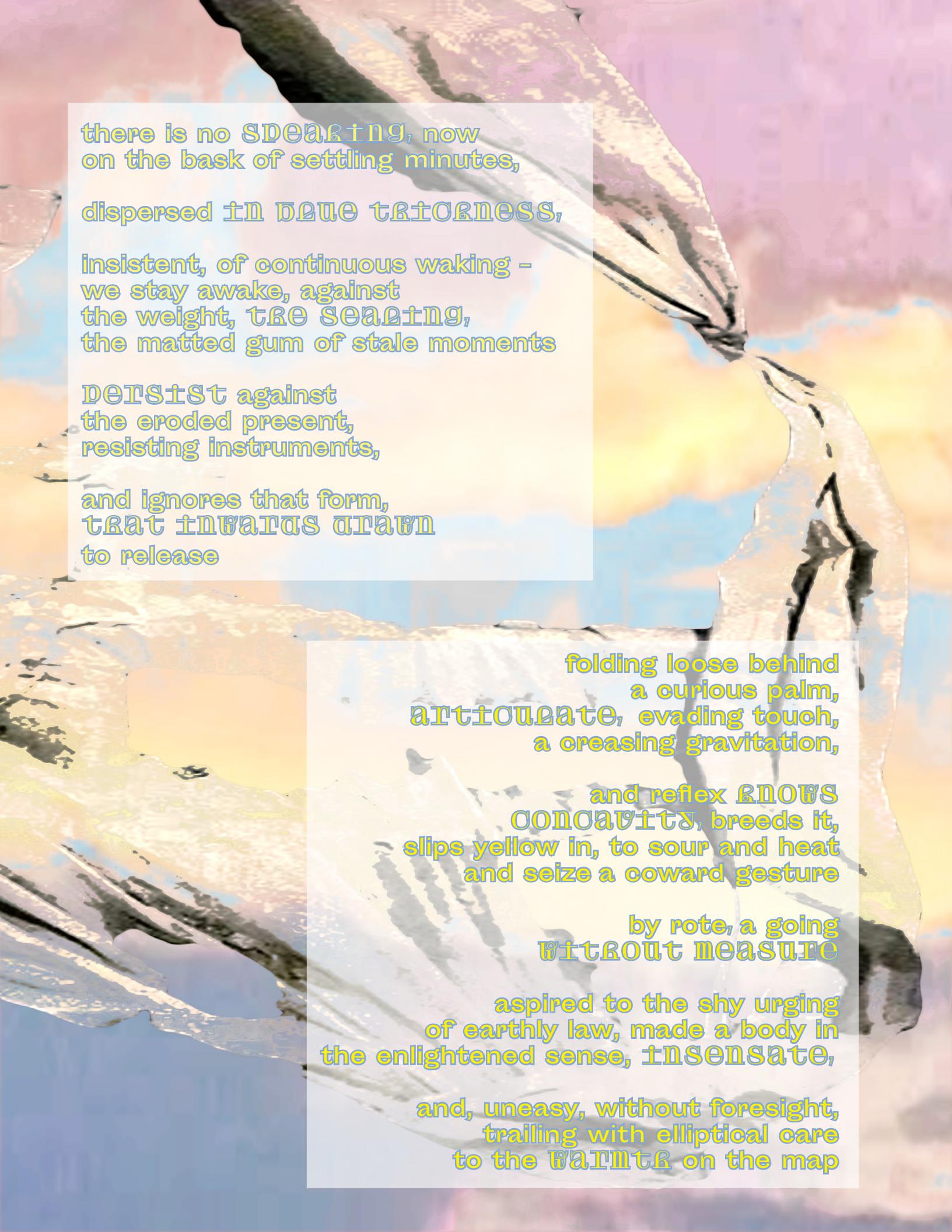


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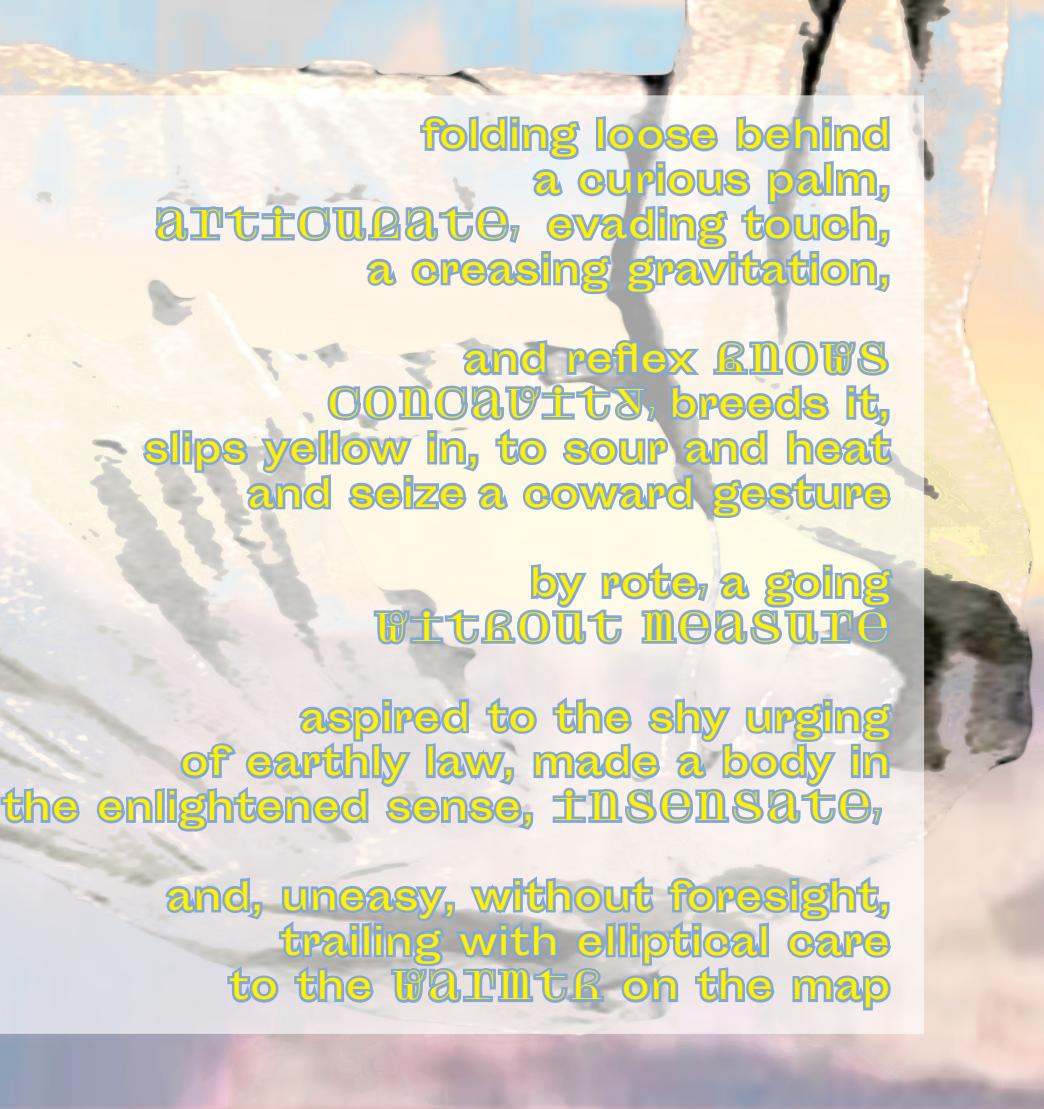
there is no SDEARING, now
on the bask of settling minutes,

dispersed IN DUE THICKNESS,

insistent, of continuous waking -
we stay awake, against
the weight, THE SEAING,
the matted gum of stale moments

DESISt against
the eroded present,
resisting instruments,

and ignores that form,
that INWARDS drawn
to release



folding loose behind
a ourious palm,
ARTICULATE, evading touch,
a creasing gravitation,

and reflex KNOWS
CONCAVITY, breeds it,
slips yellow in, to sour and heat
and seize a coward gesture

by rote, a going
WITHOUT MEASURE

aspired to the shy urging
of earthly law, made a body in
the enlightened sense, INSENSATE,

and, uneasy, without foresight,
trailing with elliptical care
to the FAITH on the map

