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-----Toxin-immune sapphire vessels: we waft

Badness
Vice
Improbity
Flattery
Exaggeration
Expansion
Superiority
Goodness

Gary Oak

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Or crouched in the brush.
                                   Cramped, grazing
                                        tall grass, rare
     sleeping in
          stars above us, breed
                                             a town's edge
    or half your charm on me
                                        together
               cruising, throwing
                                             up cut
          from error, we'd settle
                                                        home.
               If you would
                                        a bridge
     the lone path
                              towers ahead
          in scenes not ours
                                        in hiding, chaste
               after you I
                                   repeating, after you
                    over again.
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For you'd rather name plaques
while I learn your defense.
Always in front of us:
Dashing repellant fleeing.

ghazal poetry examples english you tube

learn net—worth reading—string work rosin space
your web—linked in—cross hair confession space

'tween tabs—two lips—stalk cut root original apple smile state—surveil—your picture regression space

profile—screener, gaze—your class project resumé
covet neutral—my sick—raw sin profession space

talk with other men—colonies—in churches observe those women—in suits—is it your consultation space

cascading style—bedsheet—gauze geographies your icon—my bold finger—worship twitch addiction space

"Who lies beneath your spell tonight?"—word—hub history limits—an other visual—cloud option space

video category—your mutual body—friends hyper
reference fiction chat—fan page—eyes elation space

new school partner—hand—nude update win jobs
birth—your instant grammar—is this revision space

who tells you—good buy—now spends your home shop—mark face book—photo paste obsession space

search your copy-for get loss-need knowing nil
JPG grain-is it true somewhere-file extension space

offload it—feel my self own first—hello world am mnstrviola his—or all we—I left consolation space







Bedside Photos at Grandma's Apartment

Left: I trace the roller rink like a neurotic parent circling the cul-de-sac of their child's first sleepover. **Middle:** My sister leans against the wall of the women's bathroom to send a text, the rink's glow on her dim form like a department store's pleading holiday display. **Right:** The youngest sibling. She moves steadily, ears at the music like a spy at a lock, the blue and red strobe lights a blunder away.

Not pictured: She glides backward weaving incalculable tangents, demanding the gaze of her phone camera which instead documents us, her children. Flimsy men stall around her. She is the black diamond skier throwing herself into the air to film the novice slope from a better angle. The foreign anthropologist who wields our own tools. We relieve ourselves and choose pretzels from the concessions stand.

Exquisite Corpse

- I. Your peripheral vision has gone bad, says the optometrist. The obvious metaphor is that I've lost some creative faculty. The less obvious metaphors elude me because, as I said, I have tunnel vision. This worries me as I continue home. Will I sense the passage narrow, the water at my neck? If I start to slip then
- II. yeah, they'll eat it all up. That's right! It's Family Game Night. I've been good to you, and you me. We have a large capacity for courage. It's very commendable (and highly marketable!). Do not misuse our foundation's mission; go forth into the day and be entertained. We have a tendency to forget our own personal statement. So print it out! Let the armature of psychology toil at your faulty guts, or upcycle it all with synchronized prayer. And spreadsheets! Make use of space and its charged responses. Let's retire to our regular ways, our
- III. vicious instincts. At least the butcher: warm-blooded. Kind. Carried me from the freezer. Cut plastic. Under a running faucet. Allowed a last expiration. Watched. Then, sliced. Glad to be made useful. Fascinating, our abilities. Like fledging creatures. Should have see me in the dark. Perched on stalactites; screaming. Tissue slices: fiber, gelatin, gonad. In sickness and health. Piecemeal. Am the sum of my parts. On stainless steel, lighting fixtures above. I remember now. Those
- IV. glaucous pools, their mineral histories, the fish I knew with their mouths at my feet promising a waterfall. I see it there, the gorgeous pit. And I hear them in real time, the dining room armchairs, speaking the TV adverts, peeling my film off.

