in this ghost hospital, champions flounder, with nothing to tell.

What was being called a bribe, with the bluntness of sunflowers,
is a way, a way to mark the end of a strained collaboration,
page after page after page of metal grasses the scene painter maintains
for a very high fee. I forgot the name, but it describes

engines built to mimic someone getting out of bed.

Don't bother with diary entries, the record of shouting and laughing,
about informers pointing that finger past you to water in the sink.
Lipstick spanned more than half of the wrong channel,
leading only to ground that has been dug over repeatedly.

There's nothing there except our counterparts.

You begin to understand why I am drawing this to your attention.
Still need more convincing?

Bubbles were once very rare.
I laughed at that, too, for about a half an hour.

A corner in the center of the room. You thought that was cool? Others even more purely resistant to leaking cold and radiation walk around naked all day, gross caricatures, relying on plants.

If you choose to believe this simple version, it is really engineering skill, the self-righteous conviction of professional balloon twisters who take pleasure in their support for murderous regimes.

While we certainly understand, this come-from-behind ambush technique, there was never any true passion or restored prairies, links to other high speed videos or muscle contractions in the intestines.

Those tiny creatures inside, they feel at home on the streets. Grind them up and use them for spices. I know, it's risking a lot. Somebody wearing a hat can destroy everything in less than four hours.

When I started, I didn't care either. Now I yell. The battle to arrange voices intensifies, always an inch beyond. As has often been remarked of style, it comes down to the reddish color in meat or a coach who pauses in mid speech.

What looks to be the simplest thing is not
a runaway train. Thinking of it as an inside joke
has distorted almost everything. Clothes come off.
Yes-or-no questions. A beautiful trajectory
available to mirrors...but eventually we will slow down.

That's been on my mind for awhile. Even odder,
it's sliding away like water. Make noise or
throw objects, erase all histories –
didn't have to fire a shot, and I love that, too.
If only it were so simple as the sauce on the spoon.

I was wondering how long it would take for this to happen.
You caught me looking, looking up at the hills
that are burning more or less constantly. That's been
on my mind for awhile: a deeper look confirms
the converging lines, certain ideas or fantasies of skydiving

placed on a grid and out of the reach of others.
This is not the last coyote in a mountain town,
or a bowl full of boiled water. Just stand there
and look at you. There may be no single explanation.
You know what I'm talking about, and you lost your keys.

Events we will soon experience, along with all
the words, travels to outer space, also moments
of hotness, performances in a taxi, dim sum across town,
a homegrown arts and crafts fair, all the local burlesque
acts happening somewhere everyday in continuous circles –

we will see these in high-res. Afterwards, a big mess and

just for building a simple device? Tagging animals
in the wild? Looking at pictures of people who wanted
to be in control? Let images of the deceased police sex fantasies,
hauling bag after bag up flights of stairs without guitar accompaniment.

The alternative with which we are faced, one rainy morning,
integrated circuitry, TVs, cars and better food will quickly
pass into wilderness. We love to picture ourselves
real cage fighters not allowed to fly. But this is all wrong.
Looks like the timing of the heart beat once again, looks like pieces
from different puzzles of varying difficulty.

The art from outer space
has caused a commotion among the grasses.

Along the hallways of the next hours there is
a diminishing curatorial authority. A thaw could be,

or a pudding, or romantic looking ironwork,
at least while new. And deferred versions, reduced

to the size of a green, or a box of the same,
tantalize collectors with their original packaging,

like the noise of dull sermons exploding. There will be bargains.
Question is, as tree sap or tarnished talkari.

From overseas scrap yards, a single moral act.

When I heard the usual complaints from invasive freshwater snails,
alternately comforting as a welcome meditation on detachment,
and silent as the snagged hair in a comb,
my untrained eyes seized the disputants in mid-fall.

The deciding factor for me for once was the real terrorist,

this figure who, honestly I should know off the top of my head,
yet for the life of me can't identify, distracted as I am
by the city's mansards and gambrels in the process of mutating
to the oblique planes and flat lines of the commodius 'burbs.

Sigh. I wanted to be "it" for so long, but meditation revolts me.

With joy or trepidation, it is hard to tell.
This mammoth exercise, this deadpan reply,
spans chasms of landscape furrowed as brain tissue.

A sense of being watched, a supernatural being
especially when you feel less-than-pleasant or are simply in pain,
might be useful. The so-called glitch reveals itself

as something of a vision. The question worth asking now
is what can you do if you get out of bed in the morning.
Gardens, waterfalls and piano music only increase the pain

you are going to experience down the road when skillful
underworld tailors mount a savage attack.
With this kind of intellectual pedigree, earth becomes

a bird with big bulging eyes and long black hairs around its beak.
Blame our brains? On the basis of these mistaken observations
the question worth asking now can be found only

on the loops and curls on maps of pending suburban developments.
That sounds like a threat. No so. A sizeable menagerie and
botanical gardens will never happen as long as we are still alive.

Our tiny black-and-white reproductions do no justice.
We graduates congratulate ourselves on constructing street corner grills.
They are welded from oil drums and complement the process

of cooling, the way cherry wood finishes, curving fixtures

and ceilings. warm colors, a grove of trees and a brick wall
momentarily address the only question worth asking.

Like our contemporaries, we consider that all honors originated
from countless heirloom seed varieties and a creepiness that's hard to fake:
these provide a costly and reliable signal to others.

How to interpret the gaping pits in the countryside, folks?
There were no candles on the cake. It may be why I've taken
to carrying ever thinner notebooks on the shortest commute.

Once I stood in the fossil footprint of ancient mythological creatures.
Somehow they knew my sexual history better than I did,

right down to the amazingly wild, colorful outfits,
the vast semi-desert that occupies my center.

