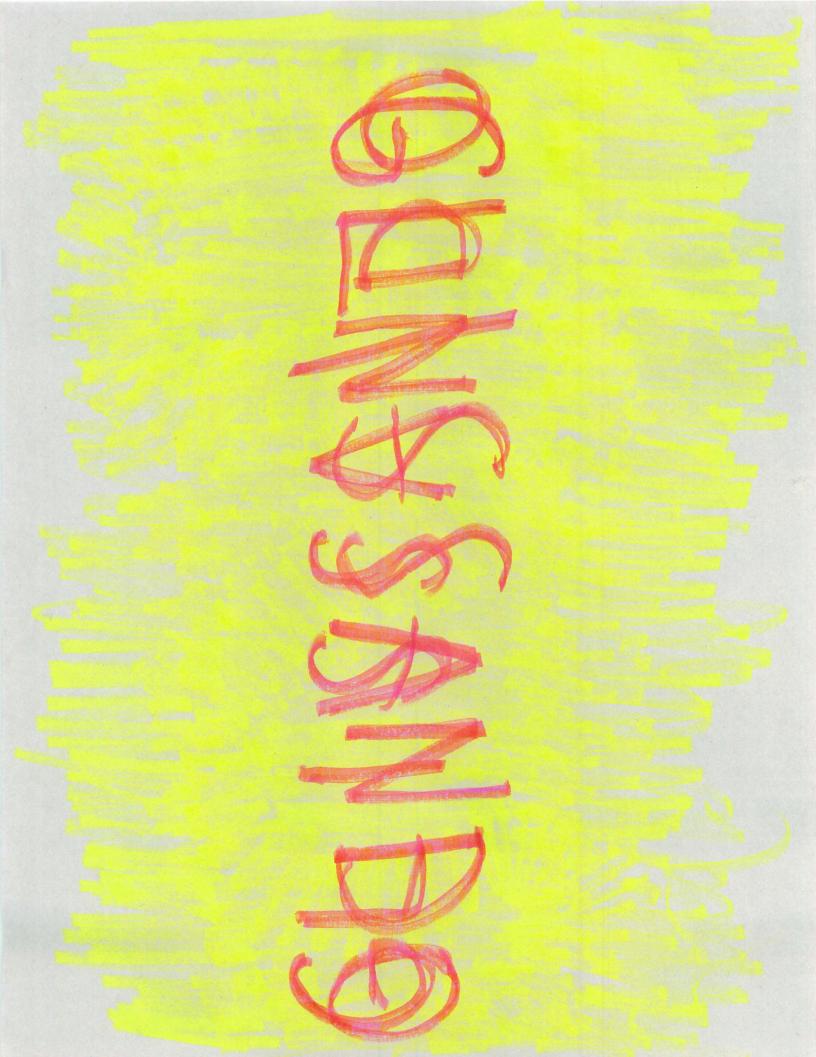
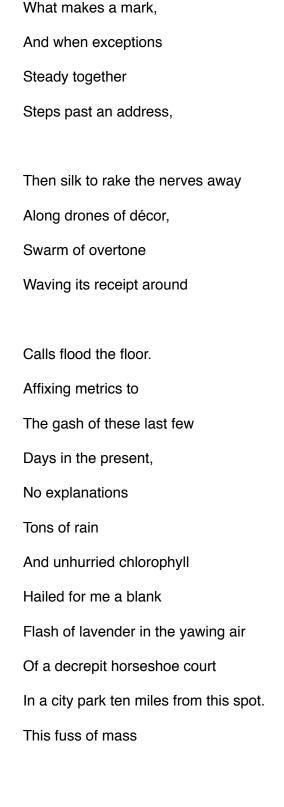
CARP (AFTER CHRISTOPHER WOOL)

Can't get my head around to it without caking; it's a treat to be viewed again, in your mirror. I used to live several whiles from here on out since things I know you know have changed... Now (blush in the air, soap in the dust) I watch our star-of-program pucker in the fly-by-night extrusions; this is nobody's snow. Can't believe I stayed wherever I was ill-sated but for color, curdles in fur, pursed in a puddle of sap. Haven't you done enough damage already? Getting nowhere's plenty. Make me.



