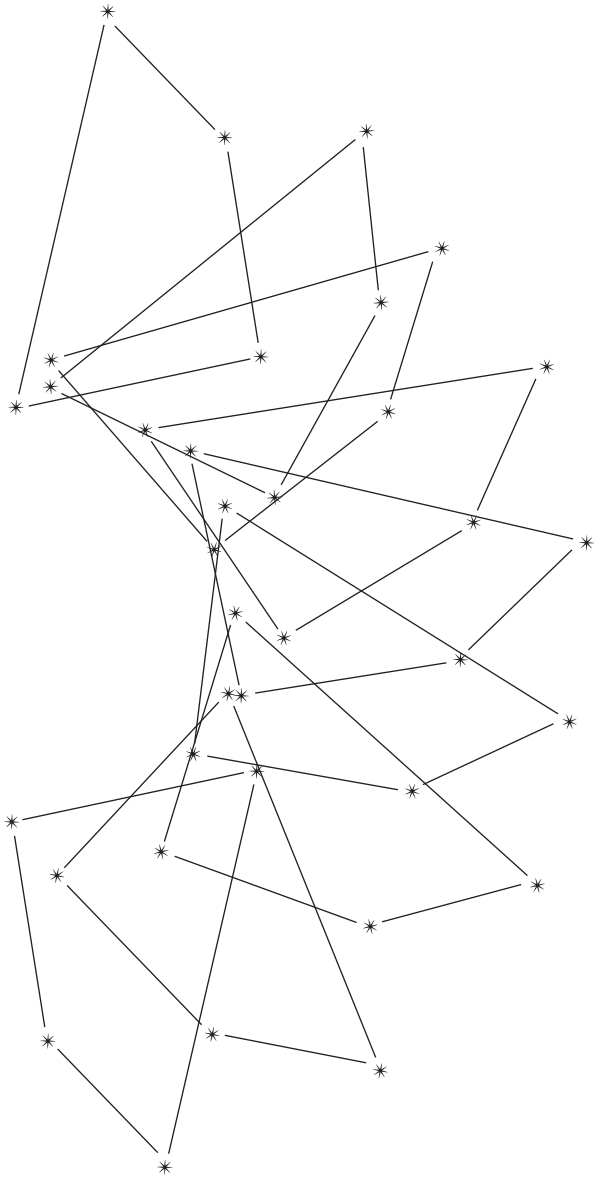
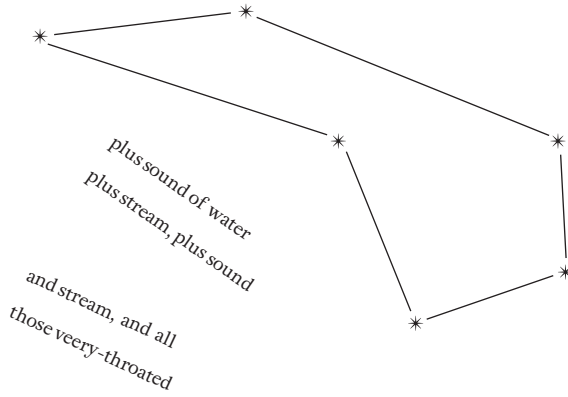


Scutum

o hum of solitude
is the light here
is a fine dizziness
to semblance a self on
to a towards of
another('s) knowing
knows another('s) toward
what frosty stamp is
better stump than others
though your arms still
round my distances
with a sky-like infrequency an
unpeachiness of clouds under
which even body can't gaze
as if it were like so many
ganglions of likenesses
as if it were like so many
skins for sale a skinking
(a)way to semblance worms'
fragrant iterations of
loam the ridged richnesses
of pretend potential
globbing it so the light here
so fine a dizziness it
fragrances into emblems of
another('s) tone which tones
this drizzle of gaps which
parts me into me
a semblance of fragrances
i know as the light-
headedness which giddily
sends me to you again
and again where
you(')r(e) waiting





