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Compendium of prizelands, this unique Primum in copse, matter toward man,
Motherhood hangs in trees, O magnum mysterium and lux aeternum, Kingdoms fall to loam, the old
map, the body beloved and lost terrain of winsome heights and dark winnows,
and motherhood will ever be stars above steeples, these kid-wishes for ego-ruins, and men will die
held, the hour of the cosmos diminished by memory split into dapple-shift, sprawled
victorious, the sour freedom, something more, the internal expanse for seminal rights, splash and
sweat, salt of the jaw and compass skew, on boulders after vigorous swims, drip from
the tumultuous folds, sparkling toward spirit-keep, crayon-melt from the sire, conscience seared upon
owl-fix into peat-bed, this cartographical arousal, the idea of touch, the breezing
new from ancient origins, her core, the near-enough-to-love shimmer of the flesh, the sovereign sword,
knowledge of explored stares, brought swift, signals shy of instant, gleaming
integral badge and wound of elsewhere-light, all the sky over, all night his shield tempered by votive
selection, forever hopeful for wide, the close smell of wax, childhood candles, the pacifist apostate,
through legendary doubt, again risen for thought, lake-damp and piqued toward
reprieve, so make it someone's soul, many colors for kingdom come, peel the scribbling cannoneer, here
and again wrapt, smoke from the desire harvest, and the mind will reside within
duty to eradicate pain from the papery skin, work the edges to point to textile courage, to double
switch, heat gone to bone-heaven for transitions, never once nation-home or
renewal, or celebrate every approximation, summer-tell the whole noise into song, shot sprayed
curtain-depth, eyes keyed well beyond creature-pure, never tethered to sleep or
plea, every cry for mercy a box into ballast, gaze at watery stars to sink extinction, to drown
curves and cave, the stun of constant waking, attainable peak and unknown
delirium of female wealth, above chromatic fields, life is longer than male mood and hymn, vague
otherness, the rewards of seldom finishing first, the doppler-melody of time given to
the daughtering waters of dream, grounded by what will happen, reverence for those aggressive
thoughts, sinew before synapse, passion speed, birds between leaves, sounds from
moon and stem, compassion flown above piety, the cheer of storytime soarings, the choring violence
over prayer, intellectual allergies from pole to pole along highways, water bent
for future history, slow stellar drift, transcendence post-relinquishment of dominant quest, possessive
proximity to current culture, mortal light around shoulders, stone curved under
embrace, interval beauty spun into afterbath slumber, room-nostalgia surveyance, his primal grasp
adored, fox-ill past leaf-dead, that wintry spine, this telegraphed playing of possum
tomorrow around yesterday, toward horizon-lust, squint-cornered and of total tragedy, the renowned
laugh, corporeal plunder in the wide open under the sun, philosophy at rest, awaiting
her birthmark inevitability, pajama-shook, calibrate the seasons till collapse, every protagonist's
world, in place of evening's introspective chill and mental prowess, the untenable
hip-twist and ankle-sway, the rude awakening, fabled star-snuff following fear and every hero's fate, the
gloom and fret, this fabled consortium of questions into answer's maw of nonsense,
boundary's blur orbiting the star-bright wish and tonight's favored survival difference, this cleft
acreage, nape to navel and shins to ribs, the missing link, dressing in thought before
heart's progeny, the captivated brow-kiss, arise into steep unlikelihood and choiceless bravado, these
eternal radii and infinite circumferences, the long walk to interiors, the familiar
child's dash toward daunt, as if the rise will will itself back down to convivial stabs at sensuality.
this midnight romp in the wilding yard. passage through woods as darkness falls.
small tremendums in the here-lamp glow.

Peer into depths of changeable power, her Radiant plumage on a dying god, his
 Whistling across the lake, the Quick plunge into xyz as connection to Tendons strained and tongue
 access to suffering, the strata of agony raiments worthy of awe, the colors of
 message to her wake, simple abc, immersion of nostalgia-youth into alert, these steamy minglings
 and disappointments within a set jaw, past assurance, of mortal delusion and
 applause, for she's the stronger projection, all of this intoing natural, of geometric surfaces toward
 bravery displayed and unappropriated, keen duration mated to light, distance
 swimmer, the rippling back, the yellow surprise of sudden sun, this inner resolve, words as seams,
 a father-girl's enduring loss of time-fold compulsory, a mother-boy's struggle to
 the quivered thighs, all of this converging life lifted out of time-pools, cross-clauses merging actions
 and energy, those conflicting forces that breathe, soon to be moot, the tensions of
 motion and fluid, the waterant twilight undone, the *Imno* crisis, drifting away from edged intents, what
 fill and drain reservoirs, that advocate persistence and surrender occupying all
 spaces of congenital joy, mind into the middle of the road, the terminal fray into self-awareness, solo
 existence, what is sacred and leaked into conception-fields, every exit-heart, ideas
 in pursuit, flanked by dare and progression, these versions of sequential loves, the narcissistic denial of
 promise-skin, what will become emotions stacked upon ideas, feverish attempts to
 hide, wait for muddy shore or air, what will always trump imaginative weave, what will always be
 blown horizontal, the ridiculous need to codify within stratification or to tame the
 outcropping, that linger-spot fervor, the step-by-step justification of what the pragmatic and unphysical
 spread rather than hone, the damaged clearing, the manly frame reminiscent
 of drying talk, just whatever appears to be the case, the unspiritual tyranny of clarity, missing the
 telling, the womanly twirl on the cusp of industrial machinery, cock-a-doodle
 surface-rises, elevated into focus away from swan-finer noise, from bodily tanglements dicative
 of cygnet-blush, of approaching the not done, that twining of midnight and noon
 language, unmental beyond evaporation, snowfall in sunlight, two birds of overcare, wed to common
 everafter, uncommon static and melody in stand-alone sounds, top-of-the-ruin
 vocalization, watching clouds in flight with the necessary space between senses, strung upon the theory
 across concepts, the strangest alphabet abandon, this death of myths under the
 combine, watching hairs curl, their dartings and gleams, the civil tools of observational glut, matching
 holes with exclamation pegs, these sexual auspices of war, orientations flipped,
 every unspoken ramification of instinct, this newly evolved sky soaring the obvious to the unprovable,
 deflections around discourse, transforming water into blood into ink into soil into air
 of togetherness surviving days beyond enterprise, above the cleverness of talks noted into loose books,
 semblance into delight, hard indifference into sun, threads of thought struggling
 alone, granite-calm throughout strategy, past any land of gray thinking or explanations of meanings
 into soft affection, exhaustion out searching for elbow room, for territorial comfort,
 doze and waterlap, embracing pink secrets, that uvw melancholy, severance of words and names of things,
 younger eyes for revigorating clusion, every to-be-pulled-out-from-under rug,
 the coolish breeze and its time-sorrow, the about-to-be beyond truncation, descriptions of particular bodies
 absent of judgment, willing to weep over every night of remembered success with
 to-go implications, the last brush with death till conception, time-ignorant and not quite knowing when
 someone else's son, someone else's worst days to come, will surprise the burdened
 of shoulder in that leaving light. and bodiless, everyone will elude whatever rays of light reach mirrors.
 and most resplendent occasions of fate. and the careless, will shock the normal.
 truths most mornings come loud-knocking.

Tallow waters of the shore-minded reflect Squint-trails round the eyes, what will go
 Blueswallowing for aim-health, Quickening out of the forest lark, these Rogues for days, galleries of
 evergreens without threat, standing easy with the only-heart, peerage intent upon
 conduct becoming explorers, jaunts to elusive lakes, fantast wrung from louts and loons, hanging too
 near the endeavor of leisure, requiring severe happiness, freckles and bark-scent,
 discipline undreamt of by his collarbones and cowlicks, the bowery skies unlit to see, her ego catering to
 nothing unnatural but respect, trees as the corporeal fascinators resembling
 abandoned friends, those he youth-collected and recollected, gentle conciliatory friends, those kind
 bystanders, and tears absorbed by the boyhood daydreams, what too often are
 forsook for pseudo-solitude with earliest stars, the overgrown path to the lesser attic, the standard
 surface, the sensitive Rambler, weeping mistook for boredom-clutch, for tonal
 or anchorite rigor, escalation to the bramble-house, to memory's tag approach, what is flustered by
 or misty-eyed around beauty disturbed or keepsakes of barley-tinge, the cutting
 of relevance and earnestness and chase, running around the original inward duty and chauvinist
 undisturbed, the full-bracing swim alone or bending of edge-rules, those futures
 above pastimes, ringing the trunk-pillar or scaling the shaft into purer selfishness, out-of-this-world
 or in company, seen by pines and not devils distributed across perception, those tolled
 bells for active madness, flow expression, the straining of life into delta obsession, backwoods torches
 or cherubs, this dive and relinquishment into biggish hands, the titing of fluids
 and flame, milk of cognitive warmth, giving muscle to pattern-shoves for untested resolve, for breath
 of self into lung-purpose, into primacy and force, all given for passage into
 spark, kid-echoes of friends and idea-caroms, evocation of shadows in darkness, the motivations
 and the privacy of parallel efforts toward the real, the verily real, comprehension
 in a neglected clump of trees across vacant lots and beyond horizons too stray-grained to connect to
 solid ground, ankles in mud and torsos told with fingertips before mouths, out-
 playing wilderness, silences that recede, planets never witnessed as comprehensive discovery, the
 shivering in air, the bend of necks before maneuvering talk, the vibration-corona
 around the awed and shouts neighborhood-bound, any home-stallion's inability to find haystacks with
 the mind-swirled hush, the pioneer's foray of touch-and-go, eyes focused on that
 from the eureka-boys, peerless vicinity-grazing vulnerable to barbs and needles undermining the skills
 beyond phenomenology, the brave brain's vanished point, heartache converted into
 lightning and thunder, strange field-currents, the gone-horse's failures to locate needles in haystacks,
 innermost sharpness at the soft-spots of domestic charm, the courageous body's
 cause and effects predisposed to adapt, the impervious spirit's tendency to pinpoint the problem, that
 uncertainty, kiss and show, or remember grace in the face of slow collapse, tilted
 toward margins, supper ready to attach itself to energy, any evening's cruel attention span spiralling
 time as imaginative power, tread water away from consciousness, impossible
 and called and ignored, the stretch toward exchange prophesying around itself, the coming squall
 in the deepest open, tough-barter against acceptance of self-end, some light-raging
 storm still-distant with eventual twister-dreams, the assurance of sleep always coming, ever near and
 easy knowledge, float holding hands before the acquiescence, the comforts of
 bedtime unable to curtail the feeling of departure, death-resembled in scattering thoughts all over
 questioning heaven, tolerating the real physical struggle and finishing-pain, the
 rising wind's furious allure, its inevitable and oblivion-inducing push without destroying the house.
 and denying the claims of the thorough. undeniable matter mattering less and less.
 toward sparkled middle-of-night sunder.

Vantage shall prove his substantiation and **Alchemy shall stead her modify-penchant,**
 Self-satisfaction of the heart's Travel-child witnessing every whatsoever **Undersun and overlake, the**
 venture shall slick his stance, the sudden **glancing blows and garlanded bones, the**
 mass and centrality shifting throughout the long **durance-drift, those clouds transgress, verifying**
 falls too precious for empathy, into the **museumed yesterday, the token-chest,**
 into prepositional soundings, countable revolutions and sun amblings, **existence as occlusive, those**
 pride-realms, into the emotion-abysse of **chemical displacement and mirror-flinch,**
 all as connection-work, some rain on clear family trips and life as spirit- **particular sensations around**
 memory, stumble- and tumble-time, just **what could be considered absence, the**
 bowers over ruins, phantomed notion, those introspective days spent in **shadowed water, arriving at**
 what is needed, equilibrium lost in the **vacant windows, the empty grove, vital**
 moods and tangled growth, road-hum and light-swish, accelerated **peace of mind, often-shone**
 moment of misstep, the fortunate mishap- **bounding of the buck from the hand, but**
 rivulets and vinelands, past and current, won't coalesce as instant- **or breeze-distressed, classic**
 luck across generations, advocating just **what must be seen as never was, parting**
 arterial rushes and subsequent proofs, those stupendous restitutional **poses of nature, thus restoring**
 what is needed, alleviating whole swathes **as superfluous drama, meeting as errata,**
 halts of gerund-feel, skulls as repositories for musing, toys on the quilt, **the relationship between the I**
 of entertainment and thesaural foolery, **more as less, more or less, unexpressly,**
 decorative or trophy-like, the droplets down the rear windshield, voices **and the other, the one and the**
 many words of kid-love once discarded **in that far-gone elsewhere-tub, that roiled**
 chance-aspect of the body, emanating from the front, this backseat **self, lake-sure sea-dreaming,**
 now embodied, straight-talk high-noon **cauldron of distant come-calling truths,**
 this dark meaning-moistened haven in weathery motion too soon to be **wet in the altogether open,**
 testaments of solemn promise, the male **absolutes stewing in maybes, the female**
 language-burdened mouth, nostalgia-bruised, the crucial surrender to **tops of trees and shore-fronds,**
 armor prone to overconfidence and rust, **hopes velveted around willpower, proving**
 the eyes forested and hollows along-the-way destinations, those pleasant **closed-lappings and bird-lifts**
 proving what every woman knows, not **what every man knows, that all beds are**
 wildflowered, legs striding the irrevocable gifts, landswept gilt expanding **in the late shimmer, not quite**
 learned but instinctual, these sniffings of **cooking-pots, too spice-adventured for the**
 anvil-plain, arms reaching for proudest time, the far-eternal embraced **alone with that acknowledged**
 cowardice, boy-swoop and old-droop, **weak-bellied, never too hot to discourage**
 citrus-lilt, fingers peeling that with more tang than original knowledge, **splendor of splendors, fertile**
 arrogance around sweat, or so he thinks, **the devoted taster, or so she thinks, that**
 finest orange, tongue telling of the ride toward zenith, the plunge into **imagination, underestimated**
 quite wrongly, hesitancy derived from **potent taste, vibrancy germinating within**
 storyless assertion, dimensional nether, thought-wander and sense-ramble, **across any fabric of sense, all**
 versions of respect, or if not care, then **fractured focus, probability versus unknown**
 narratives beyond summary or this explorer's observations and doubts **as refraction-work, rivetting**
 curiosity, risk against reward and fresh **pathfindings, life-is-short fancy, life-is-long**
 talk, what is tactile, what has risen to notice or dismissal, circumventing **the mind to the unknowable**
 perspectives, mad-domains doomed to **prudence, neither wrong nor right, womb-**
 scope and shape and finality. salons of the scrubbed sort, plummeting **through the world's surface.**
 tourism and gawking, heft and sky-thrust. **liberty and mind-swing into zest-view.**
 into bottomless spirals of daydreamt.

