

William Erickson

Sinking Shooting Sinking

I was at a shooting range  
on a boat in the Arctic  
ocean thinking: "this  
probably shouldn't work."

In the end, it is always  
the ice with the secrets,  
how it encloses even  
before going ocean.

People think that these  
bullets do wonders,  
that that water isn't just  
the blood being born.

How to make ASMR at work

Cut mirrors all day  
and come home with  
glass in your pockets.

Suddenly, you know  
what it's like to carry  
yourself in a handful  
of pieces.

A meridian response  
from plucking one's  
self in slivers from  
fingertip skin.

If you can touch  
without hurting  
you are not ghost  
enough to live  
in reflections.

You have not left,  
or have not gone  
bird enough to  
be here lightly.

There are three parts  
to a window.  
One: the inside.  
One other: the out.

## Comedy Night

I'll never forget the one about  
the notorious cloud of hummingbird.  
It came like arrows.  
It rained a rain of vengeance.  
Its rain ran through the hearts  
of people beating behind ribs.  
Beating and beating their entire  
lives right out of them, and  
when it stopped beating  
that was it, a ghost.  
Do you see now why  
I don't think blood  
can stand for death?

Inventions Pt. 72

I invent how you see  
with your eyes as if  
this is all your invention,  
the world beginning  
from the nowhere  
of your pupils  
and flowering  
and flowering.

You see me, and I become.  
You see the way I'm seeing  
how we're pinholes  
in a bright spot.

It was a hard, hard day

After a very hard day  
at our jobs we stood  
in the kitchen deciding,  
but neither of us could.  
We made some very  
good money, I said.  
And some very good  
friends.

But all we really made  
were saddles for miniature  
horses that children  
of the especially rich  
would ride on their  
birthdays.

They'd ride into  
papery sunsets  
painted fantastically  
by the local eccentric.

They'd ride wearing spurs  
how they dug in the hide.

This is the perfect example  
of making love like the love  
that you make is your last  
leg to stand on.