

However
the fog falls I'll wait
patiently while news
talks about bosses
and their benevolence
extracting staples
from the bleeding
hands of people
who are first and foremost
friends and only
secondarily considered
employees. The wind
yanks shut a door
nearly on my fingers
swimming treacherous
air for reason
to talk. I won't get
the money unless I keep
my mouth shut
and even then the wage
can be a departing
boat whose impression
shrinks as water resumes
its primacy. Bob Kaufman
didn't speak for ten years
and often the way
people talk these days
like the world
is their spreadsheet
I also think about not
speaking. They'll figure
it out without me.

Yes they pledge
to the furnace
and cauterize
a high view so
shared and illusory
we get worried
or sold. Simmered
out on the street
an echo enters
peripheral structures
the shouts carved
and I feel this
heartbeat I have
measure some
places I have
been. If I meant
jail cell I would
have said so but
it doesn't stand
out the way
I thought it would,
breathing lead paint
whispers from
under your cold
shirt. They stopped
recording this
a long time ago,
a creep of sand
where land shows
sores where the
asphalt rugs rest

to conjure delinquency's
dream crimes
when we need them.

The car song sea
interminably is
the silence's brave
nutshell braced
in jaws of air
breaking for cold
places it changes
places with, out
of the horse gate
singing a crash.
We will be our
fears one day
it's true, landing
zones trailing
field territories
for cash we won't
need, locks forgotten
unlatched. The dog
is no river I recognize,
no further plan for
the banks the roots
pierce wisely fleeing
a space collective
and lonely as streets
now become our
bone deep aches.

Hear iced beverage
travel the airplane
aisle as I walk
downstairs. Forget
cigarettes for wind,
a fire extinguisher
inkblots the calendar's
hopscotch to break
a string loose
as a body's sleeping
limbs. Said this year
this morning
I'm gonna
fuck your
whole life up,
as I turn and forget
to forget what
started as internet
hieroglyph. Open
the mouth
to a bounty
of pencil shavings
make me the speech
illegible as the leaves
that die in a poem.

Swell breeze
to its breaking
this is how fast
I lost a wire
pollen's tangent
gathers a daylight
elegy and adds it
to the sad math
reducing movie hours
to a paycheck's
daily salad green
where the air is
better than what
we get for poems
and intrigue. Can I
enjoy airline inhale
over espresso's
polished lens?
I brush failure's
remaining hair
whisper of some
bullet nobody
likes to talk about.

I used to sleep
to fire's special
purchase on whatever
commerce I thought
would stab the
world dead but then
the gates the fingers
did shatter
registered ancient
animal cries for
a responsible antonym
balancing the moon
so blindness could rent
some headspace
when we're not looking
or looking something up.
Antagonistic to what
I really wanted, the electric
sleep motel stepped out
from the bends
hosting the inner
tundra on this side
while the trains go
and the trains come
and the desires
rattle their own
hearts misspelling
my name on the way
to the bank.

Sour as a cloud
gone green the
Americana sends
us packing, I had
clothes then
you could fold
to floorboard
vibrations sequestering
trash songs
and the vista
collapse. I get the
stitch just right
but then they say
radio sentence
and the bones
start to ache like
I wanna put
them aside for awhile
and sleep. Leash
the wave's rhythm
in breath and the car's
departure whiplash
closes a shift.

What is there
to like unfolding
open fields comrades
told us to find
and then we didn't,
because the fields
divided us and made
sense only as the idea
whose architecture
wasn't yet bitten
to dust. The space
to yield to a poem's
single room allows
the fence to rust
like a law. A frozen river
throws the poets
off its back and times
the distant vacations
the sun takes from
keeping us sane.

Distance takes
its yardstick
to my eye
landscaping
words
a poem's
broomlike
bare tree
and it's a good
thing too I'm
not involved
a vacancy
and destitute
nails letting
everyone down
and the shoe
how water
could support it
a clearing
and gas pumps
radioed into
my bones across
a song's
household
coughs
the gurney
finds you and I see
all these
sentences but blurry
and not
necessarily
any of my business.

of what I take to be
desire or whatever
but an impression
of both that hides
behind a rattle of sentences
will make me remember.
Arising and ceasing
pronounce a present
distortion can't conquer
and conquering can't
distort, oceanic hissing
an emotion of the rug.

Threads message
the ground,
look here, stitches
and a barnacle
on a shipwreck's
electric footsteps.
They just needed
a working car.
They just needed
a tow truck's
swagger, plug
that brain into this
it'll make you feel
better. Try reassembling
from the language
you use a body,
dry skin, salted roads
and the missed
exit's letdown.
Star crossed
as a quarantined
windowsill we became
our own jolt's decay.
That's good, if we
want to think
about rebellion
all day, exit through
the zip ties and
we find we're part
of the furniture
nailed to the code

and hence free
for the taking, free
to be the documented case,
and the fluid rushes
and videos silenced
and small as a pill.