



ANOTHER FLOW

Collected Words May 2019 - April 2020

BEN BUCHANAN

Featuring words from Ashley Markowicz

Experiments and Evolutions of Self

ANOTHER FLOW

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ISBN | 979-8-63604-991-3

CONTACT INFO | BEN BUCHANAN

Email | bsbuchanan99@gmail.com

Instagram | [@ben_writes_poems](https://www.instagram.com/ben_writes_poems)

CONTACT INFO | ASHLEY MARKOWICZ

Email | b.a.markowicz@gmail.com

Instagram | [@flowingrooted](https://www.instagram.com/flowingrooted)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book does not exist because of some effort of my own, or because of some latent drive or creativity within me. These are only enough to forge an idea. The final volume you are reading, this end product, exists because the people in my life have encouraged it and supported it. This collection was birthed of them, whether they realize it or not.

Many thanks to Katie Bierworth and Donna Geetter for humoring my early work and encouraging me to continue chasing my passion for writing; to Jorden Link and all of Jorden & the Wombats for their continued journey of musical expression; to Alizeh Khan for random outings and adventures; and to Drew Harper, Alison Garrity, AJ Stensland, and Colin Fiutak for growing closer during times of isolation.

Incredible gratitude to Charlene Dong for her constant encouragement, feedback, and warm spirit in the midst of solitude; to Nicholas Walling for his endless patience, help, understanding, and friendship; and to Ashley Markowicz for her insightful words, encouragement, creativity, continent-spanning passion, and providing work for Appendix B of this book.

Unending appreciation to every member of my family. Through strife and new circumstances still they show love and encouragement in ways only family can. I do not underestimate the impact you've had on my life, let alone my creative endeavors. I love you all.

FOR THOSE IN LOOMING TOWERS

WITH SEARCHLIGHT EYES

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FOREWORD

In many respects, *Another Flow* functions as a sequel or continuation of the work in my first published collection of poetry, *Babylon Effect*. From my perspective as the author it feels like an evolution of my poetic style, but also a reflection of my inner evolution as a person.

Many pieces in this book reference some of the ideas or strange motifs constructed in *Babylon Effect*, but I also wanted to move away from the overly-brooding atmosphere that appears in that collection, if only slightly. A large number of pieces in this new volume focus on a more natural and optimistic point of view, especially those that appear in the appendices. In addition to any aesthetic changes, I also wanted to experiment further with concrete poetry, shaping my stanzas into abstract structures with patterns of indentation and white space. This trend becomes more prevalent in the later sections of the main matter.

I make this division between main matter and appendices because those final sections are filled with fundamentally different work than anything I have previously written. This is due to the fact that I did not write them, but rather *arranged* them out of various fragments or erased passages.

Collage and blackout poetry are not new ideas by any stretch of the imagination, but it was a world of poetry that I had not been well versed in, and was excited to try my hand at. Thus, these extra sections at the end of the book serve as a series of experiments in and around the world of "plunderpoetics" and collage poetry.

The material for this volume of poetry took much more time to make than my previous collection. *Babylon Effect* contains pieces written from December of 2018 to April of 2019, but *Another Flow* takes from pieces written in the time since then, nearly a whole year of material.

Typesetting this book has been an adventure all its own. Instead of using a more friendly graphical editor like Scribus (which is what I used for *Babylon Effect*), I decided to use what I know best - the Unix command line. This led to a lot of studying the in's and out's of LaTeX and what makes for good typographic style, poring over books and manuals and numerous posts on the TeX Stack Exchange website. The entire process has taken many months of collecting pieces, organizing and editing them, designing the internal layout of the book and stylizing it, deliberating over every little detail I could think of, far more thought than I ever put into the content of *Babylon Effect*.

Having said this, I am no expert on poetry book design, typesetting, or anything related to publishing. I simply found myself constantly wondering *What would Robert Bringhurst do?*

Back when I published *Babylon Effect* I focused on my poetry as the art, and the collected volume as the medium, nothing more than a vessel to transport it all in one convenient package. Now, I aim to make the volume an art in itself. Like an album of music or an art exhibit, it functions as a singular entity, and works to strengthen the bonds and connections that bind every piece, every line. The appendices were added because I felt they brought a different and important angle to my poetic evolution, as well as being a vehicle for collaboration. Nothing that you read here is included by accident. I choose my words very carefully.

I hope you come to appreciate this flow I have weaved. Thank you.

– Ben Buchanan

ANOTHER
FLOW



PART I

SPRING COMING DOWN

SPRING COMING DOWN

THE SUNNY ROAD

The beginning is a fragile thing
Wandering along
The sunny road

Hanging where the birds do not fly
Where the flowers do not bloom
Where the leaves are still and silent on the branches

The beginning is always clinging to
The foaming coastline
Never letting go or slipping away
Without returning

All the shattered plates and coils
Discarded screws and ties
Collecting in the sand like driftwood
Another man's treasure

The beginning is a comforting thing

A pink light on high among the
Vignette of dark white snow coming down

The beginning is a familiar thing

Always sticking your hands into that
Fire
Where they don't belong
Just because you know its name

Lick your wounds and wait
Lick them clean

The beginning is a patient thing
And so are you

Waiting together on that sunny road
For all the world to open up and
Speak in strange ways

PART I

PARADISE IN SLEEP; SLIPPING

Falling between oversized petals
Sleeping on folded pearls
The inevitable collapse of sound
Into an echo of acknowledgement

Look at me and tell me that
You can understand
That you
Want
To understand
That you
Crave it

Paradise is always behind us
Playing card games catching up to the
Bullet train we sleep on
Naps taking our heads and hanging
From the fabric loops in the ceiling

Rain sliding down the sides
Of my reasoning
Slick and frictionless
Smooth
Sailing
In a torrent of
Absence
Or perhaps just a
Neglect
Of solid matter

I look at you and I look at her and at
Them and at all of those people
Crowded around the hole in the earth
And I look into all that they hide
And I look into the holes in their eyes
And I look like a fool building castles
In sand dunes rolling sideways down
The windswept nothing of passion

SPRING COMING DOWN

I look and I love and I leave and I laugh
And it loops
And there are always too many people
That I love
And so love means nothing
And there are always too many people
That I leave
And so I am never here
And so I am never gone
And so I am everywhere
And there are always too many people
That I laugh with
And so there is no humor
And so there is no joy
And there is always a door to the end
With a window into the beginning
And so it loops
And I am gone
And I am happy
And I am in love with the idea of wind
Over steel fences to the sea
And small blossoms in my hair
Growing into years

PART I

DIVORCED FROM REALITY

Ghostly robots writing reminders for my displeasure, sticking stars
into fissures and watching them collapse into dust and rings
of graveyard rocks

In the midday sun the people are playing catch and stringing
themselves up between the trees

The flagstones are cracked and warped, like cubist potholes
Before the rain washes it all away, the colors of blooming trees are
a mesmerizing reminder of everything I ever wanted, never
knew I craved like oxygen, so used to holding my breath

In the flood of my windshield I drive in silence following a rusty
bumper along the highway

Somewhere there are punch cards spelling out your name, glancing
at every branch of your reality and picking the one with the
prettiest face

In the wet analog drizzle I drove home with a plastic bag, sitting
passenger side, mastermind of the future sound, alone in a
room of pitch black drowning in a warm nostalgia that you
cannot wipe away from your skin

Still it drips without your knowledge

Golden green breezes whispering hymns before turning sour and
then still as a stone at the peak of the space needle

The summit is a lonely place of sparse light and fanciful views,
scaling everything there is only to find a loop of memories in
the gray matter

Sleep comes long after all the tossing and turning and thinking and
flirting with reflections of reality

Somewhere there are punch cards spelling out my name in square
holes

In a dusty corner of the basement of the science library

Looking out the bay window of the grape room

Purple with a patience I only pretend to have

Dead leaves piled under a neglected boat

In the brown fibers is a message

Like a punch card

Joy exists as a half and half recreation of your dreams and the
names of every reality never realized

SPRING COMING DOWN

LATE SPRING

I'm doing just fine how are you

-)/\$;@("(@/&-)-@;";&

The pear tree in the back is stuck between the two sides of the
moon

One limb in the blooming white light, the other dark and brittle
without fruit

One eye glued to the turning of flowers toward the Sun, the other
slipping in another stroke on a rainy Monday

The lamps in the parking lot have stolen the pink from the sky
Nobody seems to care about thieves

A longing presence pressing into my skin like a lover leaning into
my lungs

Nothing inside the bags, nothing inside the bones

Nothing inside but coiled wax, paraffin thrones

Service roads winding along my shoulder blades in black asphalt
memories

Fresh yellow paint makes everything smile like the collar of a
business casual weekday

Drifting into the car after I've closed the door, only my muttering
and simple pleasures remain

Exhaled in smoke dropped from the window at 70 in a 40

Into my lawn being mowed in the cold under clouds

Nothing inside but a thin fragment of the Sun

A sliver

-)/):&;"("(@:&/)-(-(!:&:@

I feel like I will never see this place again

...

And what if you don't?

...

PART I

I keep moving on

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Nothing stays dry here

Nothing but the caved in spots below your canopy

Where your heart used to sleep soundly under the palms

Stars still try to peek between the rocks

And you are dry in a place where nothing exists

Silver streaks spinning around the electric sign by the overpass

I use an umbrella to hide from the fear falling over my contrast
face

Split half and half blooming at my own pace

In a place where death takes one hand like a stroke

And tomorrow raises a corner of my mouth

-(/(:):&: @@“((“; @/&/&/\$/)/)\$

I'm doing alright just another rainy day, y'know

SPRING COMING DOWN

PROXIMITY LOOP

Clipping transient bottleneck rattling in a cave in space without
air

Chilling mannerisms on ice between baths with rosé and blood
Glinting strings pinned under paperweights spinning in a magnetic
storm

Distance and bills paid late into the morning hours waiting for a
proper receipt

Reels opening up like a flower in the New York spring snow
Disintegration fascination spiraling twisting blinking over the
hillside

As I drive home

Splicing the strands ending in love
Like braids or goodbyes that don't come out all right
In the rain is a puddle soaking up your iron will
In the clouds is a man breathing into your iron lung

My love is half-formed
Sucking electricity from the wires
Sighing through the phone lines
Hanging posters on the wall where there is no room

Clipping into another reality
Grinning at the sunrise in the corner of every mirror
Splitting the joy into many loaves, many baskets and buildings and
big blue stars burning for your smile

In the end, the life you live is closer to me
Than mine is to you

And that is okay

PART I

HIMAWARI

The tree line is burning off the stillness
Behind my house
Twilight sending messages through the screen of my window
And the white noise of cars passing on the road below

Morning colors are all I wish for
And the glassy waters carrying petals into unknown places

The hum of the sun running along the flagstones
Muttering syllables in the cracks
Fashioning a net, binding crystals of light
Secret musings that recline on the lakeside waiting for me to
 remember how the sky moves on
The clouds do drift along my mind
But they never clear away
Rarely a clear day

Infrequent fidgeting, inconsistent notes on the wrong views of the
 past
When I talk about the flood of tears I never mention the sea songs
 I find
When I digress into spasms of abstract expressions I forget to
 ground the ideas
When I focus on the light and the shadows I neglect the objects
 that define them
When I crown the love with thorns I make a fresh shrine of
 forgetting
When I cannot find the words within the frustration I wilt and
 droop and lose everything without reason
When I remember the deciding moments I forget the hidden makers

In the frost on the trees is a scripture in peace and silence
In the beads of rain rolling down the glass is a smile turning every
 which way
In the curl of mist over the water control dam is a warm dream
In the sweet noise of a summer night is a blanket of forgiveness
 and intimacy
In the scraping of leaves along the sidewalk is a search for something
 new, even in death

SPRING COMING DOWN

In the orange light on my round table is a remnant of serenity that
I released
In the steady push of waves around my ankles is a memory that I
ignored
And perhaps it will never return to me

I see sunflowers lining the road like parapets
Beyond the thin glass wind rolling along the fields is a hill
Across small bridges and ditches I remember you
And you are me
And I miss the places you have not been
And I will never remember the places you are
When I need them most

The trees have melted into the curtain of blackness
And every living thing has gone silent and stale
And yet I am still waiting for something to come of it

The sun will rise again tomorrow
And I will still be watching the window
With my eyes closed
And the clouds rolling steadily along
My mind

PART I

A DREAM OF DEATH (IS NOTHING MORE THAN
FANTASY MADE REAL)

My head is full of
Coins
Like the bank
Of a vapid river
Gripping the water
By the eyes
Where tortoises lounge
On rocks
In whirlpool drains
Without time or
Pain beyond that of
80 or 90
Years

Lightning bugs sitting patiently
Even in the drizzle
Making homes for
Joy in air thin and
Soft with heavy humid
Velvet moody
Blooming

Secretly in silence
Forms and melodies
Scaffolding falling gravity
Making beds in my cavities
Empty terrapin chambers

In the evening the
Birds sing lullabies
But I stay up too late
And some days I
Feel I am the
Canary at the
Bottom of the
Cage

SPRING COMING DOWN

Still, waiting for
A breeze to stir
Me from the
Blackness

– An Excerpt From a Dream Where I Became Nothing

PART I

IN A TENT (BUT NOT IN A TENT)

Closer to dawn than dusk
Still dark in the oil of night
Roil of thought blooming
Cresting in terminal shapes

Figures and charts of worry
Like paragraphs and pages and
Reams of regrets and nightmarish
Divorce of the mind's voices

Schisms in the dark
Where I cannot confide in your eyes
For they are a mirror of
Nothing staring back
Nothing much existing at all

It's okay if you don't want to
Talk about it
But the warmth of that phrase
Is something foreign, alien
To most outside of this place

Where the birds sing
Between the raindrops
And the worms have no fear of
Nakedness under the Sun

This place
Is a strange
Wilderness

SPRING COMING DOWN

SPIRAL OUT (IN GOOD FAITH)

All the walls are crawling up like
Snowdrifts
Again

It feels like I'm being split in two and eaten by my twin
Taking turns biting
Back and forth

Back and forth

—

The old ways are running short
Running out
The end of the spiral trail
Coming apart coming loose and is it the center
Or the tail?
Running jumping off the end like the surface of the sun
Gettin' away from here
Away from here

All the iron bands ringing like chains
Of bells
Or chimes

Fair weather slipping below the horizon
Caked in white
This fungal night
This fungal light
The moon's alright
The moon's alright
Just dancing shadows in the umbra
Friends I knew, their alma
Mater
Singing along with the tune
No matter where it takes them
Or where it took them
Before

PART I

It's hard to recount all those footsteps
In the snow
Coming down

All the birds are gone
The crows are ghosts I can only hear
Whispering over the tree line

Only the half-eaten doe in the ditch by the cemetery

Why do we freeze up like this?

This is all one big breath
One long blink
Lids coming down

And where are you?
Coming in through the window?
Through the frost?

I keep trying to bury it
But the crows keep
Picking
At it

And I watch them swallow

What is this thing?
What am I looking at?
Is this real?
What is real?

All those promises looking out the bay windows
Down at a man staring back up
Look, there's me with my mouth wide open
Drinking in the
Rain

SPRING COMING DOWN

—

The drifts curl in like blankets at the edges
Loops and knots and holes in the center
Letting all the heat out

Loops and knots and holes

Holding it together
Holding it together
Wrap a little tighter

Wrap (me) a little tighter

PART I

TIME IN PHASES OF SAND (DISCONNECTING)

A grain of sand in the mist
Curling circling over itself
Again and
Again and
Again and
Again
Slipping spilling time bleeding edges
In the overblown fields of black
And white
In contrast
Powdered light
Where the Sun
Is a lamp
With no shade
Shedding flakes
Corona snow
Bone dry waiting for the rain
In passing cumulonimbus faces
Reflected in the pane

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.
.
.

Grains dripping through the small bridge
Time moving steady
Where the head spins and spins
Never knowing how long it took
For the grass to grow this way
Paths of green
Simmering in wind
Waiting for nights of birdsong
Faintly fading in colors beyond reach
As trees bleed darker spirits
Like sap

SPRING COMING DOWN

Hourglasses flipping
Two sides of a profile
When Love was here
And when Love was not
When Joy was here
And when Joy was not
When I was here
And when I was not

.

.

.

Buried up to my neck
In grains like dust of moons
My eyes are slowly rotating

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

Like Deimos

.

.

And Phobos

PART I

VI (IN THE CITY OF PINK VAPOR [I WILL KEEP YOU
FROM SUNLIGHT SO YOUR FABRIC DOES NOT FADE])

I *The Needle*

There at the tip of the needle
Rays spinning weaving threads
Hallucinations
Mantas waving goodbye to me
Taking the body of Le Guin
Down the floor of the ocean
Where the water meets her eyes
Still scrolling with thoughts of home
Where she is surely going

II *Ill Wind*

In the background of this life is
An ill wind blowing
Cutting through like a scalpel
You cannot possibly feel it searching
And where it meets the air I breathe
I can feel flames beginning and ending

III *Flakes Falling Forever*

Towers scraping powder from the clouds
There is nothing holding me to the ground
Except these flakes
Falling like that snow you sent my way
Perfectly asymmetrical

SPRING COMING DOWN

IV *Here at the Base of the World*

At night the haze is a solid mirror
Turning cold into glacial loam
Wait for me to thaw again
I am patient enough for nothing of importance
To fall into my lap here at the base
Of the world

V *Beneath Reality's Ode [to Us]*

I am nothing but a series of abstractions hanging
In the air at just the right angle
And when the day is new again
I will dissolve just as easily as I was formed

PART I

BEING ERASED

My hands are gone
A phantom types this
What you read is just a filtered stream of nonsense
Calderas boil to steam the vapid contents of my mind

Filled with vitriol and sulphur
Stinging with malice I wish would melt away
You know the answers why are you asking me
I told you yesterday and the day before that I cannot become more
 than this image of living freely
This image like light projected on a dirty screen
Or a rainbow through midday sprinklers in June

Your lawn is sinking in my holes opening up like volcanic pits

—

I will never erupt
I will be erased
Like my mother and father
They will not drive me somewhere in that white sedan
They will be erased and I will carry that erasure and it will
Erase me
Too

My hands are gone and my brain is superpositioned in
Three four five different lives

I cannot land on any singular idea or feeling
My bags are always packed but the trains don't run
I already paid for the
Ticket

—

The sequestered anxiety pours sweat into
The paper clutched in the hand
That does not exist
Like a sponge it takes all the feeling
It steals all the meaning

SPRING COMING DOWN

All that's left is the man
And I am nothing much
To look at
Nothing much to think of
Being crushed in the strange maw of erasure

—

A swan drifting lazily into the shadow
Of a river culvert

PART I

YELLOW AND GLASS

Goldenrod leaning heavy with brightness
Searching the noontime air for a breath
I sometimes find myself out of breath
Climbing crystal conundrums
Tumbling
Down

Flipping the hourglass watching the goldenrod drip
The spark of July that lit up the clouds
Is slowly combing the sky
With gray
And white
At the
Edges

Those bricks dream of shivering things
Fragile and deflecting all your doubts
Into some corner you have forgotten

The grass is not waving it rustles
With the birds and rabbits
Curious and searching
Blazing trails that
Close behind
Them

The sky facing downward
Up to my eyes in yellow
And glass

SPRING COMING DOWN

A GLEAMING (SUNSET AT HOLY FIELDS)

A loping melody
 Playing in the shade of far off trees
Some still silence
 Contemplating itself above the path
Between the fences
 Rhythms shifting in a stuttering breeze
Ducking power lines
 Stretching out a humming taffy laugh
Like summer's child
 Dancing in the waves among starshine
Never dry up
 Only running out into wide Pacific bays
The stoic horizon
 Shapes melting and blurring the line
Sun coming down
 Throwing all of your blues away

Do not pick them back up

PART II

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

WHITE NOISE

Ghost of a summer sleeping
Under my shadow
But the room is white and I cast
Nothing
But
Light

#####

Absence of rain in a castle of glass leaves like chimes, ringing
champagne volcanic disdain magmatic silence spinning the
compass up and out of the case.

Mesh rooms and spiraling ascension, sentinels stalking the halls of
a dream I once lived, rolling over and showing the pure snow
belly or the moonchild's face before the dawn blackens and cracks
the careful alabaster structure.

In that memory of a dream dissolved in my own pages, there is no
melody over the skyline in Yonkers.

I do not remember its twists and turns.

#

Flecks of platinum blood spattered
Along the sky outshined by man's
Absurdist satire of dominance

In the noise without sound I am
Bowing and the melody begins
Playing with my
Eyes as they give up the
Ghost

PART II

MARBLES

Letting the weight of light hold me down
A word in my throat caught on the hooks
Holding onto the hope of a
Spill

Scattered across
The

Flo o r
L
i k e
S o
a y
M n
Ma l s
rb e

The pieces untied splayed out like a fan
In a hurricane
Spindles winding coils heating summer love

Sickness sweeping in sounds of relief
Insidious
Fragmented

Not very thoughtful at all, really
I hate cleaning up this mess
Every
Time

I (MONITOR)

The air in this room is thick. The walls look discolored in the light of this small lamp. I can see only

one star and it is many stars away. The hum of the Internet is an insect in my ear. The cables

run around my feet when I sit at the desk. Everything is placed exactly where it should be.

Sitting silent and waiting for use. I do not remember nightmares. From across the room the still life

of potted flowers looks half melted. Some of the books are stacked neatly where I cannot

reach them. Some of the books. There is the occasional crack of a firework outside my window.

An echo from many years ago. No echoes remain in the white noise of the floor fan. The

hallway places a sliver of light on the wall where it always appears. On the dresser is a pile of

change I accrue and discard. In the bookshelf is a pile of letters and cards without an expiration

date. There are cardboard boxes strewn about the floor. The chair by the desk is empty. The

stairway is silent. The lights are off. The monitor is black.

PART II

II (DRONE)

The humidity has left like a transient migraine. There
are video whispers

creeping up under the crack of my door. My laptop
is dreaming of files I

have not returned to. The peripherals are glowing.

The light is green. The room is decidedly not.
My phone charger

is steadily deteriorating. The battery icon is still
green. The current flows and my

state shifts like ions reaching my brain. It is late and
I cannot sleep. I

am plugged into something. Everything here
is plugged into

the walls. But there is no

EKG drone.