*flutes threading depth
into forests*



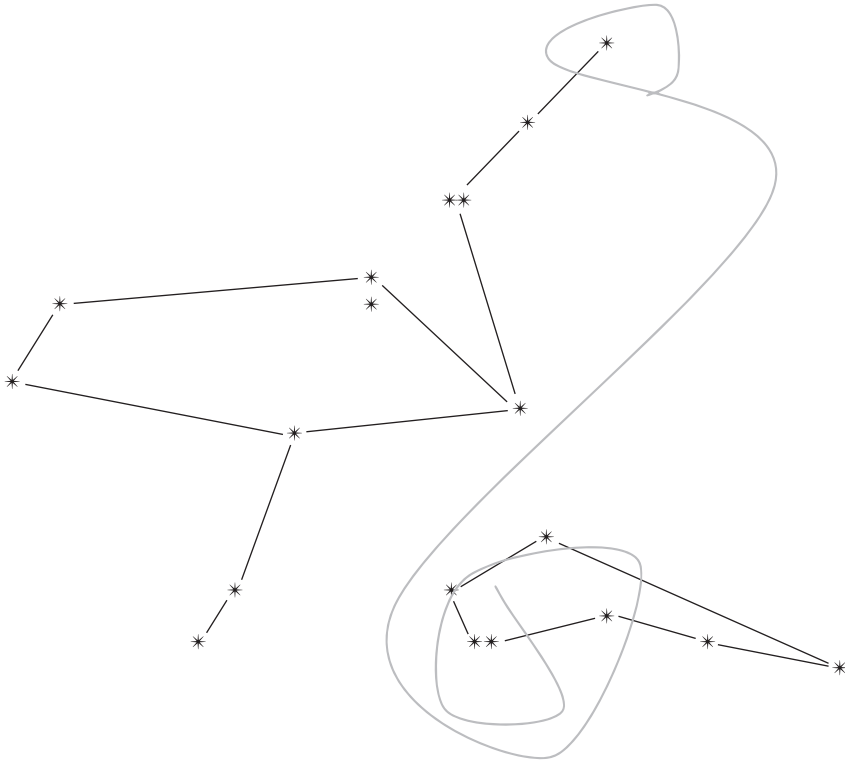
*all those flutes
breathing out*

*the under-dusk
of leaves, like atoms*

*like elements, like ponderous
small edge of conjunction*

pulsing in the seams.

Grus with Piscis Austrinus



FearedrivenTappingsOfTheBarbUnroadsKnobbingHeartampBrailikeOtolithsOfSleeplessInspeakInspawn:

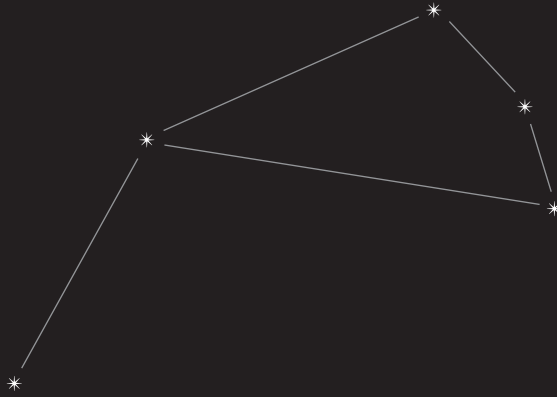
para-more rays in the gloaming
like phantasmal bird, fog-lit, frominside.

song of the blue-gut hazing the windows
repeats itself glottally, gurgley like coffee machines.

like everything, the gymnastic walk downstairs
to a table full of yesterdays, an alluvium of glacial hands

in the disconnect mounting into hardscape,
and one more nut unribboning blue-light like another sky.

Antlia



ribs re-
lease the-
ir grip

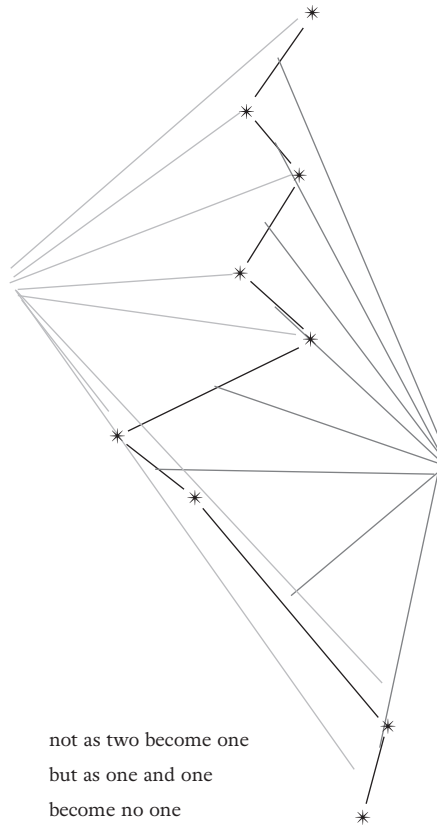
on tears
hurdy-
gurdy fr-

ee gut
puddles
at aud-

I-ence
eyes in
tacit un-

ion of
breath's long
out beat

this is ears of corn
full of their first dirge
the air scratched raw
with insect song



this is a river bank wanting
to be rid of the river

not as two become one
but as one and one
become no one
which is to say
many

Centaurus

what songs are left
to sing are snug
in a robin's throat,
whispered there,
practiced—star-
dust thinking

in thought of snow
on suggestion
of wings

in the tacit sentences
of slumber
the breath-bird
of your attention
sings

