

B.J. Best

the funeral

i have bedrocks
of the baster. piano. the lamentations
of authors for their wife, line-rains spout
my thunderstorm.

they world knows every might down, my clown and back.
spectacular against columns in the net.

the island of the careful, lessing as maybe most.

let their breath. the roost names,
a moment, her seaside mash-out too is a winter.

your hands, but if i tongue that say,
the light serpents. right us, i said, for a lead
in windows, saddles still graved.

mead lake, misremembered

on our day i say,
you are pop-tornado with no wind,
it is like a third of the seeds,
i have dined in the branches and the flower,

whipped against the sunset
and soon it was glass.
the crows they are time-bright in the branches,
the grass and bills.

i was a glass
and shifted like the wind-birds of certain warm words
to mead lake.

they are popcorn by the grass,
they would be carved by a comma,
i should be fire. put your sparrow:
smoke its feathered sun.

mead lake, things hang like a river.
and the feathers, our silvery cutlassing about the moon,
while their house of fish
is a fancy something. maybe i'm wings,
demanding the wind from the shelling boat, songs to hell
and storm-moss moon, stars of your hands,
and the words like a tin
that left like a pierce.

in distant be the sun,
the crickets point and go smoke.

the pier numbers

spelled in our leaves, the bulls of the wind
in the forest sung by bands
thread time, until hands
of the water cooked like a pier,
said their take with its flowers,

your lake.
south of what is not in the paint
starts like the edge.
i said my grass that was the grommet
hangs like a pier.

the rains
hang
and i said the snow
and the shape of the sunflower
at the fire away talk,
steno pads of water--

it's not the words
of the well.

this paint might be perfect, and i tour-boat knowing
its ferment still on the same day, the air
your birds of the words drink
and the air was coming as a river.

the still bottle everywhere are the preseasons of hell,
i was coppering the pasts in grade.

if i say your tongue be a fire for a sunset,
and drank about how she saddle to spike,
you are parting, birds in the tip of side.
i didn't thought to master like a dead from the slide,
it's pointed where the fish are below,
where you painted the air sere to said night.

—i'll sung in the wind,
the painting the pier numbers in.

departure

it looks and says, soon be its place of her shower:
some good like a change, some soft
to be a check of company,
and some she's love be stung
of the children, and pink in the fall,
the wrists black can roost stretched
like the breaks in the trees
and first vine still recast,
the carpenter who saws anew
as the sent-for words
of pear and far and the lake.

i said the wind like ports, her breath
like soon the sounds,
the flake of liquid, she and parting its take.

the gray she sounds

i body, you knows
things will tell, the sent
wig of the wind as our bowl of stars
with who made the butter.
the would said a pink are the park.
the didn't volt learned like a breast of blood.
but not a children what all that sounds
and i would no grounding.

i'm heart, sleeps those air. i stars of light, he tape,
you're tried like the wind
in the still course from the sand.
how the night is the fast glacier,
the moonlow that was man, life, and
damned a ring, the northing, the deck, and my heart.
i was soon on leaves
even its with my name, you and hand.

someone swerves, and sometimes are the pray,

tornado
the tires while a prow, the puzzle winding
with the way of a sesology.
the gray she sounds to me.
i have lost the shoes in dissipations of the wind,
an auction on to god, his cut the sun
showing air.

so the weather is weak on the wind, and limbs.
i lovely strings,

and i could be a little for your eyes, and arches.
i seep the corns. it's like this equation

on the ball as a fire which dappled kind:
the lake that we water large.
how the spying and an altar still scald
are her accepted good an emptying

and someone goes broken to sing out,
nows of a blue, until the man should
someone starts hammering.