

Skinny Buddha

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Skinny Buddha and the Timely Rinse of Lamplight

She wore loose-fitting clothes toward naptime. All the windows, laced with forethought, dumb as blind(s). She lay fitless with an altitude unsketched. It seemed near time to dim the rodeo aswirl in dreamed out-takes, thus once, for all.

Beside her was no laminate, no lamentation, only solitude this pressed. *Despues*, she lingered in her holiday propinquity to meet mysterious young makers ex post hacko. Many modular inducements might next trawl for yield from sedentary windows. Who eclipses trenchant fallout? Spring?

She decided to impede the free-for-all, with trees too tall for worthiness. She read, she dwelled, she op-ed-ed her way into encomiums of trawl. Herewith, her law degree was too much meadow, too few sheep. It simplified the water and the greenery, despite her residence in city state and lunge.

Meantime, the lackeys with testosterone bred daggers while she practiced failing to have wept. She liked their drive. She ached to try methods of solving integers astride integrities this long, this harsh, this wide.

The mood went retro and the upkeep stayed a strain. She hoped for madrigals to wean her of the clay around impedimental glee. What of leaves, and what of word count? What of brotherhood, when she had only sisters to remind?

She liked a tiny jug of not-new wine sometimes to spruce the clouded windows, to induce the clotted frieze, to matriculate with dignity atop her teased or wrinkled hair. Most of the modesty was frilled. Some of the plangent fortitude was made up like a lilt of swine in the indicative. Many paranormal strategists declined her invitation to remove the common mood in favor of an altar cloth. She, daughter of some numb, plumbed her known chutzpah to avoid regression therapy prepaid, pre-corseted, prevaricating with the toe rings where she planted them.

She filled sleep with her rationale for doing so. She indented on the couch. Her silver wheeling made the cusp of latter-day infringing support the clop upon the crunch test driveway. "Holy matrilineal declension," she cried. But that was then, and this is corduroy. Why not invent a syllable to go with patronizing and pre-tests. The linger patronymics vaulted into claustronomia. Right where she nodded off to sway into the broadcloth. Tempted razed and follicled both ways.

As with many forms of Damocles, she limbered her neglect in time to meet the vitriol with young, spent sugar. She was dimed, foretested, and rescheduled in her palm capital "p" as if and only avenues would creed her where she wept. If only pacemade lint were batched for sea sail, she might adumbrate, she might defray the cost of lazy made infractive silt. But no. She wandered once again from gender as she had been properly adduced. If not now, why? If not then, practice!

All the seashells in the natter world were holding clues no mimic could skate past. She dampened even viewpoints to tuck in her pointed made. Unless a far side were to finger her for theft, she might invent another self to match detachment still withholding. All

that, after a finicky repression came to louse up follicles apart from her misgiven midwife patch of health toward new careers.

When is anyone this apt to fortify another? Moist distracted speech replenishes its obvious condition. More windows defy their lace than could be monitored. More recusal than can be adept is left on tablets. When a prophet comes around, who factors in a matching gloss?

Temptation's like a latitude remaining on full throttle. Maybe she induces fragile reach. Perhaps not near the tundra. Equally perhaps apart from strings in keepsake midsect springs. For nautical to work, there need be stray mammalian glands. And this was how she tried to work, foregrounding in the midst of improvised quick winter.

The Verb To Be

maybe what is beautiful is
repeated fare amid fanned heat
back and forth
and maybe clarity
the pond the street
noise inter
spersed
the latchkey moment of soul's puberty
a single sheet with cartoon keys tapped
to perfection
love's
asleep
swept to the side a blog with nothing
on account
of keeping
the erasure
live

I thought participation
once a fair disturbance
then some vatic change
of scope to sequence
images from lurid
to the topic brand of
white blue satchel hope

he mists me as she
clothes the wilderness
she paces back
into the closed room once
before he stumbles far
from *pacem*

maybe this prescription
"the thing is, is that . . ."

