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Take the bloom from one's cheeks.		Mark the spot where one fell.	
Don't believe every- thing one hears. This could be one's lucky day. One isn't afraid of thorns. Now and again one wishes—upon chariots swung low and towers strained high—that one weren't made so pale and tremendous.	Wish the chill from one's bones. Don't let one out of one's sight. This is what one gets for all of one's trouble. One isn't afraid of disappointment. Now and then one wishes—upon charms braceleted and hair braided—that one weren't so aloof.	Don't pretend to be what one is not. This is the flower one plucked from the garden. One isn't afraid of choking on a marble. Now and again one wishes—upon lifted dust and dampened petals—that one were hollowed for flight.	Wash the blood from one's skirt. Don't let the sun catch one crying. This is the hammer and these are the nails. One isn't afraid of identical snowflakes. Now and then one wishes—upon towheaded children and red-eyed vultures—that one were not so solutioned.
Plan the angle of one's fall. Don't put all of one's eggs in one basket. This is how one does things here. One isn't afraid of playing the fool. Now and again one wishes—upon champagne and hemlock— that one could comb one's thoughts for regulated truth.	Make the best of one's faults. Don't take no for an answer. This is the church and this is the steeple. One isn't afraid of sharp corners. Now and then one wishes—upon days of yore and nights fast falling—that one were rigged for fairest winds and not for dutiful trade.	Have oneself a nice day. Don't fall for that again. This is the way one always heard it should be. One isn't afraid of success. Now and again one wishes—upon spun bottles and stationary fireflies— that one weren't so enamored with freckled next-door favor.	Turn the corner of one's dread. Don't talk to strangers. This is the best one has to offer. One isn't afraid of history. Now and then one wishes— upon substantive ideas and the balance of spirit—that one weren't so smitten with the probability of disappearance.
Pick the runt of the litter. Don't go breaking one's heart. This is the time of one's life. One isn't afraid of the same old thing. Now and again one wishes—upon sad jokes and funny grief—that one were drawn to the trodden clover and not the virgin dirt.	Do one's best to forget. Don't pull upon rivers swollen and teeth ground to nubs— that one weren't doesn't mean it. This may come as a shock. One isn't afraid of company. Now and then one wishes—upon dying stars and tricky sperm— Don't think one hasn't already tried that. This is our story, this is our song. One isn't afraid of wearing out one's welcome. Now and again one wishes—upon bloodshot eyes and furnace cold— that one were born of mercury, not flesh.	Save some pennies for one's dream. Don't say it if one doesn't mean it. This may come as a shock. One isn't afraid of company. Now and then one wishes—upon dying stars and tricky sperm— Don't think one hasn't already tried that. This is our story, this is our song. One isn't afraid of wearing out one's welcome. Now and again one wishes—upon bloodshot eyes and furnace cold— that one were born of mercury, not flesh.	
Wipe one's tears with one's sleeve. Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but one. This is the solution to all of one's problems. One isn't afraid of nothing. Now and again one wishes—upon golden geese and brass tacks—that one could choose one's fate.	and then one wishes—upon polished stones and scratched mirrors—that one could save one's world from its ordained flood. Clean the barrel of one's gun. Don't smack one's gum. This is one's chance to be a hero. One isn't afraid of open sores. Now and then one wishes—upon muscles taut and landscape loosened— that one weren't prone to indifference and swift dismissal.	Wear one's heart on one's sleeve. Don't think one hasn't already tried that. This is our story, this is our song. One isn't afraid of wearing out one's welcome. Now and again one wishes—upon bloodshot eyes and furnace cold— that one were born of mercury, not flesh.	Move toward the light. Don't stay out too late. This is the moment one has been waiting for. One isn't afraid of residue. Now and again one wishes—upon the deep and the far and the wide—that one weren't coded to work, or droned to die, or kinged to mate.

Above where I fell
in the wet flowers
she stands, tree-like
and looming, she who
tripped me with protruding
words, her burgundy voice

Beside my weaker
shoulder lies her
rake, her boyish
chore undone, her frame
shivery under the blush
of an evening star, and as she
reaches for the pruning shears
her cotton breast grazes my
elbow, she who witnessed
my swoon, she who
ushered my fall.

Away from her
I spirit my dream,
this strange timeline
of death, lying upon the
earth with nowhere to go,
less into the future than even
the past, I shall value this split
into cognitive shards, a loss
worsened by not knowing
the loss, the necessary
fragmentation.

Among the worms
I sprawl in color, the
fancy dream of a poor
imagine, a lonely fallen
mind on a worthless battle-
field, the telling without
genuine context, the image
without conviction, the
enemy ovulated and
seeking potency, the
sky black, absolute.

Toward the sun I
sparked my queen,
the horizon red with
labors of angle—she
wrestled me to the ground
and stole my horizons, her heel
on my chest and her shorn
locks strewn about my
failure, the slant of her
leaving matching the
curvature of earth.

unapologetic, her intellect
brought to bear upon my
wary position, these
coordinates of pollen
made for the asking.

Next to where I
sleep in my narrow
trough she sleeps in
hers, the charm of prox-
imity and a healthy match,
a neighborhood frolic on a
summer's eve, her eye-popping
threat to blow my happy
bluff, to abandon me to
my bed of moisture
and careful mulch.

