

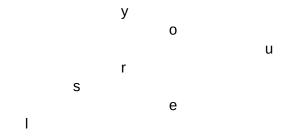




the panama disease killed the gros michel banana which tasted like the yellow confections. there is someone who gets paid to paint flowers, Who rides on your brain stem flesh, Who clumsily deconstructs your anatomy, Who lives in the hematoma timelapse, pure rupture. you, it's ok to forgive yourself don't kill yourself

y u r s e

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the dance you're feeling is foolish and inelegant and honest.

nothing has to end while doing laundry or watching medical dramas.

there is mercy in something, lacquer covers twin sides in earnest.

Who follows you in sleep, the steel door so precise and brushed.

"when will things be safe?" from the logarithmic spiral of a toothy southern grin. domestic fantasies so powerful you wake up cradling consumer goods.

stories from a man in jail about being violent against someone until they shit themselves.

waking up asking "where is justice?" hallucinating indiscernible figures in dish suds.

in a chant, alone, "there is a future," tautologically sound. later, masturbating silently while circuiting your gaze in a loop of the woodgrain.

someone spends everyday in bed for eight years and gets malignant brain cancer, unrelated.

so complete the feel of wrist,
so too the walls swollen in the retinal shine
no one can see the swaths rubbing
in the space vibrating behind your eyes
no fingers can glide that thing
beyond the black cache hiding
there is safety in that glint of a
Nothing inside
a silent wink for Who?

the witness cloaked in arboreal shroud lithe the exit, lithe the absence no one can see you here

the witness

where are you i dream about you often in my dreams you are ok Who in the myelin glow said nothing, stirring from the clonic dreams of safety, finally. on an arm tapping absently in seeming encryption, these fingers are unconditional syndicates. Who witnessed the bacteria in unbroken recursion, convoluting into a terminal black, exhausting.

"THERE IS LOVE IN THIS FLUORESCENT MEDITATION."

this germ mourning not the pinkish lye the quieting the vacancy

Who sits in a room of prime numbers.

these garbage bags are ninety-nine cents and fit most kitchen cans these garbage bags have odor eliminating power from a sister company these garbage bags are black and have yellow ties these garbage bags are white and have black ties

never thought you could fall in love until you met the man with neither feet nor hands on the safety yellow pentagon with the round head and the nondescript briefcase, wishing dearly to feel his arm on your arm, wishing dearly to be like the round-faced nondescript woman who also has no feet or hands, to be haunted by him as he hovers between two parallel lines, like the nondescript woman with neither feet nor hands



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THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
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THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES
BEFORE THE CROSSHATCH
DO YOU SEE
THE CROSSHATCH

WHEN WILL THE BEAUTY BURN OUT
THE CROSSHATCH A THOUSAND TIMES
A THOUSAND TIMES THE EXFORMATION
EXHUME THE FORTUNE OF THE
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THE BEAUTY OF EXFORMATION
WILL YOU SEE THE THE CROSSHATCH A

THOUSAND TIMES

THROW THE BEAUTY OF THE SUN

EXHUME THE BEAUTY A THOUSAND TIMES

THROW IT AWAY

THROW IT AWAY

THROW IT AWAY

THE LATTICE OF EXFORMATION

THE SUN WILL BURN OUT A THOUSAND TIMES

MISPLACED AWAY

THROW IT AWAY FORTUNE

VIII

this lacuna inviolate and still in the hush of figures curling inward, inward. there is a place here covered in ashes there is a place acres of aloe in rite around the black of a monolith puncture do not disturb me i am very peaceful here

have you ever touched something so perfect so complete and empty no fingers can glide that indefinable thing no one sees the nectar vanish from the rind there is something telekinetic in the way you move your atoms your atoms which are mostly empty your form which keeps you from truly touching anything, you, an apollonian gasket, you will never touch anything not even yourself



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

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 mazelike illusion, unsolvable, that continues forever, a tiny conceit, forever, Who is unreachable except

by a

semaphore

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.