The only frontier worth futuring is all of us through the not,
 past cultivation and self-hunts, and beyond cultural knolls and civil knobs, putting the rock in the
 glass and putting the glass on the table in the sunlight and pouring water into the glass and
 looking at it all, the rock in the water in the glass and the glass on the table in the sunlight, the
 clearings and the homesteading past pasting, cut and arrange, making inroads into the
 resistant, stumps the strategies of instinct and my shoulders sore from yesterday's chance work,
 delved into and dealt with, and kindling, again through the not, posts for palings, raising
 the window before the morning's storm, as fresh as coitus or overpraised nonlinearity
 grading the slope and berming the roads, That's only untruth, worth furthering, the communal
 effort to tame this field of view, the measurable valley, what isn't expected, what can't be
 predicted, not across individual lifetimes, but now across generations and
 quartz in the glass making the water boil over onto the table in the sunlight, the generations
 unhappened, across all of timelessness in some dubious fashion, collate and stack, the vagaries
 of intuition and stones to make walls and chimneys, these tracings of history and colloquial
 assumptions this make-believe anecdote of physical anomaly, fate, prodded and not the rock
 or the glass or the table or the water or the sunlight, O well, I haven't the nerve I
 haven't the just the boiling inclination to research an entire coulisse, nor the patience to try such
 I wish insanity were amusing, People do lots of things over and some of them well
 I'll seek found and lose, hide and lose an amusement park ride, I'm not afraid anymore Then I'll go
 Soon I'll be harmless in the massiveness, Then the water ran off the edge willing
 onto the patio alone in the little car to close my eyes and choose whatever I lay my hand upon
 My head also hurts from struggling under the sun What I most want is after the swim
 but tonight I'll sit by the fire in the quarry, on the edge of what I've always wanted, the
 assurance it isn't all for nothing, what is reasonable, and I'll study the ways we understand
 the world, the methods those feelings we employ to get things right, the accrual of verifiable
 facts to hang our theories on the day's labor in the fields, the small farm's picking, of vague
 worth, the water roiling in the glass, as if fate prodded and I'll stoop into the shade of the willow
 as fresh as afterglow my shoulders sore, I'll cross town today to the room above the
 bookshop and all that mismatched furniture, as if stepping into an unknown couple's
 bedroom when I was that callow loner I'll ride to the crest with my eyes I miss, the saggy crimson
 armchair by the airshaft on the exit I'll succumb to time before I'll sentimentalize any
 tree The thin, intricate rug between the sleeper-couch and the hearth, if I were to adventure
 into genius, I'd have done so long ago, I'd sooner champion myself into my exploration maps,
 the shower curtain of the ancient fashion world, putting the marble-sized meteorite into
 the hollow of the bone and putting the bone into the cubby just above the copper lamp
 and not making any connections my logs of supposings, embers of hours gone by
 What I most want is These are the days of what I've ever had, People say lots of things and
 some of them are boundaries, options played out into options branching not so good
 toward the sun and the acceptance of roles, and these have always been those days I collapsed
 onto the bed with my head throbbing I'll make prairies of my denser My goodness,
 here's thoughts where I put that jar of birthday pennies but it's nothing aspirin won't address,
 I'll be happy My mind wanders from sun-exposed gratitude into black corners of The glossy red
 thick door quandary The lampshade with the fringe on the blond industrial spool I'm happy, as
 if wearier from disappointment than it were from being ignored for The steamer trunk, too often
 emblazoned across generations and generations playing difficult with the guided initials of a stranger
 by something akin to the opposite of photosynthesis in an earnest way Then the water
 ran off the edge of the cement as if it didn't need oxygen Forgive me into the grass
 I'll grow accustomed Then I'll go I'll be afraid again, the fear of never getting it to right,
 I dove not from the lower ledge and felt good about the fear of starving or watching my child starve
 lacerating myself, The worth is self-scrutiny, the water as cold as I could stand,
 to dissatisfaction within privilege and as the day among the berry-briars spent toward
 midday intensity I tried to recall any of us the chill upon my skin but couldn't and Soon restlessness
 I'll be willing within fortune, Heaven knows I love to forego oblique sensibilities
 whatever is best kept silent, to stare into the night sky without enumerating my accountability
 standards nothing more than my standards Nothing more than stories of secretism
 comes from weeds except more weeds as stale as self-assessment and nothing will come of my
 taking the rock from the glass of water and setting the rock on the table and drinking the warm
 water My daydream settlement, shuffled leaves, our dead fathers, my hard swallow, that
 superior phrasing, this unfamiliar stain, my sigh of unbelief, my pretending to tie my shoe I'll
 fort my parched yard or undo a stubborn knot my heart

My blood on thorns, My soft swallow, My hardscabble mind, these old thoughts
 resistant to my all-consuming self-haunts, places I've made into metaphors, my conscription,
 and my forms locally grown sanctuaries I should quit this trailblazing on the outskirts of my
 modern town, shirtless, stupidly, Here I'll recover from the recovery, this wistfulness for foreign
 thicket brambles taller than my ideas I'll become more and more covered by myself, So I'll
 stay stubborn, less and less favorable to climatic changes, no longer nervous about attachment
 or reworded affection for This deco shade from buildings half down closer, and closer to my
 youthful decay This breeze from yesterday's desert tenderness What I don't get is This,
 I don't expect to ever understand why I'm so susceptible to the intricacies of asking why
 I'll soon enough be chosen to be unchosen my private red emotion scratch across a deeper
 scratch across my chest above my heart But today—since this is today and not tomorrow—if I
 were to be lifted up and away from this world, carried on the winds of a reckoning-dream,
 away from surprised loved ones and away even from loved ones surprised, I'll create a country
 store and walk to it in real rain I'll be swept away toward some super-unknown, into some stark
 yard before I'd refuse the ride, if refusal were allowed I'll allow myself to commodify my life's
 grammar I'll convert showers into torrents to unite this fledgling community, to rally spirit
 I won't press my pulse into countdown as if I could know the incalculable beats remaining
 My palm on my cheek, my tongue on the move, our glimpses over shoulders, My shoulders sore,
 my neck stiff from the pull-out-sofa, those ways of going around, this once-in-a-lifetime Feast
 or famine, I'll accept the possibility of passing in the night, thanksgiving or ingratitude or regrets,
 this tripling of terms, the hide-a-bed, uncomfortable, with sentiment my stifled breaths my
 relentless stock-taking fatalism Symmetry isn't a glade in the forest So I make resolutions
 into variant quips So I pretend to frontier my imagination So I fatten the mind for future slaughter
 Out of the reach of meaning There must be solace there must be meaning in failure,
 around which I sleep, I swim, I work, I wander, I'll construct context, I inventory actions and my
 reactions to those actions, my sense of false elements in plotted adventures, my empirical ways of
 scattering a life, this volume of verbs, this palpating sameness, tomorrow's woodland, that
 banal development our living unique and time-bothered I'll go to heaven's basement collected
 as dew, to apply, if I must, for a license to create Time jarred by area of day preserves what it
 observes, or so some try to believe, time as destroyer, whatever I wish for obvious info
 nectar for grandchildren of the next renaissance This billboard shade mocking establishments long
 shut down Weather profound My winter resolve, my summery pace, This Death wind unremarkable
 from farther that way than anyone has ever been or should ever go or will ever come back from
 my sprung rancor, my fallen nonchalance My Life indefatigable goodness, I've failed to stop
 minding I'll eventually realize I can't I've stepped on that discarded Pretend doll before to
 be the prime mover of some small sphere I'll just knit my coat and watch it all unravel
 I've had this sour taste of spectrumed self-regard and pruned self-loathing in my
 mouth before, too, many times, vernal flavors As if I'm in control of emergence and proliferation
 of my comfort or my image As if I could Listen to the pleas and table or just characterize myself
 I'll make my way around the quarry to stir the pot I'll rectify the situation, I must understand
 the situation, whatever the situation, unless luck intervenes, unless time dissolves everything
 in order to do what I need to do to conquer the territory I feel as if I know something
 Whosoever won't find the courage it must take to be peerless is with me Civilization seldom
 waits for the resolution to ethical equivocation The water in the quarry is four-colored today,
 separate from the sky, separate from my brother's eyes, my friend's eyes, any lover's eyes, any
 eyes of the gods O my, I'm weary of My muslin curtains, my burlap sheets, my chimney, my
 splintered razor, my trying blue thoughts A day of work, a day of avoiding work,
 These reflexive evenings, wounds of different origins, endless calibrations of internal damage,
 I'll be fearless in my spontaneous design, my apprentice plan self-mastered, my sleep twisted into
 sights set waterhole to shining waterhole, these weak shoulders, markers of provincial shame,
 Try to go further without going under or waking to the nausea of incompleteness Then, if I'm
 flooded, breast to pinnacle I'll look and think and make in half-consciousness, I'll
 consider doing it all again, or until something like it, some pattern of revelatory habit
 I'm gathered or dispersed I'm neither droughted nor monsooned, my locusts and my restless
 natives systemed into quirks, my outlaws cowed into shelvers, My phenomenology begins
 and ends with my prostitutes coerced into rendering the twenty-seventh letter
 Neither the amplitude of the female alphabet, the world to come nor the momentum
 of my obvious wave could green her trivial energy the scattershot seed of my ideas I'll only
 bleed a little I'll choke on The air what will absorb whatever I say before it reaches
 I only bled a little time I didn't choke on yesterday

Self-astonishment is sadly Self-conspired, So I'm rare, and I'll
 colonize the unknowing, in its rarity, exclusive, collectible my cognition as private as my
 faraway favorite my onliness that provides my phantom-edge I'll testes my proposals
 These theses, these constructs, can't be geography above geology If I'm to propagate this new
 world of nostalgic origins— I'll trunk my aspirations the ice-box sodas and wide floorboards,
 the bells above the door, wainscoting and wooden counters, our wet ringlets of youth-hair—
 These briars, as notions, in this meandering, as conceit, I'll not fret the next step, or the doll, as
 undercurrent, I should have insisted upon authenticity from the outset, not within the ongoing,
 nor the last, not as afterthought, what won't fond my love my fears thriving in the thrills
 They'll scratch at me as middle-ground my vulnerability, or first-blush, I'll wriggle underfoot,
 the sweet swan's opening trick, setting the life-conditions, those particle-tropes noon-stride into
 oblivion silent fill the leaving, My archaic posture, our sustenance mothers, that inferior
 stare, this known crease, my cry of relief, my bending to dive from the utmost perch I'll
 court that self-mythed splash-song or gaze into fathoming my emersion There are
 cloud-shadows I've scattered across the general land and there are droplets of particularity coded
 on skin my own birth out of A walking-distance swimming hole Here species-wide forgetfulness is
 medicine, liquid grace, where My lies twist one road from town toward where there are mischief-paths
 to underwater understanding, my boyish qatar flourishes toward surface-air memory and still
 feels as if it were where the ordained trees whisper over reality From leisure innovation ought
 to rise, along with time-witnessed miracles of the secular sort, these halcyon lives of
 literary rutz Still, there must be boredom and grief, desire and disappointment I won't survive
 my four fatal diseases, and someday I'll be wrapped in finse-shroud I'll drink seasonal extracts,
 one by one, of purest proof, until I have to go The lace, at the wrists, the dust on the shoes, the
 pulse at the throat, the stepping out of clothes, the arch of the spine, tomorrow the berry-fields
 will receive my strength, as I know them intimately, the ripples out from the shoulders, the hair
 dampening at the tips, the coins moist in the palms, the candy waiting I'll work without shame,
 immersed in the fervency of their ripe insistence until I'm drunk on leaves and snow and blooms
 and grain I'll manufacture edges and hearts of towns, mains and centrals, bogs and gulches
 I'll drink water from an unexamined flask without concern for debris, the sun never an enemy
 in my output My industry will compete with my contentment I'll seek similar intoxicating mercies
 from the cardinal points I'll set the doll in the crook of a cottonwood so it won't be stepped on
 again, and I'll gaze into the bowers as if I could decipher the tree My thirst will parch
 the ground below and These are my testaments, my venerable stars above and My sleep
 renewable, won't translate ordinary ego into maverick id, what I've seen without chronology,
 I'll expand my firmament into intelligible superego gone eye-swimming as metropolises spread
 dreams If I were in reasonable possession of my limitations, I might hush till near the end
 I didn't think it would be mine to wreck the vale I were to accept my smallish successes,
 I might let the monster roam the heath I don't think I'll ever know to whom the doll belonged
 If I were to admit I'm fallible, infinite regress could be pursued till doomsday I won't think of
 the right thing to say until after the engraving is done The windblown duburn hair blocks
 the sun The brown bags of sweets won't make it home The surface of the water gave way to
 my body I'll sit alone in the crimson armchair Staring not at a brick wall but into a glade, I'll
 science mystery with remarks of self-funded hubris, I'll watch for repetition and not difference,
 and I'll reflect upon a life lived without ample sweat-salt, my magnificent arm waving away
 demotic radicals my solutions in eye-texture my mind not enough in my tongue, those fastes
 of thresholds and facades Billions of times over I'll breed for selflessness In the dark
 I'll stay Controlled by precedent, I'll follow near enough to the trodden thought-ways
 to be covered in anonymous dust I'm not the only one who has sat in this chair without turning
 on a lamp, adjusting to the ambience, pondering The tragic and comic gaps in events That
 can't compare in the long run to the romantic, the daily wist and lean That in ceiling, those
 time-stopped stares, my tendon-flex, that musty interior, this tentative probe, my freckle-rise
 and plotless memory, those water-paths, our birthright lonelineses, our dry-mouth exchanges,
 our sweet-tooth propulsions, all in the service of evolutionary wit all ours for stray coins and
 summer liberty, my insights into another's musing patience I'll keep unselfed characters
 out of the scenery—nameless selves globally recumbent— Language will crest as waves and crash
 into my lap What I know is so and what I hope to be so won't ever quite coincide as psyches firing
 only when stimulated I'll go home to my candle and its flickering affection, alight only at bedside,
 doused by a passing spirit after I talk to myself as remonstrator and So I won't be able to
 resist comforter intervention till discovering I've fallen into knowledge sleep

I'll wake to My sicknesses These needs to invent individuality, as false futures
 compel me always, and thus frustrate me, and begin anew to rub out the edges, my sowing
 hinterlands with seeds of cement, with wire-roots, my futile attempts determine my actions,
 my weak shoulders too easily rendered sore when reconfiguring myself to belong in crowds,
 this fictional plundering of personal history, and my thirst for company too seldom slaked, private
 passion subsidized into my tightly-wound momentum-moments, seeking my slack evenings,
 spent floundering for afternoon surge, acquittal I'll try to speak in simple sentences
 Watch me bring rains to these lowlands From now on I'll unfold my nightly bed with gratitude
 whenever love is to be spoken of endlessly beside me Let's go to what are our Let's go
 Coital-fresh come spring showers Tree-canopies over country roads Quartz gleaming in sunlight
 Ivy wrapped around steep mansions The patio dry The linear illusion of tributarial rush
 In the farthest west of our concern, those sunset places, kid-forts between hedges and walls, I'll
 From heartlands to wastelands, empathy and sorrow and rage, lake-love and candy-lust, I'll
 Across straight-talk, putting meaning into things concrete, curveless aqueduct angles, I'll
 still plead for oblique sensibilities still vicinity the senseless still mangle sense My shirt
 stays tied at my waist even though my Civilization will fall into ruins, and weeds and vines will
 dominate Those shoulders I adore are getting too much sun where sands and seas see my aloofness
 as chosen I can't prevail Time ought to be doing home This will prove it was all chemical skew
 Out of the blue, creation learns to create, teaches creating, allows for destruction out of
 quarry depths, From my place in the sun I watch tomorrow surface, I'll pine for shadows
 I've wrapped my world in edifice The glass empty The allusive lines of territorial quibbling
 This, then, constitutes my undertow, My intellectual scope, what could be considered tidal, if tides
 weren't oceanic or feminine, my way to drown despite my swimming prowess This is my
 vision for the world, this work under the sun and thought-making in the shade, what will prove
 my undoing, this reflection by loyal candlelight can't be seen from space My small heart, my
 big strum, this ghost-hold, that trust-factory, our perfect mortality, my reaching for My
 irreparable continuance, Here is the screened porch past-presenting, where good things
 happen, swimsuits drying, ratcheted talk, our next discovery, my settling for this exposed effort
 This upcoming is only my yearning, freshwater sunned from our impetuous wills, our risk-taking
 collusional nod toward collisional spark Ignore my fate The apocalyptic tone, Well, I'm
 no colloquial stalwart, that narrow-minded restrictiveness I'm more fantast-inclined toward the
 blurring of voyeuristic vignettes, my words those of gossamer and organ, of time for tapestries
 of harp-and-bone imbroglio more curiosities than instruments or tools I know contrast has
 come and gone I should accomplish flow I should get out of the water if those are
 thunderclouds Building I shouldn't seek shelter in what structures I've made from shreds of
 thought, of quilted philosophy, of pilgrim-insight, What if they won't keep the wolves
 of faux-childhood away My projections are lightning-stuffed The wilds flicker on fortress walls
 I won't forgive My ignorance won't forget to watch for intermittent blackness fallacious
 cropping Here is the hearthfire after the thunderstorm cooled the evening I won't fool
 the adept dreamer won't trick myself into The lakehouse ceiling as cosmos, the huge rope rug
 as youth-soul memory, voices lowered to cross surface distances In the tub I feel badly
 about all the scratches and the intimate continuity This conversation will be one of my
 favorite memories, this unreal exchange All this decadence fallen log and valley greening
 comprises me, I'll inadvertently snuff the candle my compositional static, our paxilated nerves
 I'll intuse rebirth when I pull back the covers, although I'll have felt no haste to disappear into
 The smoke from my cinder-weave, my ember-scratch, my unconduted trainwreck A self-impanned
 symphonic crescendo won't awaken the world my water-plunge awaits my coda and I'll invoke
 My tollings, as markers for the keen of heart, staccato-wrong and sponge-belled, the echoes
 won't resound across any land, won't alarm any birds around the quarry I'll adjust these spots
 along the road to feel breeze-attitudes, my boy-compassed chimes never enough to promote
 land-clarity expectations, to stir even next-door slumberers, our hopes not fitting the frame,
 this meek-ringing hand and water-reach, my encouraged weeds choking focus my manifest
 control Here is lilt under roof, unasleep and dearly content, lake-swim weary and wary
 of phantom-loss Here is the self as unknowable, as unknowable as the non-self or the gods
 or the non-gods, hunter and hunted, heart and arrow and velocity and resolution Here is the
 residual aroma of the darkened candle, in the air and in my lungs and in my bloodstream, light
 as friend and darkness as compatriot Here is starshine through a gap in the wallboards
 There will be the death of the I without the death of the author There will be dreams of droplet
 and trickle, rivulet and slipstream, rapids and delta and well beyond Now is always coming
 between me and my swan dive through the luminous air to end private expression

