

FULL FIGURED RHAPSODY

Mid-kiss languor filches opportunity to tame temptation from ready-to-wear into a soffit's glyph. Each once in a hewn while, I'm satchel-weary, lift your picture in its leaden frame through various acrostics blindly. When called upon, I rev up happenstance enough to launch my wit and carry on. Parrots become the pets of choice, as presences that threaten reciprocity. The day is nice, the roadways, clear, the helmet of my sleep mimics the way near-violence is clipped out of the flower. All my mist recovers accidental parity. Away into the hence light go the little reproducing mockingbirds on a citrus branch. When I walk, the tiers of grace shout larks. I pan for gold in sleep dovetailing hindsight. Where you were when I accompanied you to break my long held fast was in the slow demeanor of a headrest. Fast/slow/fast bases limitations on the crew-lengthed permit. Voicefully we walk home, fasten breath to depth perception. Wondrous reflex taunts our laken trust. Resulting in a triste sort of a lengthened day with arms across the spattered headlights.

-Mergence, variations themed into a window where the tune is, though removed, still seen

One of two
Identities affords
Its half pair
And decides

Continually the length
And breadth of
Joining sweet
With age

That wears a length on
Stained glass
Lens of
The miraculous

Full-figured rhapsody
Still capable
Of climbing perfect
Little cherry trees

She learned him in the nicotine.

He signified and there was lapse.

Infirm excess hastens to add fibrous wings.

Bless ruby qualities of blasphemy because of ratatouille or otherwise.

Lavender, even for him, appeared preferred over the former latitude.

Impediments newly negotiate the fixings representative of corpus.

Facement needed mainly to teabag him into conversation.

Wearing ought to be renamed something inferred.

Draw wings in slowly as an acre drained.

Chance requires a lute to measure by.

The opiate is still young, give us time to warm to it or to resist.

Key lime pie and a low-necked sweater form a little Sanctus for our cribbage.

Once or more drenched in the Deuteronymy of playthings on the forbidden list.

I'm afraid I have this motherance inside me.

My lovely Thomas how have you found heaven waltzing?

Your first lamb is a kissprint now and doctoral.

Place names fabricate our recollection of them.

Fossil fuel and leakage wilt the trees when I am trying to be nice.

Brothels are three. I'm one to talk. Pace me as you would your doppel once or so in tacit point of fear. I drain features of insistent, nectared conscience. Lavosphere intends to quit spiking the punch. The press, in sync, bends down to touch community that needs knee surgery anon. Throughout her term of office, piano jazz erupted constantly from speakers of the house. An arpeggio appears to be suggesting "I'm just doing my job," as though someone would insist a variation on some common theme. A major difference between etudes and products is the way their maker has positioned them. Confidence aka moxy capitulates more than once a lifetime. And that formed genuflection is documented in a way sublime. Laziness courts productivity, insisting a performance is afoot, spectators will be on hand to judge collectively and little else, a recipe for happiness on the part of budding exhibitionists. Whosoever carries any of this outside the room will certainly be made the subject of an inquiry unroutine. We're looking for a mascot anyway; one who can pace him/herself in a manner wholly independent upon height. What brought you into the word manipulation business? Was it the loot, or just the fixings with a reputation of eternitizing lack of conscience?

Petulance not afoot, resemblance to the guard dog days without the dogs

I found the perfect instrument for my inability to cross the midline. Watch me fumble the bass clef while inhabiting those blossomy notes females sing, not to mention the insertion of viola clef during those fictitious off-hours when no one really sleeps. Say the regime you most liked posted five-year gains where there were really only four. Invest again just like the fools you follow. Breakdance to show you care for Cartesian things or want to brighten Sturgis or some portal where the coveting is epidemic and the priests are all at lunch. Maybe to have burst a taut string holds a space for you. Also perhaps there are small clamps that you can use to distract from the issue of tone deafness in neighbors. Whose ordinance was the one prohibiting low flying planes? And how were helicopters supposed to make their share of busts? The neighborhood, wherever you define it, veritably crawls with smoke of undesired commerce. What is the community approaching? Where morality or its appearance can be wedged, it is, by glib uncovered prejudice with thinning hair and fossil fuel and damages. The light perpetually frightens on. We change the bulb. We leave our trance. We scope the sequence of enlisted strains and call it symphonique.

