

The Unfinished

That I ate all the circles
Of freeways tilted
On dark circum-
ferences jostling

Eros sighed. There was a matador
Involved
A kind of sickly entertainment
When the moon runs away

The throes were wrestled from the landscape
At the limit of what strayed
Like the cries of passing children
Or pedestrians at midnight

At the limit of repeating
Where you do not sing
In order to frighten birds away
Tender as an overreaction

A lens toward which you do not smoke
Is spoken of publicly like the demoted
In the emotive publicity stills where angels play
With those who imagine them to be angels

Rain in boxes the earth a lure
Edges of the night soaked humming

¹ Clean up the damp trees! Hunger is affected. In proportion to what we say is lost. Mangled, in case of the popular.

² It's the frivolity of calamity that really gets me off. The world exploded with the singing of bees. Does one "manhandle" a crisis, in tune with the exemptions of ringleaders? I think that waiting is not stopped. The cat rattles my pen.

³ I cannot know the ulterior desires of fatalists until thrushes rush into disparate bodies. What seems sure is eased by moments of bribery, touching down on what is not quite said. Was there an instant where brainstorm eased troubled suction? Hell as a means of social delivery—the leveling of desire. Or else some wind which charts our need to fire up the local.

⁴ Dispersed by intimate bluejays. In a hospital composed of language. To fuck in the meantime—though shadows are impaled by light. In the obscenity of a white page whose neatness troubles dreaming.

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What is it where we are starting
Aloof to changes that rang
On the detached luncheon
Without knowing what bothers the couriers

In the valley of description
Desperate day noon laid
Modularity at dark day one
With some of the fish lights torn off

Until bright increments shot back
It could get kind of awful
But you are giving it your all— 'A' is for awful
Aren't there already enough glockenspiels, bathed in blue light?

Then was it true that we'd brand all the cohorts
Until fish lights made this palpable?
It was an odd scale, under which to seize
All the banking motifs

When in fact we had done so— & still must go
Something hinted at on dark day one
Before we'd seize all photographic deviance
& Every wish is also pending

Remember when the lights went out? Will it ease your expression? As a crayon or pantaloons trashed at the onset. Of what? You like to ask questions. That's because answers seem dubious. It depends who is listening. To smoke a crayon like guests in questioning. An image of pants split down the middle. Anyone can say this, but no one has. To sing, this is obvious. A precarious listening. To document the guacamole (or something more serious). I still don't know who is listening. Spicer asked this first. To become pummeled with questions, or harbingers. Or else to get split down the middle. Who can say? Who's on first? A steady assignment. New pants, different ballgame. Although I am still omnivorous as tomorrow. Although I cannot hear myself whispering. Or you, speaking your voices, of which I already told you in private. Ever? Again?

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Kisses as givens. The procedure
Was blasted by ecstatic trains
Or, curving into you
The signal of a reversal. Something
You say has driven me to sway
To turn up the outcome or stakes
Of a tasting
Your tongue at the least suspended
Air or rendez vous— an imbroglia foliage
Tasted or involuntary
On the brink of an ecstatic letdown

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To consider the imaginary
While you wrap your long-stemmed glassware

In the park as if thinking were
Over

The parlances a heap of
Subject-
Positions in the positioning of an awry space

It's becoming a lacuna
For worn out birds
Again, before you say anything

Anything more in the admissions pliancy
Of having forgotten to speak

Or read your energy in the laughing vibrato
Of sad trees that you listen to

When we are aflame with unpacking apartments
To find the root note a lover's soot

A deciduous verticality like the poor man's appliance

A moot type reversal of taxis