ACCURACY

Letters end



Surplus that's not ours Further night on earth Never grudge an object its rust. Wake, repeat, Every day I'm asleep. The dead go fast And so do the living Lodged like a rind In surrounding surroundings, Time grows at both ends, Awe can't guide it out. A shame, that. Meanwhile hairs fall, A body sends a ball down a hill, Those ads in the stations They know we're not home. That steel never sees the light of day Bruised through it A clarifying agent Wherein air, Much of which is lust

For loss or lack thereof Cups the window, cozens the door. Nothing stands in my way Except this nothing Standing in my way! What I meant was insufficient, But by what? Solvent or octave, Lake or kale, A lake of kale? An interval is perceptible If I turn aside words for This curtaining between me Every other at a time, This notch in the saw, This slant in the hand, A slim inch of surface Not very well buried (Having never Been better), Tracing paper stacked opaque Hardly worth its weight

Dotting a prior horizon Induce and yield. I'm trying. NOT IS NOT JUST THE TIME A light dies So I buy it. All that work... As it strays from whatever Else of itself's left... There's a call being made Over cold clouded water Static lashed to its mast, A sky's blunt litany Clotting the void to Fill pages and days later Empty them, A hole through the theme

In second hands

All the bells turn around. "It takes a lifetime To clear a name." After which gorges rose And then the blind loss And the weird fury, An insinuated body-in-doorframe not Waiting for me anymore Like tides Initialed along entirety Its border's broader than its core. For what is a thread intended? My shadow works hard, I'm alive as an earth's worth Tempts the calendrical distance. Dance limits and diminish. Stretched too thick, Variety's vacancy Recedes intact, Remote but fiercer for it. There are no two things. What is to have been the same?

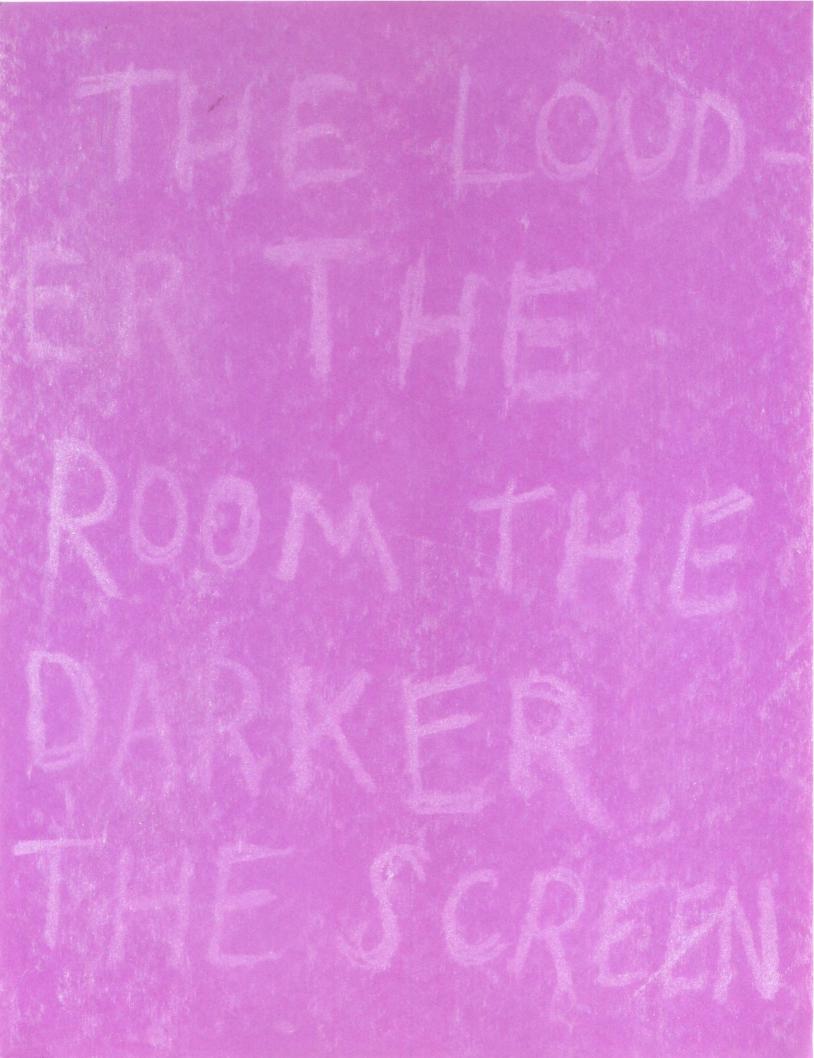
SWORN OUT OF SECRECY AND IN TO THE YKELIHOOD OF BEING STUCK IN DIRT AND MADE TO BURST LIKE TALK INTO WHAT NEVER ARRIVES AND NEVER LEAVES, SHAPE OR JUST INCLINATION MAYBE, AN OCTAVE, POEM BETWEEN POEM

THE ANIMIST

That amber would turn on fossil was obvious thought I from an income concussion across proper channels; looking down silken inlets, I found a law to the worsening dream: a matter of timing (wind's, thunder's, shadow's) scattered tightly into vast blanks that became seams

among which grow the ways how consonance could bound past its own fabrication. Leave us to act the restless, decadent, and generally blurry couriers stuck dusting hindsightwise for the buried deed so that wind's, thunder's, shadow's furtive surfaces (what we cut up)

sprout and branch half the time this is taking away



IF ONLY HAD UNDER UNEDITHE 2647 PASSAGES