provide

bread		you hold a box and I make a joke
spinach	•	you place a whole box in its place
croissant	•	and talk to me about a place I like
tomato	•	
egg	•	I let you give me a box while I talk
chip	•	and look at a shelf I like and you
banana		place me like you get to give me
blueberry		
onion	ě	you place a box and let me talk
apple		you get me there whole the Card
tea		you give to hold me in a place [†]
beef		
chicken	•	
broccoli	•	
strawberry		\$XX.XX
pepper	•	
butter	•	
lemon	ě	
popcorn	ě	†of course it is not mere formality
chocolate	ě	or necessity or ease. I want to put
carrot	ě	your hand in mine at the traffic
pasta		light. we talk about similar things.
milk		you move to the kitchen. years
jam		ago, my brother would make us
potato		dinner from a stick and a willing
pea	•	gumball machine.

first date

orange sodas. we sit on my bed, listening and summer turns onto itself

how we knew the scenic route before the nape of our own neck

paradise before the sun itself, its UV attention

soon, you will leap the lofts and picket gates, a rosebush surrender

and I, mean-streaked and butterflied sipping, will leave upward

only now we can only hold ourselves and it's how you found parking,

how a heart's recognition is made plain to itself.

Dozen | for Tarsila do Amaral's "Abaporu"

How many ways to count a sun's fruit?

I'm stunned and soothed. I'm thinking about you.

I'm vegetation smoothed. I'm snoozed and I'm loose.

Love me, or love me a lot: say it soon!

I'm all out of myself. I'm hungry but I'll wait.

I glow and grow. It's only half-past noon.

I'm a kilo of feathers. What's there to say?

I'm a flower pressed between the moments in a day.

Prologue

I think you knew it just the same. But for you real labor proved too nutritive. Oh well.

Unbothered, I press the trigger and the ground, now untenable, erupts.

So long! I've beheld first kisses and the last ones too. Now is the time for false idols.

My wanton blast leaves me unscathed, innocent. I grant contrition only to

the atria left empty, the earnest pining, the circumlocution of satiety.

Departing from orbit after all those revolutions.

Sensory experience, its pacts and posterity: diminishing.

Third and fourth eternities whiz by. Ultimatums and manifestos. The romance monuments:

I lied on all their plaques!

The phenomenological world recedes, and I consider its landmarks

and signposts. It always kept its promises. A mistake, to

forget about my panic button. Now I'm propelled by memories of lock-and-key models, my speed redoubling with every pastiche: milk chocolate, dirty dancing, old age. Sunday mornings.

Doves and cuffs stumble around, equally inept. I somersault (I've gotten good at this)

between Alice-from-wonderland and her furniture. Gravity grasps at us.

Its effort is wasted on me: I've already given myself over.

The debris of the future for the rhizomes of the past.

Netherworld after netherworld. Now what?