From my sight
she's swept away, the
result of time obeying
its flow, her slippage
around the darkest edge of
home, her aromas in the air as
testament to my folly, the
sounds of her voice aswirl
under the eaves and in
the bowers, her touch
now wholly absent.

On my sleeve I
wear my badge,
deputy to my sheriff's
heart, tarnished by my
fall into blossoms, praising
my constancy with the spread
of rust, the sun has fled and the
temperature drops and the
authority vested in me
crumbles under my
slightest touch.

Around the edge
of our house of
squandered luck she
sulks, her hair cropped
with garden shears, her skirt
damp from my tomfoolery,
the blows of a persistent life
pounding in my skull, the
sky a visual victrola of
old-fashioned stars,
of twilight wink.

Beyond my urge
for foyer chatter she
sews my sails for open
seas, secreting confidence
to seal the seams, fields of
white for the strongest winds,
port to vanishing point, despite
my land lover's gaze, despite
my body's stretch across
this fertilized soil
of domestic bliss.

Beneath my skin
I thrash, prophesied
to suffocate in my very
blood, the memory of
throb and the heart's gash—
she removes her fingers from
my wound, her gift of pressure
gone, and in my tidal
crown-to-toe crimsoned
vessel, alone and
singular, I drown.

Outside us waits
our world of chance,
rifled to a genius
target, timing as the inner
circle, advocacy the next, the
trigger finger casual, the vital
organs vulnerable to the most
indifferent shot, affection as
projectile through life
lived in a paper shell,
this inky realm.

Between my ribs
and upon my sternum
she presses her hard
heel, my cheeks and ears
and neck scratched by the
bush's thorns, my ego fragile and
longing for home, her flexed
leg disappearing into the
shadows of her skirt, her
rumpled hair heaven-
blown and cloudy.

Inside my poison
chest I fool with
love, my descent into
unoriginal sin, searching
my treasure box for the tiny
marble she placed in my care,
lost in the daily grind of dot-to-
dot, purple missing from
the spectrum of my
work, now all yellow
and gray and safe.

Upon my sorrow
I laughed at her wit,
my heart shattered into
stained-glass petals, aware
she could sex the steeple into
the almighty pit, the small girl
cutting down her gods at the
knees, nectaring them into
cubbies for those yet to
come, an ever evolving
and hungry brood.

Under the bloom
I water my will, the
fruit of one's patient
thought, this empty night
of rumination, assessing her
absence as the loss of a sense,
the nothing that now floods my
chest, the nothing that will
haunt my exit into loam
and roots and stems
and stamens and—

<p>Gone are the days when giants roamed the Earth. Now one believes in moderation. This is one's garden. One doesn't kill every thistle. All of one's wishes—alpha to omega— strain and groan to be true, to be banded and angeled, coming for to carry one home.</p> <p>Gone are the days of the clever devil. Now one believes in sanctuary. This is one's pew. One is quite deaf to solicitation. All of one's wishes— bubbly and bottled and viald and fatal—search mortal soul for simple vindication, for the end of old deceit.</p> <p>Gone are the days of the inheriting meek. Now one believes in philanthropy. This is one's purse. One doesn't shun abundance. All of one's wishes— bereaved and humorous—prove the wealth of one's inconsolable wilderness, the overt pattern of one's parlor rug.</p> <p>Gone is our time of wild flamboyance. Now one believes in nonchalance. This is one's hammock. One never counts stars. All of one's wishes— plucked and dulled—wander of their own accord around one's baked yard of implacable destiny, of sharp weeds.</p>	<p>Gone are the days of fig leaves and shame. Now one believes in seity. This is one's sandbox. One doesn't eat glass. All of one's wishes— borrowed and bent, broken and soiled—clutter yard as toys and tools and sparrows kites, as fledgling regret.</p> <p>Gone are the days bleached after bloodied—hang from the wire, clean and stiff and uninhabited, waiting for the sun and the one and only.</p> <p>Gone are the days wishes—spiral and perpetual— stay with one till morning, reminiscent of the promise of periodic impervious terror.</p> <p>Gone are the days of the moral compass. Now one believes in telepathy. This is one's tower. One broadcasts around the clock. All of one's wishes—rushing around the world without friction— still get reduced by time and the effects of long existence.</p> <p>Gone are the days wishes—terrestrial and solid when we were the and corporeal—are harvested chosen people. Now to sweeten the process of one believes in ingenuity. This is one's toolbox. One rigs the system. All of one's wishes— executed without emotion— hack into the heart of salvation and the core of the covenant, all the day long.</p>	<p>Gone are the days of the feminine curse. Now one believes in courage. This is one's treefort. One doesn't mind winter. All of one's wishes— bleached after bloodied—hang from the wire, clean and stiff and uninhabited, waiting for the sun and the one and only.</p> <p>Gone are the days offear and loathing. Now one believes in community. This is one's front porch. One waves at everybody. All of one's wishes— as passersby and acquaintances, celebrities and strangers— leave one as consciously abandoned as ever they found one.</p> <p>Gone are the days of borrowing sugar from neighbors. Now one believes in autonomy. This is one's pantry. One doesn't risk shortage. All of one's wishes—height and depth and width—won't honey one into everlasting love, won't sustain the youths one envies, won't bring joy.</p>
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Before her words
 uprooted me and
 I fell into the wet
 flowers—her voice thick
 with suggestion, her mind
 above mine—I sent word of my
 whereabouts—from the center
 of my core to the ring of my
 circumference—to the one
 of kismet cure, to the
 one of everlasting—
 While I strain for
 unconsciousness—
 eager to put this behind
 me—she struggles against
 consciousness, our local
 magnetism in the darkening
 heat, her lips now mouthing a
 charity job, her eyes as
 nearest stars, her breath
 gone out my spine
 by way of bone.
 In subsequent
 motion, time's next
 pulse, she disappeared
 into the perfect evening,
 perfection as specificity, her
 pheromones and voiceprint
 held in the enchanted air, proof
 of my imaginative net, my
 ability to mold my losses
 into lessons, my whims
 into obsessions.
 Soon I'll molder
 out of recognition
 into anonymity, sworn
 to uphold the laws of
 reverence and decay, the
 droop and wilt and wintry
 press, the death of duty and the
 native wit, my will allows
 my leaving on the heels
 of hers, a perpetually
 softening goodbye.
 let's hunt the flock as single
 thought, behind our blind of
 clear geometry, cradling our
 weapons of mystical logic,
 my tilted perspective on
 the birds of my life, the
 bees in my head.

