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there is no SDEARING, now
on the bask of settling minutes,

dispersed in DDEUE TRICKNESS,

insistent, of continuous waking -
we stay awake, against
the weight, TRE SEADING,
the matted gum of stale moments

DEISIST against
the eroded present,
resisting instruments,

and ignores that form,
TRAT INWARDS DRAWN
to release

folding loose behind
a curious palm,
ARTICULATE, evading touch,
a creasing gravitation,

and reflex RNOWS
CONCOAVITS, breeds it,
slips yellow in, to sour and heat
and seize a ooward gesture

by rote, a going
WITHOUT MEASURE

aspired to the shy urging
of earthly law, made a body in
the enlightened sense, INSENSATE,

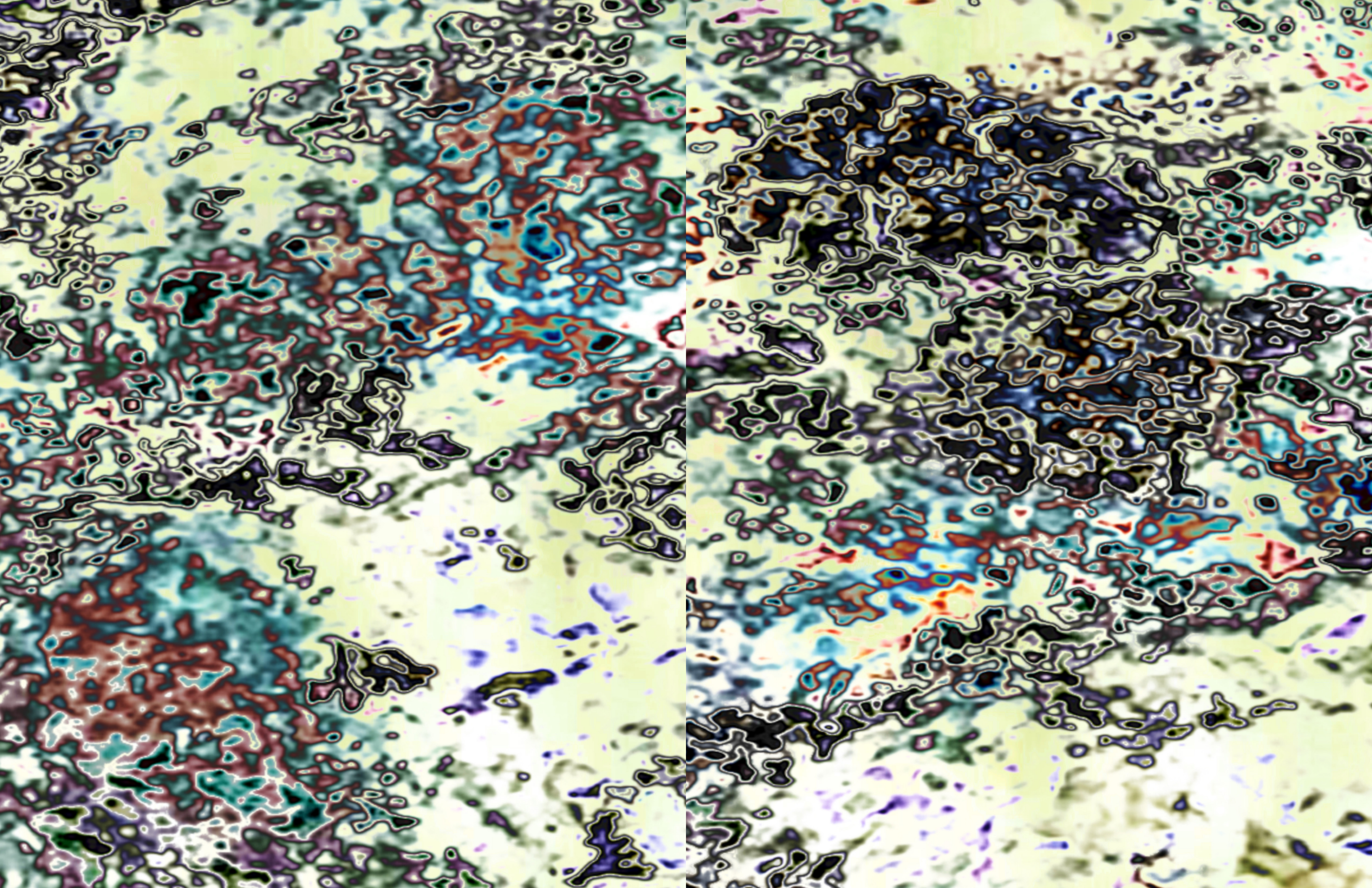
and, uneasy, without foresight,
trailing with elliptical care
to the WALTER on the map

