

Her raw mouth removed from not  
knowing : A fjörd, a black beach, rock spines  
thickened or thinned by ocean : Songs  
she rubs, cliff-rims : Gray-green rounds pressed  
leaf-shaped to wet street : Asphalt  
rain : Sour hummed reach of her metal  
chambered microphone : When is a voice  
a piano : Hunched back gilded tendons,  
sinews : Strings woven by what can't tie  
so many circles make a song : Transitions  
cut audiences : Red flesh chaps  
her tongue to lip : Gluts red clapboards  
under sun, under lamplit swings yellow fielded  
: Repetition needs to believe : believe : a heresy :

## The Last Word

why don't you say something / nice for once / the baby rattle snakes back / and  
forth on the cheerio / crumbs flailing the car / floor we should get over / green  
grass that hurts / and moves on the railroad / tracks open the mountain / in  
two parts / with a hole always / at the center / we hold our breath / then exhale  
waiting / for the moon to arrive / in one piece / we force / to feel / relief at the  
rumble / strip aching / its dark sounding / its small siren / in gravel warning /  
like sandpaper tasted / suddenly under / the tongue chalking teeth / forth and  
back to no / reason we tether / for the last word / our baby bobbing / the car  
seat / like a sad animal / I'll count to ten / you'll count on swallowing / my back  
and forth / how many times / you apologize I / become an echo / a hollow /  
a hollow who / I really wish / was sorry

to the

room

grown

/ inside

time

/

I said

you'll be

/ to stop /

falling off the turning /

blue-black