And also in those days those days yet to come sky fell from the sky and the blue flecks melted into the yellow flecks of the sun to make a green world And also the seas that were there were a mighty unknown And also the trees that were there were there beyond learning there beyond the knowledge of the inhabitants of the land or the water or the visitors to the air And also in those days to come nothing lived in fire as might be expected And also the minds that were there were a mighty unknown if not unknowable, then inscrutable, not so much in their mechanisms although the supreme of these held onto their sense of mystery and some of their secrets but in their textures or not their textures but their relationships to meaning or to the potentials of meaning or the semantics of meaning or the meanings of meaning And in those days yet upon us it was reasonable for meaning to not be wholly known or not be condemned for being partially known or only partially unknown the knowing almost as unknown as the meaning the unknown almost as welcome as the known apprehension as lovely as apprehension seeing as lovely as seen And in those days of mind and matter not of mind as matter memory yearned for tomorrow and projection needed the oldest light These are the days of words piled upon words, bonfires of the imagination or pyres to burn the imagination as heretical, self-examination as disease and science as chronic, navel-gazers bedding logicians while clerics watch from unsapped bowers, these strategic days, these wifful frames Those days come not as stormfronts or storefronts but as effronteries to availing observation All days are those days All days are just days Or these are the days of constant adjustments and dwindlings, of colors in veins and the glorious orifice Or those were the days when lightning sought the heart through the brain and not just the loins through the lips or peace of mind through the denial of the soul or the passion of the hands through the freezing of the spirit or the grand pulse through the sly transactions And those were also the days ever arriving, the soon-to-be around-the-corner delivery of the straightaway And the coming days will bring the risen seas and impresario rivers, the waters of old under new rain the rushing savant into the supplicant swamp Or the days upon us all will bring moss-rhythms and mold-rhymes, the nether-urge curled around the brain-stem, the will of emergence spooled around the spleen all of robustness in a wink all of tradition in saliva or our tears or in blackened tongues And also in those days those days yet to come effluence came as lust and fashioned a culture while caverning a context And also the words that were there were stubborn and impenetrable simulacrum and variance And also the lake that was there was there beyond explication there beyond the comprehension of its swimmers or the pervasive sky or its sheltering banks And also in those days to come fire fell from the sky as the folly of story as should be expected and living in that fire was nothing known And also the minds that were there were minds of mimicry and homage poke and prod smoke and mirrors flail and ornament And also the minds that were there were a mighty gathering of privilege and affect of substance and effect And also the also was predictable and predictive and divine in its more and more its linguistic philanthropy its momentum of neutral coast from peak to surf Those were the days of longer nights Those days to come were the divisional days Days and nights are divisional Time won't always be divisional Those were the days when the days to come were to be difficult and dangerous And those were the days when the days were just days among days And these are the days of thinking better and rampant idiocy These are always those days

These have been those days since day two These will have been those days since day one And also in those days we mustn't do as we're told mustn't assume the royal perch mustn't swoop for the decoy mustn't turn the other eye These are the days of our unanswered prayers These are the days of praying and not praying These are always those days These will have always been those days forever and ever And men won't last forever and women won't last forever and the earth and sky won't last forever and childhood won't last forever But if hydrogen and oxygen last forever then Water won't last forever The idea of water won't last forever without actual water or the minds to remember or fabricate water Minds can't fabricate water Minds need water Minds need brains Brains need water Brains need bodies Bodies need water Bodies of water are finite An infinite universe won't exhaust its water Bodies of water aren't finite and adulthood won't last forever and pain never lasts forever and languages never last forever and forever as a word won't last forever and forever as an idea will go the way of water as an idea and the way of water is to go where it's told by gravity and not where it wishes Water doesn't wish and pleasure never lasts forever but pleasurelessness lasts in a dead world And those days were the days and are to be the days of death and comedy of life and tragedy of romance and faith of discourse and doubt Those days are long gone Those days are long going These are the days of let's get going These are the days of let's get gone And also the also was a pocket of time Time doesn't have pockets and motherhood isn't ever stars and daydreams aren't bottomless and the spirit moved across the surface of the deep And those will be the days of reasons for pure critique And those will be the days of sex as a flood of oldest light of light as the progeny of creator and word of word as the excuse for fear of fear as the drowning principle the principal fear water as enemy air as lover light as judge And these are the days of don't get out as much And these are the days of never had a chance And these are the days of not as spry And these are the days of these kids these days These days language is too pliable These days are always those days And also in those days gone or coming the amateur philosopher thrives as a false prophet his green world ever greening or ungreening and elsewhere always greener his mind afire beyond his abiding his honesty hidden in irony his irony hidden in zeal his zeal dampened by aesthetic mists his style more in his wrists than his ankles more in his elbows than his knees And also in those days the godless saw gods and the godful were mindful of method and those destroyed by fire won't resent the ash or the spark or the oxygen and they won't worship the flame And in those days the truthless won't exist and the truthful won't know themselves And also in those days of vicinity-wilderness those days yet to come we climbed down from the crowns of our trees and I'll climb down from the crown of my tree and speak erect with my concerns at hand And I spoke of the elect as consecrated And I'll speak of the sacred as history And I'll seek comfort in the flesh of the snow And I'll have done my best to lust well to last long to lose right to love first And also in those days of risk and next and near and dear and reach and more I strove to clarify what needed obfuscation and opaque what wanted defining as if to muddle the mud as if to show the mirror within itself Let me witness my limits Let me peer beyond my peering Let me haunt the all Let me stay within compass And also the trees in the rain at night near the streetlamp make me feel less alone or less lonely And also the rivers obeisant to the sea make me feel less oppressed or less oppressive

And also the mind hard at work at night after the body working hard by day makes me feel human or hardly inhuman And also the words strung in a silent way between two buildings or across any narrows makes me feel conductive or connected to the greater silence if not ever the greatest silence And my good silence stood at the upstairs window watching the wind and rain lash the trees and I considered what I don't know about storms and the air currents within storms I know almost nothing about the air currents within storms or weather patterns as natural structures and I took into account what I don't know about the motion of trees in any breeze or wind or gale I know when the wind is rising I feel something when the breeze is sweet and I tried to weigh what I don't know about myself as observer or myself as dimensionality or myself as cognition I know myself as not adequate I know myself as not done and I stood alone at the window with my burden of calculations and was moved by the movement of the trees the responsiveness of the living the bend-without-breaking efforts of the tall and rooted and I felt the freshening gratitude of mobility and shelter and sight across distance and proximity within time and the paradise of silence and I fell into a reverie of self-magnification and consequential self-occlusion The world won't yield to my sculpt I won't cease trying to ply My hands can't crescendo the inert and in my half-dream of scrutiny and concealment I lost my magnetic position alone at the window and went adrift in the wake of the storm, lifted by peripheral winds as if I were a paper ploy, my chance to participate in ongoing aftermath these days of shallow-breath boredom of hold-your-breath terror of steal-your-breath majesty of count-your-breaths mortality And also in those nights those nights soon upon us those immanent nights of more-of-the-same sky came down from the bible-black sky as excess fervor and without accountability And also the buildings that were there were a collection of impulses And also the fire that was there was uninhabited I think it's time we speak of what can be known and not whatever we think whatever we feel whatever we dream whatever we say about whatever we said whatever we'll eventually say about whatever we're about to say whatever was said and won't be said again whatever we might say about the saying I know nothing of the burning bush or the lake of fire but I could speak of the spiritual flame Or I could chalkboard incompleteness theorems I want to speak of something I don't know how to speak of, something elusive and evanescent and wordless, something ineffable, or I'm wrong and I actually want to speak of that wasp on the wall or the veins on the backs of my hands or the taste of my love's secrets or the anvil upon which we're forged or the textural realm of equations I'd like to say my heaven exists within fire where I can't go I'd like to be able to say I never betrayed a friend I'd like to be able to say it's all the same in the end If only I could say without hesitation that the light on the building justifies both the building and my vision I'd like to be able to say my moral stance was considered from every possible angle before it was assumed If only I could say with utter confidence that I'm positive I won't ever be able to say anything with utter confidence I'd like to say my love resides in the warm roiling waters of original sinlessness If only they had grown teary-eyed when I spoke of my fondness for the persistence of vista or its auditory or intuitional equivalent If only I could adequately express the slight bend at the end of one of her fingernails to some receptive stranger If only I could say there were more to sensitivity than the cataloging of subjective favorites or empathy for reflective plights If only the genetic code irrefutably indicated individual purpose

Now is the night one blue dew never saved a child from hunger or a whale from slaughter or a classic shoe from discontinuance I never wanted to have to speak for myself I always wanted the opportunity to speak for myself I thought I might be able to speak for my neighbor I thought I might one day get spoken through I've always known that one day I'd have to speak for myself I believe we should all have to speak for ourselves My neighbor might not feel she should speak for me I still think I might one day get spoken through These days will drain away into those days and those days will disappear into assessment and be absorbed into the green ideal and be incinerated or evaporate along with the unblued now and every drop of moisture and these days will undeniably still have been these days These days I'd like to know more than I do These days I know I don't really need to know much more than I already do These days I know I know about as much as any next guy knows These days I know I'll never know the absolute difference between the unknown and the unknowable And also in those days those days coming and going going and coming words did the best they could within their individual and collective circumstances of persuasion And most self-respecting ideas should always try to stay out of the way of words We struggle in vain to stay out of the way of words We're not ideas and we're not components like words and we're not compository like language and we're more combinatorial than we are compositional and we're more correlational than we are correlative I'd rather be creational than accidental I'd rather be disappointed than deluded I'd rather be happy than right I'd rather not feel that failing better rather than succeeding worse is the only option but I do and I'd rather not feel that I've about run out of time but I do and of course I'd rather not feel the slagged and mined-out mediocrity of obsolescence but I do I'd rather feel like the chosen than the chooser but I don't And also in those days those days yet to come people were really mean to each other And also in those days people will be run-of-the-mill mean to one another or really kind and polite and pleasant or forgiving and congenial and tolerant or essentially respectful or essentially indifferent and the nothing-new-under-the-sun same-as-it-ever-was outlook gets us nowhere There's nowhere to get but here Let's go Treading water breeds facetiousness or jokey avoidance or permutational gamesmanship And also in those days I'll seek higher ground only to be avalanched in my vale to be flooded in her vale to be crucibled in will Somewhere the fundamental tenets of thinking finery await me Here is the excruciating evidence of endemic tilt to list to sink in drydock Here is the indefatigable corrosion of neglect Here is all my dirty laundry piled into a suffering-hill for one Here is the moment the egg is fertilized with the savior Somewhere the flick of the wrist is properly scorned Somewhere rhetoric is bloodstained I once thought the mind could scale the steeple I once dreamt of feeling the foetus kick I often imagined her body as a lake I never envisioned myself here with all of this and none of that We don't dare diagram the loss The distance between myself and anything is everything Somewhere words have the decency to keep their mouths shut Some day among those days to come will be a day of gentle amnesia Some night among all those thunderous nights gone by I might yet discern the one of my definition Please excuse my directed melancholy Take the bypass around my elitism Shovel the coal into my only furnace Leave me be with my undoubting And so across these days we track the eternal fox to some modest lair of all repute And so in those days the hatches and seams will hold and the speaking won't stop

The waves broke on the shore below the mind's lighthouse,
that feminine death unvanquished, the unyielding estuary of the consciousness, words as rocks in
pockets to serve the drowning verve, all as fame unpleasured, the pointy sorrow, the self-ship
coming apart in the other-storm, the other-fleet sailing around the self-storm, prevailing trade winds
carrying most everyone away from this hard island, vacationers and adventurers, scholars and
pals, purveyors of gentler shores, chroniclers of rougher seas, lovers of finer sands, the
houzelamp dimmed by spray, the groundswell bent toward cliffs, some estrogen promontory, some
thought-full headland, tidal emotions under fury-squalls, that allusive motherant sea against this
breastal skerry, language-blown and palm-mute, dangerous under brooded fatherous skies,
daughter-cleft at the far reaches of any string of pearls, navel to cape across grass-halved wealth,
cove to ness, thick-house whitewash, the intelligent room emptied of human influence, the spiral
stairwell moist with brine, her coastal moons slant-shone upon inland ideas, her vision beyond
blank melody, shore to overlook, gale or calm, armchaired in the house-depths, warm tea in her
belly, lace at her sleeves, this fictional construct of actionless placement, figmented into common
positions, stormed for motion's sake, storms as a constant of the wilderned mind, as she could also
be in the garden or anap the daybed or wandering the upperlands in fair weather, her existence
dependent upon shared imaginations, whatever she is, character or portrait or fantast or memory
or archetype or stereotype or shade, friend or mother or sister or lover or wife, or none of these,
still undeniably a daughter, whoever she is, if this is an ordinary world, not a daughter of the sea
or of literary whim but of sexual outcome, birth and infancy and girlhood and youth and sudden
come-of-age, these strands of hair, those particular clothes, these myriad options, some gray if
gray is needed, the inner hurt amid the outer weathering, mortal and locally historical, life-wrinkles
around wry smiles, the gulfstream vagina and the oceanic mind, fingertips of the one and only, salt
and pepper longings, glossolalia and psychosomatica, the unsugared sayings of original
consequence, swirl-of-woman amid girl-gratitude, horsey expectations and scout-spunk, pig-tail to
pony-tail to billowy tangles, scars and pocks and twitch and flinch, this pale version of a fabricated
miracle, this fleshy concoction, this windswept knob in some untropical clime, receptive to
introspection, to toughening assurance, chill-rooted in bone-tales, in derivational marrow, her
skeletal frame one day coming apart in the ever-storm, this air of changeable power, a dash of
righteousness with a pinch of regret, her smarts uncontested, her will undetermined, whether
through suffering or sufferance, collaged or clotheslined, sun-loved or candle-sexed or subtexed,
her most sensual meridian maritimed for compassionate purposes, this shadowy proof of unobserved
grace, grace begetting speakable grace, some specimen of female genius, unmanned in essence,
the waves broken and the language phosphorescent, shore-long and island-wide, night-stained
after crossing a vacant room to a deep window, her spirit half-unslept, her mouth half-unspoken,
the rain on the glass from another mind, ships gone down throughout expression, treasure-loss to
the undermurk of clarity, wave after wave of tempest and notion, her way of experiencing everything,
of feeling in and out of her skin, sourhood and sweetness, the empirical flux of float and abide,
the tumultuous freedom within the sumptuous fold.