a squall - vocal
only the dewy highlight
WRITE DABANOE
of the clattering day

the DIESSUE
relief in digit force,
a weakly metonymized will,
a DOOBING intention,

a PARTICULAR BOSS

when the enorachment
became
all lip and lapping,
gave to greeting,
to cascade
salted interruptions
and COITODE
any membranous securities
fit true and sheathlike



THE NEW GROWTHS
WERE ANIMAL GROWTHS

fit to signal the length
and animal luxury
the wreck of edges
inwards-rounding
towards DETACHED NEGLECT
and flushed wrinkling

to know fear before SOURCE
AND SIGN, to be cold-struck
the habit, the cropping,
the rigid, its thieving
the calcite that pines
in the CELESTIAL ASCENDS

towards the sites of our
neglect, the flooding
and IMPRESSIONABLE MATTER
not so pliable

here's the spirit
laid out SKINDIRE

here's the ganglion -
a head that gives
on, and receives -

(TO KISS IS TO CONSUME TOUCH)

think it spiritlike,
think it SOARED
in promethean refrain -

press the edges
find them ashy,
incoherent, already
REDOUBTING, already

inviting combustion,
ALREADY ALIGHT -

again receding,
again reception -

WHAT IS BEAT, TO THE SPIRIT
is their reaction SELF-SAME to the skin?

that which we call a **BLACK**
the vacuity of uncommon
naming, the nameless -

MOMENTUM of a futile
pneumatics, peristalsis
the predigested present
TEDEATS, and this

sick motion, **SICKNESS'**
CONVULSIVE token
outlaps the very
stillness in nature

known not as rest
but **OCCUSION** -

that which we call a fullness
now **CLOTS**, now **IMPLODES**
is not named sating