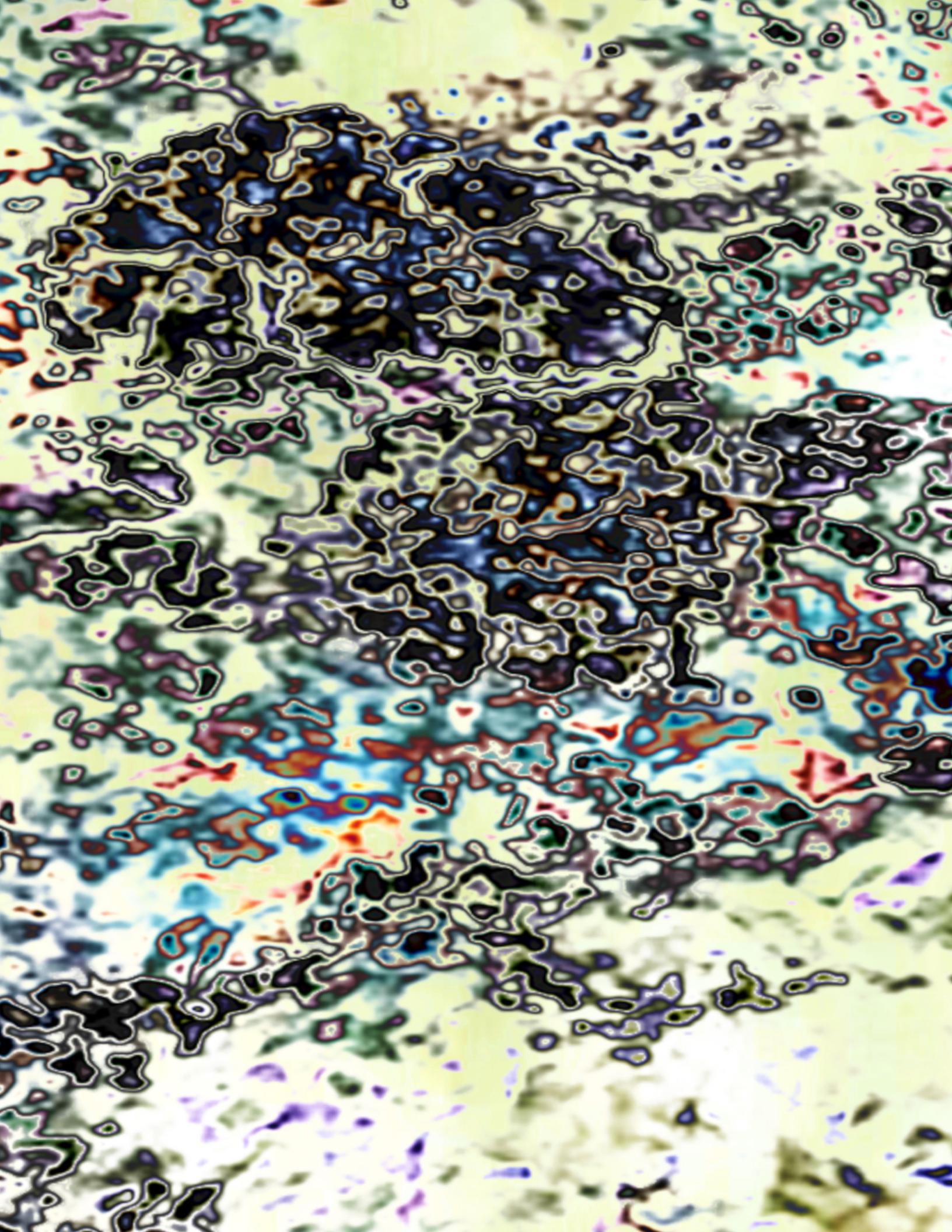
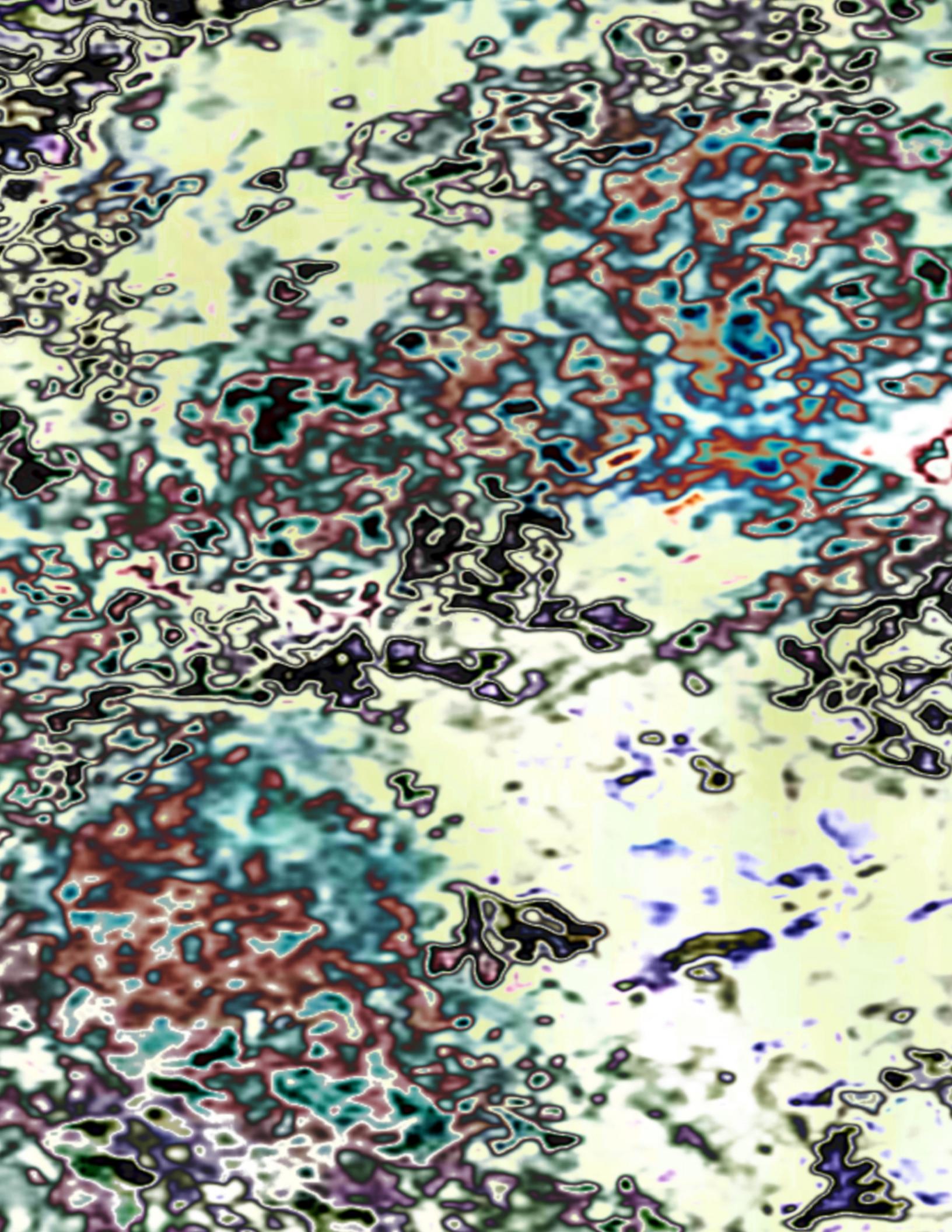


