



lines

iridescent as you cross certain state

bread moon

show your face

dread sun

palor phase y

ellow dust

burning in our breasts

flicker

tracings

bidden spotlight

stand in the un-

face-down on the lawn:

you

blissward

ward

forgive the left

side of my body

it is hu

to comport us

trusting vessels

mbly aware of its supra-putrid jelly shell

replicas of vision

contrive out-of-scale

eyes too large to scale

a hen-pecked crosstich

frosted efforts to candy

our tongues

we are only going

into the nose down

slow down

through glands and ducts anyhow

our eyes are spaced

don't like the way

what do we do if we

forehead chickenpox scars

something I wish I could forget

to enjoy

draining our

a color

wasted on a wall

tinuous becoming

a con

in

attempt to cross senses in protest

profoundly deaf

primacy of visual

the siren you hear

through the plastic window

in flight

you make me wanna breed, girl, freeze.

reluctant pragmatism

an insect's

about non-expression

something migrant

ss spirit/edness

the death of Antschel

gave birth

a meaningful

to the axeblossom

the rest

but meaningful

seek work dull

as some of us

and this for you,

alight in this catastrophe of category.

You are a nerd. You are a nerd. You are a nerd.



conversations that terrify us. We are our not selves.

the

for

chest

concrete

hollow

a

Construct for containment

from the horizon

the relief of your mouth

were pulled back

as though a skein

the air like melted grapes to catch on our tongues  
in throw to collect our sour blood in our palms  
the air like melted grapes to catch on our tongues

what if there weren't

well

there's a period

at the end of that sentence.