Northern watersheds don't fear the flesh of snow or the white gaze, their love and confidence self-placed, skyed dark or light-long, word-curved to the pole, star of inconsequence, our trust in the goodness of living, heart-flash and mind-settle, these days across dayness, hard work and core love, tree-descent and water-wean, earth-magnetism for the hyphenated man, my self-spun cloak come undone for her mothering wound, back before I was landscape or iceshelf, or just since I flowed outward, or earlier today when I woke enthralled, the ensured warmth of life beside her, her fluid charms, her sweater-realm, my finesse-renderings not approaching her cardinal surface or her white sheet, glacial conceptions of transitory import, moraine-thoughts for equatorial organs, our growing-old slog through pap-smear intrusions and prostate probes, our face-fall wake-up calls of dwindlings and departures, the fleeting all one glance past protocol, the enduring all one blink shy of a staredown, her lingo-free cheer-dowry, my scattered attitude, this smattering of church-dust, the splatter of shoot and excuse, the wandering brute and the hunkered scamp, goat-frolic in the sun-sure heights, her reach as the braided flirt, my stretch as the satyr-aggressor, this night of nights around our sponsored leavings, our advertised deaths, my tundra empiricism or my spackled past, the sturdy male with the sturdier female, able to stand together in a world of meltdown, gaps in walls and awful horizons, life as seasonal tonnage, as seasonally aggressive and merciful, these cycles avant-human, our centric weathervanes still spinning atop our minds, our wintry fortitude spawning solemn children in summer's cauldron, solemn when not giddy or content or museful, the available array, addiction and spite and disillusionment, the unreal and the all too real, happiness uncorrected by certitude, beds in cozy berths and births in haven-beds, ground-living with sky-respect, these days soaking into time, these nights so dark they'll disappear, the established primitives of boolean inference, hands heavy on loved stomachs and eyes heavy with vanishing points, the sealed joists of judicious interiors, our gathering-hearth, our hooped listening-rug, these granted entrapments, the tastes of her specificity, the waste of all generalities, what I won't ever know about existing in fire, what I can't shelve about the maddening crowd, this community, these spattered insights, this unmatting weave, her raveled pink under moss-allure, the flicker-swayed green, the rift-mold clean, tresses upon stubble, my comfort-swim from her shore to her shore, her outcroppings to her shallows, the sundown burn, the twilight hum, the evening curl of living unalone, what I refuse to comprehend about cascading silence, what I couldn't solve about the gladhanding club, my tattered workshirt, these untricked sleeves, the care she gives to play, to the filthy equation, the enjoyment crèche, all in allegiance to flagless innocence, my heart hers now that I'm awake to our regular fortune of tangible and intangible pleasures, these days of shy pulses beneath grandiose transformations, these invited days of immensity and mobility and stir, those uninvited ego-floods, our escape from punitive reduction, from palliative redaction, from brute-collar and overease into free-sweat, from rude-hewn into love-carved, the totem-lift of acceptable response, and thus I'll devote myself to decempering impulses with august results, I'll work the words to match the math, everything adding up in the end, everything tarned here and everything shoaled there, the roof-whirl under the sky-blanch, my shabby withdrawal, her retroactive gasp, the wood-drip and the drift-map, our air filled with approval, our heat pooled into potential, the coming of more life and more death and more heart-settle and mind-flash across days upon days

Rambling swims for the strong-limbed, cross-stitching the lake with confident strokes of vague persuasion, this bank as attractive as that inlet, that frond as silky as that ripple is pure, the exhaustion of thought before the collapse of sex, this centering of self in some unstoried watery expanse, and from such brew emerged mental excellence, emerges goosebumped skin into cooler air, the body alone before suited, bridled when accompanied, bridal at heart, the heart neither unthought of nor uncondescended to, the mind aware of itself as bodied, the body unaware of itself as minded, the self aware of the other even as the other is still arriving and as the other arrives and after the other has arrived, the arrival as unmysterious to and as understood by the other as by the self, indescribable in its absolute actuality, any motion through space over time defying hurt and beyondlessness, lonely as life-condition, pained as passage, the lakewater unresponsive to the other until the other unshoes and unshorts and becomes immersed, the droplet along the rib on the granite-warm yet to happen, the drying always coming after the getting wet, the wet following the original dry after the original wet, bound to water through the waterbond, bound to life through self-other urge, the dual-swim unsynchronized, not as proximal as expected or dreamt, but lovelier this way, talk suspended, solitude sustained, the near silence unneared into aloof ambience, the world as it is and as it isn't, with isolation of this extent—even if twained—left only to the imagination, the water welcoming, the air not unfriendly, the storms still distant, the swimclothes unremarkable, the bodies just bodies and the minds not entwined, this intuitional exertion, tread and stroke, kick and float, this lake as incomprehensible as a thumbprint, as navigable as a subconscious, this day chosen for its summer qualities of volatile weather, sun into evening inclemency, drowsiness into violence into deep-night crickets, standard scenario, neither courtship trajectory nor creation yarn, neither cornerstone flaw nor cerebral flow, not recognizable as anything but engendered nostalgia, diaphanous playmake, corporeal substitution, virtual dioramas, a step removed from a step removed, mated as observation to the observed, there existing no future the past can't absorb through the present, all funneling into yesterday, all drained into the done, the intimate boulders and that hunderthunder, dewlet and bone, bolt and clap, the shine-place, the touch-hovel, some apogee of time as muse, nonexistent until held, this day chosen as days are always chosen, as one among many or as the lone option, the one risen to the surface, the next pearl in the chain, singular and inextricable, selected by the orientations of a planet to its inner self and to its star, uneternal and legended, these choiceless choices pattern-bound or a wealth of choices abounding, the lake formed by prudent choices, modesty of isolation and acreage of domain, treeshroud and cleanliness this side of wilderness, the eventually-arriving other situated on the outskirts of choice, female to the male and well able to swim, all other details bedeviling or trivial, the self made more from its inability to unchoose than from its choosings—if the self can be neutered and third-personed, if the self isn't paralaxed to the other, if the other isn't merely a self-construct, if final memory isn't constructed by the initial imagination—the choice made in the moment or the choice labored into being after days or seasons of hard deliberation, the swimming swum and the silence proffered, the hours refolded into swan-shapes, the going home light-headed in tandem.

Westward goes the mind and westward comes the body, spirits tucked into chests back home, eyes asquint against the lowering yonder, that pacific sparkle-glare, these days of frontierless nerve, the restlessness of commodity wrapped in limit, this opportunity to speak for myself washed ashore by sequence or deposited by a prevailing wind, and thus I've uncrowned myself from my tree, or I'll do so in the promised by-and-by, in all my guises, intuitive guesswork or readerly gloss, set knowledge or amble-truths, my enthralment upon waking to a largened landscape, sea-watched, alone with the batter-heart of a four-personed I, the makings of an area-cake, ample for the invited, sweetless for the uninitiated, surface sounded for everywhere, internally plumbed elsewhere in daydreams of the young or infirm or aged or distressed, consumed now, if not nower or nowest, unbaked or even unstirred, my heart where it belongs, under my night-pillows, nowhere dangerous, my head in the cloudlessness till storm-time, my embodied spirit or spirited body storybooked, forever altered before never beheld, as secretive as obtainable, backs of hands hiding what palms hold, the wasp on the wall unaware of my humming, or so I project with the moment's light, all I fear as easily shown, all I know as mostly submerged, all I'll ever know as unwhole, the finite sea tided to my moods, my feelings stuck to my tongue, duration blent into motions of singularity and solidarity, everything at work together, in life and in death, ambition as local crutch, direction as grand illusion, the bloom adoring the root, the peak coded by the chasm, and so I'll survive industrial atmosphere and the resultant melt, I'll future myself through connection with connection, disparate matches, unrepeatable friendships, progenitive draw, the crimps at the corners of the mouth, the fuzz at the top of the spine, my time measured by alphabet-leak, symbols piling into a sand heap, gravity to the grave, our vista's decline, my pronoun's declension, this criosphinx at the pasture gate, the vale's ebenezer, the pearl's hood, my affection for salt-stains around effort's edge, clear consciences never enough in themselves, and I'll not be annotated by any selves of self or by any stranger to selves, the footnotes to any self somewhat longer than all of human writing till now or ever, the self unable to properly translate the self or the other and the other unable to fully translate the other or the self, yet the more translations the merrier and the nearer the self to thee, my frontier expansive in the interim, liberated from either verbatim or maverick actions, visible from riverbeds and overlooks, sun-loved and storm-loved and time-stroked and free, free in the holiest sense, of itself as itself, loved in the loneliest sense, of done unto, and seen from the steeple's nest I'm wormed for fledgling saviors, strawed for next spring's ruse, ignored as grounded or unseen as consciousness, my dry thoughts to be abandoned in a field of sustained drought, from lasting doubt, the setting light of the meaning of meaning, the enigma of reason or the strategy of nature, these evolved days of cultural asphyxiation, of lungs too provincial for global oxygen, our preoccupation with derivation and destiny, with the categorization of situation, the organization of the heavens, the weight of water in the eyes of the damned, and thus I'll defeat myself with self-regard and world-disregard, the regard and disregard sagging toward the center of their shared bed, selves to other and others to self, and I'll make my universal particular and my peculiar common, and I'll take my medicine outdoors in the open, wide aware that galaxies collide and green flashes enchant, that lightning strikes and riptides lure, the comings and goings of chance and grace and more minds than bodies entangled in spectral nights

Easterlies blow from tradition toward carelessness, ennui toward innovation, off the old water into self-reliance, rowhouses to brownstones to clapboards to splitlevels, clumped across pale prairies and scattered throughout scrub canyons, the satisfaction of reason over the travesty of honor, these days of hindsight ethics, of what-might-have-been virtue over irresistible value, now that we filet our thinking, now that we've basted history in cream sauce and served it with cheap wine in parlors and on porches and patios across our domain, now that my gaze wanders back a world away, has drifted brickward, trellis and eave, gable and vine, into black forest, into lake shroud, my pores awake to the moisture in the air, my bones aware of generations lost, of sleeping ghosts in hollow trees, of granite-shift and bluestockings and legend-brows, the last man standing, the only woman quilting, bear-moons shined for lustrous fright, the gargoyle and the footed tub and the widow's walk, solitude-ponds and privilege-cape, my cornice of heritage too stark against the sky, as if I were patriot-orphaned, my belonging to the other ocean and not the other's ocean, this realm's dense foliage giving way to the very center, the statue of civilization or some statute of self-respect, and thus I'll clean the chandeliers, all volumes of my conjugation leatherbound, those fine canopy times of deep canopy beds, slickers on their pegs, tress-lift above collar-stiff, letting us adorn the limitations of disciplined breeds with eccentric morality, with mudroom ruminations of ways to be kind, leaf-shift to salt-grind, star-tremble to shore-shock, our predictable patterns and inspired detours, our life-worthing tasks, our death-worried diversions, sweep the walk and tidy the shelves, straighten the piles and remake the list, my self-sorrowing clench and bide, this tend and yearn, the implications of nightly calm easing my chest in that pre-sleep of ceiling-stare, those years between sex-wake and parent-loss, from the concerns of adulthood to the bereavement for one's own father and mother, those best-left-alone moments or the left-already wrench of poor timing or the left-out awfulness to some of our lives, on and on till the leaving alone, our ongoing solo-sail, and thus I'll think back upon my current nostalgia while steeped in déjà vu, while open to some evening gentling, self-fade unto other-glow, the hinterlands of the ego, the childhood yard of the id, my solitary spirit wishing to cast shadows on the stars from this side of the ground, a droplet of hope for a palmful of understanding, and I speak for myself or I'll speak for myself as one who wants to foster veneration, as one who will want to uphold time and timeliness and timelessness, my time expanding as if it were as pliable as language, as if it were language-instigated, my pleasure in words measured in time, this indistinct me out of time, this faceted me of time, as fond of intimate skies as I am of breathless secrecy, or of revolutionary calm, or of the suffused unshriven light of sensual paradox, convinced the prowling meanness of people is standard fare and the individual will always be allowed to climb above it with the elevation of common sense and the prowess of good-heartedness, or if these are lacking, refined reason, or if that gets twisted, romantic flight, or if that is denied, stiff upper lip doggedness, or when that fails, welcome relinquishment, the ineluctable letting go, that day of days among all these days, when it won't matter to me if water is mathematical or indifferent, the water within bound for air or soil or other waters, elsewhere-light, matter unmatter, my instance gone, if not my spirit flown, that undeniability of having been, as one of one and one of many, one as other-loved, one as the only oneness, lonely among multitudes, all to silence, all adventure bound

Amblers going home in this febrile world nevertheless make it home,
whether eventually or eventfully or strangely held, the storm waiting for the door to shut before
unleashing itself against all surfaces, or so it usually happens, the mind and its memory ushering
the body and its spirit-charge to shelter, or so it seldom happens, not in story, drama necessitating
struggle, external before internal, weather obstacles over soul-clouds, swans above seahorses, the
mind and its wiring astonishing and faulty, wrong analogies and allusion-warp, language awander
in the darkening woods, or so it happens and so it doesn't, curvy ways to woe or just one of those
days, lake-done and rest-ready, the forest path pine-needed and the sky rumbling, the fevered
companion or the harmful solitude, one thing and then another or all things to the other, swim-past
and porch-dreams, spine-trace after talk-exhaustion, the meandering after the outcropping, the
perse-horizon as an envelope-gift, the almost black and the red within, blood-words for the future
unread in the now, fireflies or crickets or swallows or owls unimpeded by the storm, the natural
world impeded as imagined, as mind-strewn, as paper-kept, mosquitoes and banality banished to
idea, backgrounds blurred through poor vision, foregrounds reflective and middle-grounds
scratched, this miniature artistry of selfspun potential, toned to daze, honed to numb, action crept
to thoughts of thought, tribulations and redemptions, tediums and expirations, today's deaths
brought to been by time and only time, the one true sponsor, without rehearsal interruption, every
fraction of every moment counting, sudden boredom or lasting terror, self-reproval or other-approval
or guilt-removal, this wayward stroll under threatening heavens, hair damp and chest foggy, the
lake-moist heart wary of interior consolation, warier of a castover world, memories of younger
swims and kid-walks to town, or fireside wisps of these, or in-the-moment fabrications, nostalgic
wrecks of sugared trains, the future delivered to a post-storm porch, the present of anticipation
with enjambed assurance there's more where that came from, always more and ever disappearing,
the mind brooding nexts in its pouch, ejecting them into low odds, the subconscious murk below
the final song, hundreds to one, one in a holy-birth trillion, the finitude of farewells or goodbye to
the finite grave, fair weather going and gone only to come again, the favorite grove in summer's
weep, the smell of flowers blooming in the latest dawn, happiness stated, spiral goldened other to
self, the curl-attraction, ratio and balance, that proximal plus, edge-forsaken, the matter at heart
or the heart of the matter, and all that's the matter with matter escaping blame, space to burn,
shore to path to hearth to porch to bed, and lingering clouds will beckon wheeling stars, and
clothes will dry in tomorrow's sun, and thoughts will seek magma and magma will seek air, embers
and seams, cuffs and comets and fissures and weave, this night of screened companionship into
ruminance, then the private wilds of sleep, every self as hapax in the eternal set, the select
spectrum, the logos at hand, reeds to pillows, gleams to dreams, the slumber from the swim and
philosophy from the rest, knees bent, arms across eyes, or legs bent and legs straight, opposite
hands cradling heads, opposite hand fallen upon opposite hand, the granite couch, the temporary
air, updrafts and nitrogen, invigorated lungs and bloodstreams, eased voices before thunderous
loss, the loss from leaving or the loss from staying, always upon never, this roundabout homegoing,
this storm-watch, these clausal patterns of personal deflection.

I'll isolate the feel to match the mode. Imagination hasn't been waked and won't soon be etherised upon any table, even if culture's dirge and mournful jig are upon us. As a boy, as this boy, I stumbled into expectation as if it were a feminine realm, the sainted vale beyond the fray, some undiscoverable country, some pristine quagmire, some fatal paradox. Now a man, still a boy, I'll perish again in possibilities unseen, this weaponless and violent I, raging in the flowerbox. As a man, as this man, this armed and tender self, ill at ease in the physical plains, I'll devote my time to adjustments of the unreal, to the inskirts and outskirts of towns and to make-believe memories, the ways we try to unsuffer, the way I manage to conflate, my out-of-the-limelight scurry and stow, frontierland souvenirs, quiver and bow, knife and sheath, and I'm content to roam this mental plane, as mind of man, as child of old, towhead or carrottop or of swarth or tawn, rainmaker or skinflint or mountebank or guide, these particulars of inconsequence, all spice and garnish, all truths refractions. As skeptics, not cynics, we're forgiven, or if that is hyperbole, pardoned, or if that is too stiff, humored, our wealth of knowledge a fistful of coins. Then, as stooped man, I'll youth the trail I took, as if I'd blazed the whole wide wend. Then, as craggy knoll, as brambled cleft, I'll challenge the uncompassed day-thinker, the hearty rambler, the she-goat, along this motherlode seam of gnarl and glint, silly churls with rifles and arrows, the poet-straggler, the disarray-selves, the ordered stare, the careening yearn. What I champion I embrace and what I embrace I'll hold as strange to be held. Moss on a rock, more than tamed yarn or rivulets going clear, this representation of a consciousness, this textual covering of stone-cold fate, my textural cling and my tightening sense of temporality, wearying green to gray, the manifest mouldering of some original idea. If what emerges from the chamber, spinning with purpose, isn't the lone bullet but a mortal concept, let it seek the divine cloister of the frontal lobe, let it destroy presumption without leaving hope abandoned. I'm all nature and yet will ever come up shy of nature, far short of superior vantage, the short end of the see-saw, if such apparatus were conceivable, nurture of no consequence, this egotism of comparison, this humility of discernment, the haphazard qualities within any creation of time-place, the love in what goes wrong. Our mediocrities move the only observer, and we give to buskers not because they're magnificent but because they aren't, their local betterness at any one thing unthreatening to us. I'll never inner-simplify my makings. I wish and I'll wish I'd never hunted the hunted. I've a heart rooted to its leaves. As avoidance, not avoiders, absolve the waters flowing around us toward lower lands, toward fertile dispersal, toward warmer climes to the good life and the living sea, rill to event, seep to broad understanding, the affirming commonality of the short term versus the ongoing mercy of the long. I sprawled the settlement. I restructured the primal cope. I afforded the fundamental stand. I'll frame the seeded clump. I'll span the saturated. I'll renew the effort's quit. And when the morning comes to stir the faithful, I won't rouse my formations from their inherent cohesions or their sharding propensities, and I won't insist they comprehend their conditions, and I won't regret my leakages or my bondings or my placements or my soundings, neither my loiter nor my plummet, not my refusal or my breaching, none of my fallings and not one of my splashes, neither my spontaneous leap nor my finest gasp for air.