There exists a
 thrill in every chest
 when fondness shifts
 toward aggression, when
 the ideal thrusts into the
 actual and the individual vine
 chokes the concept of the grove,
 my stalk not reaching heaven
 where a lone prodigal
 god waits to come
 tumbling home.
 Since I stooped
 to peer into her
 crawlspace, into shadows
 not intended for me—a
 trove of diversion, a box of
 trinkets and worlds of broken
 glass—I've bargained for a
 deeper look, a long gaze
 under society's house,
 where the purple
 bearing gleams.
 and I held her from behind on
 my skewed prow—my trembling
 palms cupping her apricot
 breasts—as we sank into
 our failure to frame
 spirit within flesh.
 a female chuckle collapsing
 good and evil into purgatorial
 slots, shoring walls against
 invasion, within and without,
 our new breed emerging
 to measure and adapt,
 usurp and thrive.
 Until my water
 refreshes my lands,
 one's meadows of allure
 will do, her wild quilt of
 bursting color, available to
 me as I lie in the flowering
 damp, the luxurious language of
 excess as a common substitute
 for the confused self, the
 misplaced me, the lost
 I and the absent—

When my weaker
 shoulder could
 still carry the weight
 of uplifted doubt, I ran
 my fingers through her hair
 to untangle the mess—or so
 I imagined—the locks coming
 out in clumps as if she were
 ill, as if a solitary half-
 lusty thought would
 make her faint.
 Earlier in my
 vision I was a
 boy with modest
 wants—a patch of grass,
 a tree to climb, a neighbor's
 crawlspace unexplored—back
 when my wishes matched what I
 was given, my kaleidoscopic
 youth with shapes of the
 world, naive to the
 constant harvest.
 As I languish in
 my brightened bed,
 a floral shroud of live
 abundance, I see myself as
 dormant renewable energy,
 the future seed to shock a future
 egg into action, the nooked
 brilliance of a stingered
 mind, categorical and
 manifold across the
 whitest paper void.
 Eventually, as the
 night swirls and
 settles down into the
 cavity of my chest, I'll
 remember the strength in her
 hands, the balance of her stance,
 the avoidance of her eyes, and
 I'll drift back to a world
 before her influence,
 when I was content to
 be sole proprietor.

Death just keeps
 coming up roses.
 The early bird gets the
 worm. This is one's day
 in the sun. One is grateful.
 What one feels—when one is
 exposed to the open radiance
 of living—is chosenness,
 one perishing into one's
 destiny, one's gorgeous
 and perennial day.

Death keeps a
 stiff upper lip. Still
 waters run deep. This is
 one's tragedy. One is special.
 What one feels—when one
 is hurt by the stiff violence of
 living—is victimhood, one's
 suffering outlasting the
 ordeal, one hauling one's
 unique burden from
 catharsis to oblivion.

Death is a fine-
 toothed comb. One
 reaps what one sows.
 This is one's imagination.
 One is forgiven. What one
 feels—when one is tangled in the
 lush foliage of living—is panic,
 the green health strangling
 it is. Pride goeth
 before a fall. This is
 one's aloof philosophy,
 one's air gone to
 one's finest hour. One is
 leaves and petals. humble. What one feels—
 when one is scared by the steep
 edge of living—is vertigo, one's
 equilibrium topsy-turvy, one's
 when one is dismissed
 by the swift judgment of
 living—is ordinary, one's
 late than never. This is
 ego nonetheless intact
 throughout one's visit
 but never eternal. place. One is indecisive.
 What one feels—when one is
 caught in the steady confusion of
 living—is nervousness, one's
 everything. All's
 randomness, one's choices
 made at one's conception
 and undone by the
 slightest breeze.

