

from The Straithes of nonVermont

c o v a l o n 3

His ticket excels in a system, digitized and lifted and set thick.
A back-track follows, whispering his name in acridic Spanish.
He drafts a system of in-order actions one column to the left.
Orals of beauty dusted-in-black distress the growing relationship.
Scents of a pearl faltering from mottled rock–
Enters a room with both hands learning to touch.
Avaz has plastered a cent to the speed of the drawr's exit.
Draughts through the space a mixture of waters differentiate.
Cerium polls a sickle through separate twins.

avalon and yellow law

We look up but still the sunset travels.
A fast-pace cigarette in a lunch box folds out.
He sketches the outline to let loose a qualitative influence of news.
Sciemen opens in a pink and related dialect,
Keens into assistant company. He laughs through the quacking grass.
Then hovering above the glass burden, places a name in Long Acting Plastic-
Forespecked of brass and embargo, he tics for an early riser.
A Cerem shines on the recording wheel.

the testing tank

The Doler pares and reveals, "it doesn't appeal to me."
Shines a peg in receipt for our meals, then suppurates in lower gearing.
The daughter ages her test-strip along indominal reels, lisps from her carriage.
Then arriving to grow, the redated Castor across contingent colors
Only a pen will hold. He devours his setting
Corroded with a willful manifestation of bread.
Between the flexion-insender and myself, the Frentend field verifies paint
(Memorial documents he was determined to send)
The Easter ends this arrival of descent and corrodes his wife in codicil.

l u n e i n f u s e r

Injection adjoins a hoist and compresses the hecla engine.
Fades a ricsole they inhabit from an era of eligible men.
Their half-lives on shelves stood to compend cubic measurement.
Smelted in river beds, upon contents priming imprissive wheels.
The record-keeping ledgers tally with a slash from preset scales.
Fixtures mount from above—brass and cuprous bronze.

Then much later, the Bower tics arrhythmic inside a seven-year-old son.
His mask breaks his taste on the weight his body registers.
Laughs, spitting the pocket-size set of mathematics to the ground.
And fries. The load bearing wall, grasps the hilt of his cuff
Drowns deep inside the handshakes we make through our guests.
A horn blinds the civet farmer.

the clare weigh

Evening songs from a swamp

Cryogenic and conductive to the measurement of the mountain.

An adaptation arrives windward

A core of similarities jump

Patrolizing the air with a slash from preset tallies.

The bugs move softly in sedated pairs,
While he vents his supper through a tunnel.

He whispers with a handbell, then drops the compartment.

Now the rain turns to summer—

Locañada is a contour we'll never travel.

folder record folder

A black, white-morning rises at half-power
With a kerb one eye north of blindness.
Approaches the aboreal layer as a phlange of pre-war heros.
She gives me paper for carving, then passes a lower Sunday.
These relations date to quadrified folds upon a bed wivering in noise.
The porter tosses a coin to relive his soporific mourning.
And after the dent, an aspirate h suctions his choices:
Her biography uses a machine to repeat the lives of her lifelike children.

re vac and braking

The plain professions of a private man
With beads from an icecream habit collecting in vents.
The walk-through function relates the donation.
Backwards, she says—

Roebuck ringing in a burnsuit.

But every night my alarm taps freely at the gaseous tissue
Smiles on the face of the air at the hostess station.
Lowly serves the damp hand with toast and bread, she said.
“My Mardo fattens the second stroke of the engine.”

a v a s r i d e a l o n

The peel dilates an unusual red,
Clinks against the part-time lens
And relates. The Tambour runs
And cannot catch the hanging of himself cautiously
Through an anonymated vent.

He palps
Through folds in a pocket-size set of non-mathemic instruments
Of sevens from a panful of nine-ounce letters.
That which yields harder than a trancing-square,
They know and renew for the liquid child
You lie with complete, chisels his pill on a plate
Plays dead with the tamarind seeds–
Your discovery says “give birth again” to your reveilling.

shines a paptive lash

Summer dawdles the distribution,
coifed in their conformity.
The occupier localizes their divergent varieties.
Enters the sphere of public property, dabbles at the engine snare.
Receipt from incriminized bills,
then de-scents the chamber for our sterilized meals.

She lapses from the moment—The talker darkens the tiny hole.
Memory loss revolves around the missing bone. He runs.
Beads of fear pour down her abstracted-scars
While a star triangulates the drawing quarters.

Three articles luxuriate in parallel to the antomic nodes.

A bullguard is an anti-viral that suppurates
The soaking weight of their child.

phonatex in a crystal crop

The patient bulges, boiled by cylindrical nodes.

He respects the summer

and auditions from a slate of rewound memoirs.

From there, the Congratulator spills a cable to inset-threads.

She answers to the negative. The test strip levels the glass stem.

The book and jacket also.

Smells of must and sinew from their trail.

Then there are those who water the affair outward with something stuffed.

He belongs, seeker of collections gamed and connected and drip-fed.

The gas registers at the counter.

This is the level I survey across a standard, black and in abstraction.

I dismissed for redemption of delivery,

Showed my brother and appealed to people non-bodied in our colour.

He mutes the bell to conceal a similar ring.

They move the crackling fritter onto the plate and fill the people with it.

In the hectered assemblage, inherits a thirsting hand made in place of the agent.

Works his lunch back and forth shackled to a semaphore.

My buffer on a business trip.