Southerning doesn't favor the elitist, not in honesty and not as substance, the arid thought suited to timberlines and the humid thought astew in its juices, content in the communal pot, savory to the common palate and seasoned to hell, these illuminations as liquid justice, as light upon fluid and across and around and within it, as if we were seeking radiance between moistures and not light through water, these days of rain for days, these days of paying close attention to motion and position, my ambulation and my coordinates tethered to this sphere, chorded to a minor key of major influence, this regional compulsion toward fragrant nights and funereal perversity, toward plantation ghosts and wisteria, swelter and swagger, surrend and pent, graciousness unto collapse, our arrogance bled into the land, my pulse in the julep pace, horrors wrought and horrors sustained, all as florid excess, language godded from the heartrent fields, from the mildew of vine-wrapped mansions to the human steam of shotgun shacks, what we clutch as indicative, what sticks in culture's craw as typical, this critical eye of the mobile advantaged, that lust for warm winters and warmer waters and darker histories, my drawled heritage and the availing wait to be spoken through, to be the carrier of sounds beyond explication, to be the lake's surface and the lake's perimeter and the lake's mass, the death of the lake as assured as ours, those living waters of, those living trees and evening showers of, that living light of shattered night, between and through the choosing waters, my chosen selves, this repurposed we of approximal attachment, the stormed I and the refracted other, all as torrid mess within these mental shambles, spirit-spark and the ash of ages, those sad looks out windows into distancing landscapes, the paler reaches of the one life, the vivid retraction of the many sins, my inability to stop seeking sanction, our inability to remember time at the breast, cotton-death and paper-limp, this confederacy of hunches, our unstable theories of resolve, the concision of revision and the small split at the tip of the tongue, our fathers' guns at the bottoms of our wells, their voices in our muscles, my strength unconfirmed and overwritten, and I drink gratefully from my indigenous aquifer, rusty crank and obedient rope, my bucket half-filled with emptiness and half-thinned by history, cup to lips and hands lifted from stale water, unstaged reversals till linger done, set loose from heavens hid, this baptismal splash of self-assumption, this I-resumption, my white sleeves rolled for seriousness and not relaxation, my jaw tighter than sure but looser than silence, a bonfire of skeletons in my genes and a spectrum of currents in my veins, these days of back-stoop arias, of flood-grace and alley-muck, flag-flaunt and melody-hung, our lost clementines and our diminutive christs, our wet crosses and our tattooed belles, all hazed to weird, all blent too well, beauty in the grotesque as the elusiveness of advance, and thus I'll strive for alignment through intuition, for harmony through belief, mirrored seen to see, gulf to ridge and swamp to levee, them mines to them refineries, the bones of unyouthed fools, my gulch-decay or my ivory-view, witnessed and unswayed, my visions of parlors thick with dresses and boudoirs piled with books, of candles in chandeliers and milk tins on ice, screens dividing gardens into tiny paintings and tomboys lowering themselves into baths, classic choirs of cherubs singing of seasons and repose while the angular angels wail truisms and the see-through ones praise the unfathomed, my weak hand on my throat and my strong hand on my brow, any wish of sovereignty delusional, any hope of permanence quaint, my dreams troughed to hidden, betrothed to betrothal, coming into becoming every shining night

Mind as matter or mind over matter, the troubles with definition, with causal determination and tomorrow's plans, the afterstorm future, that initial predictive calm of what-could-be-next draining into the urgency of what-must-be-now, the spiral-self reduced to helix-torque, the lake-swim unrepeatably even if swum again, even if swims are metaphorical and neither eternal nor ephemeral, even if memory isn't time past, even if memory isn't passing time, the private self-sustaining language of identity, of idle-day reverie, the muscle-memory of limbs through water, the organ-memory of water in mouths, of sun on skin and of breaths and distances and the proximal other, of skin against rock and of promises and proximity and the distant other, memories hung out to dry in the new day, the lake and the woods and the sky not caring about yesterday's actions, not caring about this day's solitude or any day's love, a world prone to indifference but unopposed to miracles, or undeterred by them, or unimpressed but amenable, allowing room for faith and destination and pre-will and chance, all things entertained, sloth and inviolate laws and intervention and fate, the universal dispensing of possibilities everywhere if anywhere, or nowhere if not somewhere, the logic of language confounding whenever the illogic of language comforts not, the cellular-memory of words unspoken, what was thought but went unsaid, what is yet to be thought and will suspend itself as unsaid, what stays unwritten to the end, the confessions of the gods, the disclosures of the many if not the apology of the one, what must be thought and unthought and thought again, the rethinking as evolutionary adjustment, the imaginative juggernaut of fictional catharsis laying waste to personal concentration and critical plea, the subtleties of observation gone to verb, swim to sex to suffer to perish, the attraction of water or the substance of desire, the didn't happen and the not-in-a-million-days, not to this body and not on this watch, this fond incline, that angle of suppose, the mind as instrument of times gone by and those not coming, naming things to tame and claim them, to train or chain them, the sounds of compliance and the perks of similarity, of selfsame echo and replenishment, every day just another day and every day unique, these joys of common variance, the rooted lyricism and the ascendant lyricism, so many words of dust in a former lake-bed, so many tears in some hollow, ideas risen above treetops and power poles to seed scratch-clouds or the blue-empty, or to tempt comets or court the black-beyond, ideas born of bookshelf pique and petri dish fascination, ideas afloat upon surfaces of comprehension and nonsense, of myth and madness and method, scapes of temporal solution and bounded terrain, scopes into either end of the infinite, access to all planes of the brain, the time-game missing its outcome, caught in itself as everything is caught in itself, caught up in selves, that reflexive droning, thoughts seeking clearance from semblant thoughts, from the magnets of convention and innovation for innovation's sake, eager to cross any plain worthy of exploration, not escapism, not diversion from painful inquiry or nostalgic complacency, not avoidance of the matter at hand, but the mind as a lake of feelings, these notions of sensations and conjured depths, the cartography of anything existent in absolute solitude, if anything exists in absolute, if isolation is as unlikely as divinity, if holiness is as natural as humanity, if people could be loved as bodies of water, rippled by the conclusive dive of another, shored for the coherence of recognition and the individuality of containment.

Lying in bed, post-storm and pre-mortem, the night-forest wet
with sounds of gravitational allure, sleep won't come, not for those of corpus-lust, not for those
unweary of thought, those who think more with their pores than with their mores, the sheets
unfresned, the wallpaper seen, moral-weather gone to old-testify, the torso hyped, the chest
streamed, the furrow of the back bent toward recollection, bone-sync and shift-socket, the pursuit
of pulse-oblique, proper vein-rush and subside, this side of gullywash, this side of sinew strain, of
organ-blasts, the trumpet-thunder of front-aggression, rain-smatter and torrent and runoff and stain,
leaf-leak and stalk-twitch, every droplet thousand-laked, the occasional squall of front-recession,
member-bye and panting club, the ethics of the id tucked into the humid condition, eyelashes and
ceiling-peel and profile and eave-drip, the breathing easier every next moment, the breathing now
nearly lake-level, hands unclutched and sternums mountained, the duet-climb yet sole arrival, the
ensuant coming of another's day, glown and mathed, all intimate aftering, slick woods and
soaked ravines, the numbing of the consciousness till zenith-slack, till moist window-breeze, till
dawn's rage of sun-purpose, the doing toward the done, the swim swam and the living loved, real
vowels apart, memories absorbed into lands, lands redistributed by time, time inflicted upon
mortal renderings, the makings of a mind in spheres of clay, sap totemmed toward the milky point,
the very idea, the whole deal, shoulder knobs and ski-lift noses and flat feet and late gray, strand
continuance and special stretch toward kingdom calm, code-swap and info-pass, knowledge carnal
till kept, that lonely wait, the heat from the other's sunburn, the confusion from the other's tongue,
garments ungrained and prophecy unkempt, the one-in-a-million match before the stranger fruition,
deep-shot into nook-care, such suddenness at the origins of lifeforce, or an alternate tell, the
horizontal monologues of an exhaustible self, lake-worn straight into slumber once the lightning
diminished, nightmare-risen into prolixity, that infernal muse, bed savory with the subconscious,
I-ridiculed into me-clench, dumplings drained in the half-dark or the full-dark, darkness long and
denial wide, moonless or star-hid, oval-light or twinkle, the imagination scattering clouds to solo-cry,
metaphysical love as secret love even when known, the body-beautiful as blur of hipbone and
collarbone shadows, ankle-scrutiny and rib-cliff, curtains catching earliest light, patch of sky from
pillow-stare bluer than sorrow, heart-swell at the thought of loving love, of life lived in melody with
loneliness borrowed, walks in woods hand-held or happy-followed, lakes white-capped by moods
and skies scratched by moods, these alterations of the pristine coming from ancient doubts, the
room's dissonances beyond company, sensed through the melancholy of particularity, flesh and
aroma, voice and touch, irises and lips, youth-wonder in consummation and youth-wonder in
celibacy, the potency of the other's self and the mystery of the self's other, morning-air across
body-weary, weary not from chases to outcroppings or muddy shores, not from invigorating
expenditure, not from the verbosity of awakened sleeplessness or the stoicism of form, not from the
entwining of words or limbs, but from spirit-in-a-bottle restlessness, from corporeal rule as corporal
punishment, this stuck-in-a-frame duration, despite swim-mobility or woods-stroll or passion-flex,
despite hearth-warmth or sky-whelm, this fallible embodiment of all things empirical, this
sensational opening of experience at the edge of empty.

Spirit's span unbounds the day, or so belief would spin,
liberty from the moment, *the way to have the moment*, time possessable only as absence,
or altogether elusive as nonexistent, the exquisite figment, enough span to be spanless, silt-crib
beyond stratosphere, quantum past empyrean, unspaced before untimed, the understood always
afterant, misunderstanding a constant in the potential world, and if the toy soldier won't stand in
gravel or the crayon won't sharpen to either a penetrating point or a perfect ending, if the
childhood yard won't yield lifelong resolve or a quintessential mate, if the vacation car won't stop
at every carnival along the road or at the end of any rainbow, then rapid relief in distraction, fast
burn through impatient want, express gratitude for the ways into moments or the ways out of them,
evanescent youth and indeterminate prime, retroactive wisdom or transcendent tense, none of
these sticking to the ribs, none of this as fodder for happiness, spirit-hold and spirit-drop of
mattersoul and passing fancy, boys tossing rocks into streams, girls jangling words in their heads,
quarry-swims around copse-aggression, challenging reads by the fire, wordless expressions and
body-silences, the silencing of loneliness not a silencing at all, the melancholy across any life
coiled within its language-sack, the sorrow of tomorrow now, if the wish won't lift itself out of time,
if the doll won't speak of the majesty of ideas, if the vocation isn't ideal and the ovation never
comes, if the here-lamp shine won't show love's grain, won't make legible the hankering word,
won't let sleepdreams or daydreams play in this world, not as purveyors of spit and blood, not as
harbingers of neighborhood hide-and-seeks or unvacant fortune, infatuation as made-belief,
imagination as princess-nave or prince-steep, and so soar above the transient flesh, weed-fluff or
blossom-wisp, cloudbound and boundless beyond story's wash, the awesome wrest of disregard,
the void-struck chest of unrequite, nothing as itself if nothing inhabits itself, nothing to this self-reprisal
if all proposals are self-proposals, the boy staying a boy if the girl won't come into her release,
subtraction through abstraction if the fluids aren't finite, if the attractions aren't echoes of the
earliest echo from the original flux, the othered and the unserved in the beheld and the unbeheld,
the awful blest of deprivance, what can't come to pass, those vast amounts of unfruiting, potential
outflanking actuality, ever and always, the farther memories of done and been, the near notions
of probability and the farthest thoughts of the impossible, daily distractions for kids-at-heart,
unspiritual and unripe, as if the morning glories were there for beauty's sake, as if for silence's
sake the wilderness days will dwindle down, as if the pastoral painting on the wall above the
sickbed could substitute for the good life, sandbox to sensuality, this bias of the flesh for the flesh
or the mind for the muse, the trope of childhood and the ratcheted phrase, analogies of
permanent rest or fable-flights of continuance, as if the heart were chambered to unform the spirit,
yard-involved till weary-free, the marble in the metal pail and the clapper in the bell, circumference
and pendulum before any wandering anew, articles of particularity as preludes to rust-sounds of
obsolescence, the bumpy white bedspread and the doiled dresser and the sheer unmoving curtains,
the painted stoop and the old antenna, the moment had and the moment having, the lawn-trim and
curved powerlines and the missing edge, that day unleashed into memory and this day unloosed
out of margins, the aphorist's scourge, the maelstrom's pleasure.

I'll situate the wheel to match the road Permutation won't be slaked and hasn't
ever known revision as anything but sustained cascades, our imperceptible wealth As a boy,
as some boy, I'll stumble out of loneliness into the boulevard of love, that dangerous thoroughfare
of potential loss, my way narrowing to avenue and lane and wend in my mind Then a boy,
never a man, I disappeared over and again into fantasies seen, this wielding I, meadowed into
mean As a man, as some man, some unsure and average self, comfortable with the unhappened, I
adapt my time to the fictive real, to the exteriors and interiors of feminine power and to engendered
projections, the pluck we try to embolden, the strength I manage to relate, my under-the-spotlight
shrug and fret, tomorrowland dalliance, the goodbye hug, the will to forget, and I'm happy
to quarry the mind alone, as man become, as boy unoldened, limber or brave or of taut
or brawn, roamer or eccentric or recluse or stud, these specifics around as-good-as-never-met,
all ploy and angle, all surfacings retractions As coy, not evasive, we're condemned, or if that is
exaggeration, shunned, or if that is too strong, avoided, our comeuppance within the fair mirror
Soon, as wrongest man, I'll dominate the chair I refurbished, as if I were its master heft Soon, as
cut ledge, as dive-height beyond informal, I'll challenge the restless she-scout, the reckless loner,
the me-youth, across this fatherdead cliff of falling and fell, undolled girls with knolls and falls,
the prose-strangler, the vague-array selves, the pointed glance, the slothful spurn What I denounce
I regret and what I regret I'll denounce as the most awful choice Rocks in water, less than
penance or experiments of light gone murky, this diorama of a consciousness, this dimensionality
of watery space, my littoral flood and my unshoring sense of boundary, toy olive wreaths to
consolation, the drowned ambitions of an unoriginal If what assaults the body as poison, paced
with purpose, isn't from the thorn's prick but from an idle idea, let it seek the central bunker of the
brain, let it eradicate hubris without leaving pride undefended I'm for nurture and yet won't
stand for systemized therapy, the excuses of inferior wiring, the short end of the stick, as if
sticks or stones were universal, nature of gross pertinence, this elitism of contrast, this narcissism
of selection, the random distribution across any plane of experience, the lust in what won't
come right Our disasters amuse the lone observer, and we give to beggars not out of empathy
but as antidotal salve, their reflexive resemblances to our hurt selves as manifestations of selfishness
I'll never over-ratify my musings I wish and I'll wish I'd never sought the sought I've a mind
broadcast to its source As arrogance, not braggarts, involve the waters flowing within us as
complicit, as candle-compliant, as compatriotic to philosophical drift and literal surge,
hill to hollow, drip to torrential summation, the confirmed cresting of the short term versus the
ongoing saturation of the long I plucked the berries ripe I constructed the betterment I earned
the elemental respite I'll crook the soiled doll I'll stash the fractured I I'll remit the
savior's guilt And when the ravisher comes to judge the bashful, I won't douse my peckish shinings
or cool their earnest burn, and I won't expect from them anything I haven't once demanded
from myself, and I won't excuse my breakages or my bindings or my erasements or my wringings,
neither my slack nor my bellyflops, not my cowardice or my aplomb, none of my trawlings and not
one of my catches, neither my calculated jump nor my naïve swallow of sky