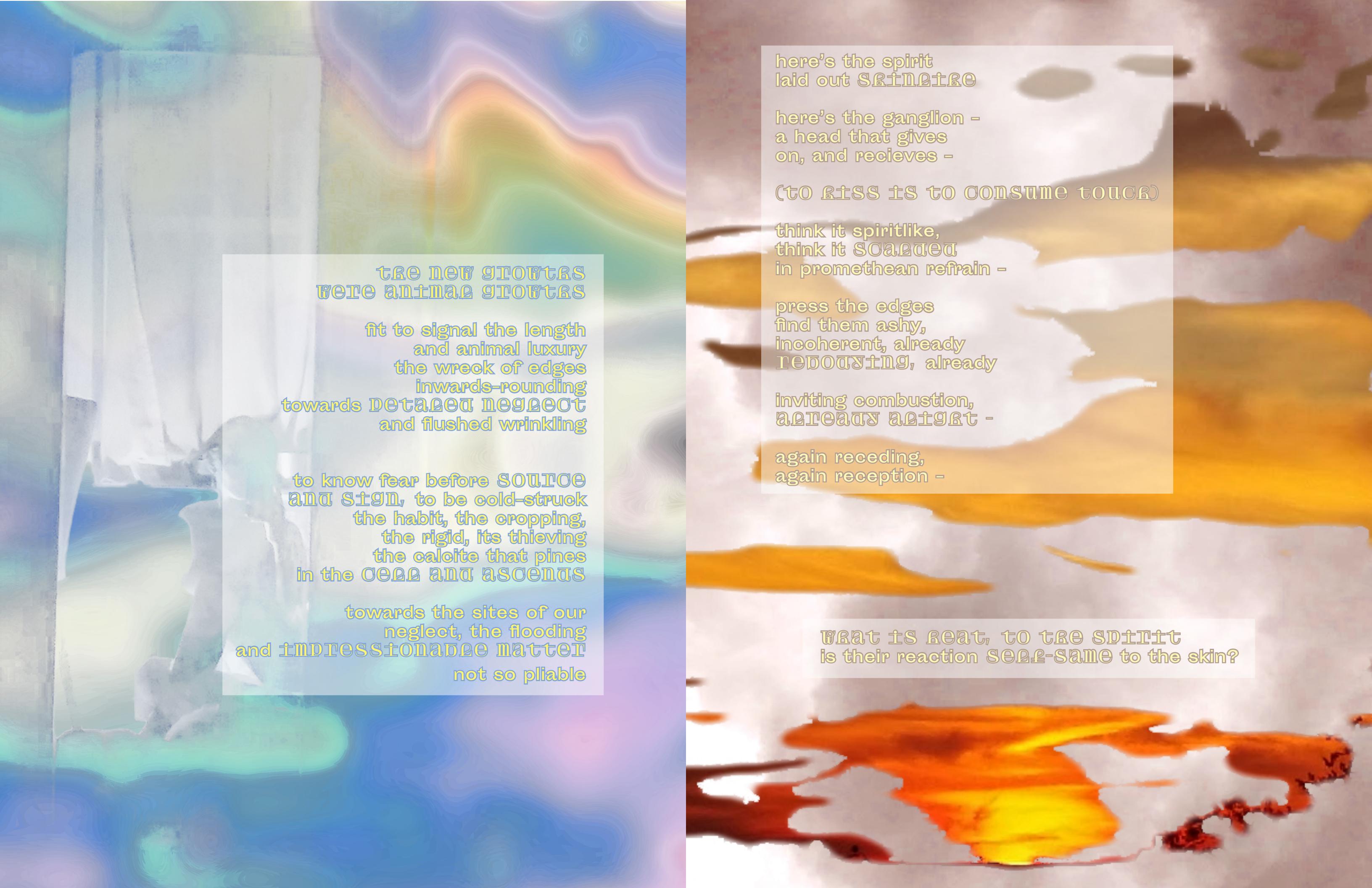
a squall - vocal
only the dewy highlight
WHITE DANSE
of the clattering day

the DTRESSURE
relief in digit force,
a weakly metonymized will,
a DOOLING intention,

a PARTICULAR BOSS

when the encroachment
became
all lip and lapping,
gave to greeting,
to cascade
salted interruptions
and COTTAGE
any membranous securities
fit true and sheathlike





the new growths
were animal growths

fit to signal the length
and animal luxury
the wreck of edges
inwards-rounding
towards detailed neglect
and flushed wrinkling

to know fear before SOURCE
and SIGN, to be cold-struck
the habit, the cropping,
the rigid, its thieving
the calcite that pines
in the CEEB AND ASCENTS

towards the sites of our
neglect, the flooding
and impressionable matter
not so pliable

here's the spirit
laid out S&TIN&TRE

here's the ganglion -
a head that gives
on, and receives -

(TO KISS IS TO CONSUME TOUCH)

think it spiritlike,
think it SO&D&E&D
in promethean refrain -

press the edges
find them ashy,
incoherent, already
TEPOOTING, already

inviting combustion,
a&TEAD&S a&T&G&R -

again receding,
again reception -

WHAT IS BEAT, TO THE SPiTiT
IS THEIR REACTION SE&L-SAME TO THE SKiN?



