

VERSO

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

The hell I've raised. Oh yes, and what are those?
I've coughed into the refrigerator light enough for
all three ~~broke~~ 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 x miles out in a truck
of great stature. Will you smell my wrist? I just put on

Birth of the Nation.

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

Seen it? I trust you will. You trust I won't,
I trust I won't, either, maybe even more.

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

RECTO

...

VERSO

last

You will find me away. My prisoners, walk alone
in the judgement hall before washing and ~~your~~ ^{maybe}
your luck ~~won't run~~ x runs clear. ~~Their~~ ^{Her} pistol
on the table is the grown man's sinful xxx. ^{tears} When
I'm with ~~you~~ ^{her} things don't always appear to
be turning.

~~I mean a burning. Here is where I want to be the kind of heart that clears.~~
~~I mean a burning. She~~ ^{tells} ~~my beard, you know x who~~
~~I'm in love with?~~

3rd or 4th

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

They love indeed who quake 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.

RECTO

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 ~~they~~^{we} 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 cornmeal, dirt caked on a ~~thigh~~
perfect thigh. These works x my mind ~~wonders~~ ^{works overtime}
to sense. ~~again~~

I fear my own drams of ~~your~~^{her} presence and absence in
constant turn. Me putting roses in ~~your~~^{her} hair, me
taking books through a mountain, herx smiling back,
signs of my love. I ~~trace~~ x 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 sooth the marrow. I want to
hiss into the barrel. Die before someone
wakes me up. O silent night.~~

VERSO

next to last

At this point, I smell her toes ~~every~~ anywhere I go
even in the marina. Once I brought it to my lips
to sup ~~there~~ ^{that} was x light that went on in the
dining room, a crowding shifting. I read the Book of Job,
how ~~is~~ 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~~ a red sail. My
beard is a junction and I as her ~~can~~ ^{could} I cross it x
~~her petticoat fingers, her offering basket body, my offering
basket mouth.~~

first?

She’s oil and water when water is another’s name. I
caroused her birth name out of the fine dark linens
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-carousel?