

APPRAISER

What follows is probably at someone's expense.
(You now hear money spilling out from a piano.)
History was a mirror at a corner of the future,
and in fact, you can, from right where you are,
imagine consciousness, too, around the corner in a room
against a wall near the floor, and do your thinking there,
and so a plain, deliberate day does grade into a joy
almost unmoored from informations and their clamor.
This, in addition to the rest of your life, the life you lived
before we never met, before you set fingers and head
to skewed alignments of words, their depths mostly dim,
their surfaces seething, their shapes not much allowed
or just allowed unemphatically, as memoryless as cataracts.
But then you'd also turned them, the words, and hence
all that's in them—an interest in daylight, gardens,
and amounts; time always, love always, once more
with two feelings: the work of your discarded looks,
the scream of some small wheel that makes for speech.

Forever's a remedy, but as a remedy it's too easy.
(You once heard money spilling out from a piano.)

In the slick of any throat, there's much potential,
and yet with no great hope of impending understanding,
as full of calculations and arrangements as you are—
and damned if, having tested it, a plum in your hand
the way the sun's in a chuckhole, you'll forgo this view—
you know the closest you can get to you is meaning
not being mutual, but that there's some correlation
between world and having paid it any mind. Again
with this amateurish stitching, a symptom of sound
on your mouth and maybe others, a slag heap of sorts,
but recognizable, a few windows sheened in its dust
if you're lucky enough not to have worried too much
or so closely that you start to slowly vanish all day,
while over guy-wires, the stars like sand in bread, it all
(or in another word, nothing) keeps happening, newly cut,
yes, and as you won't have understood by then, not dead.

SENTENCE SOUNDS

(CENTRAL AND MOUNTAIN)

Oh. I lead off with loss again, the present
tense behaving the back way into the past,
that grand scheme of blooms and their moving too fast,
among which, unlikely, I lived and I don't,
my vantage points only the coast of myself,
an endlessly drawn-out sarcastic-ish kiss
at water making new pictures possible
and less, the days it rains and days it doesn't
trailing off into the record, the future
then ruining music for once and once more.

WITH

The natural place to begin is with
what amounts to our condition: glory
hallelujah, collateral Adderall,
collateral *quel dommage* along
the I-don't-do-umbrella Chippewa.
If the hinge of day can be called early,
we started early—hair of the dog—
and what we'd've given for a little tape hiss
to fraternize with, while the Enlightenment
tidied up our piles of mail.
This box that's made in ease's image,
we hear it out all year (e.g., a railroad tie
not quite itself among the flowers
someone's Photoshopped around it).

Got to bed last night same time same positions,
did some okay praying to the void.
Then woke away from there in shades the shapes
of flames or tall grasses, one stale almond in
each mouth or so it seemed and so it seems.
Now that we've improved all over everything,

am I, or are you, the sort of thing
that could be one of the many, or the few,
particular creatures in this world?
We like to say we hate the visual arts,
the ways adults address their children and pets,
the open sore or sewer we call the sea.
A single kinked leaf, still getting to be that way—
have at it. Or don't, because it's only not at fault.