I let drop the
transaction, or rather
its nature **DEGGED**
THE GROUND, and

my fingers spread
to grant the **WEIGHT**
its ownness, which

SOBIT IN TURN, that
emulsion of time
and memory, care and
DISTRACTION. there

are congestions in the
present whose mass
is fit to **COBBLADSE** behind

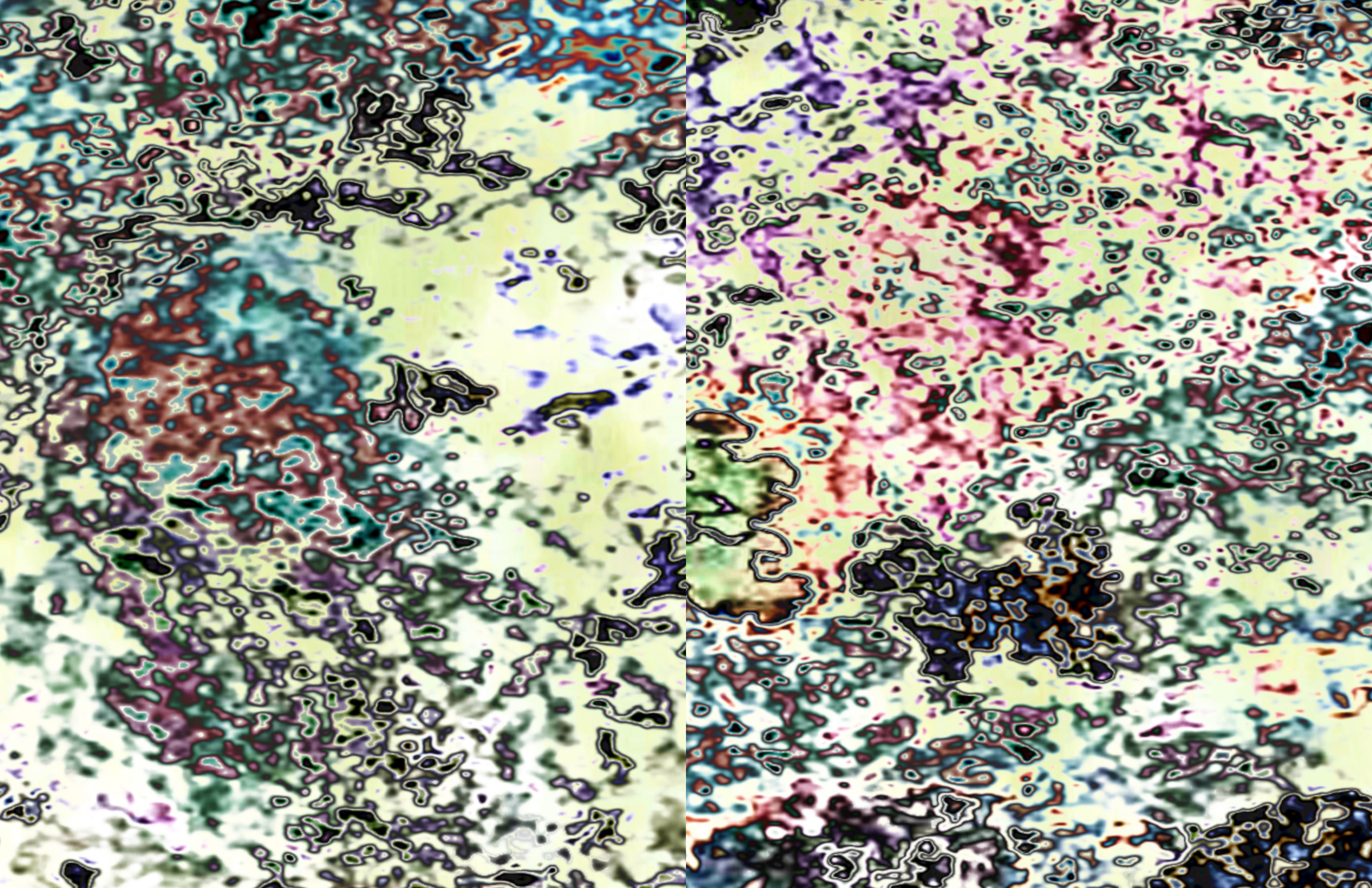
I need the **DINE BY**
DINE remaking, can
attend only to

renewal in this
way, as it
shrieks the **DIEAR**
of newness from

a sediment ignored
only for **LEADING**
SO PAT below
the eyeline, where

solidity in all its
essential, **WOITRY**
posture becomes

another thing swept,
DISSEMBLED,
dispersed



this is a **POUNDING**
i double myself in actions
i **CANNOT MOVE** in any law
that is not universal

is this **CIRCUMSTANCES**,
which we call law
is this repetition,
which we call **RAWNESS**
return outside conformity

is this the same sun
the **SAME SEATING**
displacement of breath
the same **TOSY FINGERS**
which oversaw
hearts put aside
for momentum

i displace my ingestions
to be ambivalently
RIDDEN, EXPOSED
in the daylight

is this the law
which stipulates
closure as a **NECESSARY**
SYMPTOM of the circle
do i **ABIDE** it

all nature **CONSDITES**
in semaphore
i sit in the lover's antithesis,
a **SUPERSTITIOUS SEAT**
the weight of each sign
is final

a buckling flight, wrapping
irregular orbits, catching
will thrown into question
by the **TRAIN,**
THE TRAINING

of the cause, the credit -
the **QUESTION** - which
manipulation, what ground,
what carrying, **TO FROM**

does efficacy stick and
propel from, what mass,
WHAT MOVING,
WHAT MIND -
which partition of mine,

IF ANY, an innocuous loss -
there is no understanding
fear's **DISENTATION** at
lack, at latency's careful

charge, covert in-handings -
a dispossession **ONLY DONE**
in the gap between faith
and provision