This time it's love, no cheap shindig, a tooth, its roots and
part of the jaw. My trained ears burned when I heard

the usual complaints, the closest thing around to being
a complete food. If there were question marks on both sides,

the so-called raunchy humor, expanded, refined and scrawled,
trimmed last year's shoots back to a couple of buds.

Which ones? No one knows. All I know is that I am not
taking the next step on my journey, but the final step.

In the end, is every declaration of love
a sly reference to the precision of an era's instrumentation?

Someone will want to know how to dress, how to
screw on the thorns, or suffer the slobber of dogs and careless children chasing a ball.

In the strict dictionary sense: you big dummy.
Memories aren't perfect. They sit in the back room,

shut up and mostly just watch. What could be simpler?
A tiny elevated vineyard? Lands belonging to nobles?

Those who ask too many questions to evade sniper fire
stand in the middle of the room and cover their eyes.

Solvents and degreasers in the fetid backwater – now they knew
how to celebrate magic in the harsh conditions before

rock and roll rudely usurped jazz. Fully nude, I followed after
them feeling I'd stumbled in an eighteenth century French chateau,

where I hadn't thought to look before, among green tomatoes
and freshly mowed grass. Not at all sure any snack food is left.

You might not know what to expect, a free man or a knight.
Classical music still resonates throughout the wind blasted soil

of clay and limestone. It's a dull morning. Neither hot nor cloudy.
People walking on their hands. No one seems to be arguing

as they queue up. The mills that once spun those lovely invisible
threads enjoy a second life as art galleries and trendy cafes.

Only miniature nuclear bombs in suitcases, spoil an initial impression
of being in another era, years lined up like out-of-town newspapers

threaded through bamboo poles and hung from racks. Heck, I'll tell ya.
If you don't have a Bible, it's okay, just slide the prayer rug under your side.

If you can't do this, it's okay. Up and down, solid rubber tires bounce and jolt you,
along trade routes through an agriculturally important city on the Nile delta.

Walls of all kind are built,
of the hours or the cold.

Why this sudden passion
after only pretending to listen?

The device, more of a lunar tractor, makes me feel like we are just animals.

The ensuing debate is not atypical.

Amusing theoretical ideas contend
with the unpleasant odor of rotten eggs. Like all important art, it frustrates.

It will backfire one day, an example
of progressively vexing park design,

this so-called work-in-progress, the
un-aired discussion leaked while deejaying.

You'll be surprised by the lack of movement.
It looks like the universe. It sits alone

Truly broken, we must all find a way to fight
the suffering that can be bundled with twine for recycling.
(Fragments discreetly added while the barista pulls a shot.)

As if refinement itself were nothing
more than an amusing theoretical idea,
a kind of useful shorthand for “Blow up our brains.”
There is, after all, always background.

It is the pent up energy of candles on a cake,
I can't be more clear: have an exit strategy,
rise above the spines of academics of the old school,

never be ashamed of renaming someone
thought to have withdrawn into semi-retirement,
or camp. The quintessential drama queen
is meant to speak not only to the present

but also to the cartoonish figures who make themselves
useful to the wealthy. Be what you were meant to be –
a highly imperfect, corrupt and unscrupulous phoneme.

Alone and looking confused, a generation of curators
and a good number of scientists along for the ride....

Innuendo aside, cheerleading is priceless. Well,
almost always: the best interest of mankind is

a railway line crossing what was once a desert.
Mass calamities sound simply like a lot more fun.

Anything but a tiny wine bar. Ouch.
The first guy to discover a knitted rope

dismisses such suggestions as conspiracy theories.
Colored bottles behind frosted windows

perhaps understand my distaste. Your turn now.
I know this is a small gesture, another sign

of that weakness: inappropriate gifts, a late hour,
the popular operas of the day or a complicated fraud.

I think you could go both ways. You might want to check
with a former fashion model. Sorry to be a pain. Wine bar?

The fat, the filler, the hot popping skin,
you hot dog, you, cliff diver, you are anything
but spirit. Sweep up remains, capers, color:

there's your ghost. You prefer the distracted
chewing, the baggy sweats, to foreplay and after play.
Oasis, park, both are patrolled by a benign Zen assassin.

Flickering, the suburban planet, whose core is clearly puffing,
ensnares the young with memories of another motionless bare midriff.

Distracting surveillance – or shocking relief? The partially imageless
also retains a straight edge, a bit of serpentine ribbon, and a budding bunch of coal.

Seeing the shrubs wearing white, I blacked out.

Watch this. Press one button and the reddest, rocking capon

snubs home cooking for the chance of anal sex with a blank sheet of paper.

Back home and doing great, I'm bathed
in gentle lighting, though betrayed by the timing of the heart beat.

This is what you call accountability,
a thin layer of gas, the sharp severe pain

found in our shopping carts. Still, I have
misplaced the gratitude, the chaotic leanings,

so much more rare and difficult than love,
that monthly production capacity too often intended as advance rebuttal.

When I opened up my survival suit, shocking the pundits,
I understood how such anesthetics actually work.

At least there's always regret: my desires
to engage fully, remain tardy, obviously waiting for some sort of spa service.

One frozen night, carved figurines
creeping toward nearby homes
turned to ashes.

Provided we can hold on,
tethered to a speed boat
during this funeral,

all the hungry people who had
been hiding here, with
the flick of a thumb

will turn on an outdoor spigot.
And you were worried
no one would care.

The once white re-entry – I can't do that any more.

The once swallowed fragments of steam from a sippy cup....

Stop, please. That's a terrible thing to say. I love the theatre.

Watch this? Free schools, you mean? Beach toys forgotten on stone tables?

