



1. *“the limit does not exist”*

good poetry always invokes the season, so:
spring is already bleeding into summer.
our feet press the moisture from the soil
any tomato you'd ever be sold is as ripe as it needs to be
and it isn't raining now but sure maybe later

people feel lucky to live in this country
to not be stuck with one of the neighbours
there are takeaway pints after all
the tanist quotes ‘mean girls’ on tv
i feel the howling in the street
something huge is screaming

never call off the search party:
immanence and artlessness
haven't been lost, they're probably just
under the couch cushions or
down the back of your dresser

sort of an asshole these days
i tell my friends that their therapists are cops,
and laugh, and drink, and won't explain

our parents turn their back on divinity,
— then turn to face it again:
turn back and return, away and return
just one long square dance with God

pov u work with children
the boys r just like u but shorter, more patient,
a better sense of humor.
they don't hate the width of their shoulders
and the bass in their voice
(yet)