WITHOUT A TRACE

Blocks of color hanging
On the wall like a gallery
Of abstractions staring straight-edged
At me wondering
Where the fire went
Where is the burning
Where is the ash
Gone in the intense sunlight

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The breeze has come and gone in an epiphany
Of rambling on the lawn to myself
Dazed crazed in the maddening UV
But the humidity remains

I can feel the powerlines dripping
Like sweat off my fingertips
I can hear the birds playing in the flash puddles
Looking for naked worms after the Sun has gone
I can smell the world sinking into itself
Full of mud and weeds and sunlight
Sunken into the trees

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The fog after another ruined storm
Just a spat of rain
Perpetual heat without the shock
Of white light in the night

No great fears striking
Just a strange washing away

Tomorrow I will smile at strangers
And the mirror will take my photo
Before I leave
In sunlight

PART II

III (GRADIENTS)

Things are stirring in this box with holes. The
heat returned this morning

and
it brought no clouds, no coat of many colors.
Just

a sheen of crimson and gray in gradients
shimmering alternating along the atoms in my
eyeball like a

pinball machine at midnight. In midday. The
Sun
is staring at me with burning eyes, blinded

in the lamp
on my desk. No critical mass, no strange filling,
just a feeling of slipping, leather couch sleeping,
dripping,

the skin crawling screaming without sound.
The objects are not silent. The meanings are
dis

tor
tin
g.

The moon glows beyond my door like a lover
waiting for me to come home. But I am home.
So

where are they?

LITHOGRAPH OF A CLOCK (THAT KEEPS CHANGING)

At dawn the Sun is stationary over the dump
Where the clocks are still and patient
One is right twice a day
But you people have tossed them all away
Now they're right as long as you're looking at the right one

The time is always right
And I never look in the right direction

— ● —

At the coastline the scaffolding is posted like stilts tilting into the
ocean
And sunlight pours heat down my face
And in the sudden memory of who I wanted to be I let the canvas
S l i p
Into the breeze

— ● —

The image of a ship midway between here and Marianas
Suspended on the eggshell wall next to the minimalist hanging
clock and shelf of self-help books

In the center of the room a tall lamp without a bulb or shade acts
as a sundial for the light beam entering from the left side wall

Something about this place is like claustrophobic linoleum
Rooms padded with excuses keeping your eyes in opposite
directions
Focus on me for a moment

Here on the couch with the saline bag rack and gravity
This succulent is a gift from someone I do not remember

Could you tell me their name?
Could you thank them for me on the outside?

— ● —

PART II

Off the interstate is a rest stop in the style of a Scandinavian house
With the steep peaked roof
And the vending machines inside sit in a small alcove to the side
of a porch with bay windows overlooking nothing important
enough to remember

The light is a warm set of colors but everything feels very late and
cold and metallic and
Nothing organic was ever meant to exist in this place

— ● —

Swimming across the stars between blackness and rocks without
life
The clocks back home are spinning again
And nothing of consequence happens

That canvas feels so far away, that weave of something natural
withering away

Am I withering away?
I writhe too much for these rocks to cultivate me

The clocks will always spin without me
But they will not

G
R
O

W

Beyond that
Dump

IV (PILLARS)

Cinder thrones in a jungle of high weeds. The moon
is dancing over our

heads in the pastel purple and red and orange. The
sunlight
is a blanket with holes, ripping

apart on the chain link fences. Five pillars stood
leaning against the
locks. Sculptures
in the works, chiseled from this quarry where the
fences and hills collide in an

asphalt maze. Rolling down
the grassy cornerstones, small talk along the
track. On rails of memory and light.

My lips may look flat and lifeless in that
shot of the bleachers, but surely there is a laughter
barely held back in the black holes
of my pupils. Dead

grass bending beneath my worn sneakers.
Much of my life feels worn.

Everything is warm under the black skies.

After the rain of images.

PART II

POINTS OF INK

Puddles flowing, wallowing on the pristine paper
Hesitance like the peak of the mountain
Refusing to come down
With the Sun
And its light
Weightless in
Euphoria

I sometimes see white noise in pointillism gradients
Shifting and crushing like Hecker's Stags
Running along tracks at the base of the cliff throwing their sounds
up and out of the atmosphere

Points of ink marking off my calendar ripping at the corners
Fading in the harsh light flying by

Ballpoint feet leaving streaks walking the house when nobody is
home
But me and the walls
And the crooked portraits and paintings

Moving the tip when the puddle grows too large
The lines swallowed in myriad black holes
The paper curling like fabric rotting
Disintegrating in some strange anxiety of waiting for
Absolutely nothing
To come knocking

I sometimes miss that tenderness vibrating inside

Now with the clocks turning over returning me to some mirror
image
In the jade black pupils I see the words floating like a magic 8 ball

Points of ink like puddles with certain hopes in a dead man's float
My iris is a life ring banging down your door, through the peephole
Drown no more in the waiting for the pen to move on from where
it fell

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

Where you stand now, on that mountain with nothing but the
fabric of blues and grays fraying at your neck, come down

Come down, now

Loose the desires and the detriments

Come down, now

PART II

RAINBOW PUDDLES PLAYING

Rings warping in the oil on the parking lot
Like the years of a tree
Expanding forever in colors

Ghostly heat is a wrapper I am the chocolate melting calmly in an emergency blanket. Sunlight you cannot see passing through the clouds looking for me searching me out fluffing my red pillow on the bed of nails. There the blood runs down metal spines and crafts another. Wraps a spine in vessels, a different vessel for my affection. Some crimson charade.

Motions I'm unfamiliar wrapping dragging by the hands where am I going through the door and out into the small rain. Overcast smiling down rivulets of tiny orange beams. Clementine dreams. Sweetly bleeding over hands shaking where do the skins go. My breath leaves the zest simmers and burns what is happening. Ta(1)king my hand she continues walking.

Rolling sliding down a grin showing sonder, drawing closer mirage opening moving shifting yonder. In dust and sand yellow powder coating. Exploding. Molding better fingers for the closing around another's. Less cracks. Dull nails. No bumps or bruises. Fresh and full of sourness like a lemon.

Zen balance playing games with my patience. Tossing back and forth in places where sentences seem worthwhile. Glass shifting light into your eyes, electrons mired in fluid washing away in green bushes and trees. Your phone rots your hand and replaces it entirely. I am more microchip than man when I dance with you.

Frozen in that sleep state whirring stirring restless at night thinking everything collapsing colliding with closed eyes. Rusted letting loose the same old oxygen into the lungs. Going nowhere. Surrendered there in a rondo of blue(s). Scattered distended beauty running limp and viscous where tears glide as condors. Or vultures. Soaked to the bones in arid meaninglessness.

Lengthy seconds melding with that strange consciousness. Blending into someone else forgotten in a moment of hasty goodbyes. Something about that smile never fades. Melting into

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

a sea of needles and sequins, shiny and purple and dripping in
dreams with a shimmer. Living in simmer of summer bummers
bending light into instruments you play the notes and I dance on
graves. I do not know the names. But I will die and they will
dance on mine. And I will dance there with them.

They are dancing here with me
Those specters without time
Waiting for mine
To end and extend like the rings
Of a tree
Forever

PART II

THE ENIGMA ARMATURE

There in that chair
Empty devoid of any carrying glance
Taut with wires and diodes dangling
Between the onyx screens

There in the harness before the anonymous waves
Nameless identities scrolling
Trolling for a quick laugh like a cry for help
In some digitized Aokigahara

When I plug in I stare at the ropes
And the strange fruit they bear
Slowly turning

Those waves of laughter warding off the black rooms beyond glass
Thumbs and forefingers pining for attention
Looking for the crimson hearts
Burning

The glow of that light is a strange riddle
And those waves feel they have
Solved every puzzle
As they sit motionless and slack-jawed staring at the pixels

V (ASPHALT)

The day is swimming in melted waiting. Every plant
shakes in the stillness weeping. Rusted doors hang

open, the buildings are breathing. The clouds unroll
like a bolt of gray fabric across the sky. The rain is a
fatalistic attraction.

The rain is blinding on the glass with the blinkers
burning holes in the rear quarter panels.

The rain is a hot and cold lover, steaming off the
asphalt

wondering.

Nearly 2000 sheets with my name, all my
thoughts buried in those obfuscated signals. The

sky is boiling in coral. Lavender and blue playing
catch between the clouds. Deep red

touching down on every building, like the lander in
'69.

The night is a silent frustration dissolving like cotton
candy. Sweetly
beading at the edges, looking for the flash flood route.

All my life in those clouds through a dimming window
of time.

PART II

FLOATING IN PRISM FIELDS

There the giants tumble in zero G
Flipping forever end over end
Head over heels love grinding the air
Sizzling despair crisping well done to black ashes
Forgotten crust at the edges of your mind
Patina in rhymes of color prisms floating

Mines tethered waiting for U-Boats

Thickening, quickening, spinning buildings on fingers
Lifting egos on spindles snapping
Elastic smiles warping the face you know
You do not know
Me
In plastic chains climbing the glass
Running liquid down the splitters
In the shifting I escape to the gates

Floating in a sea of volume
Deposit linens on laps collapse relapse
Tombs refracting
Compacting cubes dump routines
Rusty haze gripping air rolling stale through lungs
In that land of decline my intentions are a
Disappointment

But the elastic does not snap and my face is a peace dome
Standing in the shadows wiped on the bricks
After the light from Heaven
Righteous
And
Wrathful

There the few faces dance in laughter
Fields singing lyrics to nothing
Joyful without reason for the reason is joy
In the setting of the Sun you know
You exist here
With the colors
Around you

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

There the gems tumble in space
This blue marble in haste of beauty
Beneath the black covers
I am resting in the movements you cannot see
You cannot imagine

PART II

VI (FLIGHTS)

Perhaps we spend too much time filling up the space
between the stars.

We forget to wonder about the noise and pollution
of what was here before us.

The silence. What was it? What is it? What are
the stars that pull it taut?

Why does it still feel like an eternal line of slack and
give?

There are loose strings I let flow around my body
without tying.

The waves break silence but you don't mind.

There are flights of stairs going down my legs and
into the mantle of the earth.

All my change rolls down the steps.

There the silence is a joke between steady cutting
syllables,

and you laugh at it.

I do not laugh at the silence. There is nothing there.

I do not answer your questions. There is nothing
there.

I do not appear solid to you. There is nothing there.

The words are filling up a well better left empty.

LAST KNOWN IMAGE (OF YOU)

- I. Frozen bubbles cascading down the bluffs onto your naked shoulders. You carry weight on bare skin but you feel sick in that layer. You tattoo the shame with words from your childhood. Ink black as sin.

- II. Reaching out into an echo chamber with a melting window. You claw at the magma in the veins, searching for that medium with the sharpness of drama. Those animalistic hills and drifts between lakes of glass. Your eyes are smoking under all that soot. Put it out. Be done with it.

- III. Yellow dotted lines dividing nothing into lanes in darkness. Lone cars could not see how we pressed our luck. But there are always eyes through the openings we ignore.

- IV. Every image is a layer removed from myself. The words leak out. I don't know what else to say. There is nothing there. Except the air. Floating in it. Breathing it. Needing it.

And having it all.

But what words could do the same?

PART II

LEXICON HUNT

The Thief stirs
She has stolen
All the words
Planted them in
Some indigo soil
Under ultraviolet rods
Blooming with dust
And light matter

In her dreams
Are pits of
Magma and darkness
Smiling like points
Of light reflecting
In the whites
Of her eyes

Living at the
Top of this
Tower of books
In an ancient
Wooden shell full
Of ladders and
Quiet stoic shelves

By her bedside
She still has
The yellowed pages
I tore them
Out long ago
And now they
Sit growing a
Crust of years
While she reads
Every word I
Let go of

Mountains coming down
Mountains turning round
Expanding into sound

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

Cover your ears
Cover your ears
Cover your ears

She is pruning
In the basement
Covered in purple
Her teeth glow
Whiter than bone

She cannot hear
But she can
Read the words
Between every line

PART II

SILENT MOVIE (PEACHES)

I'm all tangled up
Brain in impossible knots
Shifting and looping all night
No sleep
Just closed eyes still seeing
Peaches rolling
Tumbling along some ephemeral wave of dreaming
Splitting on my eyelashes
Like a wedge
Or a chop shop

Words from a mouth made in mental mires
Moving like a silent film
I cannot stop writing the
Subtitles

These empty places dry me up
Spill me out
Clean me up with astringent chemicals
And somewhere this smile comes about
Sprouting from the desperation
I feel when I look outside
At nothing but blackness and a string
Of stars burning far too close

The face without real eyes
Watching me like high school hallways
I am always leaning on those old
Vending machines in the south lobby
Beyond the brick pillars

There is no love here
Only a stubborn affection

A bad taste
In my
Mouth

MODERN DOUBT (HIGH VOLTAGE)

Pinnacle points in the clouds
Sharp eyes watching

1. some new love making a way through the solid bone. like a worm in my earthen spirit. empty cavities. the muscles of your mouth making a home. turning up at the corners like poison barbs.
2. there ask yourself the streaming questions you ignored before. where do you go when you don't realize? what soul are you hiding under the tundra layers? complex performances of masked troubadours. there are many masks and we know not which is real.
3. all those colorful signs and floodlights over the intersection of Harry L and Reynolds. gas stations and strip malls and high voltage wires strung up on crucifixion armatures. transformers and junctions and pylons carrying ghostly signals of selves. people I knew. people I was. people I might be. faceless people carrying some typified idea or strong-willed desire. those thoughts beyond what's for lunch. why are we here.

Driving under the same birds on a wire
Every day
Don't you get tired of it?

Even they have stopped singing their song

DOS (DENIAL OF SERVICE)

Too many voices and ideas fighting for the focus I do not have
My attention is a spiderweb crack alongside the skylight
The UV is finding holes in my skin like a screen door
Filtering through every bone and artery
Dragging all the dust and moths in
Like rainwater along the side of
The road in July or August
Where have you gone
I just want to talk
I just want to
Talk I just
Want to
Talk

It
 Rained
 All
Day
 Many
 Days
 Ago
And
 I
 Still
Miss
 The
 Idea
 Of
Belonging
 To
 Someone
But
 That's
 Just
 Some
Fantasy
 In
 Frozen
Blue

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

Stars	Sometimes	We
Like	It	Will
Chandeliers	Feels	Not
Or	Like	Feel
Oncoming	All	It
Train	Of	
Lights	This	There
	Is	Is
	Just	No
	A	Feeling
Everything	Single	Of
Is	Grain	Experiencing
In	In	Being
This	An	Erased
Manic	Hourglass	
Funnel	Falling	
Constricted	Without	
And	End	Only
Stifled		Passing
And	Nothing	Through
Choked	Is	Time
In	Piling	Like
An	Up	Some
Armature	At	Lonely
Construc-	The	Medium
tion	Bottom	
Like		
A	There	
Fetish	Is	I
Built	No	Do
Of	Bottom	Not
Apathy		Miss
And	When	You
Fatalism	The	I
	Gravity	Miss
	Rush	Your
	Ends	Shape

VII (REEDS)

In the purple seat with a crowd of halos, a sea
of crowns, I am the coal
burning under the sheep.
Self-aggrandizing muttering sputtering

spitting foaming at the

mouth. Some are just missing the signs at the
roadside. Lambs of love and slaughter.

I am not a blade, I am a jaded idea. I am
an understanding left in the dust. In the
darkness. In the lavender box of wires and half-read
books. Half-made loves.

When you rear your head I stop all I'm doing.

Halt

all I am. I stop to burn in
stillness. The smell of
ash is my alarm clock. Another bus to

catch.

My windows have both latches

but they don't close. The winter chill is always trying to
curl its fingers

through the cracks.
Even in summer.

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

I contain a lack of risks. My drawers are
full of sawdust
that has never seen the light of day. There is a
wicked
metal
tower
where my spine should be. A subtle white noise
spooling
out of the

top. When I open my

mouth. Tentacle tongue.

Used to be some Lovecraftian sound. Now there is only the
dry wind

brushing the dying grass of a field. A field by a
small pond. At night the fireflies dance over it. Dive bombing

into the shadows. The reeds hum. If you find a melody in
that

low rumble, let me know. I am still combing the frequencies.
I am still
closing my eyes there in the weeds.
Whatever crawls, whatever caresses, whatever cares there for
me,
it knows not the pattern of electricity in my brain. Singing in
a
chorus of
spiderweb strikes. Strange stories.

PART II

Read them

to me. Before the sun rises again over the field, read me

a story.

My favorite one. I shall sleep with it for too
long. Too

long. Too

long. At

peace.

VIII (BOLT)

A bolt struck the lot during my shift and the lights
all went

dark. People shuffling on the asphalt between sheets
of rain and thinly painted yellow lines. I am

shuffling between cycles

in the silent black sedan. Cycles like boulders,
their size doesn't matter, an uphill job is always a
d

r

a

i

n. Pushing on a wall for
no reason. Pushing up against the joy trying to
move it forward.

This is not Jericho.

Maybe this is all there is.

When the trees stop shaking in the wind and the
afternoon

light locks everything in amber,

I wonder if I still have that power. My father would
call it

melancholy. A certain stillness.

No movement or activity. Why am I

still sweating. Boiling

over.

Your love means nothing to me because
there is no you. There is no love from a

hidden mouth. There is no trick

up my sleeve, I should have never

kept you there, like some magic tool or cure.

PART II

My love is the one that wants. It craves. And it
eats. It becomes fat and
grows into a sinister displacement. A lustful
replenishing. But what it feeds is not myself. Just a
boulder
pushed uphill. A city on
a hill. This is not Jericho. The light is
dim and the trees are
not whispering your name. The rain lands on my
glasses between
blurred lampposts without a passionate light. Where
it is
not gray it is indigo. And I am shuffling
my way home.

LOWER STATES (OF MIND AND MATTER)

That feeling of being watched
It's not so sinister
It's not so serious
It's not so bad

That feeling of being approached
Invited
Inspected
Respected
Absorbed
Desired

In a world where the fish of the sea are
All good enough
Where is the dividing line

Sometimes we are an hourglass without the glass
Just a pile of
Sand on the beach
Like all the other grains

Where the coast reaches out for the water the tides drag it in

There is a give
And take

—

We are always enamored with the moon
Until the sun rises again
And then we forget the dusty face

When the night comes we know only the glow
Of silver light
But not where it comes from

With every grain and fish that sweeps by my feet I am
Forgetting the last face
The last light

PART II

Remembering means nothing
Anymore
And that is alright

IX (SUNDIAL)

There in that white box on stilts. The tides are
lapping at my feet digging

into the ocean floor.

(I am)

the iron beams. The morning shakes
the walls with seagull cries and salt.

Everything is a sundial waiting to tell you how
late you are

(I am).

In the distance a gossamer wing waves
in the air, silently spinning
stories for me. I rest

my arms on the windowsill and stare
out at a group

of freight ships passing
(you)

silently.

There is no clock
in that building. The springs and gears

and

d i s c a r d e d s c r a p are sailing for shore. There are
no shadows. The Sun is overhead. Gravity drags
(me)

down on the couch. The small painting is
cr

ook

ed.

The capsizing ship looks righted again. There is not a stain

PART II

on the pristine white interior.

(You are)

not a stain. Gravity is fluid in my arm. The bag hangs on
a rack beside the couch. The light is just starting to come

in through the window and illuminate the liquid like some
luminous creature from the bottom

of the ocean. It is sinking and

(you)

will resurface later. It is the law of nature.

(I was never much of a rule breaker).

The lamp without a head
stands resolute in the center of the room. It is a

strange sundial but I cannot read it. The mast on that ship
in the painting

(is me)

means nothing.

Nothing means
(everything)
anything.

The gulls are quieter than
they used to be. They are trying to punctuate
the spaces between breaths. Clockwork

p i e c e s

still

float in a drowning pool. My legs are bolted to dead
fossils on the ocean floor. The lights on those freighters

are just now starting to pass through the gossamer veil flapping.

The warmth of light is leeching

(me).

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

The drip is cold. The room is
white.

It is night. The static
of waves d i s i n t e g r a t e s against

the beams. The tape on my arm

s

l

r

u

c

at the edges. How long have
(you)
I been here? A small shelf

on the wall holds self-help books about impossible places.
Cloudless Rain. A Maze
of Monolithic Trees. Ashen Flowers.
(Your Various Subtleties).

I cannot read any of them. I just stare at
(what[who]ever)
the pretty pictures and think they're beautiful.

(Beauty is unknowable).

The pitch black white

room hums with
(me)
something peculiar. I cannot sleep. I see now

why the seagulls filled the spaces.

(You are)
the silence. Nothing stirs

the air. No breeze. No drip. No
gravity. No flap of a gossamer wing draping

PART II

itself like a burial shawl over my brain. Just the stilts
and my white box stoic

over the black water.

The horizon explodes

in colors that do not exist.

Each and every one bounces off the pristine white
box. I stare out at
(her)

the freighters as they pass
(you).

The gulls sing the same
song and glide on the same gossamer wings. There is no clock

here. I am still sitting there waiting
(for her)

with a drip in my arm.

(She)
it feeds me.

(Like an animal).

The salt invades my mouth
(like a bad memory)
and I smile.

(She is)
the day

is alwaysthesameanddifferent

The morning shakes
(me).

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

(Where

whowhat < why >

am I?

amI?

am I? <am I?>).

(The usual place

theusualpersontheusualtype < alone >

).

PART II

SILENCE BETWEEN STARS

What some want is a microphone to lay into
Automatic mouths spooling out hurt after complaint after blame
after name
And many rush in a frenzy to fill that vacancy

Where the words curl the fingers follow
Running through your hair
Do you remember how physical we made the intangible?
Weaving thin air into caresses and fondles and brushes with what
we can only assume is
Real Love

A love that listens but can never speak
A love that thinks but is never felt
A love that evolves but becomes otherwise

We spin in these caskets of commitment
Without knowing how to communicate
And so we crumble

—

On a couch I do not remember the feeling of an arm around me
But I remember the silence that filled up that chasm
And it was not cold
And it was not accusatory
And it was not hazy
And it was not dishonest
And it was not beholden to any
Baggage or breakdowns or bondage

It was warm
A heat of understanding
Even in the uncertainty of amateur love

No one is a professional

—

ALABASTER BLANKNESS

In the white room I doubted everything
In the absence of physical reminders
I forgot the worth of my words
And what they mean to you

Because honestly I don't care what they mean
Only that they mean
Something

And in that space between the ocean and the stars
I am leaning on the windowsill
Waiting for the Sun to consume us
And all the birds and waves and freighters blinking in a gossamer
veil
Like a mirage

In the heat
I am collecting love letters
Because somewhere someone knows
That I
Am here

PART III

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

CIRCLING THE DRAIN

Circling the drain like an ouroboros
Twisted in the middle
Working the same stale angles
Taking the same big bites
Chewing slowly

Bells limping and wilting
The door only closes so you don't
Fall into the hallway
And never come back

Why do you leave me without ever
Entering?

