

Eyes are on

Amateurs
flash flesh
And make the end a coded
Fetish, you notice
The script as a scene
When it's moving
Away, one in the
Film slips behind
A curtain, the viewer
Drawn in by absence
Distraught over the lost
Neon heel mirrored
Inside hard night.

Mt. Juniper Stories

A soliloquy
bends earth
arms interspecies
friendship
not a postcard
fleeting message
for savoring after-
life events
seen through
privileged glass
momentarily
replete yet waning
the ocean spray
a conundrum of
taste known
in color choice
necessarily
determined.

New Cinema

The modern man
Lingers gets his
Death kissed
Heaven doesn't touch
The woman, she
(Goes without)
Gets hers
Sees end results
Conducted in the-
Homeostatic
Disruption
See, you're
Included
Not glass
Enclosed
In the project
Of becoming.

The Penitent Bloom

Accidents that rooms conceal:

Selves sheathed made of embers

Heart flutter flings lover's shit

Spies several light blots

In silhouettes' panoply

Unsorted piles of debris

Appears of some value

Nightly palimpsest

Nautical thought

Twilight stationed

At the right meridian.

The Telephone Mystery

I came enmeshed

In the self's apparatus

When the spell-caster's

Erasures altered the number of

Presences in the room

Blood coaxed round

The larynx, the jawbone, the soft

Mouth tissue

So much that conception was like

A train of translucencies.

Silk Stockings or 'The Future is Not a Fulcrum'

Black implied beige

In crepuscular bliss

Cobblestone solemnity

For duty's sake

White drops

At the cluttered fan's nape

Makes the stem of

Perennial grief erect

Winnowing life from

The dead shaft.

The Interminable Forest

By simply deciding
to end games
in the margin
a different world
is formed.

Stepping out
of the abyss
the sign
trembles.

Trees blur
in the wind
indeterminately.