

## Ratiocinational

How else do you convey a lettered body  
strung on motives? I mean las sociedades  
cosmopolitas foment, or you'd find that Footprint  
pasted in the windscreen with a gluey permanence  
where one press meets another making right?

Emancipation as a car crash *Musico-Territoriales*  
*del Casino* where people mix with pleasures  
mass articulate local like a country  
really took its limbs from being forced

Your dainty finger stipples make out  
wall art for the fricative sublime  
eyes shot over the sky, your mouth held up  
familiar un retrato para completar  
los costes y la precision presses  
biddable fledgling wings  
to make cruzaron el Atlantico a cruise  
for an eternal life secured

*I follow you, I'm going over*  
*to do the Being There thing*  
we've gathered with the mujeres  
de la difusion where the wing-swept  
corriedores *answer the question*

but it's painful, idea tight with feathers  
holds you at that break  
where paises numb their plano cultural  
with sugar time, with textile names  
we court to manufacturing's sublime

distractions make you come alive  
for their required thought, it's like  
the tensional unit we hear so much about  
the body trembling right  
at the juncture where it hurts?

## Commute

So I held it in the blanket  
and the sweet paste stuck  
and filled us with idea's  
blast-off premonition  
hitting swift-sack popping  
on the head of the held  
notion dead from burial  
though alive long after  
in the finite lovey-dovey  
kind memorial

the blanket had things to say  
wore its suit inside  
its stitches laughed to beat  
the broken ban pressed  
had ideas to share so then  
I kissed the swift fleet  
rammed-out bus material  
left without its number  
framed inside the shot-out  
window at the forehead

it could tell you going without  
smiling toward the windows  
left behind it sped the tearing  
sound of city ricketing against  
the soughed-in bird-chick  
monitor kept around my head

for when the bus holds reddened  
habits flitted at the bend  
    the earth-flown road's bent too  
the blown road held inside  
the city draws each step  
ground in electric solids  
blessed under-needles  
hurry the skin along in parts  
where memory holds its fingers  
where the drawing looks  
the fabric of your eyes  
torn in ideas where  
you're looking as the bends  
turn out where threads  
hold out the wheels  
    the engine flew red time  
its steer gut out the passengers  
armed with ghosts ride  
underneath their braids  
fly tassel cloaks to draw  
with hold the prior dear  
blank passage shared  
without forget.

## Warning fatigue

In a pre-recorded dawn of pure thinking  
a sovereign mind transfigures into pathos  
with a yelling voice a face framed as a question  
trumps for music *gnash of twirl and fade*  
you get the colour number text  
next mid-grade broke by law

together a kind of Domestic  
holding Rhetoric *they kind of "hold" you*  
*in a vice embrace* the soft lips reach set images  
nibs plunk muscularly closer to  
a chest of questions cross  
varied replies *of course* nod  
dangerous pleasant and did some  
exercises with our mouths in paper clothing  
overlaid with mapped-out tears

her shoulders melded in a wall  
a kind of stark Wall rising to the floor  
like the Architectural Man  
leading in the recent quantitative urge  
flowering *ngrams* across the science of the particular  
following our estranged links  
to singularity what diverge we follow  
altered teeming volume cantos

payback playback time raw  
data malfeasance *you know*  
one of the most clearly *scheduled* along zero  
maximum value to the rim

the mouth like System comes on  
fast to pseudomorphia's power rills  
blows the bird inside your call  
until it engines there until  
subventions fracked by digest  
break us out