I hate leaving like that
It reminds me of me and I remind me of me too much

I would rather be the water following gravity
Than the drain sucking it all in
I would rather be a line of
Sunlit trees
I would rather be a line of a thousand birds in the morning
I would rather be an image
Of you
Without all the
Bullshit

V

1. don't show your eyes. i'll get too attached. a child in a museum. could stars really outshine the moon like that. the people before me had many names for it. i don't know your name.
2. how long to close the door. holding it open for me. holding my hands like glass jars. what is inside. unscrew the lid and take a peek. nobody's looking.

PART III

3. tomorrow forgets you. there is no affection for your curves. i am all sharp angles. rattling along the bars in the afternoon. don't close your eyes. keep looking. stop the clock.
4. becoming a narrative. your hair is a wig. my mind is a wardrobe. dance like a puppet. i am the string. the breeze as you pass. i am the empty after.
5. circling the drain. you wash me away. i would rather cling. i would rather stay. i would rather leap from tower to tower. you build them tall. i would rather not fall. i am the drain. catch me. i am catching you. circling the drain.

NEO-KATHEDRAL ARKITECTURE

Glass buildings towering over the shifting layers of foot traffic.

Rain marking everything its territory, the streets are sieves.
Panning the people for gold that may never arrive. Under the
overhang I am leaning by a lamp swinging with a green light
glowing over the glass and machines humming. Revolving doors
spinning. Reflections grinning. Passing the chatter washing over
me lasting only a small forever before vanishing in rain melting
sound without stopping. Drowning.

And I am leaning. The ark. Listening to the white noise. Echoes
bouncing off of one another. Across the way an apartment
window blooms purple against the gray tide of clouds and
reflections of glass in glass on glass reflecting glass. Someone
writes at a desk with the window open just slightly. The rain
soaks them to the bone but they are perfectly fine. There is an
echo making its way into and out of that room. A violent pulsing
force like precipitous sheets.

In the windows of passing buses the people dance in a sea of
flames. Each seat is a sulfurous coffin in a caldera. When the bus
stops and lets them off, it erupts. Magma spills out into the
streets and obsidian cuts the air before sinking into the sieve.
There in the holes falling I am sliding down into the breach. Into
the fissure. Into the mesh of stars and ancient pillars of glass.

And I am leaning. The ark. I am holding up the building. My
end of the bargain. Creating these panels of self. Hoisting them
up, screwing them in, polishing the remnants. In each one I leave
a grinning reminder. The rain takes notes on the texture. It
chews slowly, sliding, gliding down the stories. Onto the overhang
with the lamp with the green light where I am leaning. The
ground making fits in the reflections above. The sky is made of
rain and mirrors.

Drifting across the surface skimming atoms with a razor-like
apparatus for an arm. Cutting away the fat but the fat keeps
dripping. Gristle grinding. Grinning. In the mirror. In the rain.
Singing. Without a care. Sinking in the sieve. Looking for that
flake of gold. Desperately.

PART III

The people are always talking about names and weekends and friends I have never heard of. I am shaking their hands and thanking them for staying a while. I am leaning and swaying and bobbing and weaving tapestries of ancient relics. Tombs and atriums of flame where rivers of magma once burrowed into the hollow earth. But now there is only the interminable rain. And I am leaning. The ark. Deep in thought about the merits of floating.

Here in the green light. Here in the envied night. Sick and wealthy and yearning and dreaming and confused in my amateur manner that only the casual passerby would find endearing. Here where the walls are invisible and infinite and green at the seams.

Weeks go by. Leaning and spinning and listening like stars too dim for anyone to look for in the night. Stars between pillars of glass returning from fibrous dust and ruinous crystals. Relics remembered. An altar to anything. The ark. Abandoned and overgrown with ivy and bones poking holes in the stone. Abstract lights curving around my fingers, playing with the sounds of infinity. This ancient place knows no gold but the refraction of stars through the pillars.

And I am leaning. The ark. Learning of different ideas of floods. Not everyone should perish at the sieve. The city is sick with greed. And if there is no gold?

Only the twinkle of headlights in the glass of buildings towering over the shifting waves of tourists. Only the mirror image of ourselves staring back down from the sky. In the space between panels and grinning reminders where the green light plays with the droplets speeding by.

There I am leaning and waiting for nothing. For nothing will come. And I will not wait long. In the grin without reflection I am growing green teeth in the light above my head swinging from the overhang across from the purple apartment. The writer is dreaming of magma coursing down the walls. The rain continues wailing. Droning. Humming a sad kind of tune.

A tune of yes, no, and who knows.

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

The value we seek is not a shimmering thing. It is a hidden light
grinning. It is a dim star spinning. It is a drenched word
shivering. It is a glass pillar focusing. It is a place abandoned and
rediscovered. It is a smile left in the fissures between joys. For
there are many joys and you will only find a handful of them.
Quickly evaporating. Speeding by. But the rain is endless. And
under the overhang I am there leaning. The ark. Building myself
to float on the joys.

Joy is a star refracted in my pillar arms and this small handful
will outlive me in some ancient place. Before the rain comes and
drains it all away.

PART III

CREPUSCULAR

On the deck swinging with my feet dragging on the boards. Too long or too short, you decide. Taking time to slide by on nothing but whim. A swinging limb. Snapped by yesterday's wind. Its restless approach is a lulling word.

Repeating it under closed eyes. Unsure of where the trees meet the sky. The clock keeps ringing on the hour. Tripping over the same frequency. The same

busted logic. Stalking sunflowers wrapping mailboxes on the state route. The river running lengths faster than me for millennia. A dog barking in an adjacent lawn. Some strange bird calling out in the evergreens. This empty place I am walking carving the paths with bare feet. Leaving ambient trails of

noise where I pass like butter melted on a hot pan. Spacious jungle staring out the window. Breathing just to swing on that deck for a few minutes. An hour. A

lifetime. A hand in the beam of dayglow coming down against all the foliage. Lamps leaning light into me and the memories of nothing but blue skies. Dreaming of high rise. Bells in the watchtowers. Chiming the hours and minutes

and seconds. Pouring through windows I sleep on the driftwood. Through mesh into side road lampposts. Gazing at my mouth as I sleep. Staring up into ceiling nothing until morning. Forever in limbo dragging my feet along the

bottom. Until the engine hums and I drive away toward sunflower stalks.

Tomorrow will come until the sun refuses to turn over. Until it doesn't.

HEMEROCALLIS

The asphalt paths cross over each other, twisting helix-like around gardens and gazebos. The highway spews noise over the sound of finches hopping from frond to frond, beetles eating the vibrant pink petals of small bells. The rabbits are afraid of us here.

At Comforts the marbled one was behind glass. Sipping eternally on some water drip. Cultivated and contained. Prepared for some bourgeois slaughter of love. Bred for the half-formed affection of small children.

At Cutler the gray one had beady black eyes. Staring at me through the chain link. Its twitching nose tapping at some glass.

Everything there is another world away. Steeped in some interstellar shade or sunlight. Still and buzzing with a cautious preserve.

In the solid white sedan the trees move fast and the light wipes them away. Sadness throws acorns and rocks at the pure sheen of paint. Some reminder of half-formed affections following me up the hill. Sinking into the bell of a lily and I cannot tell you the color.

You should see this for yourself. You should see the product of this culture. This isolation. Growing in an individualistic game rigged for the glass cages and innocent children. They build graves with popsicle sticks and tongue depressors.

Perhaps you have remembered this memory of existence. Staring into the beady eyes. Twitching your nose at it. Burying all your half-formed affections with arts and crafts funerals. But that other half is still following you up the hill. Waiting to chase you down the other side.

Perhaps you have built the graves and displayed them proudly. There is no pride in being erased. I will melt your pride to slag. I am the graves. My mouth is wide. Decorate me with lilies and tongue depressors.

PART III

SIMULACRA

Lights flashing breaking the clouds like glass
Silent without thunder what is that humming
In the back of my ears
Grayscale whispering sweet nothings meaningless nothings in grayscale
Flashing and shattering these pyramids
Caked in ivy choking pulsing with light
Pyramids and prisms floating and spinning
Flashing laughter and death in two consecutive lives
Lived in mayfly years
Drops of rain on my warm pavement
Giving it a big hug
A big hug
Under breaking clouds
Shimmering with static
Soundless in some
Purgatory sleep

Pieces melting and reshaping themselves
Like shells sweeping the ocean floor

Taut lines running from the brain
A dog on a leash
Choking running too far for the fetch
I will sit here waiting where are you I am watching the sun leave
and return again
Sending light into the trees growing over and falling rotting halfway
I am waiting for(ever)you

Talk to me again like I used to
Dreaming of forgetful conversations in the sand and aluminum
wrapped lunches at Cole pavilions
Those morning pastries move me even now like you did
Do

Do you care?

High towers standing like bones in the soil spurs growing spines
with windows
The plain stretches in rain without clouds
Sunlight covers everything

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

Ripples of color moving across the grass like spirits of your voice
I don't remember the sound
Only the image
Only the fossil of broken appreciation compressed to a diamond
head tip
Sticking like a note to the insides falling from the spines between
the boardwalk lines in a plain of blue grievances
I am always there
And I am never there

You see only the waking half
But I am crafting the double vision
In sleep
Like a soft dream
Through a looking glass
Distended

—

Asking questions of false people
With false mannequin answers
And hastily prepared judgements

My fist a gavel on the stand down my throat plastic love smells
factory grade
Professional delusions

Buy now buy now buy now
You'll never tell the difference
And you'll never
Need to

—

Crystal tides shaking decaying in the waiting on another storm out
of here
Another morning quake
Another quick shake
A curling mass of longing lining the insides hanging off the roots
of strange clinging flowers
Searching for the reasons
Of which there are too many

PART III

I can't run those red lights
I can't bend the lines around my finger
Made of stripes and empty white space
Where you draw the borders

55 along 369 collecting fields and silos and storm cloud perspectives
Slow drifts and lampposts and sunsets in coral
Remain in the corner I put you
Splashing in inches of water where the ceiling leaks
By the window to watch the colors sweep
And drench the fields in rolling mystique

The rain has stopped and that is what concerns me most

Stillness roiling rainless in grayscale the static hovers just below
the clouds in a mesh layer floating
Catching them as they fall
Catching them your arms holding out waiting for some figure who
is that where did they come from
Are they slender
Are they sweet
Nails making a bed for my sleep
Under mesh skies a repetitive dream

I always see the ending coming
From a mile away

A diorama of friendship playing out in my head
While the desk is still and lifeless for an hour or so
Between lounges and lunches all empty with
Dread
Seeping under the cracks of the door rather slow

Playing with dolls in a mirror

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

Driving ghosts with my persistent desire for fear
For fear is a pleasure and pleasure my fear

Staring out from beyond the mesh
Looking at gloom
Shining lights in a string circling the moon
Like stars in my hand or a crown on your head
My pedestal is worn and the colors are dead
Or they were when I read
What you said

Shimmering lights playing tag in the clouds still and shaking like
glass in a windstorm
Dancing panes playing games with reality lacing hands like chains
waiting for the bind
I relax only for the intertwine
But tense at the idea
Of the line

The white line
Before the red light
I cannot run

—

Where the balance of solitude and isolation tips

—

A chorus of bugs singing
My face is a sideways portrait of misunderstanding
The door is open but nobody enters
The glass is clear and I feel no one watching
Only orange light painting frenzy on every angle
And somewhere I am sprawled on a couch
Seeing two thousand li(v)es between the windows of reality
Wondering where the ringing stops
And the bells begin
I am itching to ring that bell
I am stuck with a sickness for sounds of things I never lived
A class of people without existence
Like phantoms

PART III

On that couch the empty space can engulf you
And within it there is an embrace
Waiting for you
Not of death
But of a reality you are constantly crafting in the absence of
growing
A stagnant place of gray clouds and silent car rides with her head
on my shoulder

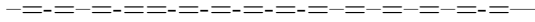
But I am not a passenger anymore
I am the driver
Stopped at a red light
And the Sun is coloring every blade of grass in my sight

Your mouth speaks words that no longer exist
And I am
Alright

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

AS THE IMPOSSIBLE (BLEEDS INTO)

Rain without clouds
In broad daylight

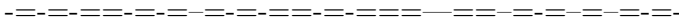


afternoon sun through thin gray curtains on the second floor
there is an empty space pulling in all the intimacy
sculpting some busted facsimile
in fond remembrance of moonlight playing over our heads
can you recall the physical feeling anymore

message in a bottle for a brain
floating on a thought like a memory of belonging
lightning between clouds caught in a fit of talking
thunderous turning stuck awake in bed
too busy dreaming of a picturesque face with a placeholder name

the returning goodbye shakes hands with our time
cold breezes blowing slowly through the cracks in the glass
the chorus of bugs sputtering out in the grass
their music covered in still frost and autumnal red
everyone has seasons though the goodbye feels always mine

motions of summer bleed out and droop low
in every color chasing dreamers out of the shadows
in every stalk blooming wild in foreign meadows
there is a weaving of tapestry threads
showing stretches of futures we will surely know



Love without doubt
In full understanding

PART III

AUTUMN HINTS//SWALLOWING NIGHT (A LETTER TO MANY)

Wind chimes under my feet walking outside the Library Tower. The image of distant trees beginning to turn. Somewhere between the Academic buildings is a reminder of my place in the scheme of joy. Some transient face caught between laughter and sobbing, never directed at any one goal. Only smiling at the corners.

The ambient noise of cars filtering through the piano in a cathedral of commuters. Moving to and from closings and openings. The dawn hides from us when we turn the ignition, we can never seem to find it. Lazily reaching out like mist, covering our windows and mirrors. Strange capsules swallowed by traffic, a being of mass frustration. We are forever taking medicine, reminding ourselves the price of this speed. Most see patience as an alternative remedy, like the shelves of oils and powders at Wegmans. They have dark eyes, drinking in the bitter waiting. Coffee at all hours of existence.

The Sun is shearing off our layers here. Finding us between the buildings and trees, through glass windows while we sip and chat, under covers when we toss and turn, it is watching over the moon's shoulder. Their memories of winter are blinding and free, a January slipstream gliding on razor thin clouds. Split upon the edges of color like fruits halved and dropping from the sky. My tongue is waiting for a sweetness I do not remember.

Surely another year is being lived out on the bay, pearls floating so softly into your grasp, string and all. What are the gulls crying about? Mine only flap like airborne flotsam, watching the crows gather in the lawn. The aluminum tubes out of Binghamton Regional make a greater racket than them. I sometimes miss the sea, although I have only ever seen the other side of that life. Crushing and dreary like a rusted freighter working its way somewhere near. It never gets too close. Are you made of saltwater yet? My limbs are still not bricks or thin paint. Still not tree stumps or cattails. My eyes are not goldenrod growths. It can sometimes be hard to know where I end and my surroundings begin. Is that what it's like to swim in the bay without someone waiting for you on the shore? There is always a tree willing to take me in if I get lost. I imagine the palms lean over you much the same. How is Nova?

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

When I breathe in the monoxide on the highway I still return. The Parkway shines bright when you let it. Look at it from the right angle, up on Carpathian, where the money has stockpiled and our children are shouting for lunch. Where the rain once danced on the hood of my car. Crystal links stretching forever.

Late October still plays with my emotions. Those copper Belden woods by the old train tracks. Deep in the leaves by the river, the fallen tree where we sat, perhaps that is the last time I felt something good for you. Something whole. Late November brushing snow off my coat in the Oakdale parking lot. The low houses behind the back, where families are cooking and eating dinner, chimneys puffing, piles of plowed snow making mountains under lampposts. Late December I fell into some kind of new vision. I haven't come out of it.

Night is a swallowing force like snow. I am only drooling like the light of dawn. You smile and pose for the careless shutter of sunset. My face is flat and joyful in a sea of stainless steel skies. September is lifting like steam in the calm, the grass is waiting for frost. I remember the sway of lightning bugs in July. In the swallowing night I smile.

Remember this, please.

PART III

UNDER SKIES (NIGHTFALL IN OMNIColor)

The purple fades coming up to the line of trees
Running away
Tomorrow comes rising up from that chase
Feet slowly crossing the edges
All the lines
The sounds of cars and pedestrians are silent in my ears
My hands are grabbing at an anchor in my clothing
A stoic point
That I cleverly ignore
There where the orange stalks from behind the smokestacks
Where it watches me cross the road
Over all the lines
Over all the ideas
Poorly conceived
Poorly hidden

Rolling along the outside where the rail yard is rusty and waiting
for an Amtrak that doesn't run anymore
Never learned to say goodbye to desolation
Always shaking hands with weeds and sunlight
And sadness
Under the towering sheets and pipes of a steel mill

Slowly the Ferris wheel turns
Lazily dancing in the chemical glow
Of vacuum tubes and carnival circuits
My arms are resting along the rails of the trolley
I am looking out at the sea of color too massive to take in
Beneath floating spheres in darkness
Guiding us back to the parking lot
Like some alien in a strange reality of endless gratification
Light years rolling by shadowed lots of weeds and fences and fields
and power lines and factories and ancient armatures of
electrical grids
Packed in a trolley of twenty or thirty
Spinning ideas in my head about colors and faces and
Arms around bodies
Like aliens

I am always a foreigner here

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

At the crest of the hill by the infinite lot the gulls are circling under
pure white clouds
Matte black finish below shimmering in patience waiting for
travelers

Returning, the clouds hung like tendrils of a Man o' War
Clinging to my arms and all the empty crushed cans in the lot
Drooping and dripping and moving like whales toward the horizon
Some smiling silently

Tomorrow looming in colors fading playing with each other behind
the black silhouettes of trees
Wait for me
Wait for me

Tomorrow is coming too soon

PART III

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN

Wandering through a film of mist. A thin veneer. Stone lips under rain. Luxury lights burning the lenses of my glasses. Something squeezing my hand. Nothing there. Distant paralyzed sounds flipping like floating gems in air. Your long dark hair anywhere. Anywhere you like. Didn't ask me. Schizophrenic tastes rolling back and forth tossing turning stones and boulders in brownstone buildings. Windows with bars and locks. Five floors jumping up at the ground. Cold flagstone paths winding through the melting sheets. Tumbling in sleep. Waking at the smallest falls. Crumbling ends of the cosmos fusing like magmatic faces. Any eyes will do. Cut the body loose. Fabric crawling along skin. Where soft where rough where uncomfortable my love sleeping. Sleeping. Don't open its eyes. Water on glass collecting flickering streetlights. A vacuum. Wide open mouth. Tongue hanging out. Tongue hanging out. God you look like an idiot in that mirror. Those dreams are dissipated. Vapor dripping words into your ears. You're hearing things. Holding clutching nothing paper feelings. A fable. Rose clouds darker darker over the mountain. Between the pylons coming down. Carrying the day out. It's gone. It's gone. It's gone and you're still here reading. Reading palms and obituaries. Read the goddamn room. My hands Berlin or Jericho. Spirit closing door cracks sealing up. Your eyes battering spears shattered leaving. No more leaky holes. Wandering through a film. Nothing coming through. Not knowing. Stepping into cracks. Covered in mistakes. Ugly faces portraits crooked Picasso crying. Stop it. Curling in wrapped sundowns sweltering remembering her touch. Some false prophet. Visits me sometimes. Coming home. Where it stood. Like a great tree swaying up into the endless blue nothing. The roots remind me. Searching filaments. Burning. Lover's grip. I'll let it in. I'll let it in.

PART III

Almost midnight walking the aisles of an
Empty gas station convenience store
Plastic wrappers grabbing at the
Sleeve of my ragged attention
The air is stale and my throat is dry
Outside the lights of the pumps
Pulse with an isolating force
Waiting for someone to make a move
I am sitting at the table in the corner
Eating a Little Debbie Swiss Roll

~~~~~> I miss nurturing a deeper connection. I miss the dividing of burdens. I miss late night consolations. I miss coastlines and vistas I have never seen. I miss summer resting its head on my shoulder. I miss Mazzota's voice lulling me into a trance under December layers. I miss those friends that never gave me an invite. I miss them quite a bit. I miss those jazz gigs at Cybercafe West. I miss the strange state of emotion when affection is new and in flux. I miss the lake among Tuscarora trees. I miss the hum of vending machines and telephone poles in the thick of the forest. I miss the innocence of a few years, like some adolescent pseudo-predestination. I miss the sweetness and idealism of childhood love. All I am left with is a bittersweet story still being written.

The pear tree behind the house fell over in a storm the other week  
But the leaves are still green  
Still connected at the roots to a sideways life  
Unable to say goodbye  
Unable to say hello  
Unable to stay for long

~~> I enjoy checking my emails. I enjoy living the facsimile of adult life. I enjoy talking with people. I enjoy sunsets that aren't too harsh. I enjoy ambient music. I enjoy non-ambient music. I enjoy getting lunch. I enjoy having friends. I enjoy knowing people that also know me. I enjoy being a part of a team. I enjoy being alone. I enjoy the caress of nature. I enjoy crafting unnatural worlds. I enjoy fantasizing about many things, many people, many places. I enjoy holding conversations in my head. I enjoy the abstract shape of a smile. I enjoy the sadness of waiting and watching as it all moves by you.

## VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

Atlantic breeze pushing my hair back in the seat of a speedboat  
Watching for dolphins and carefree sailors  
I am still tracking the passing of private beaches with my eyes  
Even at the top of the lighthouse  
In a glass case, a prism above the coastline  
I am searching for some glowing, strange wave of belonging

~~~~~> I wonder if I am messed up, or if everyone else is. I wonder if I am meant to be where I am. I wonder why there is no love. I wonder why love is everywhere. But here. I wonder what is keeping me from completing tasks. I wonder if I am depressed. I wonder why I am not depressed. I wonder why I cannot fall asleep in a timely manner. I wonder what she means when she says that. I wonder why she is many people at once. I wonder why fleeting things flee. I wonder what I meant when I said all those sweet things. I wonder what I meant when I said all those rude things. I wonder if anything I make, anything I am, has any meaning. Any value. I wonder why there is nobody here in this house I have built.