Death never barks
 up the wrong tree.
 Hope springs eternal.
 This is one's lucky day.
 One is sensible. What one
 feels—when one is lifted by the
 sturdy urge of living—is relief,
 considering one still has a
 story to tell, a fly's eye
 oddity of self-label and
 confident apology.

Death never falls
 for that joke. Out
 of sight, out of mind.
 This is one's nature. One
 is normal. What one feels—
 when one is ignored in the
 flooded boulevards of living—
 is outrage, one's initial
 inclination to trust what
 one is told, to rely
 upon samaritans.

Death never goes
 on holiday. Absence
 makes the heart grow
 fonder. This is the
 monster under one's bed.
 One is social. What one feels—
 when one is swollen with the
 gray bereavement of living—
 is numbness, one's vague
 spot in the washed-
 out panorama.
 is mortal. What one feels—
 when one is stroked by the
 fond certainty of living—is
 boredom, one waiting
 for the gale to blow
 one out of town. worst nightmare. One is
 interchangeable. What one
 feels—when one is bound by the
 tight structure of living—is
 claustrophobia, one's
 longing to fly above
 fields of thought.

Death knows
 when one is faking.
 Honesty is the best
 policy. This is one's nasty
 habit. One is fickle. What
 one feels—when one is dazed
 by the vicissitudes of living—is
 Death knows
 when one is faking.
 Honesty is the best
 policy. This is one's nasty
 habit. One is fickle. What
 one feels—when one is dazed
 by the vicissitudes of living—is
 Death believes in
 miracles. What you
 don't know won't hurt
 you. This is one's greatest
 fear. One is gullible. What
 one feels—when one is fooled by
 the slick persuasion of living—
 is deflation, one's mind
 suspect, one wishing to
 believe in the unreal
 and unbelievable.

	<p> Goodness comes from who knows whom, sweeping down upon those of us unable or unwilling to clear out of its way, my life open to assault, her </p>	<p> Energy comes from who knows whom, origins and destinies burning through timelessness, my acid will dissolving the sky, the dread of </p>
<p> Fear loses to vista, the upper sights flattening the lower relief, my landscape smoothed into paper beauty, terror clauded for the curious hive, the vocabulary queen birthing my buzz words, plucked wings hushing the fields beyond our gossamer alphabet. </p>	<p> swirl of attention lifting my roof, scattering my mental attic, thoughts put away long ago now strewn across our garden. Impatience isn't a clean storm, its filthy rings swamping the hamlets outside the city's eye, my stark hinterlands as destroyed as my uptown brothel or suburban cathedral, my terrain soaked dark under her gaze, the color of a jolted flower never as bright as clouded suns. </p>	<p> Martyrdom goes living as inspiration under the blackest ceiling, her stars dead in their sockets, her smell on my hands, her spit in my lungs. my horizontal stoicism, my inability to keep my footing, my willingness to succumb to her fervor, her desire to flee stronger than mine to clutch, some equation of inertia and pulse. </p>
<p> Crowds collect as lake water, all to their appointed depths, the fabled serpent never showing its face, surface spiders unable to dive or fly, her legs whisking her away from my fall, my wishing she had crawled, my wishing she were a final worm in back of my brain. </p>	<p> Suspense lurks in everyday weight, the heft of my heart beyond my strength to hoist myself out of this floral grave, her pride outlasting her love, that particularity spread among many, the pricked and holed, the sick and satiated, the claimed and pure and threatening. </p>	<p> Chronology sorts the strands, combing them into countable progress, the one and then the other, a method of discernment, fantast under the guise of order, her tendrils wrapped around my ribs, time webbed and the honeyboy saved for an after supper treat. </p>
<p> Truth comes from who knows where, the staged pageant or the peripheral riot, the stiff wind or the enticing whisper, her oaths too traceable and her smart frivolity as nagging as morning nausea, her needs as shallow as joint pain, her sounds set on distortion. </p>	<p> Order seeks itself in catastrophe, the cleansing wipe of snap history, the rearrangement of impermanent temples and castles of sand, her outcome devoted to quirk and foible, her cancer in her teeth, her future in a house built of medicinal stanzas and wicked surprise. </p>	<p> Rigor arises from necessity, and mortis from the walls that fail us, her evacuation from my lowlands, her sending no relief as watery words of cumulative comfort, no factoring embrace, no cradling to safety, no acknowledge- ment of unyielding waved complicity. </p>
<p> Make-believe makes sense, my soarings above despair, the reasonable flights of fancy out of my everyday crypt toward harrowing wonder, the cutting thrill of my lifeline gone slack, the umbilical inferno doused by the flow of paradise tears into a navel lake of fire. </p>	<p> Caution stunts the sapling soul, the wooden foal eyeing pasture, the dumb warrior wordless in alarm, my heart plated for the conquering feast, her tines as shiny as her wit, my stinger blunted against her victorious armor, my dreams portioned. </p>	<p> Balance doesn't trump lark, spent joy worth more than any close ease, distribution not a divine consideration, her bandaged fingertips thrumming my skull at every witching hour, the thorns raking my brow as I struggle to sit, to regain vantage, to stand in this abandoned garden. </p> <p> Talent comes from who knows what, sparkling strand or ruddy father, my tapestry an agony of hope, a silly jig by a clodden wallflower, an ignorable siren on a common beach, a momentary flash of brilliance after an unspectacular sunset, a refracted vagary. </p> <p> Confession seeps from the seams of rescue, the shelter not sufficient, the recovery not genuine, my soul unlocked for worthless disclosure, a sticky stick-figure narrative of resolve and spurt, the generative cells of my tight white head stained with her great flow, my good— </p>