Surprising tunes and laminated license good till I turn 60

This so-far
Crafted permanence
Whispers sans
Repetition

Unsudden and delicious
Bass tones
Disturb some louder
Universe

I press my face against
The glass of
Factual indifference
Having spoken long-

Distance into a seasoned
Mirror, looking far
Away into the field
Of what I am

A stowaway
Stampeding
The illiquid darkness
With clear function

Frictioning away the
Dress rehearsal that
We confiscate
The sole

Resolution I will
Make is to be
Still against
The several measure

Rest. Whole communities
Breastfeed their young
Release
The legacy

Play me Claire de Lune or just the rests before and after which I can imagine

Painting my way through loyalty in sheets of diatonic haste

A form of peril injures trace minerals decidedly in waiting for their roles and absolutions

Fame enlists and braves its way through flora, fauna and resemblances

Quake-sure boasting masters the art of playing with a mute cone stuffed into the bell

Equilibrium might not remain a noun for too much longer

Linger power distinguished him from many other soldiers

Reference points of reference slowed to a dizzy crawl

Midnight is before I ever go to bed and thus the word has lost its prior sting

Referenda mink through derivations of democracy

We've never been to Yellowstone, nor has Midas been invited here

Grandchildren, the very thought of growing dim with such a tiny audience

Magnificat strumming failsafe nice to be home again in longhand

Welcome to my angelic, reasoned neighborhood, with mist and leaves and music swelling from a saxophone swiped from a forties film. How do I learn to distance myself from your impairments, such as votive recreation of intending to do less where I do more? This is our son, remember? The one with the frenetic eyes who traces wounds from repartee contiguous with standstill dark. I trellised him from vigilance, at which point we coped and twined our way with razor certainty that we were flush with vigor and would always lure familiar values into our same bed. Now the cardboard declarations lame their way into a hostile park and underline our naysaid yearnings to be separation envious and call the whole thing off. Our lovely son in time will tell the altar we have won, and go his separate way asking forgiveness for his curious. What are we waiting for with futures trembling in their fragrance all around us? This collapsed lung of an earth inspires us with a legendary fire no one can prove exists outside its lyre.

Comfort music in the spool collection, wedged into a different place where there is little room to trance

Spine gravitates to spine-
Traced variance,
And what is still
Anchors in-depth
The known
When gravity unleashes
Iff-ance doting
Wide-to-the-left sightseen
Standstill
Mother me dear boy
As though uneven fibrillations
Of your ivy
Build a building that requires
These special glasses to believe

Keys have my recycled light and pain and welling up of spaces in them. All the ink is fingered off. So I no longer have to guess. My hands know the way. This path accretes the semblance of a permanence in flux. Jazz pickpockets the classics and leaves the shell on someone's celebration table with the tulips necking in giraffe-necked vase. Don't even think about returning the already used indulgence. This is why we get so backwashed by the tentative and nascent snow. We fibrillate our notions like the effervescent back light of the crow. Simple and salted near the polecat wondrous as the delete low chariot. Spin spun soothed where nibbly little 'edlights leave the learning to us. I'm solo for the nonce, don't disresurrect me from that patent darkness. Many say-sos quill their way into a text and then I wish I had not seen them. When they're mine I always want to tension how they work their way straight out.

Pacing as a matter of routine, to document inebriation

Belief nestles into system carelessly.
Leaves word I have lifted
Something other than a casual card
Catalogue so the imprint

Glosses over parity
Contingent upon
Ravishing amendments costing
More than the umbrellas underwhich

We vie to trade identities
As though a glock were
Pretensed oughtfully
To a wherewithal in brackets

Seeding, shouldering
The burden of the brick,
The gift of such
Result, an insularity.