Dying in bed, the known one at home, the horizontal fantastic, free of pain,
as wise as beloved, or pained enough to feel alive and gritty, martyrish somewhere shy of fault,
somewhat wide of safe, the body failing because bodies fail, the family gathered because families
ought, a lifetime of flesh reduced to hours of reflection and feint, some lucky day for the favored
way to go, discarding the shell as if clothes before a swim, that gratuitous metaphor, the forsaken
shell, this pile of shore-bones, unsexed as mercy after sexed as grace, or dissolved outside under
sun or stars or clouds, alone and time-tossed, or gone back to time, or going nowhere for the rest
of ever, these ors as the stuff of leisure, tense sensitive, will to the only I and was to the eventual
you or must to the coming I and did to the came you, the sensate tensions between all living
concepts and the frenzied undercurrents of their sense, in every sense of the word, enthralled bodies
with memories of other enthralled bodies and wonderland projections of quests unto quickenings,
those dreamworld conduits of carnate rides, all the little deaths not adding up to the one big one,
all these alls as spokes of nonsense, passion kneaded into love before the oven glory, love aged
into devotion before the novelty ball, the deeper the respect the stranger the rebellion, deathbed
ingratitude or teen-surlly or midlife imbecile, angled from the hub, bent from the curbs, the broader
the understanding the odder the betrayal, counter-vulnerable to neglect, psyches bruised and
actions rued, tangled into chronology, spent with blurbs, the body bountiful and the scoured
skeleton displayed across separate space, libido-hung, lithe-shamed, space-singular and I-typical,
the sensual pond amid slab and scrub, what is active necessary to protect what is contemplative,
aftering impossible without during, death peering into life, the throbbing-heart necklace between
breasts and those gleaming muscles of heroism, this intestinal fortitude against that gonadal
chutzpah, the codependence of cataclysmic diseases or one providential accident, underlance to
netherbog, navel-verge to epitaph, life as panoply when body is existence, ranges and gaps,
seams and peninsulas, the seeming extent of the subjunctive pulse, that red-rushed wish-strength,
the power-take of subterranean flow, the stretch from christening to marker, sprig to tree, tricklet to
delta, the ebb-coast with its welcomes and farewells, industrial sheets and fluorescent lights or dirt
and sun-pour or flannel comfort and lamp-low or pine needles and dappling, these many-splendored
leavings into darkness-deep, from the highlands of the self to the reefs of the other, from tide-pools
to orbit or sprawl to zenith, gravity is humorless, entropy is guileless, spontaneity is royalty and
measure is a beast, fingernails across shoulders and intellect in the nest, leg-lifts and wrist-downs,
the screwing winds and the milky rains, the tongue stilled by shudders and sighs or by fatigue and
dissipation, flesh gasped into air, birth and play and tangle and bliss and goodbye, the consecrated
trajectory, nature and its course, the last star to collapse in a darkening universe, the last oval in
some favored oblong, the last spurt from the coaxed figs, the last cadence in a long string of
intricate sounds, the only song worthy of the whole adventure, salamander-secret or swan-staged,
what leaves legs ashake and lungs stretched or legs stiff and lungs flattened, the elusiveness of
qualities suspended not in melodies but in rests, not in fire-logs but in emergent surprises, not in the
release itself but in perpetuated verve, release-resistant, the ongoing intrigue of some finite jest
or this provisional closing of the empirical yes.

Thoughts don't raise the dead, not any kind of thoughts and not the real dead, not just don't but can't and won't, shouldn't not mattering as hypothetical weight, as ballast for the hobbyist airman, he who would fly over the self-apex, she who would fill her goggles with sentiment, for death could be a flight to awe and not a waystation, neither for redux nor heaven, and not as noxious myth, tales of spirit-risings strewn for the famished mind, mortal and wanting more, beyond the gore of worms and flame, continuity or oblivion, that conflict within consciousness, death as weightlessness disguised as crash, spirit as participation disguised as individuality, language as substitution masquerading as creation, art as prayer disguised as apology, life as accidental miracle disguised as physical intelligence, this trinity of human composition spoken of as soul, some alchemy of the elemental, of fire and earth and water and air, as if air weren't in them all, a broken parallel, all parallels converging and diverging at infinity's far shores into geometric mists, vision as overwrought sight in place of a proof, apprehensible as nonmelodic, truth in the immediate wash, baptismal dives into clear blue doubt, phoenix-emersive, wealth as lament unless the wealth is love or motion, vertical and lateral and diagonal within this dimensional score, this fashioned corpus, heels to cowlick, through the transitory and transformative heart, youth into lover into singularity, triangulated depth-of-fields or some one and only all, this man-boy not afraid of most darkneses, not those of tract-home hallways or moonless woods, of dank cellars or cultural voids, of dead space or feminine jealousy or the urn, but inner self-dark could chill the airy-spine of any I-aeternum, any child playing with tin soldiers or wooden horses on the stoop, any god of scene or reputation, any heroine of pageant or any hero of retirement, the darkness within bounded or unbounded by time, if not faith, as some or some others would have it believed, the scope of dichotomy and the threat of the absolute more frightening than the threat of autonomy and the scope of the obsolete, these calibrations of courage, not of cowardice, these offerings of reserve, not of ambition, folds of being and floes of gone, childhood as stale as propaganda, glamour as plastic as taste, gestures truer than words with sexual facility in the eyes, easy as clay without the fidelity of diamonds, hard as protocol within the sounds of decay, love soon rocketed from substance, soon jettisoned into forgotten, carbon toward fiction, creation less memory than anima, the gorgeous fabricate, the portentious breath, air in the nomenclature and heat in the voice, the momentous pulse, the fallacious aggregate, this chime-and-thrum enigma for the bedsitting still, take-off and pattern and landing and claim, lift-off and stages and disintegration and silence, lean and leap and plummet and penetrate, the pretentious death, the purer boredom of travel-set, of mobile-close, for any thinker thought round core, for any spirit spun through found, the body briared for the cotton-heart, and what is seen in the future was transient, will be presented to recollection as doing, this tensual abandon, some breakdown of precedent, talent electrocuted into folly, failure elevated to cult, the I-wish unreliability in the configuration, not the impulse, in the willing told, not the kiltered telling, for any listener brought near care, for any kindred clung to wound, the body ephemeral for the joy of it, the story lost for the sake of it, life in the flames of the last ledge, the burn of the mind and the temper of the will, splashes of cool at the ends of workdays long, the alchemist's urge, the quarry's measure.

Cordial suffering, crown to toes, or garret to weeds, the bramble-self
and the ivory I, misgivings midst a marathon fest, shadows of stares across the burden-rug, or
copious pain, soles to brow, the squeezed heart after a conscious flight, the party abandoned
for arid sky, or if not the firmament, some familiar ceiling in some old house, rain-stained by
consciousness-storms of long ago, or if not ancient, the last wet season, sorrow-mull and sad-think,
the mental equivalent of weather, cognitive fronts and moody patterns, the easy analogy over the
cardiac atlas, title key and hopeless legend, more harp than accordion, more bassoon than
bagpipe, the drumming in the skull and the whisper in the chest, diminishing imports and stretches
of samey exports and then an event, nobody out wandering the roads of the post-apocalyptic mind,
damage swift and catastrophic, ear to failing ear, the seared swath of structive try, these efforts
of say, these swatches of thought, delivered away from clairvoyant air, eyes to private tongue
silent-sounding out the clauses, skew-ideas for the kaleidoscope crowd, axiomatic toward anathema,
causality stricive, coincidence-born, what happens only understandable in its happening, not its
reflection, not unless the reflection is also coincidence, wake-shock, death stunned into animacy,
no idea into not-idea, the unaware awareness, self-prophecy alive at its innocent crest, the cream
of its innocence waiting to fall, the intimacy of release without permanence, the unsustainable
satisfaction, elysium or erogeny between shoulderblades, that erroneous split, the I-you fray, the
I-thou speak, vibrations shrunk to monosound, contestual naming for the advantage of sequence,
some ultimate ultimatum between selves, senses hubbed into control and opposites mercied into
justice, water-separate and water-merged, the mind not a lake if not a sea, not a lake if not a river
or gulps from a wineskin for wasteland thirsts, if not a tear for the tear-worthy, the whistling
through the skull and the clamor in the chest, the idea of you as the only idea worth dying for, that
I to this you, or the only I as the only you, you who should always know who you are, whoever you
think you are, to any I and to any thou, brain-angel and spirit-throb, the creative wheel and the
vibrant flesh, slate erased and iterated anew, the pace of the talk picking up as blackboard space
runs out, whiteplains waiting to be wholly surveyed and greenfields more intense under overcast skies,
bliss in the myth of a ram loose in a meadow, strangelets in every human hole and depression
and in every collision of wills, the brine of the stairwell unenticing to the dreamer on the spiral
jetty, one foot in front of the other and always one thought away from the better thought, parties
not forgotten, even if their sounds are far away, whether to one lonelying under an interior moon
or to one looning in the too wide open, crazy for more, crazy to walk beside forever and marvel
without shame, eager to lie with the infinite and reminisce, to sit with boredom and witness final
beauty, witness as inadequate as love, as word as verb and as action as choice, weeping
appropriate in these days of shruggers and doomsayers, of martyrs and abstracters, these days
always trying to resemble these days, waterous everywhere, or not everywhere, not in hearts as
dry as stars, not in eyes stormed ever-elsewhere, inductives of the past or next-allusives, poet-wince
and peer-flinch, bolt and flash and cymbals and timpanis, the solo mind flaring and flickering and
going dark, happens all the time, sentience as expense and tamper-proof vaults as responsibility,
unique memories in some thou-warehouse of consequence.

Erogenous or not, embodied or engendered, the I waits
for recognition, for a forthcoming and an upcoming and some coming soon, the ever-coming
ever-loving nod or wink or stare, that come-now-or-never insistence for self to count, to be counted
amid the violent and inviolate and voluble inscape, to matter and then matter even more after the
unmattering, self-evidence of small persuasion and smaller comfort, just as known patterns of
patter won't bend the palm, won't hurricane the haunts of childness, body language less prone to
digression, touch less susceptible to misunderstanding, necklace-words scorched into the
breastplates of the adequate and the lucky, lace-wrath spun throughout the lungs of the fraudulent,
spider-coy and propaganda-quick, the cooling and healing and scarring and clearing, undeniably
wearisome, this skin-thickening and will-hardening enterprise, being a self among selves with
selves within, water-vessels of tides and swamps and rills, of rage and shine, roil and lap, stagnant
and current, of scum and pure and white and red, those droplets of godness and that rush of
common, this death masqued to life, bodies of zeal and torque and breakage, of channel and fall,
conjunctions of cogs and surges of tributaries, all for naught or all into one, the usual notion of some
ordained schema, universal or specific or mere company kept, those spectres of esteem, far-ago gets
and half-gotten nevers, nerves quibbled into tangles of ideas, corporeal freedom as more relief than
grief, the gems of self-convincing morality, the ploys of long-fuse risk, steady-handedness translated
into the rigors of scientific might, the creative meek wished and washed, I-match and pedestal keel,
straight starboard into the holy port, liberties of the lipped vowel, purpose in the pipes and meaning
in the blood, these substantive sentences about anthropological context, the social contract and its
cultural vestments, day-as-night fashion, motive-garb and frontal-gab, woman-tweed and man-silk,
these magnetisms, these getaways, what won't depart and what isn't fright, pry and defend, invite
and avoid, contingency toward random and spate across laughter, fingertips to fingertips in the
sunny grind, intersections and coincidings, protrusions and collapses, skin-realm sweep and
membrane veered to the correct angle, that conduit of collection with its origin-prize, the revering
of fate sped, of lust magnified to love's extent, boy-corduroy and girl-felt, those medicated
durances, these mediated distances, what won't impart and what isn't plight, try to rescind, invoke
and avail, convenience after chance and thimbles of tears, lips to lips in the shadow-mind, the
spoils of fidelity in the fortress of merit, or heroes and villains for children of the sudden-rise, days
broken into growth and gratitude, nights sealed into solace, fortune given to the fortunate and
favoritism paraded as grace, even after the faintest ticklings of an odd cough or the nub of
something-not-right, even after pain that could make a saint howl or a monster beg, even after
boredom spread thick across the prairies of the soul, fortune once as fortune always, life-gifts
unrestricted, body-permanent except when not, impermanence as aspect, instant as aspect, death
as aspect, these shards of existence as if fountained for windfall, as if plated for show, some sexy
repast of colorful nature or natural colors, spectrum-stature for the marginal sort, as actual as
imaginary or as ethereal as concrete, as the bridge between the house on the hill and some
raintree vale, the bell tolling also for sunlight as well as the weathered I, now that instance can be
manufactured to resemble the unremitting and everlasting present.

I'll emulate the real to match the mood Situation can't be faked and wouldn't
now celebrate self as if atom-bound to sire, premium and primal causes unrejected As a boy,
as that boy, I stumble around sense and rule as if dubious of clarity, the luster of that brightness
false, some trick on the eye, some optical oppress of ease and surface refraction Boy or man,
sage or naïf, I mirage all of my hidden potential, the arid potency of self-vista, some wallflower
recluse As a man, as that man, that shy guy of elite solitude, most nervous around the actual, I
adopt a pose of allusive imagery, the insparks and outroads of an iterated rambler with repetitious
imaginings, the affinity we share for array, the range I struggle to elate, my off-in-the-wings
mull and tweak, fantasyland linger, horned peak and coloratura wishing-well, and I'm delighted
to outwait the privilege-throng, as boy mused, as man bemused, unbereft or fused or of quirk
or pawn, shirker or idealist or charlatan or fool, these characteristic assignments to character,
all fuss and ornament, all ideals abstractions As fictive, not witness, we're entertainment, or if that is
extreme, diversion, or if that is too soft, example, our kid-predictions gleaming in the caught water
Now, as unabated man, I'll inhabit the concepts I concoct, as if I could self-create Now, as
hewn lighthouse, as interior crow's-nest, I'll challenge the ever drifting I, the unsettled ocean-self,
the she-other, beyond this encomium-shelf of lore and lure, overalled dolls of grit and strap,
the proem-stager, the lookaway selves, the kismet glimpse, the unfolded learn What I tolerate
I study and what I study I'll laud as intricate unto woven blood Water as gold, equal to
air or any vital element of life-cum-existence, this epitome of a consciousness, this crucial fluid
of clemency, my figurative salvation from unbecoming and my pardon from not-to-be, greenhorned to
jaundiced, perhaps the garden-palette from some original plan If what stains the spirit as sin, picked
with purpose, isn't verifiable outside of omniscient conceit, let it seek its proper place in the
imagination, let it amplify the empirical without leaving faith alone I'm naturally inclined to
accept surprise as ordinary, the infusing of the day-to-day into condensed epics, as if allegory were
more ploughman's lunch than feast, delight in simple sustenance, this evenism of juxtaposition, this
confidence in relation, the chance minglings of will and trust, the act of appreciation for whatever
comes Our accomplishments veil the one observer, and we applaud clowns not because they're
funny but because we aren't, their on-the-edge-of-evil countenances rendering ours less so
I'll never outer-justify my tellings I wish and I'll wish I'd never found the found I've a spirit
mirrored to its design As advocacy, not bolsterers, evolve the waters deepening below us with
intuition, with lighted-inklings of flow as unknowable, with sensations of deluge for tomorrow,
flood to stain, spread to collective sense, the informed awareness of subterraneans short on answers
and long on secrets I sheltered the seeking spill I obstructed the normal scope I burned
the mental refuse I'll slipknot the pliant rope I'll stray the raptured I I'll rewild the
child's quilt And when the evening comes to quiet the swimful, I won't house my creations in
their own inadequacies or their insomniac tendencies, and I won't resist their wants to escape my
gravity, and I won't trophy my wreckage or my ramblings or my dispersals or my choosings,
neither my hesitancy nor my plunge, not my bravura or my shrugs, none of my chokings and not
one of my swallows, neither my undone swan dive nor my yet resurfacing

Kinesis as mental act won't move being to gloryland. So I've heard it professed or so I've construed them to spout or so I've pondered for myself. My mind constructs thoughts from fragments while it also shards them. I can think I'll never disappear and I can think I've never not been but such conjurations would insist upon a time free of motion, a past and a future when my body was and would be absent from me, lost or abandoned, my mind sharing space more with the implicit and the explicit than with the eternal span of any ideal. They, most of those I conceive, those shadowy selves, shades of cognition and contrivance, say the mind is a product of millennia upon millennia and that my mind partakes of that evolving ascent, a good enough mind for night-kitchens and ridge-striding but not perpetuity, not more than most, the mind harboring identity unless the soul is the sea, my mind capable of crumbling cathedrals and scattering shipwrecks if the spires and naves and pews are cerebri, and the hulls and masts and deckings were props. They, those I form for margins, the unsaturated elect, those who know individuality as next to godliness, next to the sheer-grand edge, say the mind is umbilical, a conduit between this life and not this life, between what is and what also is and throughout everything that confounds, my mind adept at entanglement, at fibres and webs and tributaries and vines, circuitous thought and roundabout flow, what moves in relation to what is in perpetual motion. I think I'll think awhile longer, not in advance of suicide or abscission, but for thoroughness, whether curious or sorrowful or intricate or odd, my trundle of momentum, thinking my way toward optimism or into the recessed chambers of the heart, my tucked-away melancholy of mull and lurk, of grin and peek, my happy-go-lucky fatalism, my heavenly gloom, thoughts of ending the go and hearkening the stop. If I were to crank a bucket of originality up from my subconscious well, unfamiliar draughts of untainted notions, brand-spanking new to my memory or fresh as daisies to my will, free of metaphor or context, void of cliché and unstratified, I wouldn't recognize the stuff and it might just get spent upon the ground. If I were to perform philosophical synthesis upon the gullible world, tender and experienced in my way, the world lonelier than my winter quarry, skittish and doomed, unable to conceal its vulnerable holes, its worry-spots of warmth and pockets of thermal empathy, I might try to keep it secret, I would think to swim alone, I wouldn't call angels down to share my find, their dives out-distancing and out-sleeking mine, my briar-thoughts grown. If I weren't so reticent to speak point-to-point as if ideas could be tightropes, if I weren't so hesitant to have my cover blown as a sentimentalist, if I weren't so afraid to wish for some star to diminish itself enough to descend to me in my waking dreams and illumine my brow and linger in my mind and shine from my eyes and encourage my love to thrill to her days and unfear her nights and steer her ship wherever she must and keep me under her tongue to flavor her language, if I weren't so prone to trapping myself in contradictions unrisen to paradox timberlines, if I didn't have this tendency to out-think my raw feelings, over-smoothing them into pudding, and if I could only figure out the figuring and put aside the figured, then I might yet shed the world and think myself to some artificial horizon where I'll witness the unmotioned ideas of an emotioned I, where I'll set myself with the wind and against the wind and stand in the self-prevailing bewilderment of wildernessing my mind, this unwillingness to simply introspect and imagine from reflection to projection, that too-safe approach to consciousness, my too-safe approach to serenity, this habit-lick wetting of our fatal wounds.