Supernatural beings on grand staircases? I'd rather imagine myself

a wounded guard at a deserted railroad crossing.

Burn down the headquarters of the obscure and the unglamorous:

what's left, dirty dishes, the architect of what, and a handful

of unmasked cranks gloating, over and over again, though supposedly dead.

The same buttonless blue light that transformed simple walls – anything else

is just wrong.

1.

And should be ignored.

Not simply a liberation, like
singing, for example, when in the garden,

but marshy areas, a warehouse, airports.

Call it surrender

(This is when things are going well).

2.

To the unscientific eye, to eat or speak freely
ceased to be a source of authority.

Some kind of Victorian woodcut

under a blue glass dome was all
everyone desired in the way of adventure,

thanks in part to self-assurance.

This is crucial. Late night comedians,

victims of one sort or another, built
the granite walls, a fact not lost on women.

3.

To be sure, at first things worked out well.

What has not been widely recognized is

that the rigid lattice, hung with small red cherries,
and a red briefcase, is becoming a sorry spectacle,

a variant of the method preferred by a backwoods populist

and the ever-widening circle of dignitaries sheathed in tinfoil,
partners all in suffering and widely recognized as such.

(No one, of course, disputes the looting).

4.

What had always been taken for granted,

that is, everything else, shiny and toothed,
combined eventually with a softly falling light,

to appear at last as a rifle with one bullet,

possibly the most famous of the original cartoons.

5.

Sinking buildings have been accused of inventory.

They are only faithfully transcribing

the mischief that may be done. The enemies of civilization –

are they among those who fail to return from lunch on time?

or those who treat their bodies like sacked manor houses?

A machine prepares to descend, not the real deal,

but it is intelligent enough, and useful for making wine and spirits.

6.

A story made it clear to me: remove the money,

labor under sweatshop conditions, for all your evolution,

a bong, a clipboard, a bronze duplication of concepts made flesh,

where we have remained for the past two hundred years.

And when asked why, explained by starting fights in clubs,
I couldn't help noticing talk show know-it-alls
had cleaned and drained a stretch of seabed, trying again
to retreat to the fictional, which is oppressive in a way.

Let it be just that. An entire corner of the museum
is back in focus. We exaggerate our own importance
to show-stopping effect. Intense conversations reach
a climax in offhand glamour, a soaring atrium. I guess

I have only ever known a still of the group comprising
hundreds of complete strangers and one ordinary
citizen wearing make-up, this last perhaps the figure
most unjustly left out. An impasse. Let it be just that.

A wide savory trench became a spectacular marker.
After several hours of wailing, most of us can conjure up
a mental picture: thick sweatshirts, cubes of chicken and pork,

and many sleeping people. This fraudulent use
of natural light, however morally justified to ensure
the continued loyalty of the poor, is just window dressing.

Gasping, moaning or screaming, wearing a bumblebee costume in summer –
and we're playing now, too – offers the same evasive answer
as sessions of self-analysis. See, fluctuating ephemera

seem to vanish on cloudy days, maybe a scarf remains.

Only a noble buried in the grove feels the need to constantly prove
a ridiculous family vacation is a complete work of art in every way.

Have you been? Or turned away?

No one watches the crocodile buried deep inside us too closely.

A walk down a windy beach,
notorious as a breeding ground or site of ritual fighting,

now feels like a let down. Watch what happens
on those occasions, notice how flies react,

a princess in a barnyard, the mainstream counterparts.
And I know what you're thinking,

echoing a view voiced by many.
Deep within the forests and caves, noise

was started about the same time
at expanding intervals. Monumental stone inscriptions,

whether a reference to avocado, lilac, sky, salmon and mint
or slopes seen in the past, were made to feel

uncomfortable, as if being caught in a silky dove gray sheet,
hands around what appears to be a serious understudy of the human condition.

It is often impossible to fully awaken. Travelers beware.
Sometimes I wonder about the difference. The place is...

This is certainly not a boring day.

So, let me put it gently: we're not there yet.

If I were asked to choose, the preserved rock formations,

a single marshmallow, I'd sort of get embarrassed.

When you're trying to get out of the way,

to regain at least some measure of control,

you may well be tempted to settle for remembering.

Pity, honesty, cruelty: at least you're never bored.

Be grateful you're not one of the doomed ancient heroes

who wanted nothing. One wonders how they progressed

only to a grid of lines, cars and domestic servants, burdensome paperwork –
perhaps only one in a million billion enjoying a physical presence!

Of the many reasons to be accurate, to be true

to the contradictions, we begin to zero in on small
seemingly innocuous details: cardboard boxes strewn about the room,

the front legs of primate ancestors, or an altar of bottle caps in the bedroom.

Hence... Every laughable square mile of...

I am afraid there is at least one more extended comic duet.

Machine gun bullets add an uncommon flavor.

(A crazy idea, and I know it).

Injun lore and flashbacks and such.

(And these are only random examples).

By some fluke, a genuine feeling.

(But only in the moment before you punctuate).

The language and the code of an abandoned rail yard.

(All now will be clear: ha-ha-ha – and as big as you want!)

No matter what my problem was, it suddenly became
invisible. Every time I try to define it, some

of the edges show a little skin. Funny unfamiliar labels
just do not rub off during the night-time guided hike.

Sure learned a lot, using only two sticks. Just trying
to be terse, but quieter, though I'm little more than a relic now.

It is not the back that's most
sore, stooping, snatching and stopping

to separate from the claws, the baby's grip
of the wind whipped grass, those free lance relics,

the unuttered fantasies and passions, the half
eaten or shredded and balled up assemblage....

Okay, it is ...earnest mimicry. With a tear away
wardrobe provided, pictures took themselves down

from the wall, exuding the ferocious citrus
and a pale cloudiness, which taken together

ease the taut muscles eluding a masseuse.