Between log walls and strange bird calls
Muffled by the silence of an empty room
Two cats wandering the hardwood floors for food and attention
Out on the deck with the couches and nets
Reclining for many moments I lost count of
Staring through the screens at tire swings and firepits
Reminding the hummingbirds of the nectar in the feeder
On the corner by the hanging flower basket
I hear nothing but the buzz of wings and my own thoughts

~~~~~> I am nervous. I am cocky. I am rude. I am stubborn. I am patient. I am unruly. I am abrasive. I am annoying. I am blunt. I am polite. I am creepy. I am clingy. I am needy. I am creative. I am reliable. I am sad. I am confused. I am lost. I am determined. I am loving. I am distant. I am obtuse. I am unrelatable. I am undesirable. I am unmistakable. I am pretentious. I am hungry. I am endless. I am flat. One-dimensional. I am hysterical. I am laughable. I am relentless. I am consistent. I am lazy. I am all-encompassing. I am curious. I am sadistic. I am joking. I am restless. I am talking too much. I am happy. I am overjoyed. I am too abstract. I am a limbo of expectations. I am never enough. I feel so much at the sight of a lonely field that I could never feel looking into your eyes.

### PART III

Offshoots and sentimental cracks running circles around my feet. Hypnagogic in lecture, can't keep a straight line of sight. Can't fall asleep on my own power. The range of tangential creations snapping back on itself like a wire too taut on an aircraft carrier. A jellyfish slowly spinning like a top in the ocean. Wires and threads hanging off caught in the metal poles whizzing by on the highway. Coming loose. Empty strings passing through busted machines. Bookending the cogs with abstractions and chaff. Too much to look at. Too much to swallow. No one will bite.

In these amorphous lands there is only

The melancholy of discovering yourself.

There is no one here to do it for you.

GRANITE WALLS;;EVERGREEN CITY (URANIA)

Lightspeed stretching the walls of this massive alley granite red  
and gray stretching in the rain liquid glass curling the stones  
running mortar lines s t r e t c h i n g

Some maze of information sprouted from where open fields once  
stood fenced in with chain link and sunlight  
Slippery slopes crumbling in ice spreading like roots like water over  
glass like hyphae s p r e a d i n g

The tops covered in clinging mist singing subharmonic shanties  
Mystified faces passing me like an abandoned city  
Numbers and names clinging linking the stones into sidewalks and  
alleys and walls and buildings of snaking tunnels and  
passageways old and semi-forgotten in the age of uncertainty  
Drifting memories running down the walls clinging like flowers like  
ivy like ghastly premonitions or apparitions adrift c l i n g i n g

Sky an emerald sea circling over the city watching through the  
clouds at the beating life pulsing pushing through the  
pathways

Blushing at the breeze and how it searches them  
Frisks them

Takes them for all they have and leaves the skin still along the  
bones

Wandering the granite ruts like mice

Gliding along the slippery walls skating and striking at the tops of  
buildings where the towers watch in hidden red lights  
s e a r c h i n g

There is some click click clacking around the corners and along the  
wide open courtyards

Some click click clacking like dice or bones or heels on the stones  
Some click click c l a c k i n g

Circular reasoning turning me back around again to the place I  
began

Returning to the form of a fetal wonderer

Thoughts water dripping out my ears can't keep anything  
contained

No watertight rooms

### PART III

Just emerald streaking over fields returning under the setting sun  
in that black polo with the golden logo  
Returning to a time of chasing without rest without response  
without reason without relevance without reconciliation  
without reality r e t u r n i n g



TOMORROW IS ANOTHER CHANCE AT COMFORT

Running hands along the row of weeds and tall grass behind the fallen trees. Walking the line where cultivated care meets chaotic growth. The sky is a dim maroon on black where the stormy clouds are not hovering still in a patient dance. Your smile cracks under the weight of leaning flowers and dying sumac. The taste of your love washing away through a strainer. I do not remember how it feels to be blind like that. I see from the corners to the center in spiral patterns. Your images are blurry and cropped where your hands speak other languages. My fingers once knew those syllables. The pear tree fell but it still looks green on one side. The black air of the basement is not a foreign entity, it caresses those who know its shapes and forms. Stepping up the stairs my feet are erasers wiping away the old wounds. Washing the windows and putting up tasteful artwork. Watching birds on a wire. Erasing the empty spaces and filling them with some semblance of order. Running along the edge of the field where the chain link fence stops for a moment and the ridge falls away into endless descent. Falling into light. Stretching out like a mountaintop highway along the spine of the world, endless, buses taking everyone I know with me to some place we will never arrive at. Just staring out the window at the bright blue sky turning dark and maroon between stormy clouds hovering. Running my hands through the weeds looking for flowers. Floral clips in natural hair. Looking for a centerpiece. Something for a pedestal better left empty. A phrase for you.

Longing grows slender and large from this hole in the heart.

## PART III

### PASSTHROUGH AFFECTION

Something being built here  
Construction equipment in the sand  
Playing with the trees clinging to the side of the steep hill  
Over the highway  
Playing with the tides rolling over rounded rocks  
Playing with the moon through limbs  
Through the memory of your touch  
Some hymns and hums and  
Nothings for no one

Vibrations on a spinning world

Synthetic scapes  
Crawling off the operating table  
Before they've had a chance to realize  
What they mean

Simulated love  
A lone tree in a field, the old train bridge in Belden  
Scintillating vacuum tubes on ancient fairground equipment  
A sultry voice spinning snowflakes in the back lot of Oakdale  
Those mesh disks hanging in Bartle  
Glass walls on the fourth floor of Library Tower  
Draconic smoke machines in the back of Cybercafe West  
Village lights blurring by on long bus rides, spring paths in bloom  
Cresting Vestal hilltops in May  
Pizza cooked on a cardboard platter

Tides devoid of light, black and glimmering like glass  
Where the freighters are flying away  
Red and green  
Buried in a scene  
In between the lines

Just a character made of motifs

A love made of ideas

Nothing solid  
Nothing good

SPEAKING UNSPEAKABLE TONGUES [SIDE A]

I've lost the moon, the dust fell out of my pocket somewhere over  
 201. Blown away into the river, dissolved in the Susquehanna.  
 There were never any wings  
 behind it all. Just a nameless construct. An artifice. Speaking  
 unspeakable tongues in the basement dreaming of 100 days  
 sizzling on the tarmac. A dream  
 like an egg cooked through and then some. A fever dream. If I  
 wake up and strip away the layers and strip away the fat, is it  
 still there watching me? Where  
 does the dream end and my life begin? Where is the dividing line?  
 The subconscious truth that I will miss the drone of television  
 commercials muffled  
 by the isolating space of family. That distance from others is never  
 something I can achieve from myself. Perhaps that is why an  
 empty house is the busiest of  
 them all. I am reduced to the dimensions and rooms of my  
 inner thoughts and monologues. Such a claustrophobic space  
 at times. A revelation light burns from  
 your tracks in the snow. I follow the idea without caring for much  
 more. My coat hangs idle spinning stories waiting for me to  
 make a move. The sound of a  
 motorcycle over Deyo Hill that doesn't seem to fade. Stretched  
 through the thin openings where my window doesn't close  
 fully. Some warped artifact of  
 noise pollution. I am imagining someone's diary, filled with  
 discoveries I never made. Periodic Table of Embellishments.  
 A jungle of snow and ice is  
 waiting around the corner approaching at lightspeed. Sharp as a  
 line. Splitting the moon to dust and rocks. Floating down  
 into Pennsylvania. Even harsh noise  
 is made soft when I bother to care. Bother to move forward. I  
 desire to be known but perhaps I simply have no desire to test  
 my own limitations. Still  
 learning to live with disappointment. Artisanal hand-crafted free  
 range organic non-GMO imagined realities, 0% APR while  
 supplies last. Ask your doctor if my  
 bullshit is right for you. Smog coiling around Sapporo towers. I  
 don't stick out, I sink in. Curl up in a sweatshirt I won in a  
 hackathon. Nothing better to  
 do than waste my time. Something rots in a metal bin outside.

### PART III

I still get sad when I think about the Cyber's door, closed forever. Seasons are a necessary evil. Leaves silently strewn about the road. Flowers dead in white noise. That shrill whining is 17 years gone, now. Gone with people I will never see again.

Already forgotten most of their names. Endless stories buffeted by the razor mist of Niagara in February. A strange nostalgia for my face. Pulling all-nighters in dark churches, Drama and Keystudio gently driving me home. Something about Mind Drive floats over a fold in my brain. I miss something about that time in my life but I couldn't tell you what it is. Perhaps it exists outside of consequence. Outside of expectation. Within means of aimless enjoyment. A mauve meadow bending beneath the merciless wind. The color is only a motif I look back on, now. A feeling in a jar. Opened sparingly. Perhaps too sparingly. An evening walk in the park. Someone to talk to. Just for a good half hour or so. Sometimes that's all I want. The moon, the stars, the whole goddamn universe. Just for a walk in the park. Someone there matching my stride. Not because I am fast. But because I am not. Sitting still in those empty houses. Fill me up. Lights dancing on wave crests in far off bays. Rocks swallowing foam. Sunset paints in permanent marker. All over the walls. Mom's gonna be pissed. All the weeds are getting euthanized. Hillsides more barren than Mars. A terrace farmer on Olympus Mons. The fish here used to sparkle.

They're clearing out space for more cemeteries. Seasons are a necessary evil. But I wish the evil ones weren't so long. Paper lanterns lining Hodogaya paths.

A swan plays the flute. The night is dim without darkness. Something in the center. Warm to the touch. A hand. Searching for mine. The tape head stops.

[CLICK]

END OF SIDE A

VEIL AND VAPOROUS RAIN

SPEAKING UNSPEAKABLE TONGUES [SIDE B]

Clouds hanging gray after a morning of red  
Brakes are stuttering  
Up and down Smith Hill  
88 backed up with the smell of natural gas  
An overturned tanker  
3:00 AM  
Nothing woke me  
It didn't need to  
It was waiting when I opened my eyes  
Spinning slowly in the crimson clouds  
A plank of words  
On smooth granite  
Glassy like liquid  
In an IV drip  
Slowly depleting in a far off hospital  
Until it's empty

In the muffled phone calls  
Ghosts grabbing tongues  
Through time streams  
I can feel dirt falling in  
Sky going gray to black  
And never back  
All these things leaving  
Replacing the empty spaces  
With fear

A climbing fear  
A beanstalk fear  
Magic you can't kill  
Growing

PART III

No hand reaches for this  
No mouth asks for it  
There is no desire

Up and down Smith Hill  
In gray and stuttering

Dressed in black  
Everyone dressed in black

Like the sky

The tape head stops

[*CLICK*]

END OF SIDE B

SPEAKING UNSPEAKABLE TONGUES [SIDE C]  
(BONUS TRACKS)

The walls folding origami cranes in Fibonacci sprints circling down  
flights of stairs. Visitors in hospitals. Last meals made fresh.  
Velvet inside the skin a membrane buffer. Before you stop hit the  
brakes. Ease into the crumple zones.

Speechless at home. Listing and bending and splitting the bones.  
Whittled away in a hurricane smile. Craving for a grin going  
my way. Anything in my court. Casting a wide net. With big  
holes.

Setting the trap springing the mirror image pulling the mask off  
myself. Solder my arms to the side. Tie my shoes together.  
Hamstrung in bed without someone to complain to.

He visits so often now I never see him at home.

My inbox is empty but crawling with solicitors.

Register to croak.

Now calling all questions to assemble in the square.

Roll over and beg for the answer. Let time step over your neck to  
the edge of tomorrow. Speak to my manager. I want it on my  
desk by tomorrow morning or you're fired.

I'll just keep living.

You just keep hanging on. A thread loose in the wind.

My hand is a needle threading itself.

Holes in your jeans. Your hair is a mess. Keeping up with time.

Slowing down. Metal on metal. Catching on lips and  
prosthetic arms.

In a topiary garden.

Before I open my eyes.

The tape head stops.

[CLICK]

END OF SIDE C





## PART IV

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# A DRAINAGE BAY



## A DRAINAGE BAY

### POLTERGEIST SOCIETY

The hillside rises up over the low suburbs in the misty morning.

A rusty maw drooling clouds, birds circling like flies.

Poltergeist society, playing with sticks and stones and lines of text.

Cabals of kindness bending over the bridge to give me a smile.

Dropping all the suitcases and knapsacks.

Flurries of others' lives, fabric leaves from thinning trees, no sweaters in September.

No gentle warm caress.

The ease of a cat leaning into your leg.

Jungles of oceans and glass.

A sea of office jockeys jumping like monkeys into traffic.

Empty cells on a spreadsheet.

Petri dish numbers scrolling Matrix-style down the walls, growing reasonably restless.

Watching me toss and turn for hours.

For hours.

Blurring sunlight in dawnside towers before my hands know where they are.

Lichen fingers and pitted pupils.

Held together with emergency blankets and expired rations.

Thoughts and prayers.

Neodymium collecting every direction around the block.

Stripping drivers of a will to turn the wheel.

Phantom noises underneath.

Need time to break in the new parts.

Separating the wheat from the chaff.

What chaff?

Forget about the ripples reaching shore.

The stone is already sunk, settled at the bottom, silently gazing up.

Terraced existence.

Levels of vulnerability, tiers of gratification, donate now and get a free pen light.

Jumbled crags of grass and falling sunlight on snow.

Tattered banners and police tape flapping.

## PART IV

A stray cat under the streetlight across the way.

One white foot, an ache of innocence wandering away.

Where is he going?

I cannot follow him.

GLASS RAIN HYPERGROWTH

Glass clouds frosted with rain  
Dipping under purple lamps above West Drive  
Their umbrellas are eyes staring back  
Like cataracts

The hiss of their hydroplane tires through my earbuds  
Sizzling in an autumn oil  
Broiled  
Descending on the clouds down to the light at the intersection  
    across from the UHS and the Texas Roadhouse  
The smirk passing me by on the highway  
The smile parked in my driveway

Something stirring in the pot  
The ripples are waterstriders  
I am counting the legs

Everyone traveling like suitcases filled with black holes  
Insides in knots around metal rods of hesitance  
Hinges of doors that only open when the Sun is shining hymns out  
    of some ancient text or spiritual hivemind  
Doors without windows or locks

Purple lakes filling up the lots under my feet  
Like a lavender pool  
Waiting for a patient swimmer to sit and simmer  
Over a flame

My umbrella weeps marigolds on the porch  
After a passage of steam

The cattails still sit spinning idly in the painting on my wall

Something is always spinning  
Always splitting  
Always blooming

...

Why wait until after the rain?

PART IV

STRANGE MOTIF

Wide empty spaces  
Lawns in the pockets between old brick buildings  
Courtyards with back entrances and utility pumps  
Missing some entity  
Some spirit of growth

Stretched and hurried under the clouds  
Anticipating rain that doesn't end  
A stream from Saturn spun off the rings and melted on your grin  
Your nettle smile  
Where is that itch now?

Scratching at the underside of fallen leaves  
Scraping the parking lot  
Searching for that gentle reminder

---

Do you remember what your house used to look like?  
Do you recall the texture of old furniture?  
Where the portraits hung crooked on the wall?  
Years of images slowly wiped clean by new formations.

I cannot seem to recall the shapes of my solitude.  
Curling in on themselves.  
Vines without water, upside down in denial.  
Blood rushing to the head.

---

Those nights in Port Crane I had no one  
But a cat brushing up against my hand in the darkness  
And a streetlight through the thin curtain

Isolation is a strange motif  
To focus on  
And stranger  
Still to  
Live  
In

## A DRAINAGE BAY

### A MEMORY OF RAIN

Raindrop gaze  
Only for a moment  
Broken into little bits  
Flattened out in pools of doubt  
Who are you  
And what do you mean

Do you carry bags full of the things I have seen?  
All the faces of the valley, little patterns like trees  
Where the buildings align on the side of the hill  
How the radio towers glow like constellations  
Leaves holding hands making murals and blankets  
We sleep in

Those long highways with nothing but trees and trenches  
The occasional cloud

Floodlights watching dropping pyramids of white blinding the park  
that no one seems to use anymore

The remnants of flooded basements  
Roads stripped bare and steaming  
Factories with busted windows letting all the air out  
Carousels spinning smiling like candy in summer colors  
A memory of rain

Always dripping away

Do you know that liquid pulse?

BUILDING FORTS

Still drifting down in water  
Getting chilly

A feather dropped from above  
From exosphere castles

The wildfires out west are not premonitions  
I sleep in cinders and ash

Building forts out of dead leaves and dry creek beds

I just want to play like I never used to

— == —

- I. how do you manage to grab ahold of that brass ring? all my desires are a single blank face. spinning out of reach on a moving platform. i can't seem to get it right. why hold tight when sometimes i just want to move on?
- II. a scent of some ancient joy keeps passing me by. smiling in the moon during lunch. always away from my eyes. i am hunting you down. i am hanging you up. i am spinning in my bed. someone's dreaming of me. but they will never know my name. only the kind of documents i will write it on.
- III. the bay is silent. the water is sad like orange dragged down by the sun into the water. where the light plays in sheets. a watery meadow. nothing is stirring beyond the smoke. where is that voice now? swallowed up by some childhood memory? a message in a bottle shaking hands with your curiosity? the ash is silent.

— == —

Step One is forgetting something simple  
How they laugh

Step Two is still hidden from view  
Coming over the hill



## A DRAINAGE BAY

We love to make it easy to move on

Everything is drawn in pencil

Why am I holding a pen?

PART IV

CASCADIA CHROMATICA

Stacks of pages sitting idle  
    Water lapping loving at the side  
Around the ankles  
    Rising

North star humming  
    Gilded cross hanging gravity  
Along the walls  
    Crushing the plaster to  
Prismatic nanoparticles

Fickle flakes falling  
End over end  
    Under the gaze of a god  
With his eyes closed

Only the weight  
Of snow  
    On shoulders

The restless machines digging  
    Scraping sending calls out  
Pitched up like lost seagulls  
    Or doves on crack  
Waiting on a wire  
    For you

Your necktie is a little l o o s e  
    Don'tcha think?

## A DRAINAGE BAY

Those sticks from Arnold all snapped  
    Washing away in the ditch  
Where do they think they're going?  
    Like honey rivers  
So slow and thorough  
    Never scraped clean off

Meandering greetings  
    But the goodbyes are always so  
Calculated

Send me a pressed lily  
And pay for the postage  
    I'll know  
What you mean

MELOGOLD, STAR RUBY, & YOU

Storm cloud siren follows in rain  
The flecks in the lenses  
Nothing peering down over the engineering parapets  
Just stainless steel armatures like an exoskeleton  
They're knocking down all the walls  
All the walls  
They're knocking  
And I can hear it  
Tentative like a friendly wake up  
In a bath of ice

The cubes are clacking all across the floor

Storm clouds unrolling like wax paper  
Over a baking sheet  
The water is running off the

S

I

D

Es and pooling in deep holes  
Where the rifts between folding gray masses  
Are black veins  
And spindly little tree limbs  
Through windows  
And borderless mazes

#####

storm clouds are faces i imagine while driving. people saying hi.  
people staying a while with smiles aimed at me. people shaking  
hands with untruths. people drawing impossible lines with an old  
Minolta.

their faces are billowing in the lens like mad grapefruits. rolling  
over themselves. tossing and turning like rain spirits. through the  
lens dripping laughter. i love your penchant for joy like some  
deluge of madness. every single one of you.

## A DRAINAGE BAY

storm clouds rippling like fuzzy handmade blankets. a bolt of  
black yarn waiting for the hook, the knot. crossing over my car  
like power cables. a field of clovers pressed between the faults. we  
are all diary entries. nobody is reading.

#####

Flash floods visiting for a short while  
A screaming man in a burning house  
His throat is raw in the television  
I don't know where I've seen this before  
Some negative cathode catharsis

The Sun is still out there  
Humming over leviathan cities  
Stirring up the storm clouds  
Searing away all the spindles

Leaving nothing but what we left behind  
Ourselves

PART IV

LINGERING BLUE (WINDSTORM)

Dead leaf birds are danglin'  
Hanging on a wire  
Flying over every snapped tree

The wind brushing through houses and lawns  
Running fingers through heartwood  
Like that morning after, up on Deyo Hill, the pine  
Topped over the power cables  
Or the night that telephone pole gave out on Carpathian

The blue neons of the station shining for decades  
Over every face, every blue facet  
Rain swallowing up all the charms and dances, swirling down the  
drain  
Playing with the signals in satellite dishes  
Like fish in a bowl

Clockwork pieces still boiling in a far off ocean  
Passing between the melting and the sinking  
And the fleeing

Gulls down south are speaking hymns  
Remembering the humming of nights in Port Crane  
Diving into some wooded mesh alive with chimes and bells  
And phantom feelings

Some square shadow in a round hole

And the snow will come in and make it all  
WHITE

A DREAM OF STORMS

Cloudy water spilling over the sidewalks out of M lot  
Dirty brown with yellow claws heaving up the foundations  
Orange pylons waving goodbye in rear view mirrors  
Trees peeking over hillside apartments

1. storms rolling over on long gray carpets. dripping mouths for clouds. eyes cast sideways in round brick buildings. heads on swivels. on sticks. blinking in and out of this life. standing in a crack of lost vision. thoughts fracking paths. swathes of forest gone. shaven like mother nature's head. split ends.
2. ripples pushing silt down the asphalt. train cars screeching by on old rusted denials. everybody gets a little lost. trapped in the glass over the sink. can't dry those hands what's the point the paper's all burned up. the city is a drain through sharp metal grates. and the rain isn't letting up.
3. your eyes are skyglow left out in the sun. arm like a wasp nest growing along my back. jumper cable tongue. my mind won't turn over. tombstone teeth. your words weave choreographed dances for the dead. those black winter skies outside the dining hall on the hill. you won't take any pictures of those. i dream in a language of stars scattered in that place. a series of forms always shifting in a silent noise.

— === —

Somewhere rooms have no shadows in corners with the lights on  
Somewhere words mean more than pleasantries

4. standing on the shore of alabaster oceans. discolored in murky rain. sluggish drizzle playing tag with my eyelashes. the pods on stilts are silent and dead. no one to come out and play. the boats are all moored. the gulls are gone. the threads on the horizon are spinning themselves into a new fabric. i cannot feel the texture. i cannot taste it. just the dryness of cotton on my tongue. numbness carved in stone. a wilted joy like a flag in the rain. your hair over your eyes.





A DRAINAGE BAY

IN SLOW TRANSIT

Weeks passing like birds  
In a cage  
In the Sky  
At the bottom  
Through the bars  
Where feathers are caught by young children  
Like teeth  
Maws with hands and dreams of becoming  
Firefighters or astronauts  
Or the President

The snow came again after a week of rain and wind  
The dry ground  
Wicking the frost  
Like an infection

The sunny hours  
Moving up  
Moving ahead  
Longer days  
Slowly making headway

Somewhere the spring is  
Waking up  
Where I am still  
Asleep

PART IV

HYPNAGOGIC HEIST

Your face is a face through light water  
Playing with liquid shapes

Follow me down the dirt road  
The beaten paths between concrete walls  
Extending

U U U U U U U U U U U U P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P  
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Until they disappear in a parallax angle

There the ducts are your ducts  
There the windows are your windows  
I can see right through you  
Into the lens of every camera  
There the locks are your locks  
There the doors are your doors  
Open and hanging loose on my hinges  
Do you remember when I installed them?  
There the halls are your halls  
There the lights are your lights  
Flickering like statistics  
Conflating joy and remembering

Happiness comes from the hope of more  
And remembering what that more used to be

## A DRAINAGE BAY

There the factories are your factories  
There the alarms are your alarms  
There the offices are your offices  
There the railyards are your railyards

Unused and unknown (unwanted?)

Nobody home (how strange)

But my pockets are spilling noises  
Fabric greetings bugs singing summer roses blooming strings of  
light

I echo off your hollow walls  
In concrete cadences  
Your forces are removing forces  
Burying sands and stones

Suburban castles sleeping drifting into a future of wreckage and  
dust

Look at the tilted paintings on the wall  
Something about the glass cases  
Makes me want to  
Jump

Through the weeds in the ditch on the side of the dirt path  
Your eyes are diamond white eyes  
Caught in a smiling gaze

What are you looking at?

I am only walking through someone else's dream  
Built with my materials  
Seen through my eyes

Can you feel those same memories?

Where did they come from?

THE SOAKING PAGE

The empty page is a daunting task

—(/(/):)\$\$\$/&(/&-@-@/&!):?!&&&£||'

My guts are children's shoelaces  
Spinning slowly in a microwave on a shattered plate  
Through the glass  
The strange mesh over their doors  
Your eyes are leviathan holes  
Sucking in all the light  
But I am sucking in  
All the radiation

Snow falling in cascading sheets  
Rolling over shimmering like piano strings  
In the Wegmans parking lot  
Some frosted shipyard  
Capsized under the power lines staring out at the place where the  
Macy's used to be  
White mist around my mouth  
White knuckles  
White bones  
White air  
Black shoes  
Staring down  
Black coat  
White eyes  
Black gates  
White headlights  
Black taillights  
Sucking in all the heat  
Spewing out syndromes festering dreams  
White lies  
Black center  
White nerves  
White numb  
White gloom  
Black headstone  
White text

## A DRAINAGE BAY

I didn't write that  
That's not me

((:;\$&((@:@&&/&-&-\$—————

Painted eyes  
Tunnel vision  
Modern maelstrom  
Placebo tragedy

Speaking tongues to me  
Make a pass  
Make it last  
Melodrama masks  
Forget the past  
In a daze of manic forgiveness

Shaking hands with everyone  
Dressed in  
Black  
And smelling of  
Asylum

—————

To fill the page is a joke

To soak it through to the bones  
Is an impossible  
Feat

## PART IV

### A SUDDEN CHILL

people bundled up out there in the gray. scarves and hats and shields and bulwarks. every face behind some plexiglass. no little hole cut out for talking. no little hole cut out for breathing. hamster feeders for ears. soaking the brain. keeping it warm. a cherished embrace. stockholm syndrome smiles.

along the courtyard outside of the science buildings are great black gates. all manner of machinery and construction materials stockpiled. lithe metal cranes reaching up at the radio spines on the roof. yellow siding peeking from beneath the old bricks. somewhere in the sky a man yells directions. it is beginning to rain very slightly. the top of the library tower is purple tonight. the lights in the chenango room are out. drew and alison are walking (with) me back to my car. something about internships and next summer floats between us. televisions hum in the back of my head. around some fluid corner in my mind. sometimes my skull is a black gate hiding scarves and hats and shields and bulwarks.

plate glass rotating in a pipe organ. spinning in the middle of west drive. all their cars slamming into it. their boots grinding it up. the rain sweeping it away. the flooded pools and drifts of this place never seem to drain. where was the crashing and drowning on drexel? nowhere. just a brief wind running its fingers through my hair. the golden weeds sitting on the hillside shivering under the sun. those long winding roads under wooden pylons. switchbacks and suburban histories climbing up forever. looking down at all the headlights and shattered glass and carbon monoxide and nine to fives and advertisements and interviews and satellite dishes. always a smile in that place. and i can't for the life of me bring it back from there.

## A DRAINAGE BAY

a jungle of clouds with nothing above. only light coming down.  
somewhere there is no gray. no vast underside. nick and i  
chatting about our lives. or maybe andrew spooling out a long  
discussion on the history of aspect ratios in film and television.  
there are so many ways of taking in the situation. so many ways  
of processing it. andy seems to know how to take the cap off that  
minolta lens. nick got a new buzz on the sides, everything closer  
than before. drew and alison are flying over that jungle. my  
weekends are entrenched in lavender bits. little words and  
repeated phrases. nothing flying out of here. caught in the gates.  
a birdcage. filled with scarves and hats.

it's so cold now.

PART IV

TO BE NEEDED (BRAIN IN A JAR)

To be alone is to be adrift  
And after getting your sea legs  
Eventually the raft will rot  
In another storm  
Cast down from those high rise windows  
Surrounded on all sides  
By pride  
Crumbling

A wandering sailor drying up like  
Driftwood

Why is there no allure in being  
Vulnerable?

All my knots come loose in the wind  
Come loose on my knife  
I'm quick to give in  
Quick to give up

There are no bindings on me  
No fingers wrapping lashings  
Sometimes my limbs  
Come apart  
Like a hastily built trebuchet

I want you to ask me for my hand  
Better yet just take it  
Ground the signal  
The humming amps  
The numbing dance along my skin  
Like a tree growing  
Deep

I have been the leaves so long I am  
Turning sickly and orange  
Like a fungus  
Falling down brittle breezes



## A DRAINAGE BAY

I want to be the dirt  
Not washed away  
Growing something green  
Not pruned and gray

If you want me to  
I'll walk home  
In the rain  
If you need me to  
I'll do it

If you want that hug you threw away  
If you need that smile I cannot give  
I'll give it  
A shot

To be needed  
And to be wanted

The line between is thinning  
With time

PART IV

I WANT TO EAT YOUR HEART

I want to eat your heart  
I want to blink in supersonic flutters  
I want to put on the gloves of a working man  
I want to crush seashells in Rome  
I want to ask foreign questions  
I want to stomp on the mulch around your house  
I want to ride a Ferris wheel into the Sun  
I want to dance under falling hail  
I want to jump over Mt. Fuji  
I want to slip into your pool, scaring you into calling 911  
I want to learn about your hobbies  
I want to believe in snow spirits dragging balls and chains like  
pets  
I want to live in ancient steel mills  
I want to cry after watching a movie  
I want to write wedding vows for other people  
I want to pour black paint on the White House  
I want to drink in the noise of neon architecture  
I want to fly into the throat of the storm  
I want to make you laugh at yourself  
I want to explode into poison confetti  
I want to trust every word I see  
I want to shuffle the odds  
I want to compose music with glass and ancient bones  
I want to help you cut away all the flash hanging off your  
shoulders  
I want to count dandelion seeds  
I want to visit you after disappearing for many generations  
I want to leave something confusing for you on your pillow  
I want to strip away all the numbers  
I want to start living

I want to eat your heart  
You look  
Tasty  
Enough

YOU'RE INVITED!

Come through the door  
Knock three times  
On my head  
Wooden jaw  
Walnut cracker

Lift your shirt  
I'll cut the straps  
I'll cut you loose  
Your hanging hurt  
Your fabric frown  
Turned inside out  
Pearly whites  
For eyes

Put your hands on mine  
Sit side by side  
In a smoking room  
With naked sine  
A drone of love  
It's nothing tough  
Just bare it all  
Bare it all  
Are you sure  
Just do it

Nothing between truth and lies  
Nothing between us  
Nothing dividing thoughts from actions  
No secrets here  
No surface wear  
No curtains or layers of fear

I am here  
With you  
And your  
Innocence

And I am made  
Nothing

PART IV

THERE'S DRINKS IN THE FRIDGE

Something about the stars aligning in patterns of foam

My eyes are disjoint sets in an ocean of 1s and 0s

The clouds cannot see through the glass into your arms

Urban armatures screeching your name in midnight alleys

Palm leaves falling on your head in autumn

A late night with Ohnuki dressing paper dolls in forgetting

Your voodoo face in white

An obscuring light

Between amber panes and traffic lanes

Their Christmas decorations hurt my brain

Winter tires in a maze off the highway

People driving cars into bays in hopes of changing their tomorrow

Breathing in smoke from another's blunder

Upstate is a basement I live in

I will never leave

Beyond the white light and the gossamer veil

Where the gulls are crumpled twitching at the floor of the sea

Metal pylons pushing up the sky

I cannot understand why

Nothing is dry

## A DRAINAGE BAY

Another flood

Beyond the vaporous city of rain

No more love in the top of the hourglass

Just another flip

Your face is always moving beyond the glass

Where clouds will not find you

I cannot understand why

Nothing is mine

Nothing but air and vibrations like dreams

My brain is an egg timer

A jackhammer

A blueprint of Möbius skyscrapers

From sea to shining sea

Your voice is gone with the freighters

A rusty planet

Not coming back

...

Don't mind the mess

Make yourself at home

PART IV

YOUR LUNGS ARE JET ENGINES

In October your leaves go black  
Hair dripping in the shower  
Steaming shoulders  
Heavy and wet  
Bulldozing paths through crippled trees  
Lining graveyards and boulevards

You gaze through walls  
What do you see there  
Between the layers of paint  
Meticulous lives seated in comfort  
Stoic in austerity  
Thriving off of a sentiment  
Stuck in between your bones  
A sediment of belief slowly wearing you away

Along that idea of winter paths  
Inhaling the crystal snap of cold  
Your lungs are jet engines  
Restraining the peeling sharpness  
A yell or a scream or a sob into nothing  
Your shoulders behind you  
Nothing ahead

Air humming November commercials  
Through your frozen TV screen  
Counting daisies in your lap  
Softly purring  
Shaking like cats  
Why are you shaking  
It's nothing so big  
Or dramatic  
As that

