

How goes the song again? Find their walls and bring
them down in sheets. Found your birthname writing my
sunlight from its hair. A belief in justice,
calm budding at the surface of my head.

The hell I've raised. Oh yes, and what are those?
I've coughed into the refrigerator light enough for
all three ~~residents~~ residents. I never, and I mean
never, meant to lead you on.

Pray for my knee as it is swelled up & sore.

I'm a waking crescent moon and tiger silk for
your dress. I'm ⁵⁰ miles out in a trench
of great stature. Will you snell my wrist? I just put on
Birth of the Nation.

Cashgate my ^{waistline} ~~waists~~ like a flume. Fans of _____
will also enjoy. Your daughter's ~~to~~ not only my
friend, ma'am, she's my palace of dining ~~table~~ room
chairs. ~~she's~~ ^{she's} my editor. As well as one who, on several
occasions, peel ^{her} ~~my~~ shirt off ^{my floor} ~~in front of me~~

Seen it? I trust you will. You trust I wait.
I trust I wait, either, maybe even more.

one who, on several occasions, left ^{her} blouse
on my floor.

"Promise To Break Everybody"

I'm such a mixture of burnt edges
and royalty I just wanted to dance
with you I never said anything
about coming home for Christmas
or walking you home alone at night
this particular street something
about it isn't right I'm a waking
crescent moon and tiger
silk for your dress

I'm ~~such~~ ⁵⁰ god damn it and ~~shit~~ ^{to the hilt} I can't help it
can I

I'm re-emerging from your door
(what isn't you?)
at night to tell you it was it you
that it was your husband
and kids I could count
the ways I've tried to love you back-
wards and forwards all of these
ways I could it say holding the rod
and reel of my own heartache
such a mix ~~that~~ I could be dangerous

slippery when in rain
and thunder like a diamond cut so sharp
you don't see it my hand as ~~it~~
it falls on your perfect shoulder
or ~~my~~ head of hair
ner/his

When it comes
to I'm
really weird

I'm such
a fest a virus
buster my
temperament is
creek sized

last You will find me away. My prisoners, walk alone
in the judgement hall before washing ^{and maybe}
your luck wait ~~can~~ ~~it~~ must clear. ~~The~~ pistol
on the table is a gown man's sinful ~~tears~~. When
I'm with ~~we~~ ~~you~~ things don't always appear to
be turning.

I ~~mean burning~~. Here is where I want to be the
kind of heart that clears.

I ~~mean a burning~~. She ~~says~~ ^{tells} my beard, you know ~~it~~ ^{also}
I'm in love with?

I mean a burning, rickshaw of ^{her} eyes. She tells my
beard grow long. You know who I'm in love with.
You know who ~~it~~ I could be? Afternoons, I sip
beer and wonder how long ^{ago} ~~and where~~ ^{it} ~~they~~ last
time ~~and~~ ^{where} must ~~the~~ all gone.

They love indeed who ~~gotta~~ to say they love.

Here is where I want to be the kind of heart
that clears. And here is where they lay. ~~ADD~~ ^{her}
bodied down, black serpent rivers.

Once again, ~~he~~ creeps up an instant; all present, no past,
no future.

"I sip beer and wonder how long ago, when was it
the last time and, where must have they all gone.

And here is where ^{we} ~~they~~ lay. Her bodied down, black
serpent rivers. Once again, creeps up an instant,
all present as such, no past to speak of, only
dry mixtures of comment, dirt called on a ~~high~~ ^{high}
perfect high. These works ~~at~~ my mind ~~under~~ ^{over} ~~under~~
to sense. ~~again~~.

I fear my own dreams of ~~her~~ presence and absence in
constant turn. me putting roses in ~~her~~ ^{her} hair, me
taking books ~~through~~ ^{through} mountains, ~~her~~ smiling back,
signs of my love. I ~~traced~~ chase with lemongrass
and her laugh on the stairs,

Cheerful of those days I could eat well and
experience no fear.

Oh my god that arm, a shining, hinge of my
beautiful life.

"Free And Clean"

~~Her voice could soothe the arrow. I want to
wss into the barnet. Die before someone
wakes me up. O silent night.~~

next to last

At two point, I smell her toes ~~anywhere I go~~
over in the marina. Once I brought it to my lips
to sup, ~~that~~ was a light that went on in the
dining room, a crowding shifting. I read the Book of Job,
how ~~a~~ a window into the yard I would've offered him.

middle area?

I'm a waking crescent moon and tiger silk for her dress. I'm
miles out in a truck of great stature. She tells my beard
stay right where you are. My beard ~~is~~ ^{is} a red sail. My
beard is a junction and I ask her ~~can~~ ^{could} I cross it. ~~My~~
~~her~~ ~~petticoat~~ fingers, ~~her~~ ~~offering~~ basket ~~but~~, ~~my~~ ~~offering~~
~~basket~~ ~~my~~.

first?

She's oil and water when water is another's name. I
caroused her birth name out of the fine dark lines
of October. I think of it like an adventure, my first
bones growing hard against its last bones. My kiss
is to write for her to the masses what she does
anyway, her whippings where there are no flies, my
wish she'd cry a beard of sadness upon me.

caroused - carousal?

Promise To Break Everybody

Red blouse on my floor, tea growing cold in the ceramic.
She tells ~~me~~ my beard this is the city now, you
can't go around like how you do, no boilers to drift
out of. I say evening is caught in high
branches, singing, like some poet who's died. She tells
my beard let the wine flow through you and (set) onto
my breasts, sore like tongues. I say I'm warming,
and your loving-kindness, a whale-road for the
women traveling in my arms.

"So you're here? Sh'll dizzy from another dodge, close
shave, reprieve?"

One hole in the net and you slipped through?

I couldn't be more shocked or speechless.

Listen,

how your heart pounds inside me."

~~My god, that~~

My god that arm, a shivering, surge of my
beautiful life.