The attitude of mellow trumpet was his gig for warming women to prospective touch. You could be female faultlessly and hear the wicked blues shamrock their way across the cruise table like a breathless gent. Slowly give in to the transparency she thought she should fill in. As sword leaned down to prill the topskin off her braincap. He had a grip and would be famed, and she could shoulder blame like any well-taught hammerance. Moreover, they were sudden to be victuals in someone's prance. The Davis of a moebius thing went scruffy soft and second hand. She moved it and recanted. All of her went fever dry. The humor in the jazz place gathered in the feather of a motion picture reference. Over and again the light piped in deferred comp- of a sort that she could feign to live on for a peck of days and have him not feel changed. The best of us was left there in a scalding house of none-of-this-ever-occurred-am-I-right.

Stir crazed coating on the headrest that would form a partial brain

I would like to tell you that I work too hard to rush into relaxation. My sexuality's a matter of compliance. Let's be clear that this for me is work. There is a cozy split infection we call personality that lets me place my head upon the softest warmth and let that not be you. What do you picture when my name is called? Interruptions can be traded for infractions. Plain faces for the poster claims of legendary crypts. To want you is my job. Now let us measure where we are and how much farther we will be from ecstasy when in each other's company. I'm happy dodging potholes. The prescription input is as good as sectioned silence.

Whenever there's a poem I'm not about
To waiver on my fear of flexibility
The ripple tries not to hurt the status quo
For it is dutiful, we know exactly
How to dress for it
Another piece of news: to know the words
Is very much like saying I repudiate emergent
Suffrance or I laterally rebel against
Stray youngsters who defeat their own aims
By the culture of their breathing
Nominative cauldrons like passing trains
Lure onlookers to causes
Momentum is the irrisistance to a fact of life
Displaced by time if you can sandwich in
A ripcord where there are oceans
To be dried, remember my indulgence
And my slate of officers for you
To recommend, the clock is flicking ashes
On your molly skin, so bear down on
Indifference and try to make some people
Score a passing grade all by themselves
No less than one per quarter, several in the shade

apart-
icles re-
wash cell-
phones

if/where
then do
I locate

your holidays
plain
ambi-
dext-

fire station(s)
feats, gloat
points in

recession,
won't just
pass

railroad meta-
phors indignify
their leisure weeds

the prince
now out
of work

and equally
the brilliant
pauper no
one registers

as clear
as nothing
else

welcome
to past
tense
altar cloth

and strewn
seeds fibrally

aghast near
tensions feeding

wrought magnification
passers-by
elect to have
ignited hand-
over-hand

dry sense
of humor
patronized
emulsified

distemped

Glossary evokes plenary faith healing. Tooth and nail epoxy forms indifferent slow gilt mown staff bane. Episodically in love as I for twenty plus years am still capable of falling daily hourly in the sphere of. This illucent phase premoods just where we're going hummily never a- nectar part. Because of twilling in the slave grade atmospheric play grass no more than a henry from capitulance the hay made dandily with heart. The generic "you" moves crew-necked. I am recently thus fallen from the earthworn pact as chivalry posts witty gains and shares rows of insectuance. Try me/ bathe me/ craft my swaybacked temperance all altar long the climb out of injurious stillettoed silence brings to bear. On books one-at-a-time glowing parturition in the vested dark.

Reminiscence fades into Topeka park lanes dwindling in renown just as we (th) ought

Living where summer fictions its knelt way even through January crosses
threshold springward so the lilt birds stutter back

And we are it the full range of invariant rings trilling the pond

To have sun wafer simmered light

Is bask to me, I altar monthlong without parchment to decry the perjors ought
to bake their own lard bread

Of which I am left crusts and stinging nettle for medicinal

We walk we trade exaggerations and we quill along the paper trail's voluptuum
for now taut

Stolen frame misfits the pictured crime

With no one left to judge

Nearly two o'clock
On Sunday's leisurely
Familial house
Purse-

Stringing
Fatherly along
The tincture
Of our home

Who's counting brevity's
Own nominative hours
For which I make
Vowel sounds and

You eschew invibrancy
Of rubber bands
Too untaut
To serve as twelvestring

One or two clouds
Bruisance
In an otherwise
Empirical advance

Of day's bright
Branching toward
Enlightenment, a ritual,
A pieced-

Together row
Of facts to open
Retrograde so soft
As to be trilled

Hypothesis of ivy
White with wood frame
Trimmings to repair
A day