

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.

EDWIN SAMPSON

ACCURACY

Letters end

What makes a mark,

And when exceptions

Steady together

Steps past an address,

Then silk to rake the nerves away

Along drones of décor,

Swarm of overtone

Waving its receipt around

Calls flood the floor.

Affixing metrics to

The gash of these last few

Days in the present,

No explanations

Tons of rain

And unhurried chlorophyll

Hailed for me a blank

Flash of lavender in the yawing air

Of a decrepit horseshoe court

In a city park ten miles from this spot.

This fuss of mass

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

In second hands

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

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 INTO
THE LIKELIHOOD
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 I
HAD UNDER-
LINED THE
RIGHT
PASSAGES