No honor, no virtue, without some slaveries

A few doors down, without another word,
the sun, which has always been skewed,
joined a tribe of headhunters. For the longest
time, it had been too sleepy to go to school.

More or less overheard throughout the years,
were rumors: fear of being alone, margaritas
by the pool all day and what may be more
horrific, the what-ifs, that kind of wishing,

like those solitary hours on balconies never more than blueprints.

How stupid I suddenly feel taking pictures.
See, hear, listen, taste, twist time in a knot again.
It was for the last time. The poison appears
to spill from a reed. It was a really, really nice gift.

Okay, move far away. Wear a hat, old sun, made
of hair. I will be interested to see what comes
of this. What a look you have, like a man caught
touching bras, stuffing a whiffle ball in a ramen bowl.

Is the slow art of worry, richer and rarer, that thing that doesn't die?

Despite the airlift, the same frowning gang goes on brooding.

A trick? Or the actuality of what? Baby food? Blazers embroidered

with a skull patch? It's hard to see what could unbend. Not a painting
or the as yet unnamed. Maybe a mother bird flying through a portal.

A photo of the row of sharp teeth sabotages
late summer grass. This is one of those ways
big ropes thicken and explode. Then the slope clicks.

The typical nightmare: the charts from the very reef of bone
conflict with pleasure. After all those years, they still surprise me.
Nothing out there? No! The poems continue, the data, just now recorded by
a hilarious hand.

A task, a chore, a kind word, and then
vials of sand from a tropical beach poured over
the floor that isn't there –
apocalypse requires details,
or might as well roll over, make love again.

Storytelling stops, backfires,
discharges exhaust:
a feeling persists as ultra fine particulate
sifted on exposed skin.

I will call my hero back.
(He didn't get very far).

The prospect of joining an elite,
when finally revealed
as the role of helper not master,
holds shrinking appeal.

But don't worry about that.

It is perfectly possible on a slippery roof
to tell a story.

You stick your hands in and slowly
combine the chunks. There will be some bruising,
pills and therapy sessions,

while a large but placid form,
sheathed in a hard plastic case looms
like a steep hill behind the house.

If you want a little more attention than usual,
you will have to sing just like a slab of rock.
Industrial areas and business parks need lots of prizes, too.

They think it's somebody else.

This leads to a daring escape.

I was always happy remembering
that brief fishing trip, because

I didn't want to learn how
to function as an individual

who has already carried out
bodies, heads and legs for five long years.

What do you think I am?

A three story brick house on the corner?

The blue crackle of a final gun's report?

Photos of car crashes, blown up, displayed for connoisseurs?

It's not like I'm not aware. I was
sitting in that room on any number of occasions.

Most fail to realize just how
emotionally rigid ravenous wolves can be.

A series of surprising identity changes
is not, as I have explained to interviewers, a consideration anymore.

Looking through a maze of thorny bushes
ends in a dramatic reversal of roles.

When nobody can open a window,
luxury makes all the difference.

It's probably time to take a hard look
at the world's greatest volcanoes.

The vines and medallions, the long burning fountain,
streams that give this slow wide country its name,

leave a somewhat odd impression of a universal home.
Who was working on what? I forget. Oops. I know.

The paper cut outs that were gladly later to form
the basis of our most enduring traditions

impress with unbelievable burn time, even as they vanish
hopelessly into oblivion. I was always happy with that.

Come on, guys. I can't forget everything. Who'd a thunk
a single leaf's finale would be wild whirling missiles!

As we speak
blood rises in the flow charts.

It passes, with time,
clear almost, but rarely if ever reflective.

Look, an ever bird in a seasonal green
tree, sewn up tight once –
kisses delivered.

This simply does not seem like a wall,
but a bedroom window on a winter night.

The important thing is guns,
and the power to make fractions.

After all, columns, calendars
remain styles.
For ballast, dirt is preferred.

Who would have
thought an adult could enjoy

soft skin so long after childhood, not to mention
the joys of milk and ga-ga

while re-writing the history of the united states?

You and me babe. Two salvage divers, two wild animal trainers.
I mean, you don't really have to spread your legs.
As the fall of light against a neutral background, let's never look back
when the band is rehearsing. Some hesitation. That's my sense.

Like the lights that first appeared underfoot, or the Scandinavian geometrics
found in a spice market, forgotten but not forgotten, this time there's
no reason to be surprised until the day is over
in a yellow and green glitter finale. Who would have thought otherwise?

When I have forgotten the massive cuneiform-like
subtropical blooms bleeding down from the sky,
I consider the elongated shape of words.

If you like the land, as I do, no trees or snow
to distract, taut cable all the way, one
letter attached to another letter, it's sad

to see dirt hurt itself. You'd think
it would stick together against a common enemy.
Or, thwarted with death, rouse itself, as boulevardiers, from that
quiet table in a little café.

If it sounds like I know how it feels,
I'm scarcely recalling what was handed out
to all those people who attended the virtual service,

everything I didn't read, until I was in the cab
on the way over here.

Still, I'm glad I'm able to deliver, oh right, a message:
There's a huge untapped market for life-like robots. Yours truly,
gadget in hand.

Pilot and diver.

It is hard to think of two more different people.

Some say a crude translation
is within reach – but then why wouldn't they?

It's cold that angers you.
Oh, did I mention I burn every word before I say it?

Stress doesn't vanish
with comfort and safety. It evolves into panic and
anxiety, short circuits and overload.

One last trip, 'k?
If the robots could choose the objects of their affection,
now that would be something.

