

Zachary Scott Hamilton

Tonalli's Donut Shop

(Ne 28th and Alberta)

The streets wander in, laughing. Through a window you can watch passengers from a reflection in the sun, cotton candy movements. Small scale laundry-mat tubes drop from the ceiling eroding into halves three times above me. One segment of the room lets down a corner before straightening and collapsing out. The Asians smoke in one corner of time, girls from Europe eat silent food tucked in stripes and books. The workers move with all of their body parts at once, describing areas of the room with bleached rags in segments of muscle memory. My head is a shaft of electricity, blubber fat and nervous cellular, abrupt in the fourth center, one node that should start our four corners we use to create the snail shell.

A metronome of fact burns underneath the soda machine, menacing buzz truths at us with a verve in its song noise. The people leak the sun into each other out there, wired telephone conversations crossing through every one of them. Birds before the clouds, trees before the birds, telephone wires before the trees, phone poles before the telephone wires, newspaper boxes before the phone poles, yellow awning before the newspaper box, posters on the windows before the yellow awning and then Europeans and then there is me, an amoeba shelled in a donut shop.

Cur.tain

i.

We've seen armchairs yarned in factories
as they take away great grandmother
with cancer of the lungs, a string of long
fluid woven into her assembly

apt for a tapestry, a long room
that is woven of her memorized thread of choice.

A Volta television swamp floats until breath emerges
gentleman like, heated from its length of rope nerve.
Six looping pythons in one belt

4:44, a tilted mirror and
a bookshelf.

iii. Theat.rics doub.led (/when spoken to/) four.teen mirr.ors

The radio has got to quit following people
into my secrets – I have seen the evidence of other shadows doubling
with these voices on the radio.

A four head of micron,
swallowing outer arm crazy springs.
Our life hair challenges them,

Marquis Sylvania, an albatross equilibrium. Harsh bone
puzzle hands twinkle down, to plant
a Hammond organ growing from the soil

(hours) plastic touching our childhood.

He can play very well,
his fingers ripe, his hands
potatoes,
a harm of fire towers
giving birth.
The year is reconsidered
from a palace in the rosemary

our mice neighbors twinkle fingers up
proposed leaf (/) long shapes in hand-assembly.

The shouting, undressing old pin point swing sets singing a shallow end of the swamp

our pearl necklace –
ink warped leaf fabric

somehow
diamond's
connected
rude shelters, but argyle (deceased) +program.

Four headed television rug
arcs to the necklace pillow butter, luminous
hallows inside letters chiseled of ice weave,

foam reflection –
lamp shade on lamp shade,
tan pillow case, mirror maze.

ii.

A fragile, breakable exhale comes in
through a python repetition of half eyes.

The silk in my feeling
is spinning anchors –
one way spatial relations,

a low cloud stripes up sticks,
a life can be a lovely beginning.

A lewd, distracted light emerges,
I am resting the speaker to your velvet thigh
all rosemary arranged in radio, red language.

Sand Library

Saturday night sky was a bloom with rose kites of place. Walking into a green book cover stitched together out of soft thread, a micro-tape silhouette beneath the moment, sound pours within, a little river carved from the roof top into a silver horse shoe pond running through the attic (Molecule)

A series of hands run along the tapestries beneath the mountain, a capturing of sleep from under the rust oxide fabrics of time. The loosening purpose, [eyes,] ripe with reflection and studying instructor lines of Delta patterns; only so much picture can be made of, since a room is golden marble, stacked in geometry. Five little rooms (inside each other) for lives to grow source, flat in moss, grown in mushrooms. A weaving world of challenges and insects. Windows form in windows again, once the walls disrobe those deep wood lines –

They've got to have membranes in walls or stuff gets broken, they've got to move, bend and be broken over and then grow again just like before – otherwise the house dries up and crumbles. The house (five times) crumbles and falls through mountain, and through tapestries. Alone. One clock swinging open.