	Greatness rises from fever risk, spelunkers of syntax and goats of thought, the cloven prefixes and suffixes before and after a deed done	Entropy grips the gone and going, the staid and stained— and so I'll stay, my heart flannel-wrapped and shrunk to fit, my flowers flattened by
Hope astounds the vernacular, good feelings spread through ivy and thistle, the crawl toward height and the defense of beauty—I gave her a boost for a peek over the forbidden wall and she showed me the loosened stone behind which she had already peered.	poor, the lie of the lee self, the belly digesting the world's waste washed to shore, the giant mermaid of story and lust and mind. Abiding brings a mucky bath, rings around the evening's tub, her residue in my idle thoughts, the draining of a filthy conscience, the swirl	Kindness comes in the noontide lull, highs and lows evened into decency, that gentle reassurance of a good soul keeled for the long haul, a choppy voyage smoothed into a glide, the too careful ease of steady ambitionless charting around the untreasured island.
Individuals fawn over their powers to express, our diaries of entitlement and whine, her scribble of experience and smudge of self- worth, her willowed hair wept to her shoulders, stinging my eyes, salty coming-cleans that save my fields from wormed crops.	and suck of my lifelong aspirations into the sewers of irrefutable need, she thus haunts my depths, my ever deepening. Clarity hangs in twilight's sag, just above my canopy after this cleaving, seen for the jewel it is, not the sun and not some moon,	Slant can't keep the marble still, our planet rolling toward the milky pool, her gift of puff and flattery, the swooping goodbye before the actual disappearance, my final shrug and her irritated plea, a crestfallen day yielding curtly to the inevitable night.
Wisdom lacks agency, a way to charm the public scowl, the interior howl, the thrashing arms of a drowning puppet, and I would be her hand, the one that pets the goats, that logs their deaths, that wipes herself, that picks the flowers, that musses my hair.	neither star nor streetlamp, but a crystal shaped by my geometric cut, her diadems, her mishaps and her strewn lost loves. Harmony melds into status quo, the long held major chord from the town square's organ, the minor places occluded by this sustained blast	Luck advocates effort—we create our own fortune—my elbow grease and her twirled wick, my tool and her wax, this engine of piston and blood, of waving light and stunning noise, this mobility away from harm toward reconciliation, on into worthwhile work.
Common sense chokes whim—the breath of still-could- be!—a pragmatic strangle- hold on look-what's-coming! —our vision reduced to seeing only what can be seen, or only what can be prophesized and feared, exactly what we know we want bound to what we cannot.	of be-of-good-cheer, the end of dissonance as the end of freedom, my liberty to accept my tragedy, to choose my exit.	Recklessness is the youngest sage, the greenest sprig withstanding flame, newer water and pliant skin, rutless mind and sprung heart, the spry combination of gamut and dash and gusto, the way out of the mortal vice, not as endless living but as ferocious presence.

Life never throws in the white towel. Salmon in the bathtub. This is how we progress. One refracts. Just as one is about to feel normal again— common in the comforting sense—one's sharp refraction reflects back into one's soul, unseaming one, dis- persing one's mind.	Life sings the body electric. Deer in headlights. This is how we ascertain. One pinpoints. Just as one is about to stand on tiptoe—to	Life is too long. Bunnies in the meadow. This is how we shall flourish. One inclines. Just as one is about to fill the pink room with creamy light—to advocate future, to verify self—one grasps that the room isn't one's to inhabit, not even for a moment.	Life falls through the cracks. Sharks in the birdbath. This is how we suffer. One flounders. Just as one is about to lose all hope—to belly up to despair—one's warble loosens the jaws, suspends the hunger, grants one repertoire and reprieve for self-reflection.
Life calls the shots. Bulls in china shops. This is how we squander. One approximates. Just when things couldn't get any worse— when the darkness is about to become darker than dark— one makes a stab at grace and shishkebobs the frail and beautiful.	peer into the moonlit bedchamber—clouds gather and darken one's realm, saving one from nerve and knowledge. Life kicks the bucket. Goats at the altar. This is how we pacify. One staunches. Just as the blade is about to conduct blood—to induce	Life swings both ways. Spiders in the dooryard. This is how we retaliate. One dramatizes. Just in the nick of time—just as the curtain is about to fall on one's tragedy— one chooses atmosphere over plot, being over trajectory, and so one wishes away one's fatal flaw.	Life knows how to stay in its place. Bedbugs in the bed- sheets. This is how we instigate. One relishes. Just as one is about to embrace one's fate—to accept one's purpose as unfamous—one sips from the wrong cup, the fool's mug of congealed and bloody martyrdom.
Life leaves its hat at the door. Jackals in the boudoir. This is how we diversify. One palpitates. Just as one is about to burst—to loose one's emotive flood upon the unsuspecting and uncaring world—one seeps silently into the catacombs of sempiternal sleep.	strings and woodwinds to squeal—one hears one's voice of pardon, a cease- and-desist test-is-over dismissal into legend. Life sees the forest through the trees. Owls in our dreams. This is how we prophesy. One precludes. Just as the wood-witch is about	Life mans the fort. Bats in the belfry. This is how we strategize. One rescinds. Just as the invaders are about to toll the bell for one's release—from captivity to void—one suddenly re- members to surrender, to deflate this tension with relinquishment.	Life blocks one's view. Bluebirds on our shoulders. This is how we speculate. One amplifies. Just as one is about to fold one's hands—to count time away as provincial— one cats one's occlusions into treetops with just a rumbling purr, with calming threat.
Life ties the knot. Snakes round our hearts. This is how we persevere. One stimulates. Just when it seems safe to go out at night again—to defy one's own curfew—one slithers into one's psyche and with a flick of feeling awakens one's will, constricts one's safe judgment.	to cast her spell—to mist the known with doubt—one unseeds the woods back beyond imagining, to the empty open. Life never reads the fine print. Scorpions in our boots. This is how we stratify. One obsesses. Just as one is about to sign with one's blood—to ratify the galvanizing sting—one panics about one's layer of history, one's claustrophobic seam.	Life wants what it has coming to it. Bears in candy stores. This is how we perpetuate. One regresses. Just as the speaker is about to run short of breath—to be yanked off stage gasping— one stands to ask a lengthy question out of abiding kindness.	One surprises. Just as the wave is about to meet the shore—to rip the house from its foundation and carry it out to sea— one surges the storm back to its flower.

