



Precarious to balance on the threshold travels with the legible already melting

Precarious

melting

the threshold

the ice

to balance

is thin

travels with me

Already

on the legible

Precarious, to balance
on the legible. The ice is thin, already melting. And the threshold travels with me.





INTIMATE CONVERSATIONS

Scattered hues of green do not amount
to a body of water, and yet here we are,
skipping stones on it. Even though
the concept will dissolve when held
against the misty interplay of light
and other, more elusive spectra.
Your most simple observation
speeds across the surface
while I fall back in tangled arcs
of boolean logic. Despite the brilliant
use of friction, it's impossible
to grasp what pours through
each consecutive enclosure.
The contours too complex, the structure
tenuous, like inner feelings,
or the sway of tones enveloping a mood.





THE STRUCTURE OF DETACHMENT

tangled currents, dark
submerging dark

reflections
wave as they tug

at their roots
a few weeds

plucked
from the unsteady

fragile braid, the sensate
strung together, self

within a sheen of self

the voice
might be a line

that gropes toward
surface

dangling
in the foreground

solids where the gaze
might rest

a raft tossed out
the glittering

thread



POSTCARD FROM APHASIA

Here at the unraveled edge of the immediate spills out of its description floods each word is full of things that open to the archives bleed through the emulsion. Categories hover like the longed-for respite from experience continues skidding downhill always out of focus isolates one aspect from another leaves its bruise on the porosity of time. I take what notes I can but words are useless in the rain pours down the stairs into another question overlaps its boundaries spread evenly in all directions.





POSTCARD FROM APHASIA

All the casual
certainties are dangling here
The distance seems

a little asymmetrical
My name is a
haphazard shelter
propped

on the conditional
it does not keep me
warm Most words
I do not understand

their lattice
structure, and the stillness
they extract