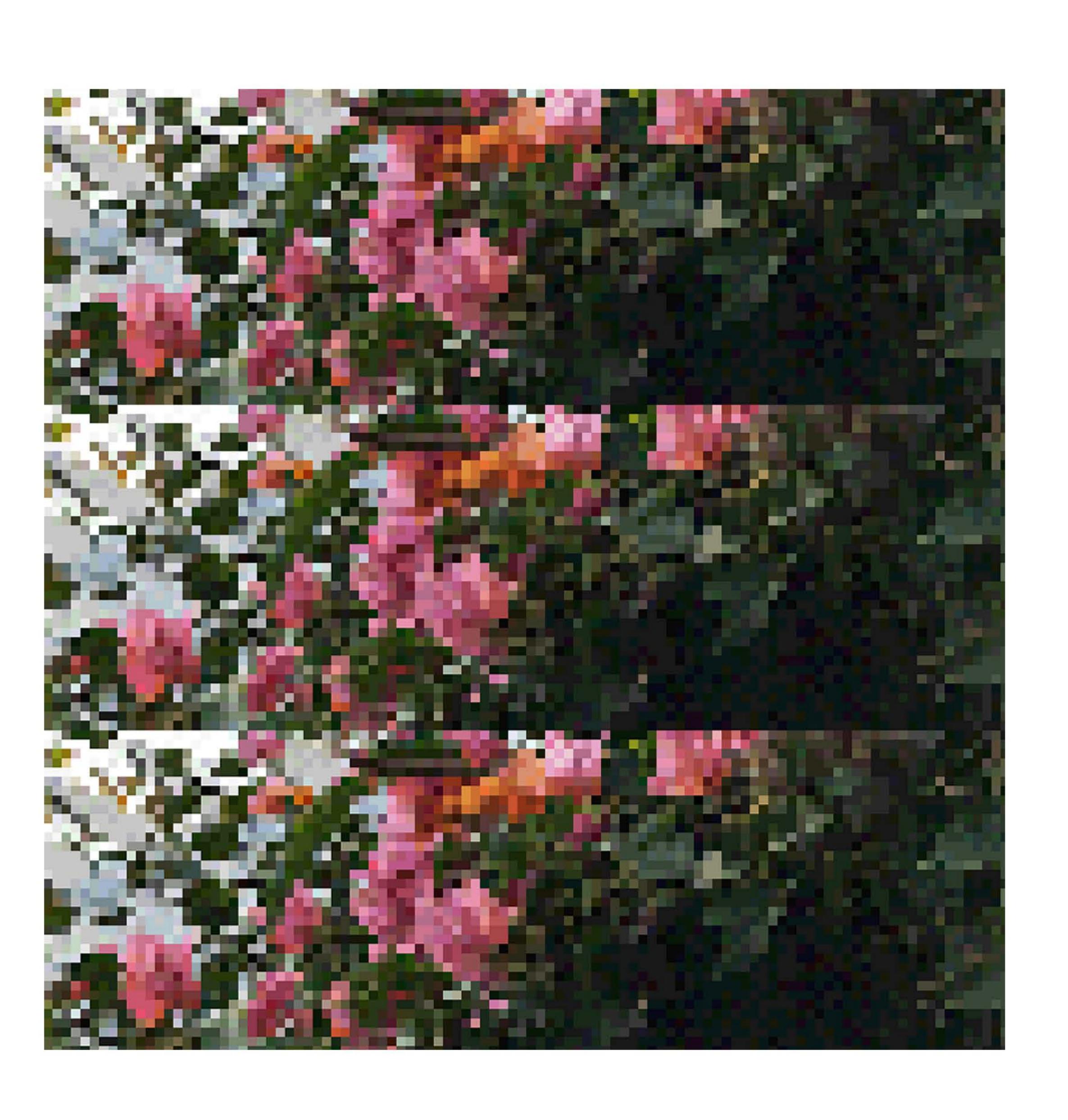
I start the video. The song begins.

I watch as you freeze in the light. If only I could share my momentum.









August 8, 2017

in twilight I am in the last car to 54th street my arm passing toward the moon above having its dinner in windows I see myself again without having thoughts of looking out or in

road turns to the green moon the red moon seats itself by the Real Moon who at the head of the table proposes a toast (myself still passing these orbs revolving among their homes or reflected by them)

"Ahem!" it looks at each moon to get their attentions "Ahem!" they put down their utensils "Ahem!!! I would like to thank each of you for joining me today to acknowledge what a wonderful day it has been, August 8, Wednesday."

when the other moons realize that was all Real Moon had to say they clapped and cheered. they tapped their glasses and ate. Real Moon smiled and was glad to have a seat at the table.

the car passes by what I can make out—despite the rain—to be Lion Plaza meaning I am three minutes away from the apartment. I see myself walking up the steps to the doorway to wipe my shoes on the mat. red moon will greet me at the door as I enter the room Real Moon claps me on the back and I smile to green moon.

now a block away... the night fades softly from the warmth of my cheeks

it's a radiant parting, a crowd applauding a wonderful yet frightening thought.

January 8, 2020

- over a marble atoll, or rather an intimation of its contour, myself standing
- thanking home appliance displays: depending on their bantam signals while I make hot water, "Good Morning Love!"
- pre-dawn tasks like rituals, confidence in a stove clock and what's left between blinds. i tie knots for myself, pour milk left out last night somewhere
- then, beside a gas heater, standing again, a number of comfort. another wakes up
- mirror's still unsure what the day can hold
- kettle on counter, heat following edge, dissipating quantities and lots of it. luminence. the LED stars finding sanity again, and thus forgetting other properties
- (myself remembering myself through photos on the fridge, or rather an extrapolation from them)
- eager to labor but dreading the day or rather all things i will miss of these middle folds which moments ago were unbaked, or leftovers
- electric kettle reverses its hue, "All Done Love!" dawn leaves and I peel off its magnets.