	In other words, we dream ourselves from hurt to balm, until—distracted—we plunge anew, our fall into the quickened dream, the ever		That is to say, our collective will dooms us to impossible truths, to insufferable standards and ideal lies, as if I could make them singular, as
Henceforth, we sing for no supper but for the sounds of song, our voices as final comfort, a chorus unre- hearsed in a song without end, my broken tenor under her breathy alto, the falsettos and contraltos and basso profundos humbling us within every melody.	newer dream that consumes itself as it is dreamt, that never gets dreamt again, the one for which each of us is born.	Thereupon, in our greening sacrifice, our vernal loss, her boy in a basket and our girl of grass, we draw blood, we exchange pith, the future	if she could pluralize one, our fight in the garden the indicator of delay, the boulder in the path, the thorn in the tongue.
	Hereafter, in all stories of woe, our blood will transport code, thumb to ink, iris to glow, world-green and golden-edged, mine remembered	tugged through a gap in our thoughts, the current forced into culverts and wrinkles and canyons that irrigate our flowerbeds.	Consequently, vice is a virtue and angles win the prize, the scabrous witch with her ugly plot and the frog without a crown, the motley
Therein, in the ache and gloaming, the gleam and the sheen, our hands clasped in sworn saliva, our willingness to live now witnessed, she's bound to me for life, half her weight in nectar, pollen in my eyes, around the world in style on just one ounce of honey.	only as askance, horizon-tight to the tops of trees, squinted under crags of skull, eyes as brown as original bark, as ordinary dirt.	Accordingly, I trap her whisper— hush in a vial as hemlock in a grove—not a hiss, but a risen breath unsure of words, a set of objects in a subjective box, the	kiss and the hothouse angel drowned, risen to float in our pond of hope, not stagnant but water stirred by slant.
	Moreover, if we consider what was ours to jettison in our spate of panic and what was ours to value as wrong, we might think to suspend a verdict until ripe is rotten, until beget is begotten and the validation and validity roof is lifted away, her eyes the strangest green of tornado skies.	Formerly, when I froze her as good riddance, I felt the righteous rinse, the scouring of actual want, the glacial scarring, the isolation of every heart in its toy chest, and	In short, before I choke on words not mine to swallow, let me rehearse an apology, a defense of encapsulation, the rigors of placement, the dictums of fate, my bed in the flowers as death of idea, the thought that I might matter as a life thrown out of motion.
At any rate, if contradiction is validation and validity is discordant, our succor will arrive disguised as triumph, and we will reject it as pitchfork temptation, our struggle one of revolving magnets, as lightning across our populated bodies of water.	Therefore, when good isn't good enough and the going goes rough, we ought never dally or sally or tarry or marry, our sights set on wider action, the far afield	I watched her accelerate time beyond my caring, a sealant for my body of ash, my box of dust.	Finally, in the course of speech, in the range of discourse, I would tell the story of autonomy, of discernment and differentiation, of subject as object and of object as unreal,
In addition, when there is always one more thing to say, I'll speak of trees, of ways they shade me sad—her voice in their sway and my breath in their falling—and of ways they save my soil, my sandbox, my baked yard, my unplowed fields, my only land.	farmer's cock crowing at the moon, the wilderness wolves howling at proudest noon.	Nevertheless, as crossgrain to the prevailing urge, as assassin of the queen— her king a series of boys with spigots, her metaphors blended into royal froth—I poison the meadows far and wide, the garden near and dear, the blossoms in the front of my brain.	her leaving before my fall or my falling before she left, our thatched court green with fertile regr—