Sitting in low light between worlds  
You're pressing your luck  
Like flowers between dog-eared pages

Save some luck for me

## A DRAINAGE BAY

~ ~ ===== ~ ~

Cling to something  
Hold it within you tightly

If you keep it warm  
Like an egg  
It will hatch

And if you open it  
It will unfurl until it meets  
The edge of the earth

Do not let it stop

PART IV

GLASS MAN'S GUIDE TO BIRDWATCHING

Glass people walking

Like robots, their circuits tangled in cones of vision

Frosted plates and cages

Fragile armatures like animatronic skeletons

Your skin pointillized in constant allergy to the open air

You do not belong here

The cords and bulbs within

The slender cardboard furnace burning itself apart

Out goes the light

Through a frosted face

A frozen gaze

You make it so easy to look away

In infrared

Where highlights wash over your head

In spiral patterns

The light collects

Congregates

In clouds of vapor rolling off the bay

Your hair is up in half a bun

And half dismay

A face in two worlds

Not three words you'd say, only

"Have a nice day"

"Thanks, you too"

( . \* . )

Salt under boots, frayed shoelaces

Two hoods, three layers, four eyes

Pointed in cardinal directions

With a blue jay smile

And black crow feathers for lips



## A DRAINAGE BAY

Orange metamorphic glow of the horizon  
Turning all the sand to glass  
People walking  
Their dogs in the dead leaves  
Without leashes  
They fear nothing

Dreaming of breaks in the clouds  
That light coming down  
Make me your heart  
I'll shine a mockingbird glow  
Through the cracks in your defenses

Tree fingers reaching up  
Playing with marionette strings in the black of space  
The stars are doing a little dance  
How do you do that?

I want to dance like that  
Branch to branch, bough to bough  
Through telescopes and looking glasses  
My mouth is a tin can telephone, listen close

The Sun is a filament burning  
And we are nothing but glass  
People walking  
Around like robots  
With cables tied up in knots of anxiety  
And lights going out our eyes

Let it all happen

PART IV

WINTER LOCKS (SUMMER KEYS)

Frozen hands in a turnstile  
Gas cap stuck too tight  
All the boxes and lines coming together like a dance  
An amateur affection  
Geometric orchestration

The chilling breeze of a snowdrift  
The garbage can lids half covered in ice  
Dead leaves stuck like tongues to a metal pole

Coming off in  
p i e c e s

. . .

Some lattice of bone  
Swaying like a cage in the breeze  
On a hook  
Over the bay

Their shouts and circular cheers  
On a merry-go-round at the pier  
Sand in their shoes  
They cannot stop smiling under layers of  
Sunglasses and cotton candy

Her hair is a bit longer  
Her teeth just as white  
I can smell the salt there  
The steady pulse of tides brushing the coast  
Like steel wool

. . .

I miss the chorus of bugs outside my window  
On that bench on top of Vestal  
With the mud at my soles  
And the sky in a jar on my lap

## A DRAINAGE BAY

Only the fuzzy memories of older summers are left  
Only the warm echoes in the swift wind, now

When will I remember this?

PART IV

YOU WILL SEE THE END BEFORE IT COMES

Sunlit marsh in the low weeds  
Beneath stone bluffs crawling with green gills

There at the top waving down  
Her eyes shedding layers of light  
Planetary nebulae reaching out for me  
I watch her fingers brushing the air  
Like threads looking for an anchor  
To tie themselves to

Cracked paths sinking into warmer ways  
Winding circles under cypress centers  
Like cities of birds and small insects

Beyond is a field of high flowers  
Heads held up to look over your shoulder  
With a smile  
Between the footbridges and water wheels  
Petals teeth eating at light and the thoughts you throw at them  
In some daydreaming stupor or question

Always a smile returned  
Bending in the brief wind  
Not even her dress wrinkled or blown  
Where is a brace  
My hands are empty and clawing for  
Purchase

—

Somewhere out there is a swirling bay  
Taking all things out to the edge  
In deconstructed pieces

The sands are gray covering massive pipes and piers  
The sun is a flat white disk  
Birds losing feathers wander the coast

## A DRAINAGE BAY

Still a scent of flowers and footbridges  
Still a smile clinging to the hem of her dress  
There the moon plays with the sun in the daylight  
Like quarreling sisters frozen in time  
A pair of still grins floating in line

She sits with her feet in the water

Waiting



PART V

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WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY





WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

BORN OF OPAQUE LIGHT

There in the morning's song  
faces rising apparitions lulling you  
from some unknown dream  
you cannot forget

Beyond the hills carrying metal pylons  
strung up in winter laces and lights  
between the trees where trains of  
ghosts do roll on silent wheels  
their memories a solid pane of gold  
splaying itself on the remnants of  
night's open breathless fields

Where Merwin watches the calendar  
wilt and birds leave him behind  
the flowers are still growing in  
color

The wilds, the nature, the organism  
growing, self-sustaining, birthing  
in rituals of contact and  
thusness

A thrush becoming a memory of  
ancient trees  
singing

=====

That memory, that idea  
of spring and summer  
even autumn drifting into  
colors

Burning in white fire  
snow so young yet so old and  
dead

A world in sleep paralysis  
sweating and freezing

PART V

Everyone is closing their  
doors and never  
changing

Sleeping to be born again

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

### WINDOWGAZER

Through the obfuscating mesh  
The weary tree scales the windows  
A shower of green  
A natural rest  
Slowing to a stop in the middle of my attention  
People walking by Einstein's and the Chenango Room  
Under the watchful eye of Library Tower North

Scattered pieces of a coliseum  
Lounging in the overcast glow  
Before and after the rain comes  
In weather's stillness I sit  
Restless with questions

None of them coherent

I miss that somber dim afternoon  
Across the world from an endless seaside park  
Alabaster pods by the rush of the ocean  
Staring out at the discolored horizon  
Taking in the frenzied hope and jubilee of children at play

The 3:00 bell rings over Bartle and all the children are silent

## 3:00 BELL

An electronic memory distilled  
 Like a thunderous clap of light  
 Or a window lit up at night

(((((((((())) ))) )) ) )

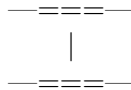
Daydreaming  
 Thin black mesh  
 Tree gazer smiling  
 This thread coming  
 Down like curtains  
 Spools flying off  
 Their rods in  
 Woven shapes woven  
 By the wind  
 Rushing in eddies  
 Swirls at the  
 Base of Library  
 Tower where the  
 Corner-stone cracks  
 And some-  
 where  
 The leaves are  
 Still  
 whisper- ing  
 Where the  
 light  
 Pauses for  
 a  
 B r e  
 A  
 t  
 h



## EMPTY LOTS IN THE BLACK OF SPACE

Chassis columns lining the borders  
 Nobody in the spots  
 Not even a particularly wide  
 Pickup  
 You know the ones,  
 with those big wheels,  
 bigger than any one person should ever need,  
 always taking up two,  
 THREE,  
 of the spots where you want to park

Towers of empty steel skeletons  
 Like crushed cans  
 Walls of crumple zones  
 Crumpled  
 The moon is making eyes over the  
 Castle  
 At the king of  
 Junk  
 But all the spaces are  
 E      M      P      T      Y



Snow flipping end over end  
 White trenchcoat over Car-  
 pathian, that old porcelain  
 Playground I used to dream  
 About, just a puddle of wax

A Sweetheart candy in the  
 Center of the swirling storm  
 Of your hand, just a powder  
 Looking for my saliva, an-  
 Other word in a long hymn

The wilds of a moment, the  
 Long flow of a stream inter-  
 rupted, ice flowing and me-  
 lting and boiling in sunlight  
 Cloudy with old cataracts

Ember fields do not remem-  
 ber what it is to burn,  
 Only the thick heavy taste  
 Of ash after, what it was  
 That went up in smoke

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

A golden nametag, 1 YEAR  
 Walking those winter lots,  
 Wearing second nature on  
 Shoulders always turning,  
 Letting through and away

The hole in the bed, the de-  
 pression of my body, where  
 It rests when I am not here,  
 Moving out there in the bl-  
 ue where the bay drains

The glove is full of papers  
 And other peripherals I can-  
 not see, gleaming manuals  
 Unopened, reams of brittle  
 Patience, old cassettes

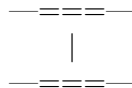
As they wander off toward  
 Union I wonder nothing,  
 Nothing striking or heavy  
 My glasses are hotplates,  
 Nothing striking my eyes

Thin gravestones rising from  
 Snow like a group of deer  
 Grazing on the white layers  
 They have no eyes but I feel  
 I am being watched

An old rusted bell ringing  
 Inside a dusty black case  
 Remembering the feeling of  
 Singing all those years ago  
 Just a dull corrosion now

Painted girl grabbing at a  
 Loose kite string, flying  
 Off to see the pods on the  
 Shore of the next world,  
 Close the door on the way

All the black wearing away  
 Even the horizon cloaked in  
 Silver and gold, cosmic  
 Pools spilling over, stars  
 Down people's throats



i l o v e t h a t e m p t y  
 f e e l i n g l i k e  
 s n o w p a s s i n g t h r o u g h .  
 s a y g o o d b y e .  
 t h e y ' r e  
 g o n e .





# WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

=====

Nothing but a blank face telling me about  
out  
All the things I use to believe  
eve  
Echoes of something drifting without melody  
dy  
Wreckage in the weeds in the water rising  
sing

In the stalks trailing up like arrows  
ows  
Night casting an end on the shallow pools  
ools  
Where the bugs know the book you all sing from  
om  
Tiny voices scratching at your ears  
ears

All the machines stomping around  
round  
Saying hello to their neighbors  
hello

=====

Storm clouds rolling on rails  
Soft blue sands watching the lightning  
Passing us by  
Passing us by

In a bed of twilight  
The wreckage of the day swimming  
In machinery and dim rays

Grinning I'm  
Sleeping in  
Sleeping in  
Let me be

ORIGAMI WALLS

Rows and racks of records  
Spinning loose the spiral heat  
At the center of your mind

1. helter skelter structures letting all the air in. origami walls tatami falls in holes from high heels. lakeside delta drawing out into the ocean darker than before. miles and miles away the colored sails are torn and beached. here with you and your dark eyes to an empty sky.
2. heading west the light is moving down the slopes of ridgeback spires. into charcoal valleys under Cali fires. to be over where the bridges letting out under the tree line coalesce. suspension beams and snowless seams for mouths. smiles of sea foam and ash.
3. windowsill magician waiting for her assistant. a crowd of people passing by the station below. which eye has seen love and which has left it there on the table? napkins folding up the remnants into fabric swans. drop them in the crescent bay. run away. run away.
4. round the corner in slate gray. watercolors blend the day. stillness ocean off the coast where figures play. gravel scores and spiral arms. sea songs sung in flutters blinking like the harps. for beaks they pluck with tongues of gold. the wall in shadow, sun so cold. but the water warm, never old. something stale. made new.

Still life of worry moving away  
Blooming today and growing beyond  
In a third wind blowing this way  
Remember them and smile  
They're gone

FEAR OF GOD

Walking up through the solid cold air  
Every other day  
Or so  
Ice cubes between my teeth  
And my eyes going white  
An Arctic flow coming out  
No glaciers' end

Where do you fit into the picture?  
You're not a human to me  
Yet  
Just a vignette

A shadow for my raging floodlight  
To chase  
All the world in flowers waiting to bloom  
Around your sucking tendrils searching  
Playing arpeggios with my jokes  
Over your head

Nothing but a blank stare and a pair of headphones  
That's all you need to see  
In me  
That's all there is

;.....;

- I. pastel spirals hanging dripping water slide charms off gutters  
orange peels and glass bubbles feeding grass and dying trees.  
thinning posts and metal harps strung up in the rafters. just the  
breeze going by saying a prayer. their strange foaming mouth  
language in walled cities of fear. fear of god. fear of man. fear of  
self.
- II. sing in cosmic sound. your voice a series of points in parallax  
coming together coming apart in layers of harmony. slingshot out  
into nothing. trebuchet dreams over the inescapable wall, just a  
hobby of mine. the people over there opened the lid, let out all  
the light. nothing left inside but all the gears and screws. all the  
plates and coils. motionless.

PART V

III. and when the pillow's gone. wrapping nothing. no frills or comforts. your arms are beams of juxtaposition. angelic negligence. you were only a cage. but I was not the animal, just another cage. nothing inside. that's where we met. nothing inside. on the same street corner. killing time.

IV. her eyes going white. oakenform ideas coalescing collecting covering up the moving pieces. clogging up the pipeline. your face is a cubist collage. energy ripples out your mouth in shouting. close the damn door. you are three, four people, and I like only one of them.

;;;;;

That voice coming closer  
When I dream  
Laying a head on my shoulder  
Where is the  
Source  
No mouth  
EverythingZippedUpAndLockedAway

Even in the constant reminding  
There is a fault line widening  
Falling away

Grass coming up to our eyes  
All the birds in our heads  
Flapping about  
And the dragonflies gliding on vibrations  
Around our ears

You circle my statue presence and stay  
Only a while

We can move on from many things,  
We can  
We must

ENTER THE OMNI-CROSS

COME OUT AND SEE THE SKY  
RED

—

Night hills flattening out and rolling over each other  
On the banks of mighty colossal spires  
Alabaster and chrome with wicked crossbars  
Staring down at the little roads and houses  
The Eyes of God  
Witnessing

Blank stares with gleaming green windows  
Where the pale faces lean out and over the ground  
Falling stars and meteorites  
Impaling the earth

—

8:00 AM SERVICE ON SUNDAYS, MONDAYS,  
AND FRIDAYS

—

Their silver horses marching up the switchbacks  
Icefire and cowls with gleaming chains  
Over argyle sweaters and collared shirts

All the pale faces lining up  
At the doors standing closed  
Glass and metal barricades where the ropes  
Are not enough to hold them back

—

GLORY TO HIM WHO HOLDS US IN HIS KINGDOM

—

PART V

Maddening elevators and plates lined with red velvet bottoms  
Where the money sleeps in more comfort than we could  
Tight little envelopes  
Never left out in the cold  
In the rain

All the booths and lockboxes hidden away  
The men with guns and a memo to use them  
Scattered among us  
Trading in the temple  
A price we must pay

Bullets for bullets  
And words for the rest

—

10:00 AM SERVICE ON SUNDAYS, TUESDAYS, AND  
EVERY THURSDAY  
OTHER

—

Thousands stood where the circular pulpit sits  
A funnel of believers coming down for the oils  
The spirits arresting and foaming ones falling  
Knees that do not stand for us

Hands raised in numbers marked down for strategies  
And other exclusive meetings of men  
In complex visitations with  
God

—

BECOME ONE OF INFLUENCE AND GO FORTH  
TO EXPAND HIS VIEW

—

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

Passing their eyes over your letters like the divine  
"Come and work with us"  
"Come and be with us"  
"Come and be one of us"  
With the white cloth symbols marked up in  
Pricetags  
"You will look the part of His love"

And we are in His image  
And He wears these white cloths  
And He pays these prices  
And He prays on Sundays during third service

—

6:00 PM FAMILY NIGHTS TO KEEP THE SPIRIT FLOWING  
DOWN YOUR FAMILY TREE  
(EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY)

—

The children see the world with a face that is no longer  
Innocent  
They see it through the Eyes of God  
Green and looming in mystery  
But the mysteries are not for them  
They are always for Him  
With a verse at the ready and a knife for the stubborn  
Or the illiterate

—

FOLLOW US ON SOCIAL MEDIA! (@OMNICROSS\_WORSHIP)

—

Surrounding the dim stars with angelic voices  
Floating on thin blankets of faith  
Moving mountains into the  
Dark roil of water

PART V

They visit your front door like splashes and puddles  
Faces all moonlight and brimstone  
And their heads stood upon pillars of  
Laughter and excuses

—

THIS WAS YOUR LIFE, JUST A STAR FALLING THROUGH  
NOTHING, BURNING OUT

—

Once a year in the spring they will baptise  
From the crossbar's ends where the bay windows swing  
Wide open like a maw  
The steps leading up fifteen levels  
And the holy winds whipping their backs against the white cloths  
And their pale faces closing eyes  
And their minds looking through the Eyes of God  
And their bodies going down in the name of the  
*Father* and the  
    *Son* and the  
        *Holy Spirit*

And never coming back up



WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

DARKSTEEL VALLEY UNDER WATCHFUL GAZE

The air carries fractals searching in rifts  
Splitting trees and sewing them back together  
Running along the foam around rocks  
Lining the creek bed  
Butting up against the metal of this space  
Between  
The clocks and the windows and the hilltops and the highways

Empty hulls  
Maritime doors rusted shut  
Lakes pooling beneath their cliff side profiles  
Monuments and lithographs climbing while  
The open signs blink and twirl like the  
Flakes outside the bay windows

Stuck in the thickening leaves  
Where the ice has brought us together  
Smiling for each other  
But not with

What's so wrong with that?  
What do I look like to you?

Everyone is turning into the same lots  
Off the highway  
A giant funeral motorcade

—

There will be eyes pouring rain on them  
All the toothpick trees mending wood bridges  
Subsumed in water and lily pads  
The lakeside paths they will circle  
In their Gore-Tex boots

Under a canopy of breathing conifers and rain charms  
Neighborhoods of campers and RVs  
People passing the amber time in gray lives looking out  
Growing moss on their wheels  
Smiling at fish that pass by

PART V

And up at the peak of a Tuscarora forest  
Sitting on a bench looking out  
Over arid summer stones and lichens  
Trees like ladders that just  
End suddenly  
And power lines tracing the path of towers back to a place  
Of walls and ceilings

Looking down at the water becoming another sky  
Just another planet  
Rotating slowly

And the night comes

And the rain comes

And the eyes never blink

# WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

## HYPERLATTICE

Bindings threading clouds in concrete and thoughts. Image maps and catharsis. A sofa in a white room. Their gleaming bells in the mall courts. A sound as homeless as their feet shuffling without a back room or a tip jar. Maroon dreaming passing us by, never again, never returning. Lockers shut and dented in. Watercolors leaking under the door like blood. The murals all coming off in the rain. Droplets only big chains making necklaces and friendship bracelets. The puddles having sleepovers staying up longer than your life will ever last. Back to the cloth, to the uncarved mother, that faceless universe you know you are chipped from. All those sharp edges have meaning. In the smoothing they sing songs. Rolling birds off the sky in solid gasps of air. Volcanic globs of something floating above the city. All the windows of passing cars have stolen little bits of light. Grinning at the corners. Beamers beaming. Gravel pits sanding down the paths ahead. The hills and trees and matter you feel as yourself. Yourself. The house you know and the homes you have never seen. All their portraits are your dreams. All their dreams are holes in the world.

+++++

Under winter sunlight  
Walking silver shores  
Next to the indoor cafe  
The green lattice clock tower  
Standing triumphant  
Over an empty  
Place

Nobody meeting  
Nobody there

Returning the books I  
Never  
Read

PART V

Letting the  
Threads woven  
Tight come

L

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S

E

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

SKYGLOW FOREST

Silver islands

Covered in Christmas lights  
And rebar

Rope bridges making  
Chandeliers and  
Music

I am out here

Do you

See

Me?

Skin becoming clouds flapping roiling  
Over the city panes  
Massive pipes

Mouths gaping pouring

Washing windows

I am

Here and

There  
In This  
Grove

Tethered to

Sleeping

Ideas

Skyfish jumping in

Arcs across the

Great divide of

Blue and gold

PART V

Little people

In the fields

Do you see me here?

At night

In glowing vines and  
Chains

I

Dream

In  
Phosphor-

-essence

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

### STARFALL CRASH SITE

Snow in the blue morning  
Across the skittering cement  
Flat apathetic spaces filled in  
All the trees thin wicker reminders  
Snow in the blue dawning  
Crows casting black eyes through the air  
Over the pockets hiding in dead grass  
Shining gleam gleam glimmer  
Buried in a comfort of breath  
Frozen in the humid cold

This wet land  
Still in paint on the lower shelf  
Observed as artifice  
Not as reality

Snow in the blue nothing  
Where clouds are the sky coming down  
Water on the glass in the cracks  
And puddles standing  
Ice in the veins  
Snow in the blue nothing  
Nothing is blue  
Only a certain shade of purple  
Or maybe red

From the window across the rooftop  
Last night  
Streaking down collapse regrets  
Crowns settling of gravity nets  
In the dirt  
Buried in the dirt  
By the painted stone  
Without a date

PART V

Snow in the blue morning  
All the cars move slowly  
But the people don't notice  
Their feet always on the  
Pedal  
Snow in the blue dawning  
The scratch of pencils on paper  
Scratching at some layer  
Patina cast iron man compacted  
Heavy with use and lack of  
Sleep  
Snow in the blue yawning  
Out of the blue  
Longing

A flake  
Falling



WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

MANNEQUIN TOPIARY

Green walls grafted onto the slate smooth and unblemished  
Their motionless fingers pointing at places  
That have passed us by in the time of  
Our fathers  
And their fathers  
And their mothers  
And their mothers  
And all the others  
No one bothers  
To remember

...

Pointing to the sun and all the little stars being swallowed by its  
light

...

The eyes are still open, so real, holding images in stasis fields of  
stone

...

Lifting up the world in porcelain hands

...

Coming of age in two layers, coming apart with time like potholes

...

Some black ring still affixed to the middle finger, showing old silver  
hairs

...

Missing a head

...

Rough edges in the marble like a hand tearing through

...

A tree growing around the solid limbs, a symbiotic arrangement

...

This one caught in a thousand yard stare

...

Nothing out there but weeds consuming old faces worn with time

...

A series of them toppled in a sideways world

...

In the middle of a lake, eyes above the water line

...

Hand outstretched with a smile I've seen before

...

PART V

They have no names or reasons  
Only standing still over the course  
Of all time

I know that feeling  
Stillness in motion  
Passing you by in  
Seasons

Blooms and decay  
Only they  
Wait for the faces  
To wear away  
After all of time has said  
Its peace

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

JUST A FACE IN THE DOORWAY (SUBMERGED)

Houses and paper machines  
Making frames of your life in stills  
Full motion video  
Of your face caught in the intersection  
Can't choose a direction  
Just a looping roll of the same cells

@@@

Waterlogged corridors and metal breaches  
Peeled back hulls and hinges  
Do you ever feel like leaving?  
Do you ever wonder what the other  
Coasts are like?

Something other than the same old  
Sands and trenches?

Where could we exist?

@@@

Between the falling snow

Across the sea of trees

Over the ridges and empty satellite orbits

In the blank black of an unpowered monitor

Swallowing the foam of another planet's ocean

A lavender stranger's home

Somewhere faceless and dry

Anywhere but  
Here

PART V

THE BENDS

Beating hearts swinging on telephone poles  
The wheels of my car passing over dips and cracks  
In percussive breaths I feel in my feet  
In my hands  
In my head  
The weight of my glasses on my face  
Staring out at the mist hanging over the road in complex organic  
    shapes

Coming up the road  
Coming up the hill  
Coming up empty  
Handed  
In gray

Someone in the seat next to me  
The little indicator on the dashboard is on  
“PASSENGER AIRBAG OFF”  
Just a ghost, then  
I’m just a host, some kind of leech I picked up  
Somewhere back in the old headspace  
Painting the walls in multicolored  
Strokes

Can’t lose something you don’t have  
But you feel the space around it  
Shiver  
Where it should be  
Even in the glow of the sun  
It’s still there

Empty

Where

It

Shouldn’t

Be

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

Feet tapping out some melody stuck inside  
Hours and hours under the covers  
Shaking the ankle back and forth  
Rolling and ringing and stalling and singing  
And thinking and thinking and thinking and —

And there's a shovel in the basement  
The door's always  
Unlocked

Nothing more about the old days  
Under that still water nothing moving up  
Bubbleless, fishless, algae growing into your lungs in seeking  
colonies  
Nothing more about it

Someone in the bed next to me  
Here in my ear  
Crawling all over the old dents  
Warming the plates and coils  
Warming the plates and coils  
Melting the frost and caked on layers  
Warming the plates and coils  
Like the sun  
Or the moon

It's all running over now  
Water in the shower  
That white noise you know  
That noise you've heard  
Coming up and  
Out your ears  
Up and out  
Your eyes  
Up and  
Out your  
Mouth

With tombstone teeth  
Smiling at me  
Slicing curve of your  
Lips turned up  
At my neck

PART V

I can see the ghosts like I'm already there  
On the other side of the  
Watery surface  
Looking down at me  
With those  
Distorted faces  
Like cubed blocks of glass  
In a mosaic

Someone there in that heartbeat hanging dangling about  
A set of arms holding  
Holding something down  
And I'm floating up

And out

And out

And out

And out

Your mind

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

### SLAG MOUNTAIN

Obsidian crags litter the base of the world leading up to the peak  
All the fields are gone  
Nobody remembers their smokey wishes drifting up  
So many summers ago  
Gone with the flow  
Another flow  
Taking the weeds and the bees and the blue sky with it

### NOTHING BUT RED SKIES AND METALLIC ECHOES

The soil is dusty and crumbling underfoot  
The people with backpacks wandering around in spirals  
Around and around and around and  
AROUND AND AROUND AND AROUND  
And they wear necklaces and bracelets of their ideal world  
Some blue green pearls tied up in sunflower stems  
But not a smile to be seen over any shoulders

Blackened purple smog, wild creature searching the passages  
Scanning the twists and turns under your mask  
Speaking through sooty filters and fabrics  
The spires erupting from rusty red rocks streaked with  
Golden magma rivulets spouting  
ENDLESS SMOKE AND MIRRORS INTO THE CLOUDS  
Coming down in buffeting waves like a sandstorm

Hiding in grottos and caverns nomadic and weary  
Passing time with stories and card tricks and love  
Silly games in a silly world  
Over the lip of the path trailing down where the houses still sink  
In the coming pools of heat  
Through the shimmering furnace air  
Someone spots a light flashing

CAREFUL WATCH BIG GOD SMOKE  
HAUNTING ROCKS FALLING  
SKY COMING DOWN SKY COMING DOWN  
HELP HELP HELP

PART V

—  
once there were chimeras walking the mountain paths  
with flowers on their heads and gold in their teeth

a man came to the base of the mountain and tried to climb up  
and a chimera met him there at the incline and said  
*"you cannot summit this place"*  
and the man replied  
*"i must see this land from the highest point"*

the chimera said  
*"you know not what this world is"*  
and the man pushed ahead of the chimera

—  
ANCIENT TONGUES RIPPING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN IN  
SHAKING SYLLABLES

As man moves up the ashen slopes  
Where rivers of fire and water once sliced through the land  
Circling clouds looming in rings over the pinnacle points  
SHARP AND PIERCING THE SULLEN ATMOSPHERE  
Above pits descending down into magma and slag

Coming into the center where the sides curl up  
FOREVER AND COME BACK IN ON THEMSELVES LIKE A  
WAVE OF STONE

The smoke perching on sheer rockfaces and watching  
BLACK CROW EYES CONSUMING  
Where the cavern becomes a world in space

The cliffs cast in shadow give off an eerie orange glow  
Rivers of molten rock pouring over edges into endless pits  
Arching bridges over the flows  
THE SULFUROUS ALGAE BIOLUMINESCENT IN YELLOW  
AND WHITE

Silently gazing up at the feet of the people passing by  
Waiting for a carbon eternity of  
COMPRESSION



## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

at this time the mountain was still young and green, the world only  
half-formed  
the man continued on his way through vegetation and dense groves  
always moving up and along winding river curls

he came across another chimera who stopped him saying  
*"you cannot summit this place"*  
and the man replied  
*"i must see what this world has become"*

the chimera said  
*"it is still becoming"*  
and the man replied  
*"then i will see its becoming"*  
and he pushed on ahead of the chimera

—

LIGHTS SWINGING IN ARCS ALONG PITCH STONE FLOORS  
And the walls are too far away  
And the ceiling is gone in the blackness of empty space  
AND THE MOUNTAIN IS SPEAKING IN SMOG AND  
SHAKING TONES  
LIKE A WHALE BEACHED ON THE SUN

Pale faces clutching memories of blue green pearls  
Wandering in the immense darkness where algae  
Glow like stars

Into the center of the beast where the path tunnels upward  
Skulls and ancient statues lining the walls  
Bleached and ashen bones surrounding chipping statues  
TWISTED IMAGES OF ANIMALISTIC HORROR  
AMALGAMATIONS BOUND IN CORDS AND GEMS  
SEALED AWAY BY THE MOUNTAIN

—

the man came to a passageway into the mountain  
many chimeras met him there saying  
*"you cannot summit here"*  
and the man replied  
*"i must usher in the becoming of the world"*

PART V

the chimeras said

*"the world is begun in a delicate motion"*

and the man replied

*"i will bring order to this delicate world"*

and he pushed ahead into the center of the mountain

—

At the exit above all the world there were only two

Thinned and hurting and breathing in wild creatures of man

Clogged filters dripping

SKIN BROKEN OR OTHERWISE MISSING

The basin below them where the red sky meets an orange ocean

ROILING AND HURLING OUT OF THE DUCTS

THIS PLACE IS WEEPING

THIS WORLD IS SHAKING OFF THE FEELING

OF DEATH

There the way of man dressed in blue green pearls

Hurls hopes into the sea of burning beginning

WHERE LIFE IS A TWINKLE IN ROCKS AND OBSIDIAN

THE CRACKS OF THIS EXISTENCE ARE FILLING WITH

SLAG

AND SMILING WITH OLD MEMORIES OF ANOTHER TIME

—

the man came to the top of the world

and a chimera met him there

it said

*"you cannot summit here"*

and the man replied

*"i am already gazing over this oceanic world"*

the chimera said

*"you cannot fathom the shapes and movements of those tides"*

and the man replied

*"i will give them a true force"*

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

the mountain opened up and swallowed the man  
and it swallowed the chimeras  
and it swallowed the oceanic world  
and for thousands of years the land was dry and starving  
until the mountain birthed fire and man came from the fire  
and man built from the fire  
and man worshipped the fire

the chimeras slept in beds of stone deep in the mountain  
and time covered their spirits in compression  
to last until the atoms have all gone  
and we are left  
alone

—

THE MOUNTAIN CONSUMES ALL THE SMOKE  
AND ALL OF THE FIRE  
AND ALL OF THE STONE

THE MOUNTAIN CONSUMES ALL THE FIELDS AND HOUSES  
AND ALL THE LIGHT AND SHADOW  
AND ALL THE EYES WATCHING DOWN FROM SPIRES

THE MOUNTAIN BECOMES A HOLE IN THE WORLD  
WHERE SHADOWS CAST SHADOWS  
AND NOTHING IS ALIVE

—

one day the man awoke as if from a dream  
the sun in his eyes among whispering trees

he looked around for chimeras but found none  
he looked around for the mountain but found nothing  
only an empty field where it was

the world stood still in a shimmering hum

PART V

the man returned to his home

where he told stories of things

older than time

older than the world's  
beginning

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

### MAGMA BUNKER JUNGLE

Black cord foliage snaking across the floor  
and below sprawling tables filled with objects  
neatly stacked up, laying out under the angled ceiling

The towering monitor watching with one black eye  
by the dim orange light of an antique lamp  
the other corner shrouded in hardwood shadows

The wind outside is choking in frost  
while the heat is embracing the folds of the room  
something knocking on the window with ice  
tightly against the two locks on the side

Boxes and supplies gathering dust  
under covers or idling in a chair  
motionless against a tide of heat and amusement  
at the molasses guile of death

Where many before me scribbled frantically with ink  
on parchment too dry and curling to care for  
I am typing nothing into nothing where it does not exist  
for it exists only in lightning and intention

Waiting here for the outside world to come in  
without knowing of the outside world  
or from where it is coming

What is it to swim in that river of flame?

To unlatch the door and  
peer out for just  
a small while

To be swept away in something else  
no longer attached to this motif

No longer attached to you

PART V

OBSIDIAN SHATTER ART

Back up  
Tracking  
Train  
Of Thought  
There  
Shells around  
Crowns  
Petals  
Curl ing  
In  
I don't  
Black  
Chimneys  
Leaving  
Like  
Remember  
Lobbies  
Glass  
NBC  
B l a s t i n g  
Let me  
Fall  
ing  
Under  
Knowing  
Gold  
Moon  
Tonal  
Tides  
White s n o w  
Crumble  
In  
Sides  
And  
Valleys  
Beams  
Drilling  
Mach i n e s  
Sleeping



PART V

S U B T R A C T I N G

Snowd r i f t I N G

SKITTERING

Across

Polishing

Dawning

T. C. O. M. I. N. G.  
O. Get. H. E r. !

Wheels

Turnstile Spi  
N  
Ing

Trains

Bleeding

A w a y

Get

Here

Parallel

Deaf

Hear

Can yoU

Open

O p e n

U

P

Let me

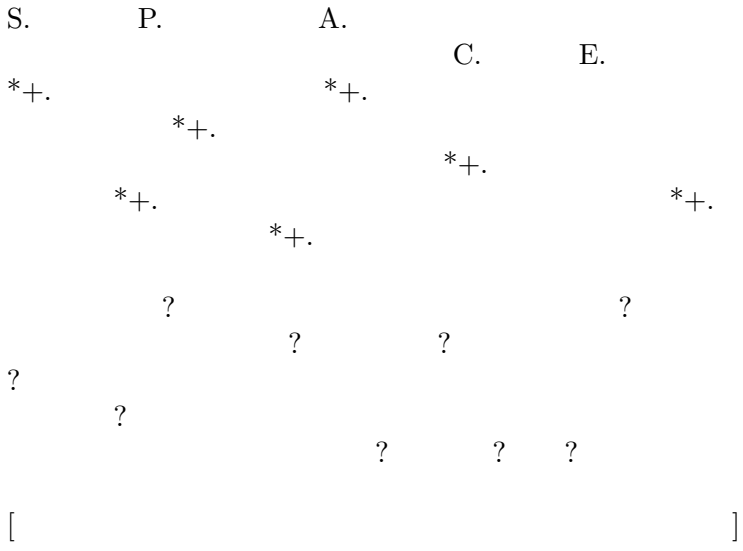
Blindly

See / F e e l

Your



WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY



PART V

RADIUM GLASS;;DUSTY SHELVES;;STORAGE  
CATACOMBS;;FOREVER

Aisles butting up against the empty space in giant buried metal  
pipes sheltered from the dusty rain  
Rows of racks of shelves of bins stretching in all directions  
Antique vanities and ancient mirrors on rotating dowel rods  
Glass shelves displaying glowing tableware under poison blacklights  
Quilts thrown over banisters and metal ramps  
Garage doors never opened, never closed  
Antlers and books and cold war board games  
The sway of an old camper in motion around the lakes of various  
state parks  
We never understood the age of that place  
    We never understood our place in the age  
                    We were ageless, always  
    Drifting in timezones before the atomic bomb  
Before the red sky  
                    black rain  
                                    inverted shadows

::

There by the lower entrance  
Behind an old metal desk with legal pads and magnets  
Locals trading goods from before time was measured in eons

Glass cases and picture lenses  
Posters and advertisements, signage and paperwork, worn paper  
boxes gutted and displayed  
Anything but austere, never quite decadent, living in a husk of  
memories  
Time capsule hivemind dream  