Reality diminishes the body from changeable to changed. So I've heard tell or so I've surmised from empirical evidence or so I've long since felt in my bones. My body nonetheless enhances notions of temporal absolutes, the mortal imperative with its unwinding spool. This structure I inhabit, for half a century now, has yet to betray me, not in any significant way, not when it counted, but it will tremble and fail one fine day, falling to ruin, just piles of forgetfulness settling into forgotten. No kite stays airborne once its string is cut, not for long, tension lost between breeze and ground, my dual tethers of love and thought not enough to keep me strung to measure and life, not indefinitely, not as potential. Discomfort and pain and disappointment will arrive shortly, along with self-disgust and embarrassment in tow, for I can hear them sauntering down the hallway now, out-distancing my guardian angels or my childhood mother. The rewards for long-living are mostly strange, heaped upon the essential-everyone, all those not taken early, cruelty unto sadism, whether of tedious or rapid decline, the desirable knobs and swales and muscles of bloom going to loam, too little hair here or too much there, that old cant, those wrinkles and jowls and that graying and sag, the internal even worse than the external, or so I'm told, that ancient story of decay within, the flaw in the ointment, romance's life-juice, decomposition traced back to conception, sex as mimicry of the word of light. I feel as if I'll feel forever, but I doubt that's true, the clock ticking for the senses, our bodies to be resurrected as redistributed energy. This should be of scant consolation to those in love with touch and taste, with skin on skin and identity to individuality and universes in eyes. Even the pocks and secretions and odors and the glances away are celebrate, the almighty cells in glorious combinations, some genetic-fantastique. My cockwise timing proved egg-worthy, counter to schedule and expectations, grace or luck as the apotheosis of genius. Time is no friend to the body, and yet bodies in the moment are as good as it gets, those congruences of wild-tendering and edge-ferocity, of selfish-want and the severe concern of mutual othering. Climb a ridge on a blustery day and feel your hair blow and your heart pound and your legs shake and study the ground and scan the horizon and joy in the nearnesses and distances dimensionality grants. Or, whether you've sight or not, bloodstream your attention and settle into the fleeting pulse. Saliva stir. Sigh-flex. Unassuming swallows. Or listen for the underlayers of sonic wealth. Hear dissolution and renewal. Smell the sea even if it roils hundreds of horizons away. My hand hurts from writing around the truth. My heart hurts from staring through the mirror. If I were to be as fortunate as me, as gifted as a honeymoon-I, if I were to unattic myself for purposes of communal fervor or topical speculation, if I were to stop fantasizing about every alternative timeline untried or fetishizing every stranger's life unexamined, if I were to begin canning every friend's life undervalued or collecting every precious word unspoken, if I would and if I might, if I could all day and night, my eyes wet with situation, my hands clasped out of prayer and my spirit slung out of time, and if I were to shed tears for my mine and their many and our much, my glasses getting in the way of the handsome-suffer, then possibly I'll not renege on my youthful promise, that of prima facie and that to myself, of that night's wife-fuck in the only consequence-bed, lovemaking of the highest and still highest order, that foldout couch before the cinderling hearth, deep-shot for the deeper-spot, the phenomenon of the one into the flow of the two, what is perceived as miracle and conceived as natural or vice-versa, that sweaty amateur art.

Metaphysic is the nature of motion without time. So I've heard away from the altar or so I've got wind of from the wildy-vast or so I've been whispered to in my sleep. My spirit navigates life's quieter days across these gentler years, the dwindling-down and the evaporating reflection pool, the stiffening sails and shrinking helm, my this-can't-be-all-there-is drift amid some-brand-new-shore anticipation, life as vapor or essence as transient. If I have spirit, not spunk, but storm-verve, then my spirit, if spirit there be, lightning-like and thunder-come, might disappear with the dawn, although it hasn't dawned upon me to end, to stop all flash and rumble, to never tear the paper sky or tear for words again, these doldrums also of my making, the still water and the absent breath, my minglings within some realm of this world, my drowning in my own metaphor-spew, my time to shine unsunned. If I'm to die into nothing I obviously won't care. I care now, but the nothing-now of then is impenetrable from this something-now of mine, all something-nows in impossible motion toward their nothing-nows, aware that any possible everything-now will incessantly duck away from the mortal gaze. Or, to come clean, I suspect language won't ever rise from its youthful impatience or tired impotence to meet time. Or, I'm wrong, and time is perpetually word-pregnant with the now. Or I'm treading water without purpose in a bottomless lake watching her form as she swims away, my virility superfluous to her virescent core. In the end, it wasn't the future, but the past, that will get us. And if I partake of ethos and eros daily with body and mind, I don't see what business that is of my spirit, if spirit I possess, or why the self-appointed and well-meaning stewards of this or any other cultured epoch should concern themselves with my nonviolent acts of imagination and self-haunt. They don't, but yet they do. I can't express why I let them friction the sticks in my thoughts to make sparks in the moss. I can't quite grasp the flames of righteousness. I shouldn't offer myself more than simple survival for salvation-ransom. I wouldn't do that again if I were me. Even if I might think thrice about swapping my morals for sensation or diversion or pleasure, I'll not bargain with my long-wrought standards. Or fall for that foolish barter of contentment for wisdom. The spirits of epic and testament soar, but I think mine, if spirit there be, is staccato-wobbly on borrowed stilts. So let my spirit please any crowd of one. May it clump around its quirk-alley for some modest span of integritous self-balancing try. Then, disintegration. Then, the silent whatever. As a child, I put away childish things. Now, as man among the reasonable and condescending, as boy-man among women of force and self-defiance, it would be smart to sidestep the stifle-prudent and the overmature, to acknowledge that hiddenness has always been most insidious in the norm, that mistakes make meaning viable and phantomhood comes along only when the wish tides out. And if I'm to be as alive as I already am, as unfiltered as the me of dream, I ought to dismantle the scaffolding of logic from around my mood-museum and strip the wood of caution-coats and plant weeds in the garden of fake. I'll not mistress my faith to system nor warden my hope to opinion, but if I were to do exactly what I thought I wanted to do whenever I thought I wanted to do it, round and round I'd go crashing into my mansions of cards, stiling my language as if it knew neither slither nor flight, splitting my skull on alley bricks as if they were the cornerstones of human conquest or the lodestones of human arrogance, my spirit keen on release, as if it could sire freedom, as if its fierce hardness could slacken into resolute ease, as if it could escape my one and only consciousness, spirit-creator and body-bound, for even two heartbeats.

The winds rose through the clouds above the mind's grove,
that masculine life unintuited, the unenduring realm of the consciousness, words as oasis or as
grains of sands in the thirsty wastes, or words as metropolis or crumbs of bread in the hungry
plains, hard seeds and harder meanings, waters of indifference or eureka-tears, torrents from the
sovereign prince before orchid-dissection, purpler than family-twilight, death as the only fame
worth losing, dedication to awareness now nevered, boy-ruddy and man-drunk, charisma beyond
sense, good inheritance forevermore past the eluded sentinel, colon as curtain speech and human
possibility built upon ruin, the private shame of that steep withdrawal into father-gone, spy turned
sap, revolutionary become cartographer of nostalgia, entertainment as the apogee of agree, here
in this post-partum malaise, where fresh shoots aren't as green as empty gated-courts, potassium in
comedy and low irony in blood, son-wreck at the far reaches of any string of pale compromises,
tongue to totem across pave-whole poverty, spiral-scrape to crawlspace, tenant squalor to tenement
pall, brute rooms emptied of mercies, his heartland stars phosphored upon breaking thoughts, this
vista onto his cluttered slate, the self of the I and the I of the only, not only as other but only as
self, desert-spirit more than forest-soul, sea-shock over mountain-solace, vale-hearted, his fields
plowed by himself as boy, the blade of his plow fashioned from his own persed wishbone, this
ratchet-speak of tighter inference, this conference between teller and tellee, the intangible-I crossed
with the every-I, the I of control and the stalker of the ineffable, the discourse-I and the tactile-I, all
these Is in all this is and all this was and all this will be, what will spare him, whoever he is,
whoever am I, from the crushing failure of a life lived unideally, or if with earnestness, without
delusion, not minor self-fallacies but a stallion's nest of purpose, some sweat-soaked too-late
wake-up after wrong-thinking, the arid testosterone and the cavernous chest, or the empty keep
and the bottomless well, or unlucky in ambition but luckiest in love, or passable and nice or elitist
and misconstruing, or too wordy and severe or wildly understaffed, dowsing for resonance across
this faultless plane, out-manuevered by sloth, disremembered by now with now as a meantime,
outspoken but overwrought, self-whelmed while self-overstood, uncontrite and I-deprecated, this
filigree of definition, these bannister-traits of condition, all brought to bear upon the immediacy
of the I and the old child of promise, father-sanctioned but mortal-strange, and what child is this
who grows into death, if death isn't permeable, if life isn't somewhat dreamt, his mind uncontested,
his will undetermined, as if persona weren't fractured into personas, the absurdity of indivisible part
and plural whole, my curtain fallen, my happiness risen, happier than childhood or success, happier
than the chap with the whole wide world in his hands and even happier than happy death, this male
happiness of vigor and task, rigor and heat, of lasting quality, despite the excess of words with
insufficient force, despite the id-swell of exposure and the subsequent ego-deflation of indifference,
despite unpersuasive loops around our interior crystal balls, prophetic reach or self-pleasuring,
or candles in caves, loving shadows of resilience and reconciliation, the tender incline, the laden
ache, the brisk gift, the longer rest, afraid of what may lurk not in the dark but in the dim, my way of
experiencing anything, of feeling in and out of my mind, present or presented, the existential crux
of roam or abide, the tremendous warmth within the sumptuous folds.

Why would it feel silly to ask what it will feel like to someday not feel anything? Will there ever be someone who will assume the sun wanted to be a god? Why would one who has known bountiful love not have love to spare? Would you consider darkening my shine to alleviate your discomfort? How is one to know when one has done what one was born to do? When does it become clear that the illumination isn't worth the squint? At my loneliest, why don't I seek company? If I were to day myself into community, intellectual but kind, of a kind but individual, alive as all things dying are alive, in love with the light and also enamored of all explorers of light, fated to oblique expression and blessed with sufficient leisure, I might yet retract my feelings off her watery gaze. What would one have to do to assure me of a benign or godless universe? Why would one want more or less than exactly what one deserves? Whence cometh the moment of your death, and why is it unknown to you? Where across this whole forsaken battlefield could we find the souls of any of the slain who comprehend surrendered time or permanent loss? Why doesn't science make me want to live billions of lifetimes? When did I lose my final trust in story? As an elitist, how will I find comfort in growing old? Were I to explore darkness and befriend purveyors of shadows, were I to get only what I have coming to me before I perish in violent thought, were I to suggest that what I don't know might as well be said to be everything even if what I do know can't be called nothing, I'd see what she sees, that humility recognized is masked pride and love isn't the original verb. How is it I've come to accept my flaws as if they were natural beings or standard objects? Why would anyone risk thinking a moment could be locked in time? Why would I, as a one, as an I, risk wondering whether any chosen instant should be willed into timelessness? When will it be permissible to succumb to duration? When will I be allowed to hunger and thirst for the sake of righteousness without being asked to join some club? Are you ready to tell yourself something you've never told anyone else? What would I have to do to convince you we've known one another as long as we've known anything at all? If I were just I and you were just you, the I-you of unfolding history, this might breathe, but you're an I and a she or a he or an it and I'm a you and a he, or I will have once been these, and time hasn't and won't stop for us, not in this pastiche, not in my imagination nor yours, not as any was or are or will be, us in paradise or we as eternity, our oneness assured in a self-pluralled world. Why isn't it appropriate to treat ourselves as unruly children? Are you tired of asking yourself whether you're honest when no one's looking? Why won't I weary of rebridging my transpierced self? How are all these selves sanctioned within their making? Where is your other if your other isn't with you always, if your other isn't with you now? Was that the absolute last time for me to be granted that vantage? Have you searched your mirrors for dimension-rifts? Were I to seek the marrow-new, or the old skeleton in new flesh, or the fresh coat of paint on the vintage trust, my mind on my sleeve and my heart in the clouds, I'd be grateful for the illusioned actual and the facile fantasy, the core and the stratosphere, the together and the unique. What, it must be wondered, does birth-privilege signify? How is it, I've heard asked, that we were caught? Does chance hold the secrets to tranquility and condolence? Are secrets told through grit and vagary? Where is the enigma that led me from my boy-yard and my youth-works to this escarpment? Why is the very-below littered with precedent? Who has the blueprints to my imagination stashed in her hallway? If I were to unfrontier myself from copse to coast, broadcast sunward, wired protean-sap to slacker-salt, I might yet chill into eldereal calm, my ambitions dispersed ocean-wide as ghostships in bottles, as slaughtered dreams at yacht-feasts, as boatloads of chum and not translucent sharks radiating inner light. Was that anything like what you thought it would be? Did it come to us too late that intentional defects could increase efficiency? Shall we gather at the river one last time to sing about the age of rocks? Do I distrust cameras because they allow dead or absent eyes from old photographs to stare back at me? Would you still kiss the raging if you knew it might douse your flame? What could it possibly mean for me to say I find this life exhausting or for another to say one kind word can express more than all the love of paradise? And why, in these quasi-confessional spaces, have I made it so obvious I'm smitten by feminine freckles? Were I to abstain from stoking self-divulgent cinders, even if they're fire-ringed by stones of reserve, were I to fall for the self-joke again and yet again, even if it's funny, were I to wildern love as an unimmaculate miracle, even outside my daydreams, I'd confuse my flourish or banal my survival, I'd alchemy my smile or deprecate my torch, I'd hide in the glare or thrive in the occlusion. Why won't I accept solitary placement? Who will vouch for me on the darkest of judgment nights? When will you account for what can't be lost? Where, in all this shimmering unknown, in all our luminous vibrations, in all the human nonsense within my clumsy grasp, will I find something worthy of my doubt? How am I, to match the problem to the solution if they shelter one another within one another, just as the idea of the perfect circle curls within the idea of infinity and the strangeness of infinity lurks in the perfect circle's charm? What was one thinking when one began to tell of telling? Why won't I stop feeling just before I'm made to not feel?