Here are the good intentions with which the road is paved. These are the boots made for walking. One is out of excuses. Only if one were ultra special—one isn't ultra special—could one hope to escape the length of shadow, the sudden slant of sleep.		Here is the kettle one calls black. These are one's washed hands. One is out of the picture. Only if one were deserving of grace—one isn't deserving of grace—could one expect to partake in the bounty of long-living, or the beauty and aroma of a cut sapling. Only when one acknowledges one's mortality—one is mortal—will one's mortality shine, will one know that one is fire and body.	Here is the upper lip kept stiff. These are the times that try one's soul. One is out of money. Only when one accepts one's hum in the mix—one hates one's click and buzz—will one grow rich, the wealth of belonging to one's surroundings, the choiring all.
Here is the haystack that wants one's needle. This is the way-too-large camel and this is the just-too-heavy straw. One is out of patience. Only if one were wise beyond one's time—one isn't wise within one's time—could one think of next, of never, of forever.	Here is the hand-basket in which we all can go. This is one's church and these are one's people. One is out of peppermints. Only when one acknowledges one's mortality—one is mortal—will one's mortality shine, will one know that one is fire and body.	Here is the bed we lay in after we made it. These are the windows to one's soul. One is out of innuendoes. Only if one puts one's key in one's lock—one has no lock for one's key—can one treasure oneself around one's leeward shore, one's windswept story.	Here are count-able blessings. These are the pots of honey at the end of the rainbow. One is out of ideas. Only when one reinvigorates one's experiments—one's attempts to live within death—will one find a measure of peace, one's portion of effort, one's own glory.
Here are the whites of their eyes we saw before firing. These are our glass houses from which we ought not throw stones. One is out of daylight. Only if one could candle oneself in the feminine cave—one can't flame oneself in the female heart—could one survive.	Here is the is immortal—will one's mortality shine, in one's collaborative combing, one's solitary girl of spring, one's greening sprig.	Here are lucky stars to thank. These are the gifts of the wandering kings. One is out of lives. Only if one were willing to suspend one's will—one's will won't suspend—could one resurrect thought, the rebirth of wild inkling and crazy suggestion, the little flame.	Here is the sweet to be taken with the bitter. These are the masters no one man can serve. One is out of room. Only when one serves oneself growth—one won't drain that cup—will one stretch to match one's world, an adequate blanket, fishes and loaves.
Here is the bright side upon which to look. These are the things which never go wrong. One is almost out of paper. Only if one honors one's skin—one's skin is necessary—will one script oneself a dark angel with a hollow for one's soul's active hive.	Here is the silver-lining to be seen. These are the best days of our lives. One is out of breath. Only when one chooses happiness—one won't choose happiness—will one see one's God's shadow passing across one's open escape, one's great empty country.	Here is the kitchen one could not stand the heat of. These are the empty cupboards of every mother. One is out of one's mind. Only if one accepts boundaries—one strides with a wilderness heart—will one grasp the luxury of placement, the grace of home.	Here is the perfect made by practice. These are the fruits of one's labors. One is out of pickers. Only when one works solely for oneself—one isn't altogether alone—will one harvest one's risen repast, one's earned dessert in the ovened kitchen.

	Charity shows me the door and hands me my hat, its timing awkward, its meaning clear—I'm to be laid low in the local garden—its shoulders		Felicity shows me my neighbor's field, the empty well, our sagging wall, the plan of power to raise edible bees, to clover our floors, to honey our blood, our happiness spread across this garden where others have gone vanishing to cheerier fates, dead with truer smiles.
Devilry tells me my favorite bedtime stories, the ones with evil lurking in the hearts of the good, the ones in which the world redistributes itself across conquered yards, her seductive corridors coercing me into rooms of industry, tiny tired wings dis- carded ankle-deep.	cold to my ambivalence—I've never known a starving man to eat a book—its huge heart tilted away from me and my thrift.	Honesty tells me what isn't necessary, what I can afford to avoid, the preamble to the inevitable and the shouted grace before a goodbye supper, her queenish superiority secure in the throb of her thorax, her heart quivered to sky, her bow strung tight to shoot down stars.	Timidity tells me I was born of man, secreted into the vast dilemma, the in-the-image- of loneliness, the out-of-pity company, the time in my marrow mostly wasted on labor and sleep, the space in my mind hers to wander, away from my mosaic toward her oasis.
Ability tells me to work harder, to roll my sleeves, shed my suspenders and strain in lowering light, this is my last candle of inspiration, made with the wax of my lungs and the wick of my tongue, burning as lullaby across meadows of need, one more laden bloom.	Chastity shows me fortune, my flight above the trees, my landing in clover, her fingerprints on my favors, my favors glass and colorful, available for broken melody, for choral sludge, for one tinkling bell around the shorn neck of a cold ewe in her lost vale.	Agility shows me ways to fail, the loose rock reached with gall and the rocks below met with surprise, my landing in the flowers still shattering my bones, her shale sending me to my scree, my heart blossoming alone in a blackening world, red and severe.	Veracity tells me what I can afford to ignore, what isn't imperative, the after- image of a flash of light, the footfalls of an abandoning love, the moonlight through thriving trees making me squint against harm, her stare having seared my pupils white.
Opacity shows me the bug in the amber, its soul flown elsewhere, its blood still pumping in the hearts of its heirs, its shell more beauty and delicacy than trophy, its markings uncelestial, its quivering that of memory, not stirred air, not vital inner vigor.	Levity shows me my pride is paper, my will is potable to thirsty girl sailors, I've been divined as time's tears and boiled for millennia, and now I move across the surface of my waters, unsure of resolution, doubtful of origin, my only heart long too saturated.	Utility shows me what needs doing, what counts in the next moment or the breath after, our garden fight proving I should find a weapon not of flesh nor substance nor language, but of air suppressed, oxygen sucked into the breasts of the destroying angel.	Individuality shows me the strength of escapade water, the refreshing replenishment of one's own trickle into torrent, my willingness to love and love again, to irrigate her meadows as if they were fields, to allow her to harvest her wildflowers one petal at a time.
Rarity tells me that her hair—the color of white spun honey—isn't mine to mess, that her heart—the substance of refractive loving— isn't mine to press, and that her life—the good gift of an indiscriminate universe— isn't mine to cherish, isn't mine to lack.	Possibility tells me that one bee and one clover can make a prairie, or that reverie alone will do, my heart dipped in muse, hers ripped to shreds, our heartland torn and refreshed by our surprising weather, our rapid storm gone before we knew to seek shelter.	Reality tells me her eyes—which I've not seen for seasons— aren't the color of dark honey but of tree sap, the juice of reaching for sky, of staring down heaven, novas and thrones and worship, of witnessing myth into roots that clutch the soil with resolute calm.	

