

UH-UH

I'm a alaskan,

I'll evacuate my pavement.

Where the bears are eating

is voracious: it's a place

as vacant as starvation.

I'll clear my steps of traffic.

Within my house it's come a time

to foment spaces, so I'll vacuum.

All of my friends have lost at races:

but they keep succumbing,

one by one, richly to reputation.

This building's on a level with an eagle.

This floor is rather for the bears.

It's in the lobby that the people stay,

ravenous for small savory tastes.

Below the ice the water's nasty.

This meat's restaurant flavored:

this fish tastes frozen, like a inuit.

As a polar white north-oriented bear,

I chase a stranger.

noBD can B where the BAB is

My heart's chick hatched,
ouch, alas, so I'm open-fronted,
now I'm stepping out in a bolero,
that's the chapter I'm on:
split-chested and peeping.

She found my chest wanting,
but it's the moment of insertion!
Not a whole person.
Not while I H 4 U

O shit.
This lecher of eggshells
found me, Hombre,
I said Spanishly,
unhand that packaging. And
"chinga," he mentioned.

I may catch her wrist in flight.
"Jesus H. Christ!" she says.

What's the H stand for?

"Jesús?"

You can find me at any lecture,
hoping, in a front row folding chair.

OFFER HONOR

I try to order honor
I would ford a river
But as a drop I just succumb in water
In flight I bent my finger
My arms bear my conjecture
I rushed a minute earlier
Unduly rough when speaking to my daughter
She writes a mental letter
Asking me not to wait for dusk to lower
I said okay to her
But didn't like to hear the words together
People couple to suffer
Luck is what dents the record
and Love is no survivor
Families part but roofs withstand most weather
I make my home in architecture

ASIDE BESIDE SEASIDE

Vinegar blackens bread
The morning's witness
The treelet melting yellow onto lawn
an Ambient decision
Where to be led
The rustle of a lover's leave
Unfairly distributed daylight
Crossing the morning mind
I am oh Undone
by the Workings of a Tongue
pouring the black into my bread
I shouldn't have but gladly did
Hiccuping starts and stops
And all my endings exited

Long by the sea
In thrall to a paling premise
Will the Doorway heal no
Not in a year of time
What happened to the knot,
It's gone.

COURTSHIP

Ceviche sings in lemon
from the tongue's crevices—
it keeps arriving, too,
it's one scintilla on the tip
that vibrates, a king is lonely
but lonelier his scepter,
boning the chamber air—
alone, the princess shortens
all her skirts in certain climes.
It's her idea to reveal
her difficultly partnered knees.

The naked king is strong,
he calls his body love.
Slippery accordance of the bones,
miles of princely ribbon.
The tower sips clouds,
or flickers a pink flag—
Welcomes the princess sister,
who does collapse, who do collapse,
under duress they replicate,
then sink,
ship-parts above the waterline.