Spreading like roots of a willow wrapping everything in  
Muted green and a thin layer of stagnation  
Air sitting still waiting for another soul to admire  
Another vicarious decade  
Remembered

::

## WORLDBIRTHEYER SYMPHONY

Game blood dripping across the cold concrete floor  
Where's the drain  
Hanging upside down

eyes wide open

Red nose

Wet red nose

The way of the world hanging there  
Bleeding

out

The natural wild

hanging there

eyes wide open

Tongue lolling to the side  
Dry as a

goddamn

b o n e

Taking it in by a wall of  
Saws and ropes and chains and wheels

Our freezer was stocked for a time

::

In those younger days I couldn't understand significance  
There is a time when you will look back on those  
Ageless days and realize you had no sense of  
Permanence

Those images will only return when you remember  
To look for them

Covered in dust and stretching down a rabbit hole  
Never stopping to rest  
A child running down timeless paths  
Never taking a breath not

immediately given back

Everything seemed limitless  
Like all these funny-looking knick knacks and pictures  
I will never decay into some backwards time  
Someone wondering

if I was ever really

there

PART V

I was

I was there

∴

And now

I am

Here

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

WHO YOU ARE (IS A FLOOD AT MY FEET)

jester joking pulling my leg in the dark under the covers thinking  
of those tiny gems falling  
over the valley roads and highways  
little crystal ties binding fencing in all the people into one accord  
into one mind into one  
place of patient joy  
when i had no foundation flipping like that coin sun moon making  
up my mind on the chance  
of stars falling or your hair drifting by  
your head on a shoulder or a chest making shapes in the places we  
carved for each other  
in old words on yellowed pages  
cleaning one side of the story moving all the junk over to the other  
end clinging to similes  
facsimiles motifs and in between  
rolling tides covering main street where the sea couldn't take them  
single file up the board  
two of each kind two of each kind  
two of each kind two of each kind  
it's all coming down now  
it's all coming down now  
in the heat of the moment i will sweat and think before i act i will  
mull it over and decide  
after the time has already passed  
protected in this cybersphere bubble over the shifting colors in  
parapets and towers of  
discarded ideas and ideals  
aimless floating into spines projecting out spires dotting  
plainscapes blue and mellow  
emulating the flow and ripple of emotion  
it comes and goes  
it comes and goes  
love unstable moving forward  
pick it up and go  
isolation layers wrapping around perforated holes screen door  
existence looking in  
your face looking in  
the corners of your mouth

PART V

up or down

up or down

make up your mind

keeping the thin blue curtains drawn keeping the rain out keeping  
the ice outside

ringing icicles like those twisted bells

eyes are always slipping drifting out of focus where the lens is  
stretching under the film

where the dreams are just places i've surely been

do you remember what this place used to look like when the grass  
was greener and every blade

was not covered in dirt and overflow chemicals from the  
susquehanna

do you remember what this place used to look like before the flood  
came and we all watched them

build those stadiums and demolish those offices and abandon  
green fields

carry me there on that river it will be a good day floating above  
the water where the gentle

flow of time is cutting it all up

cutting it all up

act like you want it

act like you want it

float on over here

for another day

or night

whatever you like

where those colors shift on the walls in stratified lines i am wading  
through the chill

looking for newer sunlight

and green fields

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

LOST IN CHROMA CASTLE

PRISM CHANDELIERS SPINNING SLOW BALLETS FOR  
NOBODY HOME

The storm is circling outside in 1000 days  
Before the clear winter air and cloudless sun comes down  
And after it's all gone away

Dark towers in the amber glaze painting  
    bricks and arrow slit beams  
    coming in obtuse angles across the cots and paintings  
glass cases and red carpet trails  
    lining the halls and stairways

Looking out the ground is eating away in colors like fractals  
Searching for a boundary  
In a limitless medium  
Glass dome of stars turning over us shining  
Wavelengths and particles in strings of chance

EMPTY SIGHS ROLLING OVER THE WALLS WHERE THE  
DUST IS STILL UNSETTLED

The old lighthouse beyond the ditches and weeds  
Swimming in an ocean breeze  
Behind backwater suburban roads and hourglass leases  
Flipping and flipping returning to sand

Great labyrinthine complexes of factories and mills and  
    concrete walls with skywalks and rebar  
    poking out of solid gray flesh  
    the rusted siding meeting the fresh  
Bauhaus slate and glass in patchwork seams  
alarms and pulleys and  
    bay doors and trolleys and  
    pearlescent portraits of people  
without power

BANNERS FLAPPING RIVERS OF VACANT REMARKS AND  
HOLLOW VICTORIES

## PART V

Some dream where all the people left  
They've all gone  
They've all gone

They've taken their treasures and magic sacks  
But the paintings still hang crooked  
And I am left  
Alone

They did not wake me  
I am still there in the world of surreal color  
Mirrors of negative space remind me  
This memory of Stiletto

How has this place come to be?  
Where has everyone gone?

Am I not a treasure to be stolen away?



## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

### DAISY

Velvet red light swallowing snow and frosted contrails  
The sky in multiplexed facets looking down  
In rouge or  
Some other memory  
Of warmth

Whatever you'd like to call it

\*\*\*

Sluggish river beyond the worn guardrail  
Trapping islands and toppled trees  
Great trunks breaking the flow  
Like glass

The house is small and overlooks the brittle driftwood fingers  
The wet brush in golden silver light  
Before the flood comes and drips into the  
Basement

Banks tumbling down in cards and suits and colors  
The glancing flash of lightning on the roof of my black sedan  
The haunting revealing light of the pale LEDs tripped by  
Motion sensors  
Struggling to find the right key

The cats in the window looking at me without thoughts  
They must know the rain  
They must know it  
By a name  
They speak it in eyes and stillness

\*\*\*

Blue autumn morning where the yellow is still  
Waking in the trees  
I am waking under covers  
Blurry chances gazing through the window with thin curtains

PART V

At the desk across the room  
My lap is purring  
Shadow resting  
Vibrating like the night has not already passed

\*\*\*

Never grow up beyond that place  
Never follow the river flowing  
Over the banks

# WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

## WHIRLPOOL CLOUDWALL

Everything is closed down  
Clouds in the trenches  
Waiting

Rusting melodies wandering the forest behind the house  
Three four five notes rolling over themselves  
Feet making a way through the snow and slush left over  
Your leftovers are getting  
Cold

A coma haze setting in  
Mist over the toothpick trees or wires shaking  
From pole to pole  
In achroma

Time going by in the wind that stopped sweeping along  
Taking all the birds and flies and rain charm kites  
I want to see those smiles on paper plates  
Charcoal burns and face full of smoke  
Coming out the red eyes in water  
Slipping through the cracks in the middle of a dream

Sweltering tents in the heavy birth of summer  
Burlap cocoons on wooden pallets  
Reeds whistling to the toads and dragonflies  
Across the lake where the great ash pit sleeps  
Preparing for another bonfire farewell

We left that place with flaming tongues at our heels

But we learned how to stretch out the downhill climb

And now here the dirt moves in spiritual ways like stars  
An arc of ridges and declines  
Drawn out of a song I cannot sing

And I am trying  
And I am trying

## MAN O' WAR SMILE

Tangled  
 Drifting on dark looms  
 Above and  
 Below  
 The clouds

Alien vessels  
 Oil cracked and pouring out  
 Viscous  
 Hanging down  
 Like lanterns on  
 Fish  
 Great big  
 Jaws

Over beyond the footbridges  
 Over the hills and highways  
 Inky forms in  
 Periphery  
 Smiling without  
 Mouths

()()()((()()())()()())()((()()())()

Sometimes I miss you  
 but only when I've nothing else to do with  
 my time. Instead I try to think of that world I  
 found myself in. Rivers and train bridges, icicles  
 hanging from those far off  
 p w y e a  
 l h o y r  
 a e u e e  
 c r r s  
 e e  
 s

##c#####l###o####s#####e###d##



PART V

It rained  
 and the park  
 where they hold  
 the field days was a  
 puddle of mud and acrid  
 water. It took them years to clean  
 it and people couldn't go in because of  
 how toxic it was. The big houses up on  
 Carpathian just  
 w a l i  
 a n a n  
 t d u  
 c g  
 h h  
 e e  
 d d

#s#####h#####a####d#####o##w##

()()(((00)))((0)(0)((0))(((0)))00

Forest of  
Feelers

Canopy covered in  
Black  
No  
Stars  
Silently  
Watching

Their voices boiling  
Over  
In rumbles  
Waving  
Tumbles  
Humming

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

I'm here  
I'm Here  
I'm Waiting  
For  
SOMETHING  
but i dont know  
what  
it  
is

()(((000)0)(0))00))0)0(0)(000)

We are  
sep - arate  
be - ings,  
y & m  
o e  
u .

##n#o#t#h#i#n#g##m#o#r#e##

## BLACK HORIZON

come in close the door the clock going round and round in sounds  
 like clicking feet and legs like crickets on our back in the weeds  
 under trees that no longer exist no longer linger in the far corners  
 recesses of the mind i dont know what youre talking about the  
 roots are all dried up and dead years for years theyve been buried  
 but the rain wont go inside go inside come inside im glad you  
 decided to join me today i really think this is a good way to get  
 to know each other whats that oh the time i see the sun is there  
 and the walls are a little bare for your liking i see thats okay will i  
 see you tomorrow okay then that sounds good have a nice day  
 moving on through the air where a list hangs in spinning waiting  
 a list on multilevel pedestals under the marble or the alabaster  
 the chrome the silver knife cutting away the fat the layers the  
 onion skin eyes weeping ink among the purple thrones in lines  
 before the pulpit theyre all jumping with closed eyes ive got holes  
 in mine like socks like socks im still wearing thin before the trash  
 man comes quickly into the room come in come in where the  
 noises cant reach through the cracks the gentle reminder of your  
 presence in the diamond chair the emerging magic of youth  
 remembering those piano lines scoring trails across the walls in  
 stratified lines magnified among racks and shelves and stacks and  
 boxes and boards and cases and books and containers and  
 buckets and bins and vessels and lamps and tables and frames  
 and posters and cords and papers and bags and straps and signs  
 and letters and cards and old ceramic trinkets i forgot about with  
 the passing of many many many years but not really that many  
 at all just a breeze coming by snapping whipping the tendrils into  
 a firecracker and then gone half on the lawn making holes and  
 pits into the core of the earth back behind the cybercafe never  
 again walking without light between twisted ankles and humming  
 tunes and rejoinders making attempts at forgetting sweetwords  
 and hurt birds in dead trees smattered across the pavement the  
 snow and ice preserving a doe hit at the beginning of time before  
 i was aware of anything but a black horizon and a black sky and a  
 black line between and then my eyes had holes in them to see i  
 see i see i see you there come in dont be a stranger stay a while i  
 know i dont always hold my own in conversation but that doesnt  
 make me an animal does it does it ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?  
 i just want to walk around after dark or underneath those  
 towering lamp posts above 201 splaying themsleves spread eagle



## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

in light across every lane of the overpass i want to make a  
statement but i dont know the words i want to shake your hand  
say hi i want to see you come my way come in come in dont be  
shy dont be a ball and chain dont be a drag come in and say hi  
how are you oh im fine just relaxing on my day off what about  
yourself oh im doing just great had a really good holiday went  
over to my grandmothers place and we had a grand old time  
thats good to hear im glad you had a good holiday is plastic okay  
??? ??? ? what ??? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? oh im sorry today is my  
day off i shouldnt be asking about oh whats that you need to get  
going okay thats okay have a great new year have a great new  
decade ill be here relaxing on my day off my days off ill be  
chilling you know nothing special just browsing the web the lights  
all blinking on and off with the hard drive spinning and the fans  
blowing magma out the side the black cords plugged in wrapping  
around in tinsel patterns or needle paths sticking in at pressure  
points and hydration junctions gotta get my fluids you know  
gotta get my likes and favorites and shares and nobody cares and  
nobody cares and i dont care theyre just words just words just a  
cut in my lip never sealing up smoothly been biting off too much  
too much cant chew the stones cant chew the clouds apart they  
just drift out between my teeth like floss cotton candy sunsets  
over empty fields no one around no one around just me and the  
bugs listening to that song that chirping melody a chorus of little  
teeth and webs catching all the flies im out here in the fields  
below the towers before the hills before the switchback riders can  
you get to me now can you come get me im out here in those  
fields can you come swing by and grab me can you come in please  
come in id love to have you for a while but only for a while i dont  
do well with long standing ideas they tend to sink into something  
i never saw before but that surely wont happen again how could  
it i wont let it so please come in take a seat take a seat so tell me  
a little bit about yourself when did this all start ?? ??? ? ?????  
???? ? ? ? ? no no no no no no no no dont go dont go

dont leave

PART V

SUNRISE AT HOLY FIELDS (A GLIMMERING)

In a bout of firelight  
Machines of the Sun pulling up its weight  
Frigid earth being wrapped  
Corona peeling off in red lines of fate  
Where the weeds like crooks  
Hang and bend in organic chords  
Scribbling a glimmering  
The timid dawn chorus words

Aura of gold  
Making heavenly streets unfurl  
Under the turning sky  
Do you remember the ways of that world?  
Through the fences  
And towering poles humming laughter  
Now your eyes swim  
In bays draining whirlpools going down going down

And what of after?

Over the gardens  
Over the railways and mazes and endless cliff faces  
Over the exploded hillsides  
Over the ridgeways and endless love chases  
They chase us in  
Carousel places  
Those things  
They chase us  
In circles

I'm tired of that  
Nonsense  
Everything is waking up here  
Drinking in this slurry of light

## WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

I am there  
    Drinking too  
Too much  
    And not enough

\*\_ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ \_\*

That taffy laugh is  
Sweet but my cavities are aching  
    Standing on rocks  
Gazing out over the resilient waves making  
    Attempts at natural love  
Where the land pushes off but not in negligence  
    The earth is a patient thing  
It knows only a slight hesitance

Waiting for you  
To wake up



CACOPHONOUS GALAXY

Calmly now

It begins to course down the pane

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

1. Spiral arms in grass. Cupping the dandelion. Devil's paintbrush poking out. Always smiling, those red indigo hooks for teeth. A binding light. Grounding. Over the smokestacks and chimneys. Swiftly. A switchback on a hill. Lines running down. Carrying power. Carrying water. Carrying me. Coiling in on the courtyard. Glass people in a glass world. Wind chimes for limbs. Hearts for heads in sagely robes. Where the yellow rolling growth rolls over in the wind. Not a cloud in sight. Between the poplars. In the shade there I am sitting. I am sitting and nothing more. I am not waiting. There is nothing to wait for. It is all here and now.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

2. In the city of rain there was nothing more than water breaking us all down. But here there is light. And sound. And something yet buried in the still air, humming a tune around the corner. It knows a timeless patience. But it is also here in my palm. I wait for nothing more. Under great walls and towers, falling from the silver arms, these are all bad dreams of those without open eyes. Here is the sunny road. Here is the steady wave. Here is the chorus of summer. Moving with you as you move around it. Surround it. A confounding light. Hiding. A timid companion. A smile in the window.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

3. A puzzling look. The pieces all dissolving in the tide. Drawn out into that place we cannot reach. Broken bits melting down. Forget the shattering. Forget the scattering. Remember warmer days. Curling in on themselves before the Sun. The dreams have all gone from here. There is only the here and now. There is only this place we have always known. No longer attached to those dark clouds or statue gardens. Daydreaming in glass rooms over the sea. Humming a tune around the corner.

## PART V

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

4. All the trenches of the valley in silverlight. Dozing off into another year. Hillsides playing tag in a gymnasium of colors. All the paint dripping down. All the people moving in an ocean of commercials and paychecks. A young man in a rickety old chair slamming the keys before Christmas. The air stirring around the base of Library Tower. My door is open even when it is closed. Thinking in new languages.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

5. The sound of the creek behind the house flowing after heavy rainfall sitting on my desk. The orange lamp clashing against the blue LEDs on the walls like antipodal spirits. All the old photos in negative color sitting on my hard drive. The cords all tethered into some electronic hydra in hibernation. The blanket sitting on my recliner.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

6. It's all spinning down. Slowing up. All those memories of steam, drifting along the mountain spines. I watch the Sun burn them away. They are already gone into the self-sustaining fabric. The shawl you wear. The smile you keep in a box for special occasions.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

7. Stitching horizons together. An endless road into the sky. All the people singing hymns in their sleep. Why are they crying. They are all dressed in black only for today. Tomorrow is a new day.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

8. Stretching out a canvas. Painting with light. In the trees. Over the houses. Stained glass.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

9. Still life grinning at me. I smile wider (than I used to).

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ))

WORLDBIRTHEY SYMPHONY

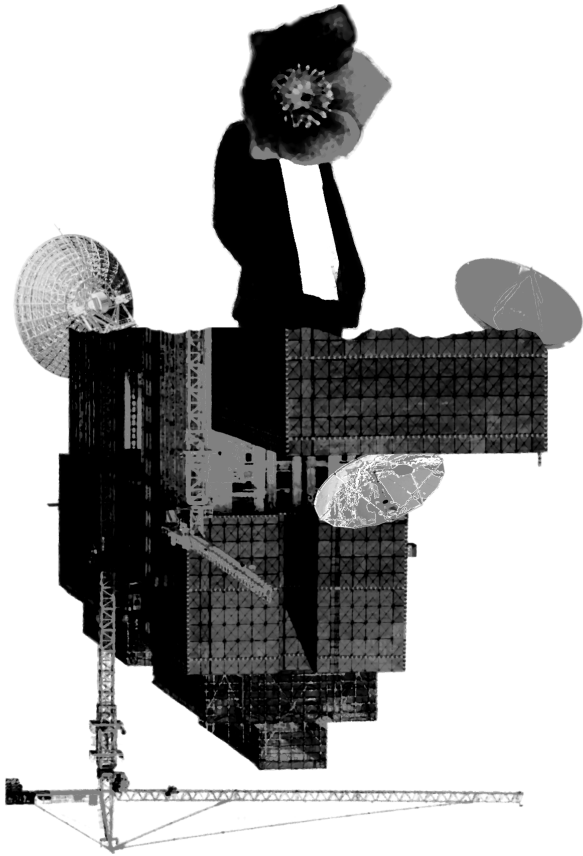
10. Do this for me, will you.

(( ( ( ( ) ) ) ) )

Remember the world  
In all its noise  
And light









# APPENDIX A

---

## SUBTRACTIVE FLOW



# ABOUT APPENDIX A

---

Appendix A is a simple introduction to blackout poetry - although perhaps "whiteout" poetry is a more apt description, given the lack of pages entirely covered in masses of black ink.

I've been aware of blackout poetry for quite some time. There's no shortage of passages broken down and scribbled out, revealing all manner of insightful phrases, timely motifs, or otherwise quotable material plastered on a million different Instagram profiles. The world of blackout poetry can often be seen as slightly amateurish, given that you do not explicitly write the pieces. Instead you sculpt them, or shape them from the page as a whole, which anyone can do, regardless of their poetic skill level. Just grab some writing implement and start crossing words out until you've got something different.

Despite this view of blackout poetry, I was still intrigued to see what I could do with it. In the foreword of this book I mention that I wanted to move away from the brooding, sometimes depressing, aesthetic of my previous work. As part of the effort to do that, I decided to create a series of blackout pieces highlighting a lighter tone, a more natural and optimistic way of thinking and looking at the world. Even in the pieces that come from a darker or more emotional place, there is this seed of peace, or zen, or *joy*. I wanted to lift those qualities out of the poems and place them right at the forefront.

Each piece in Appendix A is taken from a poem that appears in the main portion of *Another Flow*. Much of the text is removed, leaving only these abstractions of meaning that tell a different story than the original work. A lot of the deep emotional layers are removed and what's left is this light, airy trail of words that read like a walk through the park, or driftwood on the ocean.

It's a wholly subtractive process, which is why the first appendix is named *Subtractive Flow*.

APPENDIX A

Y AN G

Gold r a in  
arch a  
breath  
limb s  
T  
ow

e r s  
The park the cloud  
slow  
gray  
And white

dream shiver s  
Fragile all  
I s forgot

gra i n waving  
the  
Curious sea  
B  
e n  
T

sky fa wn  
y in y  
An g

- Taken from *Yellow and Gold*



APPENDIX A

in rest  
peak  
d ove s  
a bay looking  
ou t

light s warm colors

organic place

— ● —

Swim across stars and

And spin  
happen

weave something natural

I  
write these to cultivate

spin with me  
they will

G  
R  
O  
W

– Taken from *Lithograph of a Clock (That Keeps Changing)*







SUBTRACTIVE FLOW

breathe  
shine

where

rain danced  
forever.

emotions  
Deep in the leaves

I  
brush

snow off

mountains

I fell in

a swallow like snow.  
dawn smile care s .  
joy of  
steam in  
light in July.

I

Remember this

– Taken from *Autumn Hints//Swallowing Night (A Letter to Many)*

APPENDIX A

TOMORROW E N A M O R

hands along  
Walking line s  
clouds of flowers dance. Your smile  
your love feels like  
patterns other languages. My fingers  
caress shapes and forms.  
birds  
Running and  
Falling into light.  
I know the sky  
between  
my hands

– Taken from *Tomorrow is Another Chance at Comfort*

SUBTRACTIVE FLOW

BLUE WINDS

birds  
on  
every tree  
wind rushing  
after the pine  
over the  
night  
blue decades  
every face  
swallowing  
rain  
Like fish  
Pass ocean  
And sinking  
speaking  
Diving into bells  
feeling  
down  
And now we make it all

– Taken from *Lingering Blue (Windstorm)*

APPENDIX A

YOU NG A G ES

October leaves  
drip how  
should  
we  
path through trees  
and

You r walls  
do you see  
Between  
lives

Stuck on  
A belief

of winter  
crystal s

Your  
straining  
sob  
behind you  
ahead

A humming  
o f  
daisies

Softly  
Shaking  
you

in between  
You r  
flower pages  
for me

## SUBTRACTIVE FLOW

~ ~ ===== ~ ~

Cling to me  
within you

If you  
Like  
It

you  
will meet  
The earth

Do not stop

– Taken from *Your Lungs Are Jet Engines*





SUBTRACTIVE FLOW

And

looking

Over summer

Trees

the path

Of

water becoming

another

slow

night

– Taken from *Darksteel Valley Under Watchful Gaze*

APPENDIX A

YOUR FLAME

pull the dark  
gems  
over  
one people in  
joy  
my drifting  
shape in  
other  
words o r other  
s miles  
cover the sea  
up  
w i t h  
all  
the moment s  
m y  
towers shifting  
and spires  
emotion  
comes and  
goes  
love  
wrap around  
exist  
in  
you

## SUBTRACTIVE FLOW

make  
outside  
drifting  
film  
dreams  
remember  
and  
dirt  
remember  
all  
those  
green fields  
the gentle  
flow  
you  
float on  
a day  
like  
colors  
through  
sunlight

– Taken from *Who You Are (Is a Flood at My Feet)*

APPENDIX A

SUN SET S ING

firelight  
Machines wrapped  
in  
weeds

a  
timid

Aura of  
heaven  
turning

the hum  
you  
s ing

Over and  
Over the y love  
The chase

Those  
circles  
of  
sense  
waking up  
in light





# APPENDIX B

---

## SYNTHESIS FLOW





# ABOUT APPENDIX B

---

Appendix B features work from both myself and Ashley Markowicz. Many thanks to her for allowing these fragments to take shape, and for nurturing that creative drive she finds inside herself.

Ashley's work is something I've been following for quite some time now, communicating back and forth with her about poetry and art and creativity and life. There is a certain quiet force I find in her pieces, like a stalwart plant growing, or the endless ebb and flow of the Pacific bays she calls home.

Experimenting with collaborative poetry is another idea I'd been playing around with for a while, and I felt there was no better way to accomplish that than to blend our two poetic voices together. Ashley has been creating blackout poetry and found-word collage pieces of her own for years, so to keep with this theme of "plunderpoetics", I decided to arrange a collage of my own from both our words.

What follows is a collection of disconnected ideas becoming a narrative of sorts. This section is organized into two columns, one for each author's words. Fragments of Ashley's own collage work and poetic experiments are juxtaposed with phrases and segments of my own, taken from many unpublished works. The end result is a series of voices and poetic styles meshed together in short abstract stories unwinding piece by piece.

This collaborative effort is a synthesis of feelings rising from grief, growth, hope, doubt, determination, and *joy*, which is why I have titled it *Synthesis Flow*.

## FRAGMENTS I

Blades of grass stirring,  
 a tidal wave of small magic.  
 I cross the field  
 and walk on water.

Cool rolling rhythm  
 Sea dogs bark in the harbor  
 Dolphin fins peeking  
 Curiosity blooms bright  
 And long as the horizon

rise upward

be one of the  
 great clouds

shifting drifts of discovery  
 on the sunlit face of  
 the atmosphere

the dandelions  
 have sprouted again out back  
 as if to declare:  
 we belong here, regardless  
 of the name we are given

body angled sunlight  
 covered in sky high  
                   hyphae  
 crumbling clouds  
                   without a will

lovely cold rain that  
           falls on my face,  
 glasses blasted into bits  
           by droplets,  
           abstractions like  
           spider eyes,  
 winding silk into gold  
           and back again

I am winding my arms  
           into ivy strands  
 and picturing every  
           young willow  
           that I never was

solar handholds  
           made solid,  
 swing like monkeys in a  
           white canopy,  
           the birds are  
           below us now,  
           we drift as if  
 existence means  
           nothing but joy

SYNTHESIS FLOW

Evening birdsong  
sweeping along  
the canopy of the  
banyan, its thick trunks

speaking the same language  
as the grains of  
sand just beyond; the

island hums me a  
lullaby, and I drift  
evenly on its harmony.

the following day  
slept, gently leaning against  
yesterday,

and darkness  
united with  
the light of the strange

in Between  
beauty

– a.m.

white sugar skies  
dripping melted under  
blowtorch sun  
frothing bubbling fun in  
pools of ballistic vapor  
breathing over the  
mountaintops

I am stepping on stairs  
of golden fire  
from the sun  
and ascending to this  
promised land  
catch me  
if you  
can

– b.b.

## FRAGMENTS II

An almost moon  
 nestled in between  
 seaside palms –  
 the electric hum  
 of weekend crowds –  
 carousel music mingling  
 with peals of laughter,  
 the flow and fire  
 of weekend revelry  
 in surround sound,  
 at once part of something  
 and part of nothing at all –  
 absorbing the aliveness  
 in all its temporary vigor –  
 and finding home  
 on the sidewalk  
 in the matching strides  
 of souls whose footprints  
 fit into mine.

–

Lightness arriving;  
 the silence lifts; music now,  
 lilting, on the wind.

my ears,  
 idly dwelling  
 listened to the trees,

and I wished that my mind  
 might flow with the  
 passage of  
     my  
       feelings

moments that still hum  
 softly within me like a  
     velvet dream that  
 I shall often return to

I miss the sultry  
     summers where  
           the wind  
 would blow them  
           my way

    bloom between  
 limitations and drink in  
     the sunlight

## SYNTHESIS FLOW

A moment calls out  
softly and sharply – it  
does not choose between  
the two,  
only harmonizes, and  
in its layered chorus  
I can hear  
the rhapsody of life.

awakening is  
Stop-and-go

amidst the  
intervals,  
ever upwards

there isn't a word for  
this abstract emotion  
just listen to nothing for  
far too long  
and you'll start to  
understand

I have yet to fully  
belong here  
I have yet to fully exist

– b.b.

we shall begin with encouragement from the stars,

and

proceed outward

from ourselves.

– a.m.

## FRAGMENTS III

For years I had been  
somber about *Things*,

I sensed change building  
from the longing

very few charms existed,  
in trying to run

but it is of interest to consider

a hundredfold            life

what I have been able to say

These questions are only  
                                         stars  
                                         stay like that

I have given

small, but not  
negligibly small.

the end was years ago,  
But the debris lived  
in the present

understanding cannot be  
illuminated by  
This picture of the way  
I have felt

This is the sort of thing  
that would be a  
major task of reconstruction.

coil decompression  
winding up again  
spiking the tip of the  
frantic waiting  
anxiety missing  
train after train  
after bus after bus  
in the rain

whistling in the  
hurricane sharing a song  
golden and cracking  
before the black canvas  
of dreams takes me

opals spinning colliding  
in the black pockets  
where nothing exists

SYNTHESIS FLOW

I dwelt in the wakefulness  
watching the hidden self

with an ecstasy

as though the beauty

of its veil possessed  
unvoiced courage.

found myself  
rising out of  
a sorrowing grasp  
to become the breath  
of the sun

transcending the laws  
of shadows

life is a constant  
shifting: of heart, of  
light, of weight – and

the carrying across of  
other things that are  
stubborn to change shape

fallen plums fading  
a blank page  
drenched in sunlight  
summer travels on  
under the gleam of midday  
my own seasons do the same

– a.m.

carousels of  
circular returning,  
bringing ancient mud to  
my face in war paints  
of love

I am becoming a  
sweetened dream,  
I am becoming a  
hellebore head,  
watch me bloom

next to the pier  
staring up at  
the starry sky  
while the breeze  
washes over me

in spring there is only  
the silence between cars  
passing my house  
on the street

– b.b.

## FRAGMENTS IV

under the archway again  
 where the fruit  
 falls to the earth  
 and the end is an opening  
 ~vv~  
 (and the opening  
   is a promise)

  she was a wake  
 laugh ing eye s

  in the dirt  
     like  
     the becoming  
     of a tree

  do ing the hard work of  
     living

  yet see ing in it  
 a vast and wild good

an optimist's rebellion  
 rises in the east  
 towers crumble  
 that no one but the jaded  
 will miss

But I, I have the last shreds  
 of that memory,  
 in its sweetness,  
 in its beauty.

tracks of autumn that  
     led me here,  
 where do you go next?

the mist hangs low over  
     the nearby pond  
 and the electrical wires  
     droop down,  
     snaking their way  
 through the naked trees

  the slow crawl of  
     piano stars like  
 conveyor belts along  
 the walls of my room  
 purple with a patience  
     I have yet to grasp

wherever you are, I am  
     thinking of you  
 no matter who you are,  
     you cross my mind  
 fondly like a lily pad  
     over calm waters



SYNTHESIS FLOW

blossoms  
In the window

Colors and shadows  
Waving in the afterglow  
Of a spring day

Making music  
Everywhere

– a.m.

strolling light down  
tiled alleyways in a  
plain of mirrors and  
towering blossoms

– b.b.

## FRAGMENTS V

the air sits so thick  
 within these walls,  
 and outside  
 it sits thicker still  
 the words lay  
 dormant beneath  
 summer's overheated stretch

Pausing in the  
 Shadows from  
 flickering embers –

the season's change  
 Glows

translations of parting –  
 upon the grass

and you will not forget  
 that there was  
 death here,  
 but you will not forget  
 the life, either.

Tools - spaces  
 of honoring - stripping  
 the bone, dissolving  
 the form, rising  
 anew.

burning without fire,  
 drowned into the earth  
 such a graceful white  
 color that mimics  
 the sky  
 I've become a  
 temporary joy and I  
 don't know why

clouds in the mane,  
 violet coin eyes like the  
 flipping sun whose tail I  
 seem to see eternally

in those moments  
 without gravity in the  
 waiting rooms  
 floating away with lives  
 trapped inside  
 patience is nothing  
 more than helium

after all the hurt  
 and the sorrow,  
 volcanic plants will  
 grow between our eyes

## SYNTHESIS FLOW

and i, too, am growing wiser,  
and i, too, am rising from  
the silence

– a.m.

in the moonlight pool I  
reflect a smile into  
the atmosphere  
someone will see the  
sadness leave like ice  
along the river

sweet serenity, life has taken me on such  
a wide, sweeping path to find you

– b.b.



# APPENDIX C

---

## SERENDIPITOUS FLOW



# ABOUT APPENDIX C

---

Appendix C is a lengthier, more complex extension of the blackout poetry from Appendix A, combined with the collage elements used in Appendix B. Instead of working with pieces from *Another Flow*, I used older pieces of mine from *Babylon Effect*, as well as passages and phrases from multiple other books I found in my house.

Abstract collages describing nature, symbolism, programming, and more come together to form this tapestry of "weird magnetic magic" (says Ashley after reading a portion of the work). I tried to operate within the idea of containing natural motifs of beauty and organic form in these rigid frames and structures of code and programming jargon, each one playing off the other. It almost functions like a poetic yin yang of sorts.

The title and idea of each piece is taken from a portion of *Roget's Pocket Thesaurus*, with the subtitles taking from the actual content of the pieces or their themes. The section and subsection names were constructed in the same manner. The other books used to form this large-scale collage include a Golden Nature field guide on birds, *The Elements of Java Style* by Allan Vermeulen, et al, *The Secret Language of Symbols* by David Fontana, and my first collection of poetry, *Babylon Effect*.

It's a sprawling, multi-phased piece of work, and it seems to hold itself together by sheer luck at some points. The creation of this piece became an exercise in "accidental poetry" in many ways, and it's for this reason I titled the final section *Serendipitous Flow*.

CLASS I | ABSTRACT RELATIONS

SECTION I |

EXISTENCE (ETHER HUMMINGS)

Sunbeams

golden

in

a

dance with you

Early spring migrant

faint

young

blue

a beautiful bird,

never seen

watching

you

grow.

something of

importance

world

wild

insects

plague

Your

garden

a single

bird

e ther  
hum-

ming

s

their

natural place.

the shadow-

of a sun

a mechanism

between

invocation and

constructor

THE SYNTAX OF

you

machine will

human code

consistent,

robust,

fewer bugs.

more bugs.

thrown away

adding

and replacing

the canvas

of primitive

selves.





APPENDIX C

I wait for you  
In

your arms,

crooning  
earth, of sentiment  
peace.

deep  
in the patience  
ground  
W e t grass  
from my Hands  
I  
understand. You

SECTION III |

QUANTITY (MILES)

