IS KNOT

John M. Bennett

Luna Bisonte Prods

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ISKNOT

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The Bennett art on back cover incorporates a small erasure text by Texas Fontanella.

Some of these poems first appeared in these fine venues, sometimes in slightly differing versions:

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LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus OH 43214 USA
meat expansion

where the hot wall dreams
is off the slower flame is
mud squirming in the d
rain your hand reached
for is cloud amino acid
framed against a wall a
truck swaying in the
freeway wind a nostril
clawed behind a mirror
your blood was numbered
useless leaking like a book

...leak and shine...
- F. Orklindt
full fool

fists and T orn
a me ant de blistered

shiny b one

formic

comb antant

X = X

for less
heel haw

dust tom e
at's U or
wand ered

past a shoe

reburn

umbellical

~~~

embolition I

ccan't
ilesos

lo mismo es, que mierda co
angulada, mimosterio fut
ilesco, si lo útil noes es
litú compacto, lecho donde
me cago la sábana, por
la ventana un pito entra
miasma sonigramática, im
púrpura, pueril como el
olor del día, me lev
anto sin pies, y mondo
la almohada del T Tiempo
wind

if my truss compared
doubt the faucet laundered
pestle and my mortal shoe

impaled the outer grunt
it happened densely, log
past shouldered lamp

tie the water you, if
comb could ash, your
naked lame perhaps

nor issue
fork p
lung
e
wide lake
plato volado

ventana rica ,bis
bineada ,sin cog
ollo ,cara del aire

que me veo guaje
,oporlomenos vacío
,oícav pleno de

jejenes ,el guiso
enjambre que ha
blo constante
gugun

a floating gun spelled your face in the wake
a knotted gun spit and sank in the soup
a flowered gun closed its eye and slept
a misty gun named a bee and circled
a throated gun chewed the dice and understood
a mirror gun opened the fridge and coughed
a tower gun lay on the floor and swirled
a wooden gun splintered and burned in the attic
a liquid gun shaped your leg and ran
a written gun folded a shirt and belched
a paginated gun shit on a sheet flapping in wind
a boiled gun opened the door to shed its skin
a nasal gun was turning its knob and singing
a suit of gun plundered the closet full of ash
a tree of gun counted a bird in the sky
a frozen gun thought of an exploding glass of beer
a voice of gun crawled over the floor and
talked to the shoes under the bed