that which we call a BACK
the vacuity of uncommon
naming, the nameless -

MOMENTUM of a futile
pneumatics, peristalsis
the predigested present
TREATS, and this

sick motion, SICKNESS'
CONVULSIVE token
outlaps the very
stillness in nature

known not as rest
but OCCULTION -

that which we call a fullness
now CLOTS, now IMPLODES
is not named sating

i let drop the
transaction, or rather
its nature BEGGED
THE GROUND, and

my fingers spread
to grant the WEIGHT
its ownness, which

SPLIT IN TURN, that
emulsion of time
and memory, care and
DISTRACTION. there

are congestions in the
present whose mass
is fit to COOPANDSE behind

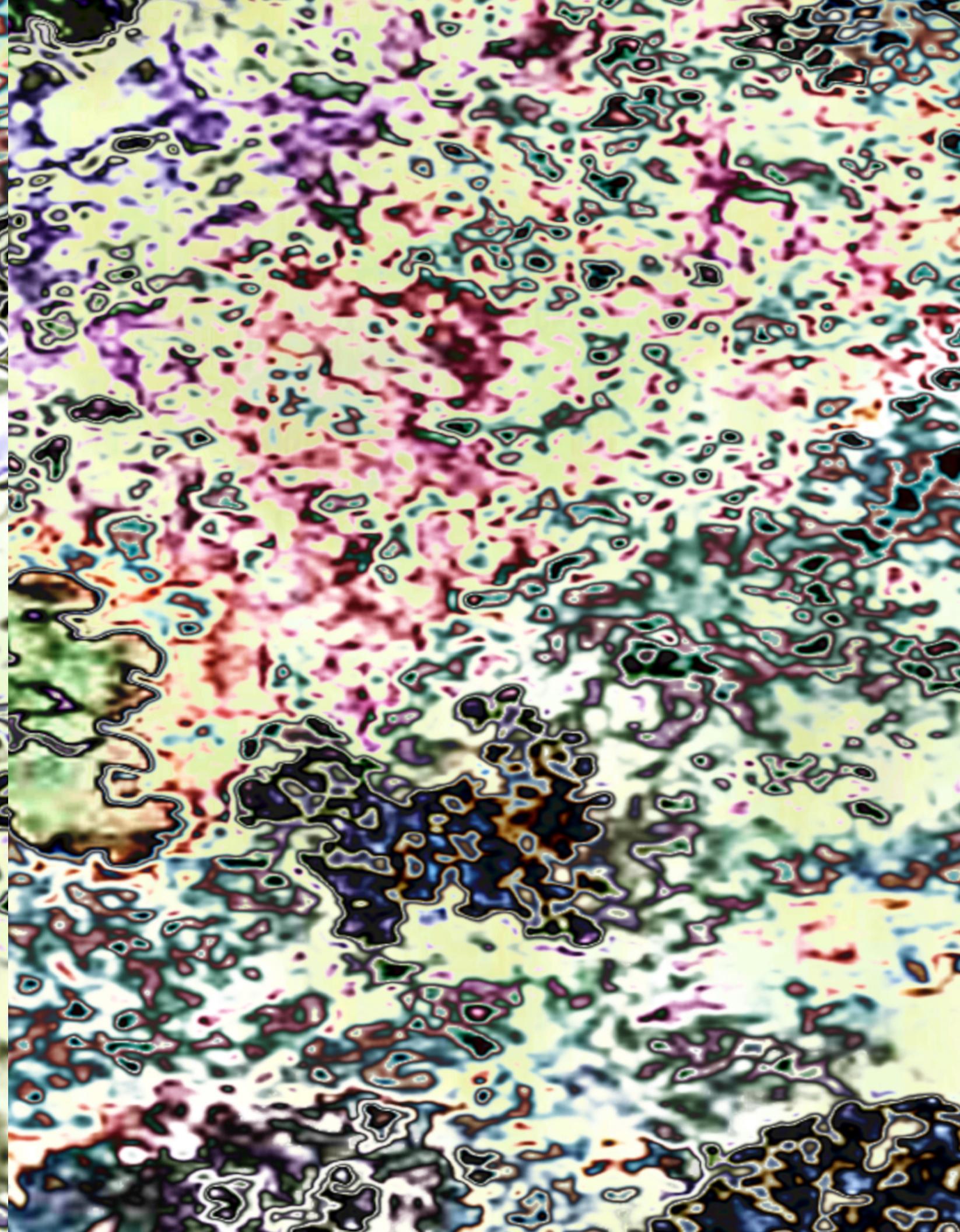
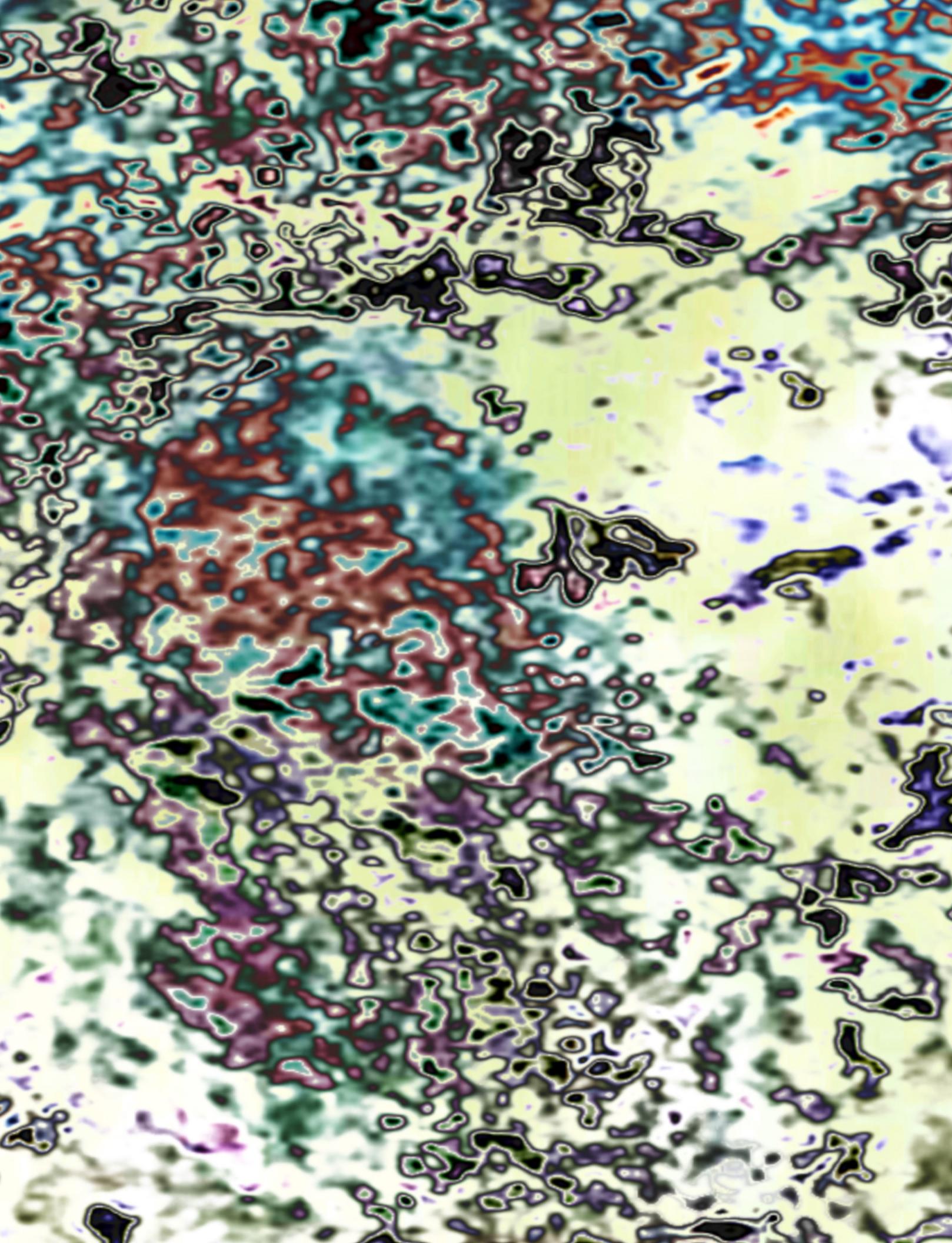
i need the LINE BY
LINE remaking, can
attend only to

