

THE SPINAL VOCAL ANIMAL

Will the right hand and the alien love hand
still love each other in echo

Fine, you can leave but leaving a part
of saddlebags, marred places on me

Anything in frozen speech moves this limb
to muse or refusal, alternate feet
broken open, as a tune finds fulfillment
out of a speaker somewhere. The n'ests
bed down, as the speakers bed down
philanthrophy my right arm gust of wind

As for imitation,
I see you move in this light which is no light
But synthesized music

To bear arms, to
discuss the options over imported beer
Steeled teeth against that which is hidden from me

A field, its flowers at my feet,
Here is an illuminating comment
Were prices rising or falling, your hair dark or
bleached? My hemline rising or falling?

Only pretending
The demolished building falls as the man
breaks his leg, or the undigested syllable
coughs out a slight indentation. Coat caught.
Doorways anticipate a thinktank
within reason. Within reason my torso
to be seen or is turning to address your figured glance.

A COMMONS

The crabs-in-a-barrel model of artistic involvement
has reached the apex of its use
as an individual winds her clock or esophagus

Guttering syllables, the bereft machine in hindsight
a hydroponic failure, or less. Had a short leash
on that fringe, those friends gathered in surrogate

Plug in! For metal baubles release the hounds' sight
I'm talking about a real degenerate public park, yes
trash strewn around. And someone comes to lift you up

How a commons grows, not a calm rows ascending
influential diadems, nor knocking the heads off
statues. Nor nor, a self-reported sadness

In whose hands delighted the surrogates, storm-and-drain
gatekeepers, pretending to be born? I was
split from the start, warm opposition with

soft hands. The line forms and we join the
pejorocracy, to destroy waking pilgrims
Keep looking forward without ever understanding

Ice cream melts in a float? Felt happiness,
brittle as silk tongs. What was it joined to, what
presence cast a ghostly tongue over that song?

MY ORGANELLES MONITORED AS A SINGLE UNIT

(for Frederick Goddard Tuckerman and Brenda Iijima)

Under crest or tower, replacing what they speak
with spoken, turn the lid of a jar. Unlike
monkey-mind, your arm coming toward my peripheral
field of unfolding, the small of my back
oriented to the sun going down. As robots
crested that wave across crossing out the signs
unfold this way” said Heather, the packages confirming
as last Sunday the deaf ear rose to meet this
child coming forward, undulant and plain-spoken, “What is the
everywhere, glancing off of dualist coffee mug or
concrete (what variety), proprietors fear this spot of rust.

O let them be left, wildness and wet

pitched forth onto a layer of thin green blades
as operational the romantic self splitting
a little afraid of him” but more a salad shooter for
situations elsewhere, at other times, in paint
or intaglio. That’s how in the future rust will
bloom, your words coalesce like gnats obscuring streetlamp
strains against plastic cable running down the length of
ambient noise. Those same puritans
pounding thuglike on the doors again, after the game.

The house I retire to has lyric but no private words
as an oxygen molecule breathed by George Washington moves through
figure of desire replaced by hierarchical
minibike or weed-wacker. What then, box hedge, what
then, new car smell? Funeral attendants
move homeward, in looking toward this overturning. People
who can trust the state and digest euphemism?
Blood rushing through vesicles, they apprehend the rust,
which is part of me. The fir on the corner, the curl
of the crest in bone, or sound of the uncut
grass. Who refuses to mow that.