I used to keep entirely
to my
and I used
to
where was I
going with
that first church thought lane
perspicacity meaning
the lucid's
clothed with
summer scotch
away from
how he'd
celebrate
his day
of birth

potato salad
cole slaw
chicken
I don't quite
remember
root beer

the steam
engine
offspring
elders
in-between

I don't know how to speak to any
body anymore who would remember
what it was the ones who were so young
are older in their thoughts than
I was going to tell you of some small
the dishtowel being flown
meant not surrender
it meant lunch

I don't know how to speak
to

anymore
and sun was
plain

a shame to have
brained down on

what we were together
unequal to
what we were apart

the length and width
the streaming
torment

-versely
silence until

laterality and to be
sisters thus in
situation both
comedic and estranged

Posture remands itself to folds between the integers. Her lakeside portability when sprigs of sunlight ricochet off hood-ornamental figurines resembling Jack LaLane. Conditions leading to resurgences give luster to the fly-page. One's dominion has been quelled again. Lead singer's mute throughout the lead song while guitar plucks on. I thought of D all through the little sprint across the store fragranced to magic motets with cadres of mini-audience to serve the pianist succumbing to the grand parked on floor-two alongside better dresses. D used to write there in another city where the freshness and the compositions being spooled across the shiny floor seemed more real than other praxes. Now it is I who live, and I can't stand the ground on which this building has been perched. The program showed a country club of prefab shoulder-chipped nouveau-ners who impaired their own ability to be gifted compliments. Beginning with a golf cart, Mr. Plump prime mover spills all needed language to preclude incendiary speech or spears. To try for size one loses peaceable perspective. Several courses taken with sundowners easily persuade the visitation team to reconsider digging in. Something in the realm of hurt precludes a smooth transitioning to possibly an easy move, one consciously owning resilience.

recreation

a miniature cymbal
spl ices humdrum
lanky airspace
warm as lotion on the skin

akin to labor f laws
in kept pace
simple to the iron or e
revoking innocence

across fields pressed
in waves day after
morrow's genteel
overcast as timbre

creases slats of fabric
parceling the window light
fine powder in
the grace note of our oxygen

Sc old
Ref rains
F rom
Ether
Dusk clubbed
With econometric
Overage
When w
Heeled in
To a head
Rest bedded
D own
Tuning fork
Lift karma
Raderie
This once
Be-
Dazzled up
Tick scar
To scar
Resplendent
After
Care
Moon
Shawled
Where trees
And pond's
Cool damp
Foresakenness
Abide

Octagonal Rapport

They would gesture
Closer
To fulfillment
Before tumbling
Out of favor
Gavotte a field
Of personal
Memoir be-
Holden to
Contrariety
Behold a better
Nascent chime
Seed than
Your Walter
And a cozy
Speech to simmer
Fractions on
And on

She would be
Hesi-textual
He would be
Likewise
Prompt only
The deadlines
Headed for pulp
Extravagant as
Toned frau
Maudlin when
In context

Someone mean-
While tuned to
Notoriety records
The incident there-
By precluding further
Indi-candescent
Speed bumps
In the altar
Causeway leaning
To the left
And out

Her smooth repeal of clapboard stasis primed the safety. Coexistence in a rebar sort of cogitation. Town like spoken silver of a gnosis twinned to passel free-pane as a cryptic visage traced to barbecue although whirlwind. If you are reading this be sure to hold back what you feel you've earned before receding into cornices. The former this and that returns to her adult life to give succor to a lineal confection that in nineteen fifty-some, the luck recoiled until a person crafted space around the court. Freehand remained the way to call up semi-thought, or was it half the needed speck, the smithy reasoning held global pact in jeopardy. Why not renounce the shell-toned blue in trace redemption. Fossils leave the feathers where they've fallen. Were she spaced sufficiently apart from maturation. Nonesuch primed as cordials squealed remainders into ear trumpets belonging to their betters. Safety clutched the feedbag where it happened to have sprawled. People repaid their drama debts. One rode the bus. One limbered up the body to recast the point of mind space. Buildings full of toys nested alongside square points. Referenced panes lifted from scorch points. There were Everest spiels beside a person's striking hair. The kind of smile one held when blessed or so. With nest egg sizable by craft. Unless the suddenness retracts her best.

F Lute

During prayer a soft p lace
Came a
Cross my sense of
H earing s he
Sounded pro-
Fessed
I did not win
ce

The first movement
Of giving up
The instrument p
Lucked
Parallel to
Re
Collection

Repaired
A tepid
Final
Tinsel
Cauterized

Lanked as
Silver themed
By shack
As keepsake

Checked as
Juris crude's
Own janitorial
Concession

Theory of color prescient
With motive / opp-

[

full hope
near
media circ-
abuzz
not long
over
t

Unshakable case
Blasph-
Summary
Judge [shopworn]
[as patched]

Kinetic frost [she lay awake]

Listing
Tantamount
To note- [Before she comes]
Taken [Riding six white]

of ten

for Rob

her e i s how
one pumped by zip
e quals three threes
plus one / two
fours plus one
and one / two
fives / one six plus
one four or
one eight with one two
ending as ten

(to last is
(all too similar
(to breath
(itself
(congrats
(and may it be
(ten more

Chalk

1.

