

FIRST

If nothing comes first
—there will be a Riot of time.

Over over-
Throw
there is nothing.

A, ad-
vance, a
Threat
of dark upon
light, the very Idea
of color.

Unred
the road, its
Turn a-
Part
—its pattern
a

connective void, the
Unlikely a-

Voidance of all
rays, of all right.

So hopeless is the play of Place,
canted to one & one condition, shun.

Now to speak the spike
Into unhurt name, the
heart—

That thought of *that*, that
thought of thought
alone—

THE ABSOLUTE LETTER

Proof primitive:

That two sticks
point toward

A

vanishing:

A

accumulation.

Compass-mouth

stopped by its own measure:

that, belated, uncalculated, yet

Shone as shown:

A

version in in-
version.

A

pure statistic, imperative to stay

Past saying—

for
ever fails
Before *every*, son & sun.

A
bent intent.

A
atom:

Meaning *word*, missing a
letter, waits upon a power within a powder.

All in thrall
to what thrives
as *there*, & its theory—

as throw & throw, as mantic
Tick through unmeant Time.

Fallen letter, avian V, in-
verse A.

Two parallels meeting at

A
Road eroded to a line—
A
dark abstract stroke.

ILLOCUTIONARY REELS

- Die rolls, rules die.
- Reaper, repairer, here appear.

- Wear sorrow, noiseware.
- Ring, bring news from nowhere.

- Offering fearing, Law of the Father, both neither & nether beard.
- So motion drips down: first & last liquid.

- Voice voice, mark mark, as *voices of ice* is to *vices of eyes*.
- For a chorus is incarcerated in every point of space.

- Every sentence repeats the past.
- “Senseless” alone tunes tense to the height of heat.

- Arc as ark hides hives, swarming in relation to the rest of reason.
- The circle of time is an arc hive.

- Language lies like a block on the tongue.
- So, called, passion, so, cold, position.

- To know no now.
- The animal leaves its senses every moon, every moan. No-man, gnomon.

- *We be*, betrayed: *we* to treat the trait of *alone*.
- *House* has *roof* to refer to *fire*.

- Written rotten: the later the letter, the righter the writer.
- Think, thank, thunk: O god-dawn, gone down.

- Enough of knife, of knife, of of.
- & the wound so wound, the sound so wound.