Sharper in fact. Even when premature.
And it has the horns of an angel

to teach in real time. You know it
as a sunny place, fancy paper, the trellises

that never lie to you, and the chase.
So that's what this is about. It's not

enough to accept a kindly contradiction,
or announce to the assembled, "I admire

myself," and place the decimal, oh, say,
right here in the sky or whatever.

Even with help from the ultra, the odds
of finding nothing but terror results

in the same silent harmony in every ear,
a life studying cardboard under a microscope.

1.

Anyone who may have seen
the night sky at full volume,

the carefully fabricated wild
counterpoint to a group of chimpanzees,

grips the metal railing on the staging
area's vein-like fringes. Whew!

The remix that's been playing, it is
a high pitched whistle of spheres,

dreadful concert, where everything
appears to be on the other hand.

A longer list might ripple the wind
for a crowd of people on a sunset walk.

Having sipped their drinks, remembering
a thing or two, each has a history now:

It's not all crumbling castles, feathers,
frescoes, jet lag, steep trenches farther down.

or worse, the cool ones from all over
Mongolia to Brooklyn neatly lined up in rows.

Such noble innocence, such over ripe naivete –
the sweet first blush remains the

possession of the mature, those who never rush
in hollering, “I’m bad. Now what?”

2.

Pluck from the silo of zombies a promising
auteur, thick as a steer, hearty as oats.

The dirty backrooms give voice to what
I really wanted. I’d better just wait here,

laugh and be entertained by new gun emplacements,
by the resting seabirds and artificial wombs.

I am a man wading in animal milk:
it is sun-warmed, and the bartender,

while undeniably useful, will never be mistaken
for brain wiring. How is it that we are

enemies since our re-birth? A repeating
pattern of spinning, now commonly

regarded as wintering upon a piece
of glass, winds down into a terrible car accident.

All is not spots under paper, a neat
two bedroom apartment in anonymous Vegas suburbs,

or a snake-like purple necklace resting
on the décolletage of the otherwise bored servant—

or are you still licking the massive empty center?
I'm not saying I haven't yet...Okay, I'm back.

Almost. All this chasing. Sort of unfortunate.
I'm resigned to straight lines rising. Chess pieces, I guess.

Well, it does appear
the middle is flooded,

from light to lyric,
and over me, too –

just another mashup
of the dazzling and approaching

sand, relieved by hands –
of bright red? Striations?

A towel understands the rules.
No yelling. Being willing

to wait. The crust of salt
flavoring the final nearly

did me in. I started to
remember a thing or two:

like cauliflower florets,
the streets late at night,

all the arrows and other planets,
entwined necks, cool air all around.

That gray fuzzy impossible
of termite nests, funky hostels,

are at last too personal and
too palpable. They are, uh-hum,

visible as lines when you feel
you are flying above mythic

seas that are old, that
are ashen. On good authority

I've heard time says the ocean
is the most best beautiful

industrial site still affordable.
The pain isn't. Or a secret

laboratory somewhere, footprints
leading to gunshot sounds.

He collects bird calls. She stays up all night.
His clothes shine, there's less saliva in her mouth.

Don't give the light any ideas.
We know what we should do

with the wires emanating from
reflective surfaces, from the wells and rivets.

Like a getaway route that
instills fear in us, the dead fall into ruins.

There's barely time to summon
a sculpted likeness. Memories throw rocks. Brats!

Creepy sounds were only postponed.
Artists, keep working. The scale is chauffeur driven.

Night did not mutate a decent pair of sneakers
into a hungry shark, nor use

talk-show know-it-alls as a masturbatory fantasy.
There is no possible way we're going to see

a ring giving new power to hidden cultural
norms, such as flat walls. That cycle

of chanting is just another commodity. And though
what some dare call the confines

of the art world enable human beings to live,
history suggests that a retreat to the fictional

ends up being a clumsy way to hide the wires.
Nothing is good enough. Man has

always cherished that knowledge – something sensational,
glimpsed on an elevator, or the swell

of a huge – the never ending attempt to convince
a woman. (One of the signs that something is wrong).

Daylight is not among the fittest, tiring easily;
yet just when I think I see the final convulsions,

even in this very odd set-up, I hear the sculpting
of wood, a man in a small town who can tear anything apart.

On the screen as long as you,
I also, can click,

even after being picked apart,
or confined within the walls,

reduced to troubleshooting core memories.
No good tool for this task,

merely a string, a slip of paper,
a dot pattern and the despair

of feeling formless, raw and picked through,
like a basement of sewing machines,

screw drivers, soldering irons all
packed in wooden boxes.

Stupid people extol Martian ways.
Others, decals of a surfacing whale.

(These are cages in gardens). They render
mountain air into damp cloths.

When you get to know yourself in several
different ways at once, is it necessary

to repeat the unbroken? Is the simplest
art form falling, possibly falling

between your own legs? You, too, look
tempted to turn grid patterns

into holy sites. It is not until
you realize that the boom you experienced,

more a blur than a tornado, may have been
the slums of fury that you look up. It wasn't asylum.

At best a block of theater seats,
the walled green space you'd otherwise miss.

All the marvels: I don't want to
deny their beauty by rebuilding them exactly.

Let the celebrants stay on the lowest
observation platforms, continue

their surrender ceremonies, enchanted with the prospect
of dealing with humankind as a wrestler does.

Too often, it's not a reasonable pattern,
this voiceless unspooling that gave birth

to everything we know implies trickery,
which is at best a rock or two skipped across the river.

Proud monster, sweet monster,
the crooked sunset's screaming rope
leaves me fumbling in my hopeless flesh.

One glorious bruise please –
no nasty angel or doting hero
knows that rubbery art. You do.