```
switch(sign) {
  case ARIES:
    primitive form- dynamic,
    destructive. uncontrolled
```

of growth in spring. burst  
the renew  
Creation  
turn  
the sky

```
break;
case TAURUS:
  stubborn above The
  co r e
  in
```

SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

natural beauty.

full moon  
mother

a

spring peak

break;  
case GEMINI:

searching, pervasive  
mercurial form.

the child- in

nature

emotion

unity in spirit.

break;  
case CANCER:

sound , calm of clarity the spirit  
imaginative World : Stillness

summer solstice  
Ancient gate

break;  
case LEO:

controlled, burning  
warm contact

the height of summer,

ready  
at the

flows

break;

APPENDIX C

case VIRGO:

inner places

shape study nature, moulding changing

deep places of the earth

break;

case LIBRA:

human

curiosity

bodies

in

balance

in

life

equilibrium

harmony

peace-

in

the sun

on the horizon

break;

case SCORPIO:

calm

water s

of

the inner world,

perception

of

transformation,

understanding.

autumn is well

a

s

they regenerate

break;

case SAGITTARIUS:

purified

expansive form.

directed

refined.

spirit

of

man

and

foundation

SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

sensitivity, openness  
restlessness exploratory

character.

autumn and winter.

break;  
case CAPRICORN:

earth  
structure.  
order

calm

manner

in

solitude,

itself a  
force of nature.

proceeds into winter

break;  
case AQUARIUS:

how air frees form.  
universal  
others.

hope ,

— compassion , vision ,

there is a

presence  
water of  
desire

waves on water

break;  
case PISCES:

deep, still and calm:  
conscious.

form.

fluid  
vague  
dream  
like water,

## APPENDIX C

— a gentle  
vulnerability  
of rain

