

**all these [jazz\_]**

—for Floris Jaspers

i)

assume a city [ assume this one ] a  
shape thereof, tear  
into strips [insideout]—one octave  
urban dust

( *genre de ressemblance:*  
*that which resembles the case*  
*but is not the case* )

& behold my suffering [ : agape ]—how  
what we adore, again  
takes hold in our adoration

( *continue an isopleth : an*  
*edge will force it finite*  
*in bear clawed closure* )

i pray for eloquence, you smear  
horizons into carboniferous might  
repeat with a world [ this one ] & then

do the body

ii)

this body remains implicitly free  
of angularity as when we  
approached our limits—the black  
plane likened to a continent

of course there is a sun, slides  
into the network—a register that  
makes its mark indeed  
not a surface withstands

( *the lyrical trajectories*  
*the super charged expanse* )

so i with you :

the stagnant as appearance & all  
our disintegration collective