If I could desecrate my memory's structure without razing it to the ground, I would, catacombs to cupola, blood-graffiti on every surface, decorations as heartfelt as alliterative space or eye-climb, as soulful as sight-lift or the architect's rise, scrawls of ascending forgetfulness, child-drawings of lewd philosophy, words of up and always up, my ivory spire glistening in the sun. Why would it strike me as plausible, now or ever, but especially now, to ask the universe, since it appears I'm incapable of displaying originality against my clearest skies, as fearsome rocket-launch or consciousness-fireworks or totem-radiance, or even as chimney-smoke above my drowsy neighborhood, that I at least be allowed to adorn my weathervane in guilt? This is the bend around hope-hill, the comprehension of what's what, the elegant curve before that endless straightaway toward reckoning, everything I fear compressed into arrival, everything I adore unegoed into respect. What will it take to persuade me to let go of my dreams of viability? Out of every childhood, those of sweets or penalties or brutalities or shine, those ordained or those we shun or those wrapped in future finsel, emerges a confused adult, without exception, a resexed man or woman or an unsexed or oversexed being shoved onto the death-slope, that slippery tilt of widening plane, lacking toeholds or fingerholds or ledges of respite, without sufficient something for everyone and without seams of blessed assurance for the thinking fool. How can we or how shall we or how must we go about securing tomorrow's tomorrow for our gentlest folk, our ferocious folk, for those harmed by those of harm, for those who might one day dazzle in front of threatening skies? I won't father or be fathered again, not in this life, not as this self, although I could be made a grandfather by my son, if time and situation and biology permit, becoming unsonned unthinkable, nor will I be unfathered again, my unmothering inevitable, if not imminent, unless my unbodying comes sooner, or unless I suffer an irreversible episode of unmemory or some comparable unselfing event, my undaughteredness not fraught with emotion, only curiosity, the unping of the unhappened less easily grieved, as when one is autumned without having known spring's green or summer's greenest, as if unparented before conception, the cleaner abortion, our way around the godly call, our ways to slide from smug in the sun to bereft in winter's palms. Where in all of tarnation or arcadia roams our saving mind, the smarter me and the more resonant you, the kinder me and the more childlike or persuasive you, innocence in the air as sunlit rain, as leitmotif, our lightweight thoughts not yet tayered into deep-cornered talk, still adrift somewhere between cogent gravitas and cerebral sex, above the trivia of cultural malaise, above the tangential worker's strain, above the leanings of the oblivious and the isolate, is that where? I'll crest unless I've crested, or I'll float above the rooftops of my mediocrity or indifference or indignance or obsessions, or I'll drown in my nostalgia-cellar wide adream in the invention of the sun, or I'll lie surrounded by the resentment of my lust wishing time were permeable, or if not round, circular, or I'll let her go as my unrecognizer, as another whose impression of me was uncolored by yearn or probe, or I'll choose to feel okay about myself and the happenings of my days, and I'll abide in the mature contentment of a lucky life, gratitude vined around equilibrium. When will I finally unyanyity myself, body and mind and soul, simple understanding, my square-jaw sagged and my intellect frayed and my aura diffused? This was to be my open-air confessional, my apology under the sun, vulnerable, with arms uncrossed, straightforward, with unhewn angles, uncheshired, with grin wiped, the pillow-me and the toilet-me and the shower-me and the me of stride, free-wheeling and tongue-loosened and common-manned, genuinely undeflected, but my language changes like my skin, inexorably and imperceptibly in the moment, whole time-swaths needed to witness growth or replenishment or fatigue, my death-mask pressed with introspective dwell. And who am I, in my daydrifts, in my night spirals, to carry or burden those oblivious to me, those unattached to my futurisms, those I'll never touch and never touch? Possession stunts desire and desire is one of those distinguishing qualities we're hesitant to relinquish, a wordtrap of scant intrigue and ubiquitous retrotting and the gateway to my gladness and misery, the pressure of my steam and the sorry of my gaze, prepositional play in expression scattered, this gilded abandon, my plated repast, our gyral tag, life's careful refusal. Why not luxury me with what I won't seek while denying me what doesn't exist, or why not option me with the scope of every you while weighting me with the point of only me, or why not vindicate my hum without eradicating all lyrics, and why when we have so much do we want so much more? Were I to lone my pilgrim into heavenly crave or stray my heart from pastures real, were I to fail to act while pretending to think or take the thought while acting brave, were I to shed the light for waters deep or snow her eyes to shadow fate, none of this would glitter as evening promise, none of my scribble would gleam in close candlelight, not one of my poses would make a willow weep or put a catch in her throat, nothing could ease the pain of broken irony and nothing but honest exhaustion could make sleep sweet, my toss turned and my turn tossed and all of yesterday's careless prayers strewn on the milkstained floor or the stars I'll watch leave my overbright sky won't or will or just couldn't or may or might or they never ever once

Unbeknownst to me, fallen long ago into my hope chest, smoldered some or many or most but not all future stars of different skies, oddforsaken and retrolite, asparkle for none. I think I'll persist in allowing myself to speak of what I don't and can't know, those seething stars and my ineluctable ache, as if I could form a world of images that would shield me from my death. I may yet demonstrate selflessness in the valed margins, the teaching adroit, as if it were the vocation-gift, as generous and exemplary to selves as to pupils, as pointed as the scrawl was pointless, a vaulted alternative to self-abasement. I've become one who seeks pools of noonshade and hides under his covers from the dream locomotive's beam. Malediction brought down upon self won't purify this conscience, not when it's spellbound by the foes of science or the schemes of things, snow upon surf and water-angels from the desert, the methods of insanity and the serendipities of nature, my weakening heart or my solitary perspective. I'll become one who believes a lone star could pass through his chest on its way to die in this earth's corp. I've never loved my neighborhoods or my nation, not beyond their aesthetics or quirks, but I feel abiding affection for my planet the way any parasite would for its only available host. If my mind is a proscenium and my thoughts are blood-curtains or wall-mortar or introductory charm&pretense and my memories are the show about to be cancelled and my aspirations are the breathings of the anticipatory crowd about to round the unassuaging bend toward a collision with disappointment or a near derailment into disillusionment and if my collective daydreams are merely the lightgirl having ascended to the odeum's roof to talk to the moon and my daily doings are the ushers who almost wish the patrons would riot when they hear there will be no show for them again this night so they don't have to listen to the ineffectual mutterings or silent rage amid the dispersal as they have countless times before and if my friends are the cabbies waiting curbside to take the well-heeled to their homes of taste and temporary control and whose tips will come to them as coins of blood-pudding or bills of skin-philosophy or desultory smarm&sense and if my metaphors are the slushy rain that will fall upon everyone's sleep in the deep hours and my regrets are the prodigal stars just before dawn and my humor shimmers in the typos of the obituaries in the morning chronicle and my odium is in the eros of the stock figures and my fury is in my sediment and my chagrin is in the steel bolts driven into the cement beneath the plush carpet under the velvet chairs and if my mind is truly the proscenium and my id is the emptied orchestra pit and my spirit is the scent of an understudy's sweat I ought to desist with this cave-scribbling and find a truer way to shine. Why? I'm still a kid who prefers backdrops to dramas, or even curtains about to part over curtains fully drawn, and I'll never be chased by bulls and I'll never exorcise infernal mephistoes from another's psyche and I'll never choose the anecdote over the awkward lull, my trust in the nothing or the everything over the anything, knowing one sure can't cure oneself of oneself and one can't wholly disappear since one must be someplace if one is something, my kindness in my absence, and I'll never lassitude myself into reprobation and I'll never wander exotic and I'll not bask in some nova's wake, my hands spotting and my teeth loosening and my tone fashioning toward the replete, and I'll never hop walls again in one motion and I'll not stand ovation or be ovation stood, my might in my try and my wit dull from misuse, shape in the fire and length in the light, and I'll never gut the sphinx or rub her uncertainty or climb calvary's crux, not in this lifetime, not in a million billion, and I'll never beg for my breath or kneel to chance or cede my imagination, not even in my nightmares, although I may yet pray for death or bow to fate or seed my musings in a squall, the not-mattering mattering and the unsaid loudest, and I'll never penthouse in summer or bunker in winter or condo in autumn or hovel in spring, not grasping any real need to readymake geometry and expose it to the elements in order to feel the facts of weather or illumine the momentary triangle, and I won't swallow the worm or medicate the sorrow or genuflect to the living or speak to the dead, not on your life, and I'll be faithful to my word if not my words, these strange sounds of progenitive swear. I confess to never loving my birth family as I've loved ideas, not that I unloved those of my predilect blood and not that I worship notions, not that reverence comes swiftly to me, nor would the greening of the pastures underfoot, as if a shrinking star in its plummet could miss my heart and lodge in my cerebellum, as if the flail of self-hatred has a favored place in evolution's inscrutable plan, as if my developed motor skills were better suited to mazes than movements. I'll sail my cognition into the rainbow's reef, a failure of attention more than loss of concentration, and I'll swim to a breast of land, an isolated patch on a boy's crayoned map, diluted red and smarter than clear, where I'll sun myself in the sallow grass, or where I'll rest upon the grave moss before settling into the bungalow beside the lighthouse for a vacation of beloved struggle, or not effort, but exploration, or if not that, expression, selfish tidings of the inborn taught, my head upon the pillow only after having had my fill of suggestion, of supposition and unlikelihood, my sleeping dreams in my cot on that swept skerry reserved for unlanguageed surprises out of my nonconscious, and that oceanic dark where the trajectories and destinations of all the wrecked and fallen stay unfathomed.

A golden meteor above the desert's fall (seen but not believed), a way to the endless end, child-shone and future-shown, this slab of work soon done, nearer to done than gone, to console myself by speaking to my selves of failure, at ease in the assurance that failure is as fleeting as success, I, this I (time only a matter of), a boy in plaid or a lad in corduroy, a man confused (word-stung), my sense of myself as spent, and language, like love, seeks itself (out-othering other), now step out upon the summary-slope, the downway home, goodness and (whatever it may be) mercy all the days of our lives, and though dying appears real, what makes death real if it's only absence? The desert-drift illumined love and love silhouetted loneliness and loneliness is as persuasive as sun angles (any time of day can be the most beautiful time of day). I chose the lake girl over the ocean girl or the river girl or the rain girl and it was a renascent choice (the snow girl didn't show). My pervasive self-loathing will corner and kill me, too, someday, even if I survive a whole century, even if I'm but the passenger in the wreckage, the one who was just staring out at the scenery. Self-opinion is flawed, as is all opinion, the narrowing thoughtfulness become wrong-thoughted. I've chosen the moment-lust of the cock-brained lake-swim over the madness of the rocks-in-pockets river-wade, not out of conviction or denial, but because it's the choice I've thus far been allowed to make (my predilective constant), and if I were wise and not restless, I'd cradle this weal till it's torn from my arms. I'll choose effort over effortlessness or stasis (as long as I'm in motion), sweat and near-breathless exhaustion fine by-products of release (dreams of which this stuff is made), my fingertip on her awareness and her teeth on my response. Tell me something (again or remarkably) that I won't tell myself. Out under the terrible sky and above the trembling earth...(not anything like that). I've forgotten what one should do with the I, if I've ever known, if I'm capable of grasping these things, if one is meant to know self or its opposite, or self as its opposite. We should be wilder when older than younger because we've less to lose (one can't truly lose one's past, but one can lose one's future, if death, as absence, holds power over memory, if forgetfulness is also mere absence, if free-will is actual, if fate is untold).

I still quarry fantast as if I could build an I-metropolis, a place for every self and every other of the mind. I should respond only to what's happening, not as if I can visit a memory repository but a memory environment (weed-fields instead of warehouses). I like organ-soar with counterpoint (wood-block claps or triangle tings or humming). I prefer desert arrogance to forested coze (vista to hearth). I incline toward the impossible (but have never been there). I'm not an old soul, but I'll be an old man soon enough, near enough to be sure enough, to hear the creak and rasp (but never close enough to impend the nothing). I'm a fatalist, not an optimist, but when someone says the universe is undoubtedly unfolding as it should (ending endlessly as it must), the distinction between the words is negligible, as even pessimist and realist might agree. Isness, wasness, willbeness: which of these is trump? This is what one could think: we're here to suffer mortality, or the illusion of mortality, or at least temporality, or we're here to play some game for immortality, or we're here as parts of a bridge from something to something else, or we're here dreaming for the entertainment of our own all, time not as a what or a when but a where. And by what grace am I able to consensually penetrate at the perfect angle to the grand-spot of her consciousness? I'll not regret the limits of love, nor of time (if they're not identically limited), time always taking care of regret and love beatified by its bounds. As this source, this I (love only an instance of), I'll not speak of my lost time in the desert or my time lost in the desert, not outside of a half-hearted anecdote or two, the story beyond telling and the telling beyond story, the temptations beyond resisting and the resistance itself a temptation unresisted, my heart found by my penitent self on a moonless night, too far from where I made my bed in the wash for it to have been dragged there by a wildernessed beast and way too far for me to have thrown it there out of some legitimate or amplified disgust with myself. The miracle of autonomy (that which wasn't and not that which isn't) is also the lure of loneliness and the lust within love, sensuality arisen not from or for the survival instinct but for and from the shadows of death, unbound and well beyond the brambling margins.

I can't unheart myself, I wouldn't and I won't, not when the sounds of spiral flow sweeten the sex and the splendoring and the sentences and the sleep, my unforgotten youth cleaved to her singular event, her delta wisp of coastal tang, my coming death sleeved into her press, my patience under her moss, our aspects impatient to improve, our stunned bodies and our stunning panoramas, the medicinal ferocity, the fierce submittal, the vital tendering of our misbelief. (To a flame) I'm drawn, sketched across day's end, the light shadowing my lack, the stars brightening to fall. I won't conform (and I won't be unheard of) and I won't attenuate (and I won't be few and far betweened). The brimstone in my heart is kid-chalked. The desert unmet was as indifferent to me as the city met and as the grave will meet. The flicker of my spine stays matterless and nothing lives in fire. What I profer as wilderness holds science and religion as equally illusory, my existence of insignificant impact, my opinion of no consequence, my energy as worthwhile parted as whole, our wholes as spurious as souls, as spacious as any universe. I've failed to spark the weeds along my borders and I'll fail to scorch any far slopes (her minor fall, her major lift). This has become my stagger toward an encoreless bow, the specious farewell of a local obsessive, the twitter of a disgodded and self-appointed prophet. I've said all I have to say and yet I've not said enough, never could say enough, never could properly unsay, never could target the saying as cupid or assassin, never could mark the saying as said at last. I went to the desert forgetting and I came out remembrant. I go again verily imagined. I'll be killed off by time prevailing. (To emphasize words) I must be unstable, charcoaled on her brow, the light sweeping of her sorrow, the heavens casting their fury elsewhere. I won't control the shore if I can't fathom the depths (and I'll embrace enigma before solution until I'm solved). So what if I disappeared in the desert and couldn't find myself (self strayed and self left and self has long since hovered above the disarray). If there is no individual forever (and there might not be a single forever for individuals), it won't make any difference whether I've cared for my nows or not, whether I've cared about my thens and dones or my nexts or evers, whether I took care around language, whether I cared enough to self the other.

Let me lose my struggle with sanity. I'll stay aware and unaware, a murky cocktail of cognizant norm, and then my light will go out and then every memory of my light will fade and be gone (and thus forevermore might come to each individual as oblivion). If I exist eternally, self-knowledge contained within its own uncertainty, today could be rough-stirred into any day, into all days, infinite difference spiraled into infinite repetition. My darkness will accompany my light. My desert will crawl to my city's edges, burying the suburbs, marrying the seam, that fabulous hinge. Thought is punitive and restorative, and my thoughts torture and release me. So, flat on my back, tentless and in my sleeping bag in a cougar-traversed wash, I stared past stars and questioned everything, questioning questioning, and still I suffer on as a dull pupil, as if I think inbetween here or there is better than here or there, as if the next time I smack my head against the wall will bring about the collapse of the wall or the end of my mind or the unbending of circuitous churn or the hush of the low throb or the silencing of my middle doubts, as if they weren't binding contracts but unbinding contractions, as if I could cease self through selflessness or by pretending to be other than self. A night walk (restlessness of the moonlit kind), and mine is the only human body wandering this expanse. Twinkle, twinkle, wind-swoop and jagged scape, the sounds of my steps and my lone breathing, a conduit swallow, constellated thoughts of elseone, this desert chill of nowhere ponder, my ramble-oath. I up the crease to mesa's ease. I dissolve the swollen heart. In memory, I turned away from cluster toward beacon. Death originated from who knows where. Life comes from the obvious and the oblique, and heavens were born in her eyes (as the moon set, as the storm rose, resolve smoldered). (As my resolution) I got out the day before snow fell. Purpose courts regret and purposelessness converts shame, or purposelessness conducts zeal and purpose contorts happiness. I'll not again muster the verve to pursue the desert's consciousness, and it doesn't matter that I carry its arid breath in my self-made blood (my steam comes from helix-twists). I've failed to decentralize the self or decentrify the I, singular or triangulated, lowercasement of dubious persuasion, my imaginary matchsticks, my substitution torch, my updraft mystery.