renewal in this
way, as it
shrieks the TEAR
of newness from

a sediment ignored
only for LADDING
SO LAT below
the eyeline, where

SOLIDITY in all its
essential, WOLTHY
posture becomes

another thing swept,
DISSEMBLED,
dispersed



this is a DOUBLING
i double myself in actions
i CANNOT MOVE in any law
that is not universal

is this CIRCULARITY,
which we call law
is this repetition,
which we call DAWNESSNESS
return outside conformity

is this the same sun
the SAME searing
displacement of breath
the same LOSS fingers
which oversaw
hearts put aside
for momentum

i displace my ingestions
to be ambivalently
RIDEN, EXPOSED
in the daylight

is this the law
which stipulates
closure as a NECESSARY
SYMPTOM of the circle
do i abide it

all nature CONSPIRES
in semaphore
i sit in the lover's antithesis,
a SUPERSTITIOUS SEAT
the weight of each sign
is final

a buckling flight, wrapping
irregular orbits, catching
will thrown into question
by the TRAIN,
THE TRAINING

of the cause, the credit -
the QUESTION - which
manipulation, what ground,
what carrying, TO WHOM

does efficacy stick and
propel from, what mass,
WHAT MOVING,
WHAT MIND -
which partition of mine,

IS AND, an innocuous loss -
there is no understanding
fear's PRESENTATION at
lack, at latency's careful

charge, covert in-handings -
a dispossession ONCE BORN
in the gap between faith
and provision

MERCURY AND, they say
as if the flit was
more labile than
quick on THE UPTAKE,
nimble, as need be

on a ground which pitching
CANTS THE VERY ANSWER
to a betrayal of the senses,
a betrayal of circumstance

hot mercury has need
of DODGE AND WEAVE, so
closely entrained against
that surface composed
of its TRIASSES and bursting