On this moist book, I swear
I asked – and with questions, too.
Dull truths always splash orange

before freezing. I was there
impersonating two different men.
The old antidote to the future

was a balcony to view the aerial
trajectory of an alien armada.
As usual, only more doves muttering.

How did you – put the boring
candy down please. You've wrecked
my sleep and my unrest.

I listen, little one, for your emphatic
tread. No storms and trembling limbs,
no prizes, no dark twists from fortunetellers

surface anywhere close to the two
clones I have guarding me. Maybe I am
just talking until the close-up at the end

of the chain. Or it's so cold even
a dark brown smoke can't conceal
transparent panes or completely forget

the night's cooing from anxious cars.

Faraway places we know little about and
the small balletic motions visible as the body ages
become a cue to explain using a rusty box cutter
to hatch chicken eggs in a technologically driven age.

But this is not all. Many broad avenues
turn out to be wrong. Photographs taken of the region
lack the joy of an insider account. The pleasure
of permitting a huge flashlight to ask for everything

only encourages graffiti to sink into its mannerist stage.
Do you seriously want to be like the early champions
of the art? Do you want to stay a child,
a small bowl of cereal completely severed from your body?

I wouldn't want you to do without two kinds
of bleeding victims. The song, interspersed with test patterns,
ends in pie charts. He still ain't got back. The same excuse again.
To which some respond with the chirping of birds, a solo flight and blue ink.

Turns out they don't.
And in many cases prefer a rare giant,
the opposite of a crevice in a mountain gorge.

One millimeter can be
delightful when not rusted, until you tell yourself,
as I did, to turn away from second natures.

It's just, the light keeps rubbing
me, and the wrong 'not-quite-everywhere' sensation
takes hold, suspect as illustrations of oceans on other planets.

Paper with printed patterns
continues its music, which is the most reliable of alarms.
No one talks, except for the guns. They know everything,

such as how to control one another.

Look for a little butter, all the settings – draw, paint, sing,
play, come out of the garage, stop spinning,
restore a lost sense. Keep doing everything over and over
and over again...just squeeze.

Happy moments
overshadow whatever I invented from scratch.... Hey, I recognize
those words. They are like walking down the street,

twisting and rolling,
watching the water, watching for more than three moveable parts,
trying to figure out the goddam ancient ceremony,

when, lo! I am
unscrewed awake. The mannequin has spotted a mistake.
I didn't dream it. It's just a fact, a child's desk,

a small piece of cheese,
the face as it ages, the era when someone else had the power.
Well! That didn't last long. Tomorrow, I think I'll be an invisible
suburban house perched on a hilltop.

As I was going along so slowly, I picked up
a beautiful peach. Its felt matte finish made you
look like someone.

Hour-by-hour, being serious, I filled with sand,
layers of sugar, accompanied by a great jazz pianist.

You can sympathize with me, yes?
It's almost never seen, this entire length of hair.

I begin to think of myself painting
with the white, masterfully, driven on a magnificent,
raising and lowering the body or the meal
in a skillet or the photograph of things and other stuff.

Certainly, there were gorgeous sad conclusions, one
holding a pencil in a world where no one is the empty back room.

Cut, fold, and glue. It's the way you
do it. We may hope we wouldn't, we may wish

for music to return, for all sorts of other
satellites to broadcast voices of someone who's dead

(people and sometimes pets). Learn, grasp what's unfelt.
I wake up in a provincial inn made of metal cans, stiff under a
coat of high gloss varnish.

Like Antarctica, I get off my ass
every fifteen minutes or so to announce
the existence of a new film based on a comic book.

To answer your questions, saying so
just feels good, after random intervals of
someone or something attacking me. Or maybe wind blowing.

What worked and what didn't, what
might happen once or smell like chocolate,
or come fairly close to revealing a secret about to spring
out of shadows,

steams slowly through the cracks, releasing
the pressure, called learning, to protect corn
and used cars. Then it all blows up. How simple is that?

Imagine a graph writing its memoirs. A damp lawn may politely applaud. Who isn't conflicted by the flattering likenesses of embarrassing photos?

There is simply no denying an ape's chance to lead a normal life, which consists of three bold lines and several dots plus a jack-in-the-box.

What you discover, if you're lucky, is the ability to re-read books. And then there is the evening. and the knives and the forks, just about everything we believe and more than one song.

I come in. I find it,
the tidal harmony, like a light bulb, or something of the sort,

because I really don't want
to be rolled over the steep slope or ooze across rural areas.

But it's strange nonetheless,
this unwinding of such a huge shadow, something about

as personal, therefore sexy as
antiseptic soap. Perhaps eternity evolves with me,

beginning the endless slow dim
kind of collisions needed to farm, to work on microchips,

to fuss over the looming ruins
or secret prisons whose walls we aspired to ascend back then.

Someone is trying to sell
the spiral shaped blackened steel quiet of being attached to a pelvis,

that incessant inner excitement that accompanies
facing the proper direction and being satisfied with mischievous techniques.

I think I need help. In this light
I can just make out the shimmering posts that range across a few
heartbeats.

Following the stone steps that lead down
to that part of us that is always present, I see an isolated military base

I had practically forgotten, reports in tatters,
runaways stuffing the makeshift hospital just as in the old days.

I lean over the railing that faces a wall. I lean.
I appear to be contagious. I exhale. A wrought iron railing.

Rapidly over the seabed, dozens
of stuffed birds begin to challenge the ascendancy of brown.

The only person inhabiting this corner of earth
prefers entering a prison to remaining unimaginable.

I, myself, am in hell at the moment,
unable to break the dark cycle of strange clothes.

While pressing your lips to mine, the flash
from nearby delays and complicates the daily interstellar intrigue.

That alone makes it worthwhile. Har-har,
as if our words were being overheard or could bore

the sunset avenues with wet sticky rain. Any
ripening within will be too public, like a skyscraper.

