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 diminutivizing or maybe just disrespectful

a smell dettol no stronger 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

crACked leather belt 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

the seller asserted his authority and said

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

+

The light is still morning light

thin but full and not paining bright.

Kyntiak, later disappearing

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 eck

It frightens me and I realize

she’s imitating a small black bird in the grass

nearly perfectly as a kind of lure

involuntarily.

+

Let out in the afternoon moon,

hens, sawdust sticking to their heels,

forking, but ignored.

Kyntiak, back up,

astride the white chickens—

their paths

intimate gossamers,

and gossamers require cosseting to be expected to survive.

+

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.

Nature, where encroachments and distortions are everywhere

needs training. Train also tongue to treat h, a consonant that clusters differently,

taking voiced and voiceless not melded two character

plosive but single-wound copper core

th as in thy, I

freely

thee

take.

+

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 (lisp).

The cottage looking out on the construction,

the field next door another giant concrete abode,

the two they I was surprised by the degree of his indignation,

that a state founded on principle could go so far into

distortion and 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

garden pathology

of another people.

+

Tin rooves in the rain

too wet to paint,

Sintex yellow print,

entire green islands flecking off

into black catchment.

There needs to be a well and a trench for waste.

+

A disavowal of agency in religious writing

is an appeal to the father;

similar disavowal in political analysis

an 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

microtonic

mistaken for something

that could support empiric

outposting.

The light is fading;

the bed is mading.

The red light atop the black plastic

speakers’ subwoofer beats in waltz time.

Jaggery candy

striper,

bill of

lading,

Ezekiel

trading.

Heart beating,

bp-bp, bp-BP!

repeating

reap.