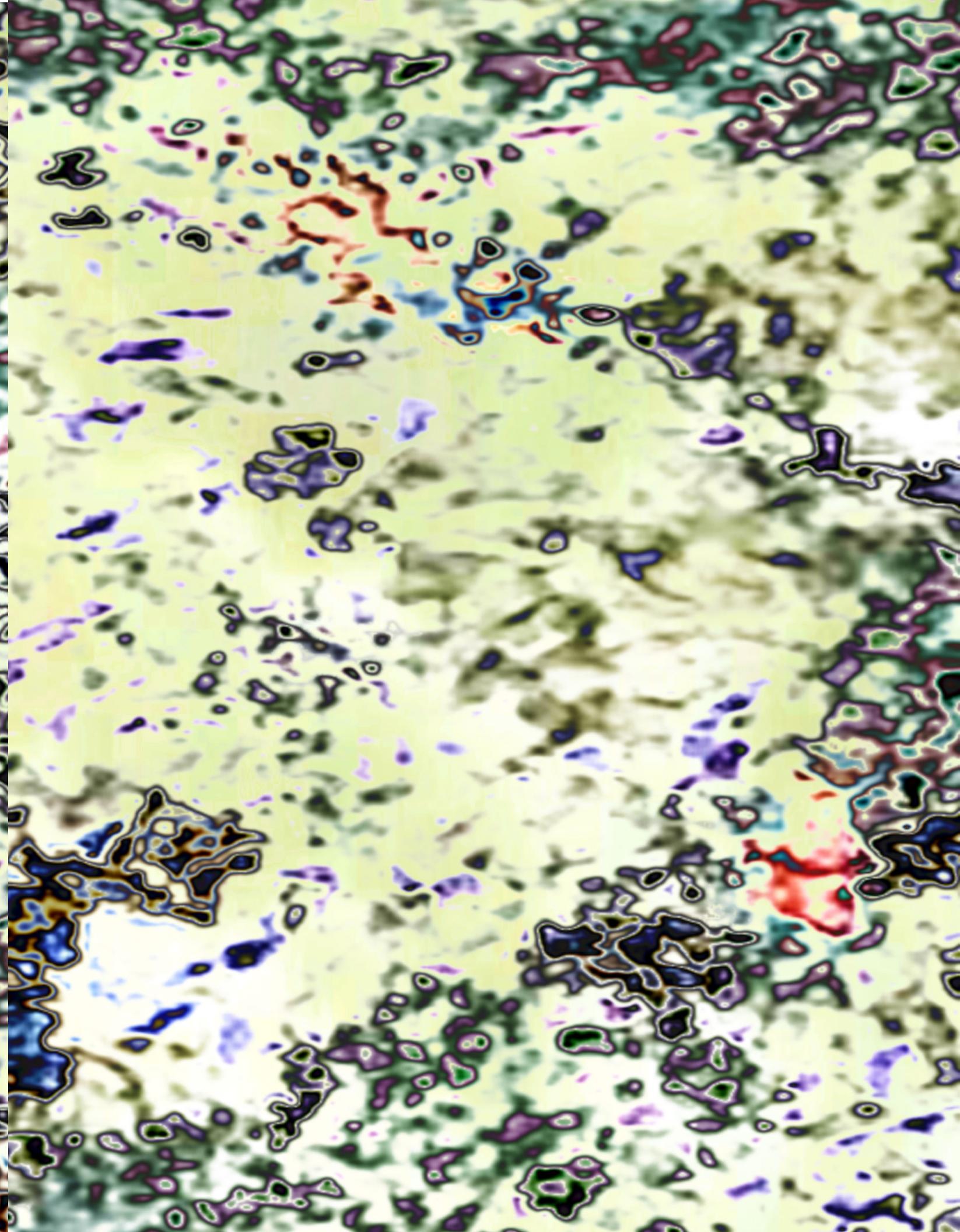
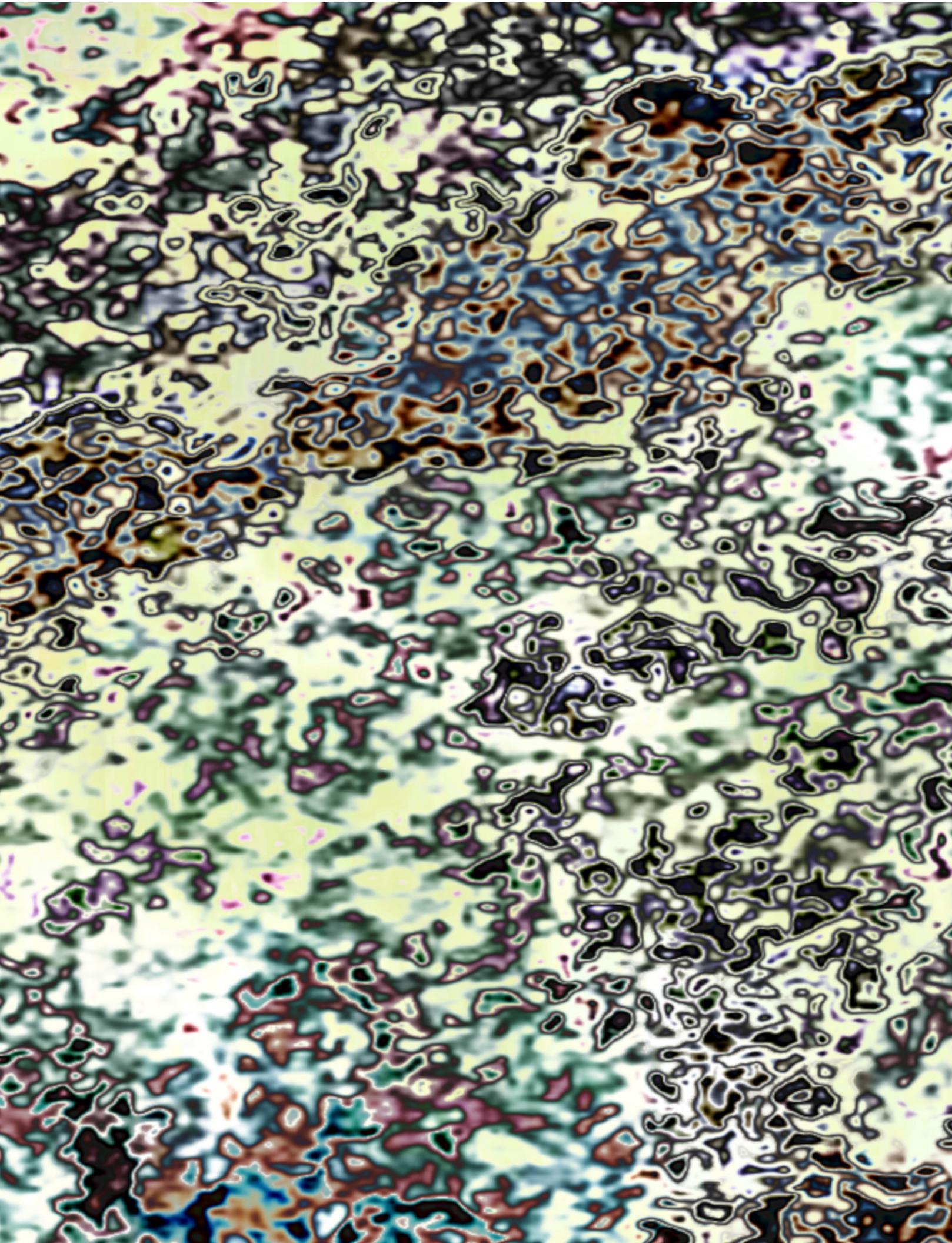
another redness floats
nearby, removed,
knowing nothing of REA
OR MOTION, yet stands
for rage, that crystal

