QUARRY

There’s a will to drown consumer electronics
that’s distinct from revolution. Local kids smoke spliffs and cliff jump
the quarry. To have perhaps re-encountered yourself in
anger, natural as infancy in water

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It doesn’t smell so somehow circulates quietly through generosity and
impermanence. Against the Law, which is Summer
There really is no discernible bottom. They described people they
desired as present or, so present. Edged by jagged rocks and slime, the
middle is sun traversing evening water. A pat description of beauty is that
which cannot last. This empire’s lumber is sadness.

Saplings and weed.

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Afternoon’s boredom/bodily anarchy. The Eno winds through land-
locked towns to loop around the empire of mosquitoes
Hang a right at Citgo. To say she’s present really means everyone else is just not really there. The thereminic cry of girls before they hit the water. Grind w/ their granite lichens to sand. Light scatters through the canopy as a disco ball throws light.

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Lost for a time in the abstract forest of your name. Leave me now in the head-holler.