1.

The light is pink through the backs of trees

can be pines or larches or pears

kinship terms more familiar than names which can be

distancing or diminuitivizing or maybe just disrespectful

a smell dettol neem toxic teeming

it’s too dark I’ll have tea

not the smell but the trees beyond

can be

the clay dirt car path wood block pine

pitched rooves

belt that looks like it’s in inches

measuring land they wanted to measure right up to the drain

kynum demanded they measure four feet from the drain and they wouldn’t

they measured two feet from the drain but it was sufficient

multiplied 130 per square foot by 150 by something and it

had come to seven and something

he asserted his authority and said

are you accusing me of making a mistake it’s eight

2.

The light is still morning light

thin but full and not paining bright.

Kyntiak, later poached and eaten,

leaving the vox-hollow bereft,

jean thread hangings tangling attachment,

is intent on something

muscles tighten dainty

to articulate tip.

Like citrus vapor the light emulsifies, micronic droplet flammande.

Kyntiak intensifies

jaws opening and closing rapidly in a clatter

like toy teeth

or needles on a wound spring,

and she in a trance,

flashing the teeth

the jaws opening and closing very rapidly,

like a kind of chatter,

with the throat involuntary eck eck eck ecking

It frightens me and I realize

she’s imitating a small black bird in the grass

nearly perfectly as a kind of lure,

involuntary.

When they’re let out in the afternoon in the moon,

hens, sawdust sticking to their heels, forking, but ignored.

Kyntiak

Cowboy,

astride the white chickens,

paths

intimate gossamers,

but gossamers require cosseting if they are to survive.

3.

Now I have to close the windows since it’s after 5 and it’s already two hours

since the mosquitoes replicated and were born—

‘heaven-sent’

Like nature where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

train to treat h as a consonant that clusters differently

taking voiced and voiceless not melded two character

plosives

but single-wound copper core

th as in thy, I

freely thee.

4.

Too hot up top

corrugated last month to paint

Too wet in the back to whitewash

or paint the doors

Too much labor and it’s not an entertainment for anyone it’s not a puzzle

it’s, from one perspective only, delight and destruct mostly, and no one is delighted

The blue scrap sitting

on the bottom of four shelves damp down mutton bone thlone

the cottage looking out on the construction,

the field next door another giant concrete abode.

I was surprised by the degree of his indignation,

that a state founded on principles could go so far into

distortion at every turn. I say it surprised me

and it also made me angry.

Nuclear minority. Romulus and Remus.

Paved over utopia clearview.

Romanized orthography,

botched epenthesis, religiously-specific,

another person

down a garden path.

5.

Tin rooves in the rain

too wet to paint,

Sintex yellow print.

Entire green islands fleck off

into black catchment.

There will need to be a well and a trench for waste.

Disavowal of agency in religious writing,

appeal to the father.

Disavowal in political analysis,

appeal to discusivity.

And this house a seeming dacha

though in fact in the city limits,

this city being something like Salzburg,

the Austrian opera city that Mozart comes from, what is it, Salzburg,

ringed by mountains like a berserk

Maypole.

The light is fading;

the bed is made.

The red light atop the cheap

speakers’ subwoofer beating in waltz time,

jaggery candy

striper.