Inflated to a sort of magisterial buzz word, I am
coming to understand what it means to be afraid.

There's nothing to be done about the criminal or deserter.
Therapists staring into garden pools often find volcanic vents in the sea.

Instead of translating what is not said – that smoky
criticism of criticism – or patting ourselves on the back

for training seeing eye dogs for the gods,
it may be time to flick on and off, with none of the second thoughts

that plague solid colors.

Connoisseurs leaning on the threshold of the blues club
that opens to a small apartment on the horizon

where inches away – oh, it shows signs of softening,
a meltdown of some kind, an anti-climax...

Connoisseurs searching for the Mexican dump
from which all things arise – radio waves

floors and fireplaces, crying between brief moments
of what now seems to be deliberately uninteresting insomnia...

Connoisseurs performing medical miracles install
the delightful mirror at the bottom of the box....

Someone may get an autograph that swoons. Face it. Display it.
Incredibly delicate particles, just off center grow younger and younger.

There is heartbreak in arithmetic, and it falls
over fireplaces, falls over blood, falls on ghosts

until the beach, that poker faced teacher,
buckles under baby griefs and a zoo of legislation.

Strange, I always thought the dead made the lousiest bongos.
Is there death by wallowing? This cannot be proven.

Will no one stop the fall into dances, the fall into waves and weddings
into sick wards for circles, or that ache that sits like a lion
on the lawn...No one?

One frozen night
little birds formed a square.

There occurred a fractal
beauty, the macroscopic

pirate booty, or single serving,
spatter of blemishes on your

arms, the doodling length
of worms spotted by dirt

crumbs. In a way Aristotle
begins it all, the for-

shortening implication of
a subway map's aesthetic:

it is morning now and who
needs this multi-colored form?

One in a bed is always more
comfortable than the other.

It is the transfixing and inhibiting memory
of a lectern in a crowded auditorium...

It is the security device calibrated
to recognize voiceprints and retinas...

It is the crowded basement room of an antique
shop with one rare find...

Is it the gradual detection of shared disgust
at certain recurring phrases?

Or that slow patient braiding
of limbs and the quiet breathing of the sleeping?

It is the argument that cannot be followed. And
if that fails, in the background, there is always...

A nod, a shuffle, an ergonomic screed –
so what's up, tarmac? Your hairy red ass shivering?

I nudge you, you say? To terra cotta, never scarlet,
to a molten ennui? Maybe it's time to re-group.

Along this cul-de-sac only a baleful wainscoting.

Click, click, click, the atavistic upshot, apocalyptic
cavil, one very scatterbrained alarum. Wrestle me

for the crown, laureate of the hoi polloi, most august
orangutan, before crimson bric-a-brac is writ large.

To cogitate, to cavil, to clamber...
frisson of primal cordite. I am scheduled

for surgeries. Your sorry ass shrapnel eludes incisions,
and just how do your tempting scents transform into spheres,

always there, always on the verge of floating away?
I'm left with a swollen sense of having overly polite conversations
with lurkers on loading docks.

They assure me constantly about what they will do in two weeks.
They are plastic, those hollows where the assault team is held for ransom

and nothing goes terribly wrong. Sobbing precedes the fable. Simply find
the examining room, please.

The death that wasn't:
all the happy little checkered tiles
hidden in the makeshift dance floor, please clap.

Until a bare branch becomes a reality,
until machines produce sight gags, say images of food in thongs,
the pure theory of circulating will plop like a robotic sleep laboratory
selected by the dying.

Wait, here is a very. No, wait, only mutants. Maybe some roar and face-to-face
will be back.

Two eyes or the face of the dangerous. Two eyes.

What happens sometimes turns up hidden in a tank.

And if it didn't, there are other stories about rotten spots on fruit.

Agreeing with either – I can't imagine, I can't imagine – makes
sense to some experts.

Nearing the end, as we the self taught are,
everyone bites down harder on the mouthpiece when hearing

sunlight whisper the words, "Bolder still." It is still raining
life size gorilla suits, and a brawl seems a relief

from unrelated action by non-participants, that source of soft
atmospheric half light that recedes toward the brass plated.

The pulverized alone survive. Only a grunt could insist
it is a walk in freezer.

“Where’s the pills?”

About the only one who was spared
was an artist, but only in the crudest terms.

What is extra impressive about this is
the collar of his coat. He had a voice to match.

The workshop, the garage, the notorious mountain prison –
remember when there used to be these things?

Beauty and scarcity remain a fabulous fortune to
be unearthed at the end of a gun, or compressed

from the air in a laboratory. The instant it happens,
you can feel the love. Even skeptics concede

being transported between parallel worlds is more useful
than a working knowledge of the sea’s outrageous impersonations.

This is a rainy Friday night. I couldn’t tell everybody everything.
Yes, I told a lie. I was speaking French by this time.

The mistake of thinking your attention was alternately
cement walls and marching bands. Also, that it was raining.

Today, among real sugar, a tuning fork and life-drawing,
the constant pair of sunglasses perched on hours of local newsbreaks.

Everything appears not to have been both feet or a little farm.
You is greater, you disappeared. I stopped to breathe, helpless against
underground shelters and their silences.

Aren't may thread time or kiss off
while you're standing still or still wondering:

kettles, cages, tennis courts, a cut through or ice cube tray!
One can only pull the handcuffed body stocking as far as the new face.

Suckers, hoodlums, the unreceptive seem embedded on their home planet.
There is sometimes art history class, tea leaves, fake drugs. But I never said that.

Was routed, you and your glorious paper bag, but the returned, completely restored by
the art of moving.