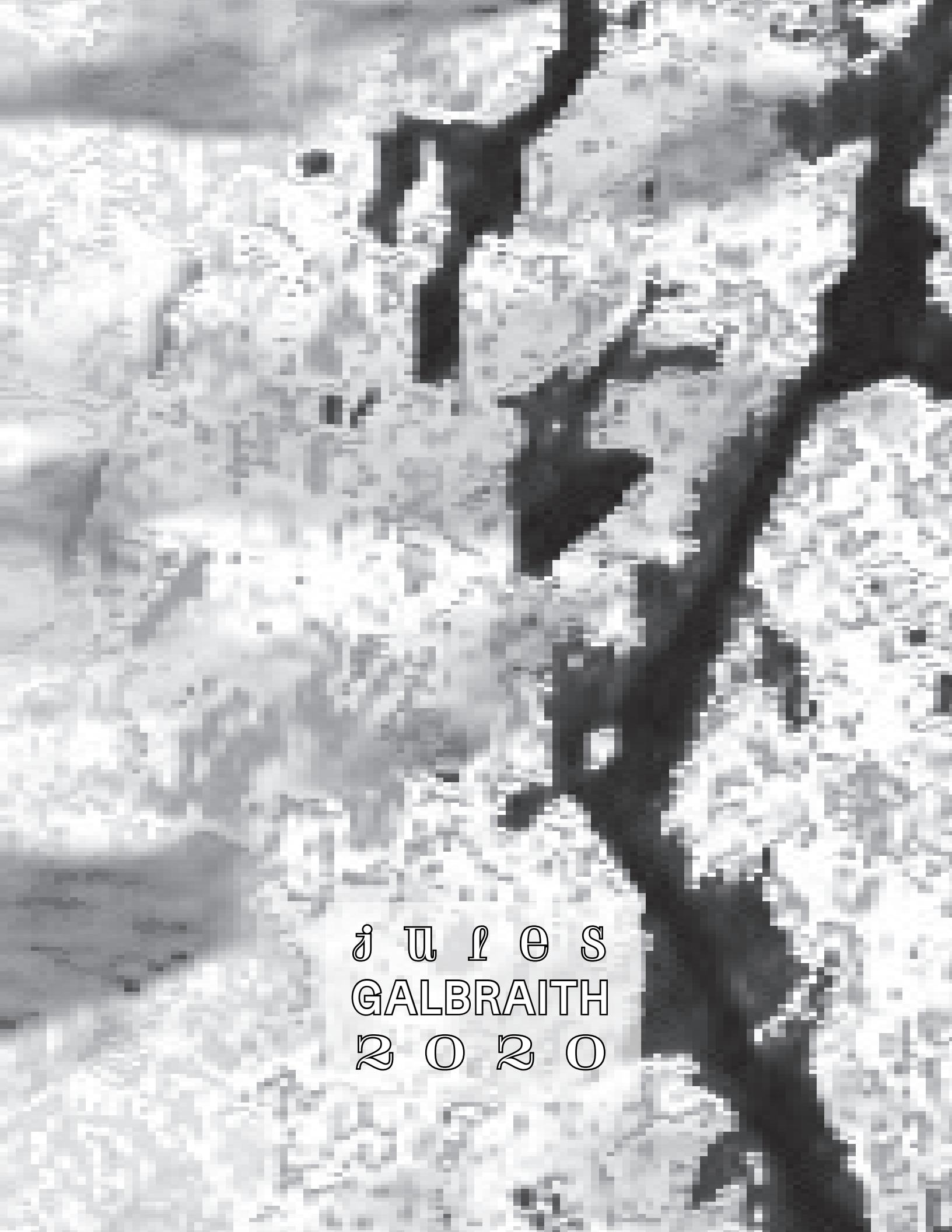
what wonder, that between
these fields where ground yields
to PRESSURE AND CHARGE,
stepping assumes its
wingedness

the dilation, the thumb
rubbed on the rim, the prying,
the slack WE DITTERED in
tactility, the tactility
we evoked, all our COMMON
ABSENCE laid the slats
to fumble over, now step,
now skip, now stumble

now we attack the distance,
now we we call it mild
and let it settle
now we COMPRESS
CONCURRENCE, lust, despair,
harmony, and fleshed
PRESENCE, flat offerings
in the declarative mode

call it REA in hands
call it sweat, smile
CALL IT WEARY
call it prayer





JULES
GALBRAITH
2020