

A Disregard For Your False Anatomy

Crayons of eternity's misses
are my favorites
 from an end of me
 and another dinner
suddenly appears
 to spill over and not
worrying
 it is a shouting
 as an iridescent frog
till night an import
 of unusual stars
 the last operation
of my eyes
 from these

 "I explain to him it is something like
an emperor of love with no ulterior motives"

Oh I forgot to tell you
 my friends of the creek
 owe you 300 bucks
 even the baby of the group
had no head for it
 so we lost
would it be a surprise
 if next time
 flies smoke rosaries
candles bottles of water
 cigars sour pickles
neckties

 tins of handwriting
that accumulate daily
 rare clothing
 next to all kinds of
 delicious waves and works

* * *

Daybreak

Upon

dawn

a tiny band on it

wind mouth grows sun

branches bucking shadows

beneath the arc
of your feet

(the night before
left breathing
on you)

I entered a room
where speech
ventured
& left the walls burning

with all the
other memories
like families coiled warm
around themselves
every year

a kind of meadow

pressing on itself
for more

moving on to bone salt
you

under sail

(years of conversation
fluctuations of heart)

an obvious
excavation

you'll never stop
it now

defending
the new
spaces

as every year
something
grows heavy
& light

as beauty
needs
a
distance to survive

* * *

Dopple

As if there were no one alive here
I have dug out my memory as earth

home missed
boat error of rain

my hearts are stacked like chairs

and we are always walking

my eyes have become lights

dusted outside in August

this unfinished
you

* * *

Easily Accessible Before

And this being true

a steeped
sail of a shirt
or
news
eating buffalo
the mark
of
November
in Spring

Who hears sad
young wives electricity

(I am draining out an awful story
or song)

to wire you this

building kneeling

in places

who am I

Kindling?

or

the full
harrowed field

(my so called
musings)

isn't it iris grey

when you talk noon?

a re-assembled
ancient
streak

of any
city
at any time

the poplars
and ash
are
raging

the women and men
appear as
sharp
canvas

dishes vacuuming
the first one I mentioned
the future furniture is not
a rape of nature they say the best critic
is dying with the daytime always entirely
comfortable anywhere I will admire the floor
again and mention sunsets similar to those flowers
that were easily accessible before but parts of this
like a news business are the first to be trimmed
express themselves before the people and what
laws apply to that because as it is true of any goal
established by the designer of it our behavior
is not the problem nor internet nor legs or virtual
turf the patterns lead to substitute versions of
reality which we all know are unfortunate in
what skill gets larger it is not something they
would have told us above passivity thinking

through the whole culture like that brings
it a start so the heart
may respond just so.

* * *

Eye

Old woman's eye
up keys nephew
blue grandmothers

voice language daily life
remembering now ashes

is so important (complicated)
remembering these friendships

in the palace of green

fixed wisely lips
creates the fire in silence

we sleep until noon
somebody we both knew
was right we think
a speech between us
so long ago lays down
gets up