

in the now of unloved

the low fields were ripe with our unveiling
as we felt around the walls in blind midnight
knowing how little concrete pillows remain soft
with eternal blinking unable to conform us

it may be how we dream that consoles the committed
and if that's true
these moments are the epitome
of a summit of muted responses

i carry these on a journey
before the long song begins
but not ahead of the over-poured goblet

no sense in counting
no sense in sanctifying
no sense is making whole

just look at what the recent day sacrifices

soprano saxophone

into wrench-welded sandwich
starch is an ingredient donated by
sullen moonshine of your crescent body
reverberating egg slides simple delicate lie

accusing landscape of infinity in its role
a guilt made into all the fuss
the act of

excess denied to the suits
another smile disguised as manipulation

a child who understands

an austere notion of one

she was born with a hole in her heart
so heartbreak was nothing new
her balance was an impropriety
best practiced with hooves in boots
like leisure staged for profit

in the afternoon we will seethe
smell comfort when laying with dogs
like they do in new york city

my voice is climbing
fragrance arriving from trees
how long has it been since we crawled from the ocean?

since birth her heart had been busy beating
no difference to me
i was born outside
like a turtle in the sand

reproducing like ants
mother nature has just begun
all the crying in the world
smiles smiles similes