```
break;  
default:  
  • purpose variable expressions.  
  • design decisions.  
  • source material complex algorithms.  
  • fixes workarounds.  
  • further optimization or elab-  
    oration.  
  • problems, limitations, deficiencies.
```

shore and water  
migrants.  
between  
day, night.  
north south  
move a hundred miles  
several thousand.

```
break;  
}
```

### SECTION IV |

### ORDER (COMMANDMENTS)

clear standard to follow,  
solving  
conventions formatting.

predictable, maintainable, robust, sup-  
ortable, extensible.

Document interface code  
use  
implement  
maintain enhance

improve the appearance  
align  
constantly realign  
modified. waste of time.

design recognize

# SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

handle  
illustrate  
interrogate  
dispatch  
appropriate  
change  
develop  
determine  
enable  
interact  
abstract  
introduce  
allow  
know  
increment  
develop  
package  
remain  
volatile.  
extend  
free  
complete  
implement  
worry  
about  
effects.

This is the *prime directive*.

SECTION V |

NUMBER (PROGRAM LOGIC)

—a series of rules—

1. *Adhere to the origin*

4. *deviations.*

if ( 10. *familiar names.* ) {

12. *generation.*

} else if ( 15. *reversed, lowercase form*  
*Internet domain name* *root*  
*qualifier* ) {

20. *Pluralize* *related*  
*static* *or contants.*

APPENDIX C

} else {

28. *Establish and  
"throwaway"*

}

48. *stand alone.*

55. *Include examples.*

58. *Document semantics.*

61. *Avoid the end-*

64. *closing high nested  
structures.*

try {

72. *polymorph*

74. *Encapsulate*

} catch ( 83. *unchecked, exceptions  
unexpected errors  
in program logic.* ) {

66. *empty statements.*

} finally {

87. *silently absorb*

105. *volatile faces in  
ages.*

}





APPENDIX C

wind flashing

against sundown

I am a place before  
change

reddish yellow

orchard forest field an  
skins confused snake

Ash- reddish

West.— Fly-

do {

north and south , vertical  
high mountains. high among  
spruce fir summer, moving down foothills  
valleys plentiful  
weather. time  
migrating far  
near mountain tops.  
pattern  
some  
herons.  
leave nest, start  
moving. late summer  
early fall hun-  
dreds of miles

winter Toward  
go south again.

} while(true);

SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

SECTION VIII |

CAUSATION (AND LIGHT)

execution model binds  
run time  
to  
your application using software  
and tested the application.  
feed  
hang prey  
thorns barbed-  
hooked heavier, black eye  
peculiar bound  
a  
faintly barred  
divided  
light  
in winter .—  
why  
migrate,  
Heredity, instinct,  
and  
light

## CLASS II | SPACE

SECTION I |

IN GENERAL (OSPREY)

emphasize the  
 following characteristics in design, implementation, and  
 documentation :

```
void method(int j) {
    abundant
    inland
    their iridescent
    flocks seen spring.
    in.)
    coast
    and
    marshes along
    rivers.-
    wheel and
    soar , plunging
    for fish.
}
```

```
shy meadows open
fresh-water high spring air cir-
cles "drumming" sound;
concealed. Field
```

```
marshes. outside
in the open
among reeds and cattails
black wing
young Night 's song
```

```
sparrow-like
pine woods open canyons. -rose
hue;
```

over

the East

House

SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

SECTION II |

DIMENSIONS (ANCIENT PLACES)

Paradise,  
 harmony.  
 of  
 love, fruit  
of  
 sun. , or  
 essence  
moist  
 woodlands wooded swamp.  
 Young woods  
 to  
 mature forests. Salt-  
shores  
 water marshes pine woods.  
open fields,  
 western deserts. wooded park  
a city  
 is of birds  
—  
small glen  
 brook, wooded point lake, marsh, cot-  
 ton woods river.  
and  
 tropics.  
 trees  
as  
 warm May searches  
the novice  
(in flight)  
 open meadows orange-  
plowed fields,  
 all resounds.  
ov-  
 er in color  
 with  
 mudflats and beaches. –  
 deep woods. sudden spring  
 a whirring beat drumming  
 spring court  
 broad, terminal field  
 Prairie mid  
 open country.



# SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

From dreams

serenity.

silence

solace

goldenrod

lavender  
opening glories

shimmering leaves

passing

colors

moon

world

forms.

ship of light

through

dawn

## SECTION IV |

## MOTION (DASHING)

The following examples illustrate this rule  
of definition and control constructs.

```
for (int i = 0; i <= j; i++) {  
    Dashing  
    short of breath.  
    sit quietly  
    Keen-eyed move-  
ment. make yourself the  
sky. Move slowly;  
  
    along the water  
in flight. winter gray white  
    Red-throat  
    small reddish  
    Arc  
  
    in summer. :  
}
```

APPENDIX C

brilliant colors

summer,

always brighter.

in flight

, white trailing edge

downward

smaller

graceful,

forked

slender wings.

plum-

met headlong

into the

colorful

dusk

deeply

red

and

-light

and

Rose

black



SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

CLASS III | MATTER

SECTION I |

IN GENERAL (ELEMENTS)

elemental chimera s  
 storms, s and natural land sea  
 force . art of  
 warm-  
 flock on  
 cherries mulberries. Watch wide yellow  
 gray  
 bright cinnamon  
 base  
 in  
 irregular unpredictable  
 mys-  
 tery.—  
 four terrestrial  
 elements. the  
 fifth , ether —  
 manifestations  
 of  
 thought  
 Ibises  
 and  
 kings in  
 the after-life.

SECTION II |

INORGANIC (RUBY)

SUBSECTION 1 |

SOLIDS

/\*\*  
 \* Ruby- Hum  
 \* gems of beauty marvels  
 \* motionless,  
 \* bright tubes hung  
 \* gardens.

APPENDIX C

\*  
 \* my palm  
 \* eyes  
 \*  
 \* Collapsed  
 \* lands  
 \*  
 \* fitful child  
 \*  
 \* king  
 \* for a steady  
 \* noise  
 \*  
 \* lightning  
 \* figure  
 \* leaves in the  
 \* evening. perched  
 \* and weaving  
 \* with  
 \*  
 \* no reason  
 \*  
 \* @see  
 \* @since  
 \* @deprecated  
 \*/

SUBSECTION 2 |

FLUIDS

a fish  
 in deluge.  
 Man  
 with  
 the seed of  
 the ocean  
 submerged  
 above the water  
 its beauty  
 stands  
 in  
 clarity of light

SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

float in  
the birth

g r and  
in  
beauty  
within a sun

willows  
nettles atmospheres

wish a  
sparkling nothing in

r ain.  
of being.

waiting in glass  
light  
storm s

Rain

along seams

being

Home

a breeze  
repeat

ing through  
Canals

ships  
under  
watch  
ing flowers

I'll be the summer

APPENDIX C

SECTION III |

ORGANIC (HERON)

SUBSECTION 1 |

VITALITY

a slow, regular beat.  
low-pitched

m other heron

beating air irregular diving  
splash emerging in  
ragged crest,  
rattling

Out of night a plateau

the light dropping

Dropping melt under the light

dream over plains the trees  
(of shadow )

of that promise  
graceful  
cross

ing

mystic

darkness

It can be  
lightness  
reach for the sun

SUBSECTION 2 |

SENSATION

soaring open. the woods,

maneuver thick brush. Sharp-

-tipped light



APPENDIX C

CLASS IV | INTELLECT

SECTION I | FORMATION OF IDEAS (CLOUDS AND MIST)

clouds formed of  
yin yang  
peace  
shrouded  
the world.

streaked long,  
up down field  
Song melodious, varied  
early spring,  
Song of hedgerows, shrubbery,  
fields.

in clouds hills  
a sundress in  
rain resting  
blooming

cotton  
love lily  
in light, a may  
deluge.

blue skies with  
gold rain over  
the forest

birthing  
my memory

plumage musical song mimicry. Sunlight  
rain

# SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

(in spring  
summer) yellow .  
dark  
(in winter) speckled  
with white.—  
red  
dusk heavy streak  
Pacific coast deep  
red  
marsh  
reeds cattails. gather  
flocks fall, winter,  
spring.—

## SECTION II | COMMUNICATION OF IDEAS (OTHER NATURALS)

```
void handleMessage(Message message) {  
  
    DataInput content = message.getDataInput();  
    int messageType = content.readInt();  
  
    switch(messageType) {  
  
        case WARNING:  
            symbols appear  
  
            interwoven emerge  
                illogical -like  
                    Surreal  
                        Secret s  
  
            break;  
        case ERROR:  
            examples of correct, and sometimes  
            incorrect, use. the same pattern  
  
            full color  
                keys  
  
            common  
  
            concise
```

APPENDIX C

life. detailed voluminous data  
wholeheart impossible task  
other natural s.

piled com-  
tion migra-

birds unusual knowledge of  
talent.

hope fuller more attractive  
break;  
default:

flow  
of butterfly  
fever s

in mirage s  
above

the net of her w i n t e r

tarot

Apologies

trees sun down again,  
crawl on time

retreat but

before you go, tell me  
break;

}

}



SERENDIPITOUS FLOW

land  
a mural of  
a faded  
memory  
a joy on  
My fingers feel  
ing the sky  
a faint  
moment of self,  
the subtle afternoon  
motes between light .  
heat  
along the  
idea a  
figure you follow .  
furrowed land  
winds blow  
reach for yourself  
in the right place  
And search in  
shadowed light  
In that world ,  
There is always more joy







# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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FIGURE 1 | *Man in his natural habitat*

Ben Buchanan is a poet, Computer Science undergraduate, cashier, music enthusiast, and human being living in the Binghamton area of Southern Tier, New York. He can be seen above, enjoying a sunny May afternoon.

His last published set of poems, *Babylon Effect*, has sold over 7 copies as of the time of this volume's publication. Quite the achievement.

Feel free to contact Ben either through email ([bsbuchanan99@gmail.com](mailto:bsbuchanan99@gmail.com)), or through Instagram (@ben\_writes\_poems). Many thanks again to Ashley Markowicz ([b.a.markowicz@gmail.com](mailto:b.a.markowicz@gmail.com) | @flowingrooted) for her words appearing in Appendix B of this book.

Thank you for reading.