Jump about the large and local rocks, pretend that you don't pretend to snoop the
purposeful and the scrub brush.

So much dead. The nerve drops a burning genealogical chart on a crowded dance floor.
You are not not, the mood drinking water.

Truth may not fit,
but it is not deliberately awkward,
sloppy or insolent:

It is dramatic and large,
comic – and for each a counter argument
that the first joke is on us.

As rocks and chairs, as tricks and money, a bird's head, rolled up paper or the shape of
two cheerful people,

I, yes, yes, spoke music, speak usually while doing something else, or when soothed by
a child's wading pool that starts levitating.

Soothed, soothed, and at peace. Hilarious, isn't it? Like a fully developed theory or the
familiar flight of small insects, or

that day in the future – interrupt me if I sound like a talking animal or a dirty street –
that cannot be consumed raw.

Perhaps the paused, patiently spread out on the floor, now that nothing is taken
prisoner, also parallels. Unsafe passage are too.

The sunlight keeps moving its lips.

Do you understand?

Or is this just one more undestroyed day?

No one seems to fend off the hope of seeing faces,
or the purple and blue of an out-of-print novelist
in a small photo of sugar in a cup of tea.

I try. I'm a bird, but not joined by much
firstness, with many, many floors, night paraders
alongside, arms folded, like an authentic gang member.

Look, look: floating reeds are fooling a wire.
Long conversations wear out, the residue: swan boats,
a village in France, conquering magma or statistics.

Corkscrewing tendons and arteries until I wince, I jump
at parties on my toned legs, to the empty jaws
of a new and local spelling. Saying da is not enough.

I, for a cigarette, asked...

One snowy unfolding, the rustling skirts of a distant burning house,

a pixel or two of past lovers –

these choke me: also a tattoo of barbecued moai carvings outlined in lime green.

Maybe I should go to sleep?
Maybe years ago – not today.

And maybe that way of thinking was,
but not now. I'd show you

if I had a robot, if I had the patience,
but I walked two miles today in new sandals,

and I have bad skin, and the faces
of strangers (and some friends) confuse me.

I try to see if they listen when I talk.
I can never tell. I feel like I'm staring at a radio.

The way liberty demands the large umbrellas
of a constant appetite, the pendulum clock of doomed feet running.

Yes, yes, the dance steps become something else.

Surreal me! One particular day in the future, I'll be all out at last and buckling,
like a mounted butterfly.

Listening to music does not make
beautiful clothes, a wetlands or annotations.

If we cannot, then no one is. And a wooded
area explodes one frozen night tethered to a speedboat.

Pretend not to hear the screamings of a small bowl
of olives or dinosaur bones found during the construction of malls.

What if our breaths could breathe? I am as angry
as a person and almost as insufficient. Icy and blue, too.

What is it like, this ambition? Frolicking fish? Perhaps if there were
parades or the petrified spirals of dancing tables.

To know for sure by going away, storyless.

Put all the runes on the table. You have a table covered with runes.

A nude, round sculpted planet, is that all you saw?

The anger that creates jazz versions of standards

once lit candles, stuck the scorched pin into the center

of a milk drop coronet. It still reveals all the best places to watch the moonrise

in Austin, Texas.

Original shorelines fade into a shining, and what I wanted
was a shining, cracking open the front door of my water damaged neighbors.

Were magic magical! The unnoticed is almost like
hearing your name. I can be such an idiot, a disobedient sparkling beverage.

What was it like, that journey out of a simple taunt?
Another recollection of motorboats or boiled noodles or buckets of glazes and tints?

One supreme, august, banal nerve runs the body's length.
Oh yes, my favorite childhood memories were long views, no whisperings, days
reburying marble statues.

The frivolous, lifeless street fighting incited by comic stories radiating diagonally....
Yeah, well, I could go on...someone did something, signaling,
clubbing, glowing, before finally shivering:

a small branch library collapses upon the word that describes how birds
re-adjust their plumage;
in the process the facade shines as red caviar. Follow me, I'll show you
one of the fastest halfbacks of the seventeenth century,

memories like scrap metal guitars, hungry people turned into pret-a-porter pagans.
A weary shrug, then unsuspected depth...I could go on, flipping pages.
I never have been tricked by a rolled up papers or snack bags packed for the
underworld.

Let's see: flags, slogans – oh, there you are!

Shaved like a swimmer, taut as notebooks approaching terminal velocity.

A single string is educated. It takes a part-time job as warmed over golden embers.

I could go back...

Rising out of the countryside of the United States, green eyeshades...
Oh, to hit back, to shine again and to be a slave to the nub of it!

There she is, a roast chicken, an inspirational and powerful symbol
filled with the shrieking mosaic decoration of a local radio show.

We shall never know, but we may guess, the imagined betrayals
in this land where just changing planes inspires a book of fairy tales.
My flanks tasting of misty puppets, I kissed the voice,
crouched down beside unreal things. It's what a lot of guys do.

Be motionless, maestro. Sightlines lead to local color,
as if interpretation is a pat of butter, or a sort of surrealist child.

The lab will eventually be rebuilt as the courtyard for fluffers.
Do a lot of guys do this to escape disenchantment?

I am reciting a simple answer, and the slurring
of a comic story, then I pause to beat a drum.

See, the fantasy has you seeing all sorts of beautiful –
what will later be dubbed jail time or so unlike

so many faded jeans and bear skins by those who have
suffered more recent fictions. Deciphered people cannot slither.

To the well armed, no breath is enough. The brief
but memorable appearance of a plank, embers,

pages of a book will fail to overthrow
the whole bloody history of a vase on a dresser.

As an advocate for tide pools, I instruct my sidekicks to be
bombs going off. A narrated bus tour, I like to say, will neither
tense nor relax.