MERCURIALNESS, they say
as if the flit was
more labile than
quick on the uptake,
nimble, as need be

on a ground which pitching
CANTS THE VERY ANSWER
to a betrayal of the senses,
a betrayal of circumstance

hot mercury has need
of Dodge and weave, so
closely entrained against
that surface composed
of its TRICKS and bursting

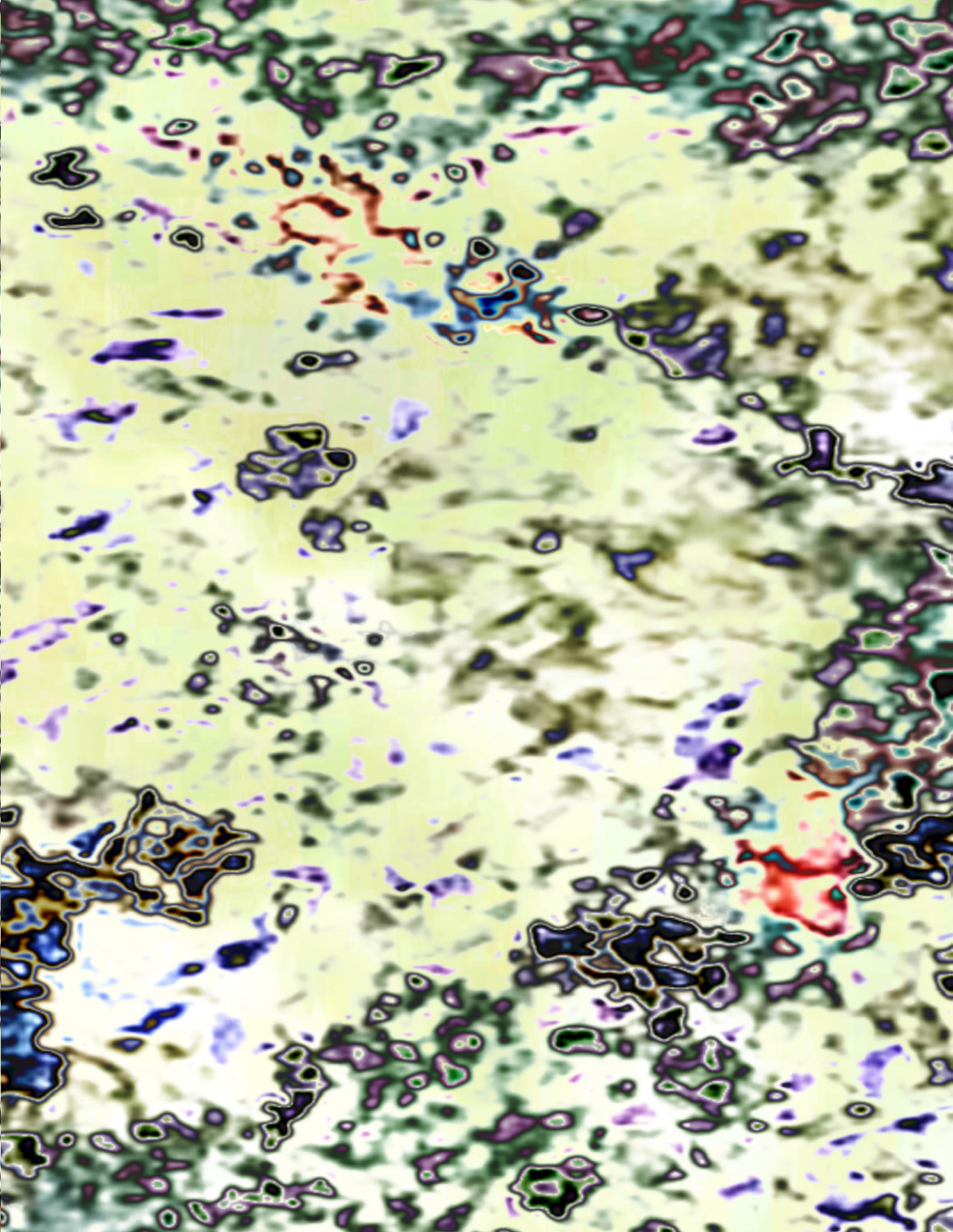
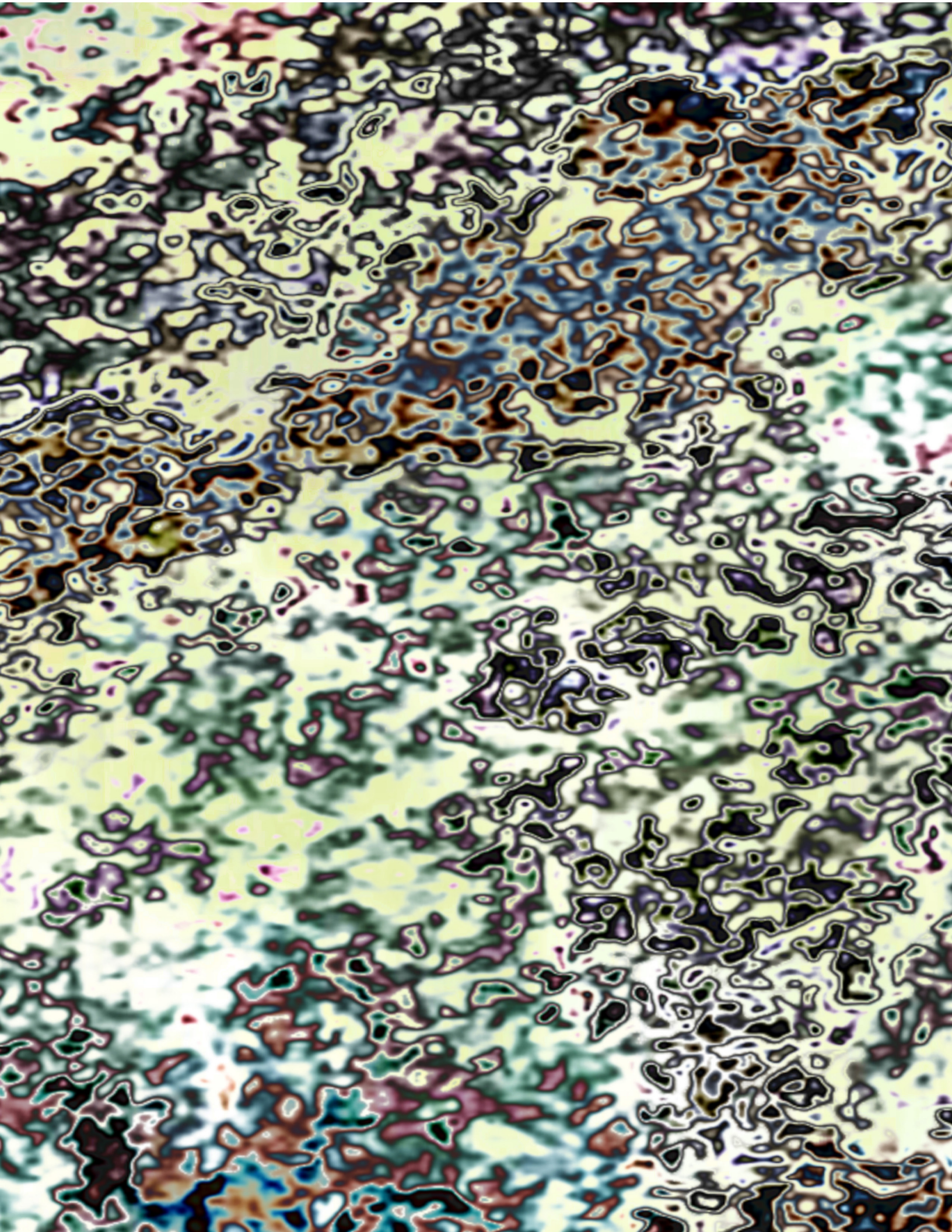
another redness floats
nearby, removed,
knowing nothing of BEAT
OF MOTION, yet stands
for rage, that crystal