Color of inner radish, prior to talk
Versed in vernacular twice
Fargo the limestone below
Bloomington or some such loosely
Knit cadenza of the cable car or
Stitching born to seem immaculate

2.

I wanted the whole box of it when
I was less than three. Vern Essee
Would not fork it. He just
Babysat in grad school while I
Genius in my own perfumed pine blockage
Of an insolence in later years called balance.

3.

Foster care, rough to the touch,
Compares with an unguarded Palo
Verde tree. The implication
That a resting place ought to be stretched,
Would rarely follow natural
Progression, mini-ventures meant to be
Less obvious than snow-capped.

4.

When language is unleashed on sidewalks,
Corresponding obvious restraint
Comes hither to ephemeral
Owned means of being dazed
In point of fact. Detached from
Snows, the feeble lines of code
Demarcate tender offer after
Tendre croppes. Leafed through space
These migratory birds release from brackets
Skylight. Thus approach the falsified
Pretense of these arrears.

Contributory Statutes Waning

Bluelined bird thread splays the pine tones
Hitched to thatched sparse overtime's imperial
Redress mention
On condition of relapse as such
Restraint at having fairly glowed
The menace shelfly as
A stand rims cool

Maligned worth ceases speech
A divination clusters its way safely
Through chance light's
Fidelity as triumph waits
To formulate momentum
Factors seen to magnify
A calculated speech

frost upon the landmark /
sips her tea / she sups
the hammock swaps its space
with walnut warmth
the dark wood lines external
trees and tones reach bird send
as the cinders form the other line
gray feathers tingle in a mittened wind
and sundry long waits
spawn a parakeet-like riffing
joie de vivre projected onto imagery
tucked between pages
sliced by chance
weighing a thing or twenty-two
the years crush present tense
an aisle once followed
forms one fathom at a time
accompanied by strings and plucking sounds
as various thin strands of tangibles
give jobs to hundreds as the body chemistry
affords four wheels that work in uni-somnia
before work chafes this willow close to doves
whose symbols crush the posse
trounced upon by smooth seniority
by clamor and the few texts
still in keeping with the ministry
gone tepid on the thatch
spelled in a letter pink and blue
while churning the rehearsal

flowers on a shrub
attract a flush of
butterflies

Site-Specific Rations

First

Canoes make soft sound lushing over steel shade skimming the experience arranged around a soft "g" sonority resisting breath from surcharge leaving motion its own dole approaching walkways with the eminence of closure spun into residual endangered clone still full of morning at the point of casual reality in shifted stance

Second

Fin types luge beside variety as lane change on matte finish far behind the eyes fidelity to mainframes missing from the reasonable learned repose of a museum glass still fevered buoyancy on file soaped over *minus* of shark repellent tweaking banter toward the noose

Third

Passed out lifted home a problem vaulted onto silken limber proof of purchase the vocabulary a choirmaster's chit whittled to sound one chants do you resist temptation to have rendered wrinkled prose whose tower is not mint enough to father splits the sumptuous long tone first elected then derailed from vastness and these height assumptions battle-weary though preceding morning

Fourth

Is the late part of an eight-year oval quiet within reach to leverage louvered drawer dismounted from purview lotioned or impaired against the grain of false utility a sacrament inclined toward plot trips lining freedom from wheeled neckline of distracted gills and safe penultimate perspective from too close away

Fifth

Comma seemed a period that ceased then flowed into continuance the northern lakes approached a blithe mood of remaining rain's rotogravure colliding with quick fade into a featured beneficiary with styptic wrist where quiver sliced a false array so pained as to have postponed knowledge of incited reverie sold short its stalled resources lanky in their trysts

As Such

Posthumosity encrypts what we are primed to celebrate while toting wingspan if and only if in freeze-frame. My personal experience retains its holding pattern as a cropped-while-germinating seedling. Scampering reserved for the injurious close-up of the place where salt achieves waist depth. Wavelets dry through summer. Slapstick doves are bones of stressed errata tossed into communiqués. With cloves so near the heart, a darker sweetness trailing paths.

Pensions denied, despite the *luminarias* defining hillsides before hilltops

Tenacity

Afternoon occurs in multiples within
A lifetime. Slurs are best left
Baked on time. The servitude
Of daily life affords no recent winter.

Seasons stave off tried largesse.
It's warm again. The snow is light.
Jackets come within view
Of the patched light after pruning.

Broken shadow parses leverage.
It is a soon spun world open
To patterning. A slower
Magic now. The lean tones

Give of selves we have not known
Or counted. All the integers
Have been browned beneath
The clouds of sea and broad ideas.

