

oval in evening, body's little bad translator, like myself, about to begin, there, how this artichoke unfolds, clinging like a feeling at the end of sleep, scooped out of what grips, moving backward, forward, backward, forward, to get to the heart of the matter, heart of thing, leaf, oil, spring, light above my head crackles then swells, it is burning up, big as a balloon, block of morning in June, memory snags no connection, entering the world that hangs porously on morning, thread of life passes through me vertically and I feel it in me, pulling in opposite directions, growing repeatedly, elongating pause of missed

corn or agapanthus, plastic, crop, rubber button, what I am doing, I only know how to construct small images I climb out of, it could almost be string, it is almost night, there is no man in it or woman, then in the dream there are rows of ancestors and friends, lovers, roots, rose, breath, faces moving up and down, wine-colored buffalo wings, windowless bibs of silence, a single dream can trace a contradiction, an internal one, like two arrows pointing at each other, unless contradiction isn't conflict, there, there, snouts stuck in cream, vying hole, what's on the radio, dig out pigments from ashtray,

mouth is somewhere else, ant farm, bee nest, little eloping hairs, windows are forms of escape, off you go like a horse with your eyes swelling to pinpricks, horns that pierce the fine tunic of road air, I keep getting moved around by strangers' eyes, or they keep getting moved around by mine, they have no satisfying angles, no pure margin, I hear their humid speech, their chameleon words, borrowed, and there are fingers in them, similarly, gaps in place of the crotch, fog powder, where differences are hard to touch, unlatch, what is withdrawing, watershed, something pushing like a sun, up, since

morning, venturing close to artificial shadows, watered down, me fizzing like a fig on a dashboard, sped up as a gun, I am getting shoved into all the weight of emotion, porphyry, knots tightly knotted, hills cut in half, I'm bored already, pretend to think about something else, pretend there is room for surprise, I start to remember your everything, wanting to explain the preliminary, dainty, reversible logic of a person, fences, hardly beginning, see yourself mounting stairs, color of sink, silences you lie in, what to do with words that stall, yielding to minor chunky unstitched landscapes, easily replaced, what

does it mean to finish, trying to make sense of things, synonyms for rummaging through the length of a small, dried dot, as if wounds had etymologies, this is where you must live, hard to complete, derailed voice as clumsy athlete, polliwog under faucet, winter getting warm, it's easy to inherit a limp, e.g. Oedipus, deep absorbent open areas I walk over like puddles and I never have time, I'm always mopping up, I can't see what's moving, all this must appear as fireworks dissolving into façades, sandpipers in dunes, not knowing how to finish, particular word is a wasp, suppressed in cubicles, hours ago,

breezes are everywhere, winter is a bundle of necks, I said to you, “sew me an ear’s white drum,” you plow words like water and arrive at the noiseless island of your throat, detached neighborhoods, I want to be free to ruin circles, this history of fluid doorways in night open like clay, it’s boiling out, whatever is hidden is in those miniature bones of the neck, it is today, I thought it was a mauve vest, trees against trees, productions of surfaces that pour out of streets, when one’s body doesn’t fit one’s head, grease covers my entire expression, many themes can be found in this face, and what words

are folded inside your facial gestures, the face makes a sound of shrinking, there's a whittled beach, because it is blue skies again, blue scraped off the wheel, blue is scraped, everything tastes like soup, mistakes are points of departure, mistakes are catalysts for shape, for variation, multiplicity, if you look in a mirror you can see a whole list of your "mistakes" and "successes," such formations of accident are never neutral, though they exist alongside aggressive piles of adjectives and nouns they appear to never touch, absence of weight is a weight in and of itself, there is so much tingling

going on, all around, it is damage, it is good damage, surface of this pink I see before me is damage, bits of living, what wrinkles out of rain, you wish you could be specific, like a policy of détente or a cracked jug, name is a vegetable slowly growing in my head, wasp gone, now words made of bees inside too much vegetable, it can be uncomfortable to hear for this reason, but one can't close one's ears, hands as useful as lids made of feathers in this regard, blowing, blowing, vegetable bee, all flapping, brain in thought can be old wallpaper peeling away to reveal even older layers, those

layers can be folded into geometric shapes that have no value except to reveal depth, which even paper can betray, sky like contents that's been looked at too many times, sky has been passed through a machine, sky is the remainder after it has been used, is whitish after so much use, I will be aloof, shapeless, demanding, plateau of shrill feeling, this is how you do it, we are getting closer, at our usual places, the obvious analogy is with a person, who, washing the windows, vanishes in glass, relationships move like suspicious playthings, like a memory with its meaning diluted into language,

like the limit of a digression, baggage we carry, perpetual history, and memory up on a wall, what we had hoped for, as if we could trap ourselves, definite as background music, I like materials that grip, the world is true and real, or is it real and true, the difference in the order of operations, your arms are strings of water, your arms are unequal shawls, stairs in water, door's milk, something is touched we don't know, everything is entire and slips, morning grit, cloud straying from some stopped sunned turf, that was before you washed and rose, felt objects vaguely coming into focus,