

Further East

The branches twist
as crooked lines of thought.

Aligned paths that break
and terminate at a geometrics
are pale points of a star.

Last night, the injunctions of St. Matthew
weakened me with their accumulation.

As though an irritated angel piled on
the words faster than a scribe could write.

When I lay the book down
it flaked. Shattered skin's
flicks are still there.

These actualities are hard to discern
veiled in smoke and sequins
like a cocktail party mid-60s.

I imagine that a hand reaches in
and removes the rock on my tongue.

Further east aqua curls around the pussy willow
stalks in a jar on a table.

And outside the clouds disperse
the angel's activated hair.

Who says
write this.

Script

Yesterday, a spoon
clinked against a cup
while I sat here alone.
As though a creak
from a dimension. Or
a trace from a streak
that transparently idled by
that possibly lives in the corner.
The bathroom mirror smears
after cleansing
as though the goop were a pale script.
One section of twilight
is a pearl colored oblong
compressed by rolling gray slabs.
While I rewash the mirror
I see another sky, blue as a bathroom.
A convexity that ends in a juncture
beyond that
an infinity spreading
wet on the eye.

Paler than an Egg Yolk

“Take over the garden from the elders”
came as a kind of puzzle in a dream.
Words as boxes that hold the yellow drool
that runs down the wall of a mouth.
This is no garden just store bought pussy willows
tipped over in a bottle
as branches bang against the glass.
Forsythia was written on a pail but I went by that.
Now the pale sunlight paler than an egg yolk
I would almost describe as intermittent or hesitant
darkens as air slides past
things in a room.

Gates of Glass

The unsayable is the darker purple cape.
A cloud in reverse. Contained and spilled.
You can't help but mumble to strangers.
Define a relation
if nothing else. It's all a wedge of nothing.
A pliable book like a fish on the beach
of bluish writing all over the ground.
To extend that canopy as it recomposes
is to fly inside it.
If eyelashes are wings
that encircle the serrated round
words are brass locks
and gates of glass.
Drifting embodiments
by the churning lavender lake.