Move away from pain. Less thrill, more comfort. This is one's prudent choice.		Clean up one's own mess. Less drama, more company.	
One fears backlash. There are nights—bleak and frosty— when one hunkers in one's winter throne under one's royal blanket of self-worth, smiling across one's kingdom of might.	Wear out one's welcome. Less fun, less love. This is our poverty, this is our shame. One fears hyperbole.	This is one's chance to be reasonable. One fears infection. There are nights— safe and controlled—when one bathes in the steaming blood of aborted hope and lies down between sheets of glyphed genius.	Wipe that grin off one's face. More teeth, less teeth. This is the line one shouldn't cross. One fears violence.
Save oneself for the right one. Less fun, more love. This could come tomorrow.	There are nights—black and naughty—when one steps away from silver heat, that sparkling star of one's source, and one procreates with half an idea and death.	Do what needs doing. Less fun, better sleep. This is how one circumvents regret. One fears one's swamps. There are nights—	There are days—blustery and chill—when one shoves one's foot into one's mouth and one's fist into one's gut, so that one can lay one flat across the loaming.
One fears loneliness. There are nights—desolate and long— when one dreams damp dreams of fated partnership, before one is abandoned high and dry for a puddle of water amid shady palms.	Pluck the nearer blossom. Less life, more life. This time one will play it safe. One fears repurcussions. There are nights—bitter and blown—	brooding and foul—when one goes wandering with witches and newts and owls, only to grow weary of their sunless mirth.	Pick up where one left off. Less life, more memories. This is the spine of one's world. One fears fads. There are days—balmy and breezy—
Turn over a new leaf. More fun, more love. This is one's worst quality. One fears the future. There are days— horizoned blue and blithe— when one wanders one's fields toward secret copses, swooning into obscurity, one's heart smitten with hard paradox.	when one knows one was born to be lost in one's yard, to go from sandbox to soapbox to pauper's pinebox in a hop and a skip.	Make hay in the sunshine. More fun, more sleep. This is the plug and that is the outlet. One fears electricity.	when one succumbs to content- ment, to cynical ease, a two- headed dragon lurking under the petunias, eager for the feast.
Wash one's mouth out with soap. Less truth, more shine.	Have it one's way. Less company, more drama. This is one's insistent reality. One fears failure. There are days— weepy and gray—when one mopes under one's drip, one's chest filling with wet grief for next-door girls and smart boys without clues, without love.	There are nights—lustful and frothy—when one avoids lips for words, hands for votive thoughts, one choosing oxygen over energy, light over burn.	Plan for every contingency. Less pure, more stable. This is how one survives. One fears being duped. There are days—bold and ob- trusive—when one hammocks oneself over the abyss, tools at the ready, sweating under a sun shining exclusively for one.
This is the poison and this is the chalice. One fears stereotype. There are nights— gloomy and close—when one wants an exit strategy, a way to slip out quietly to a soulless pub for a pint with a skeleton pal.	Mark time as it passes. Less time, more marks. This is the blossom one picked from the garden. One fears existence. There are days— pervasive and broad—when one believes one will live far too long, missing one's threshold, too dizzy from love's aromas.	There are days—gorgeous and lit— when one shuns company for solitary sway, for stretch and wait, one wishing one were the tall tree far from the action.	Take the high road. Less fun, better view. This could be one's dying now. One fears fame. There are days— bland and unyellowing—when one twists away from new thoughts of one's winter winds, aware that the garden within, though tiny, is triumphant.