

## IX

lava looks thick and plush, like if touched it would give or  
puncture  
taste buds zoomed in resemble a new york cemetery  
how to touch grapefruit without contamination  
people get impregnated from doorknob contact a  
statistically insignificant number of times per year  
a goose bill zoomed in resembles a brooklyn cemetery  
there is nothing left but impress  
a truant shadow lingers here  
lava is unrelenting and not a beanbag  
in a sour palm two halves

## X

invisibly dappled and alive  
nectarine swarming  
contact is a language.....  
your hands: doorknobs electrical plugs sweets bed  
the absent wires plums bus another's hands linens light  
switch.  
most things touched  
inanimate but life damp  
festering like heavy gauze  
on them commutative  
and expanding,  
endo/exogeny.  
like drowning in  
cotton and  
shouting the  
reach deadens  
fast but disrupts  
swaths tiny,

unseen, or like  
an 80s computing  
one liner  
to repeat  
slashes, a maze-  
like illusion,  
unsolvable, that  
continues forever, a  
tiny conceit,  
forever,  
Who  
is unreachable  
except  
by a  
semaphore

## XI

strawberry grey  
with mold on  
palate resting  
a tired moth

## XII

Who beneath the gaussian snow asked for mercy:  
blue skies and green grass for those  
who end in the elysian fields, for  
there in the polytopes of  $n$ -dimension  
is a future,  
in this gentle system unreeling into  
Darkness from the folds  
of a silver-forest curtain,  
there is something more.  
there is love in immaterial,  
in the desperation of untouch,  
in the meek and irretrievable.

if you look closely at the  
solder etch on a green board it  
may appear to be knossos labyrinth.

do not worry.  
these mazes  
are symbolic  
of elaborate  
dances.