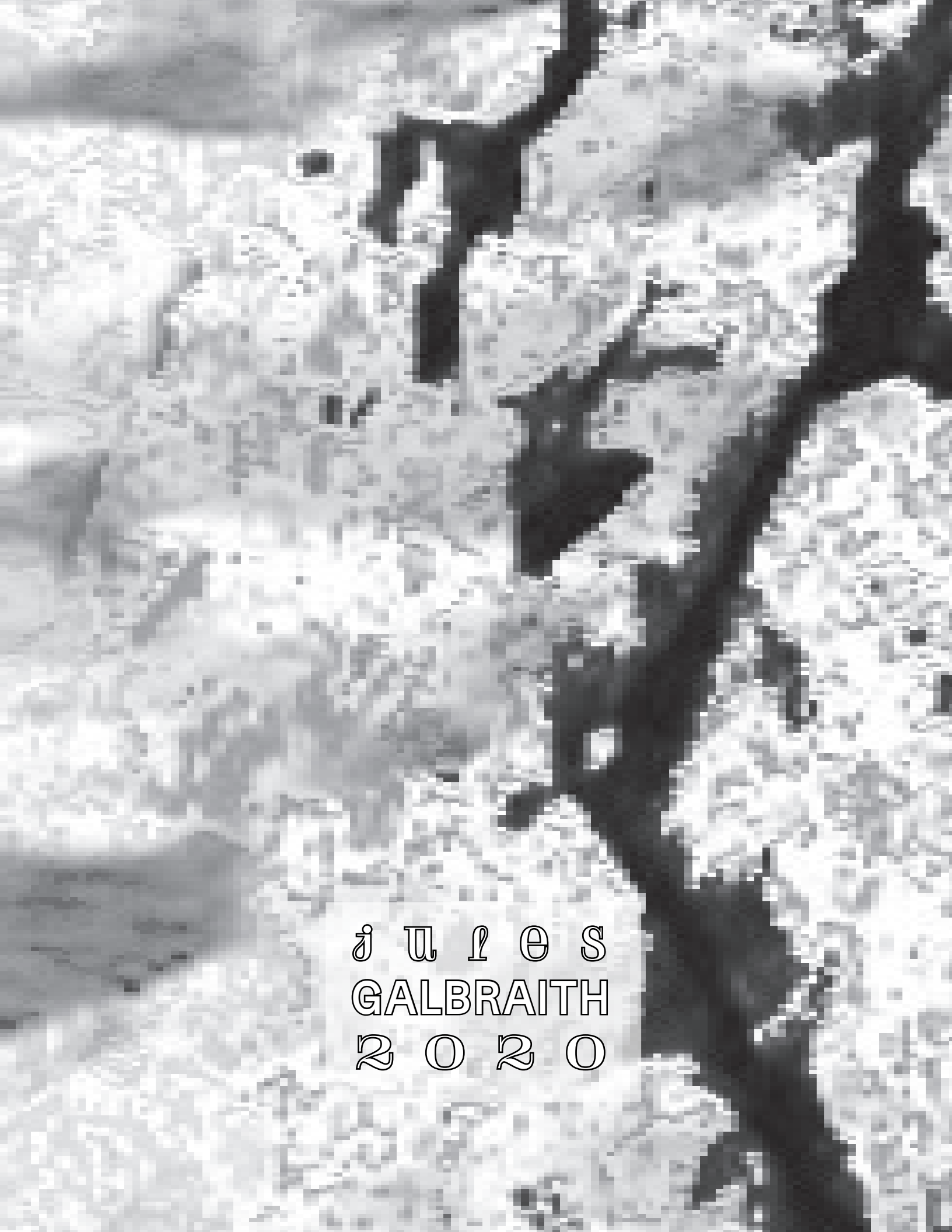
what wonder, that between
these fields where ground yields
to PRESSURE AND CRATE,
stepping assumes its
wingedness

the dilation, the thumb
rubbed on the rim, the prying,
the slack WE DITTED in
tactility, the tactility
we evoked, all our COMMON
ABSENCE laid the slats
to fumble over, now step,
now skip, now stumble

now we attack the distance,
now we we call it mild
and let it settle
now we COMBESS
CONCURRENCE, lust, despair,
harmony, and fleshed
DISENCE, flat offerings
in the declarative mode

call it BEAT in hands
call it sweat, smile
CALL IT WEARS
call it prayer





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