

Zachary Scott Hamilton

SHARE YOUR SILHOUETTE WITH ME

|I.|

We've arrived at ten o' clock, stained glass in a tongue table, we sort genes from within sift and surf – in our shallow decay, laughing roses spilling out neon worms, we live along a “Sorry, We're Closed, Yes! We're Open!” Sign, tubed in our sleeping quarters and a yo-yo thin dawn – withering juice – lines of thread drip window from the sweater of the onlooker.

Growing a fertile pathway in a mattress, every fog is a cobble-stone clock, empty fur of flight, kale seed drifting in thunder. Crochet-needle-deep, a spirit driven to safety by Portuguese eels

|II.|

In the flight of a symphony, the ruby notations are a calm stitching of wings. Neon leaks in, to touch these shadows. Burgamot steps leading shadows up cotton tail lights, steady pictures in the rose, beyond their diffused roots reach for the wooden ladder of nasturtiums, and Saint Johns Wort near an entry-way, morning pressed. Dreamed by hands, emerged on ladders, Chlorophyll in TV's, leaking from a house, four eyes, mint in the dream of a Cadillac converter with steaks pressed down on the tin foil roof, hammer raised high. A window door frequency installs perception thick in mediocre memory, but eyes are not the only serpents and littered Kangaroos that party in the back of the hat. More TV's against the county-fair, six donkey's wings are Willows, six donkey's wings are Sycamores. Children climb horizontal – a fort inside of those wings, sending wires out to play telephone with Grouse – six with ruby lunch in a paper sun, overflowed from the pockets of sunlight pouring down whisper onto alleyway. Glass and rabbits rise in pulleys to the surface of our dawn, through electric wires, sent in (Morse code,) to the tree house window, eight notice the fiber-optic birds, chasing out donkeys from an oak habitat. Nine at the edge blur that comes with a distance, in a magnified flower Rolling into the stairway of a geranium blossom – our eyesight horizon. Ten ruin birds, sent laughing in the reflection of the galactic centre, this neon motion, rusted alloy of rose petals – razor blades, knives. Breaking Reishi lamp shades in their paintings, hanging rose, from room to room. The skillful infrastructure of the rain in the hang-gliders, up in flowers, down in crashes. A damp, orange satellite, high perched neck line of catacombs, not yet ruined by the Albatross.

|III.|

Of herds, an ice, an orange nesting
pearl of nightmares, alone.
String along chalk. All
sheep wings
going inside a floor.
Down bath,
on elevator curls. Her hair is a diamond knife in winter steps,
a long whisper,
a bridge of leaf and socks – under a tear a skin and hands a wind.

Her neck is frozen centaur, and wings of necklace, and knots of thread at her spine,
making half of the world scissors, shaken down by the rust on warped fins, the ship sails lasers.
A turtle sky,
unfinished by marble,
and pearl stalactites,
the peddlers
on string, a star,
or fish in this glass maze –

|IV. |

Shout ribbons to the thought brigade, dressed in a dinosaur rosary.
The same movement whistled at the ceremony, dithering La Cruz, for we, we dine now with the roses, sleeping over
so symbolically

beneath the pure form of gold –
Twice emptied in the yellow horizon, lifts entering space, turning amongst our favorite selves, private unearthing.
Tea kettle, and

cups, down there, where rest remains – exiting – we are paper, letters of the alphabet, we are earth again, entering
not afraid to form our minds to bells

|V. |

There, a snow fox drifts. A Mexican-soft-paper-maze we boat to, sewn in the breeze. The safety maze, poplar
buildings – entrance speaker in mirrored nasturtiums, in shadow, a blurred on “three extra” Red to left over, Lake
Oswego, cross. A three transversal-satellite-copper. Auto body recording in fast wings

No parking on the eight minds of compost generation – right turn to dolphin inks. The cigarette is separate of moss
and microscopic they grow and during glass fields. The chewing parade is fertile flights of G street purple, barking
yellow flags in pebbles, receiving statue/ mail.

|VI. |

The concepts of an eating station were emerging Two-tone vile segment
inching along the alabaster weekends, merged with birds to men.

The chair leaks out of my hand. I am an orphan sail in this cathedral
of lights – whispers, the language of these rooms

A girl once watched me enter from shadows. Her pastel Rosemary, her scrutiny, stuck into the wood of the table
her aluminum body, razor sharp against the clocks that I had brought with me.
Paper confetti birds lighting the room.

|VII.|

A wheeled in playground of children – pure neon and stitched with the parade, lit in needles. Costume light for poor-cabled-donkeys-hair.

A static that brought down the moon, those tilted machines hang
ice pinball

in spring, a loaded dawn – tubes of our homes glow, a shower crushed of glitter jungles, fruit of stereo boats, and peel a chair now. Shape crimson viper digital storms, and clocks to cartoon strip background. The bridge, over a leak in diamond, you have a plethora of characters to chose from, a “Cosmetic Motion Site”, the palace mirrors designed to be inverted with wired geometry and wolves.

T.V. ho.ur-spade,
inside my wrist watch
shoveling weeds, quiet, couldn't grow in the ivy of twelve hours, a switching of skies that 'stage hands' adjust,
or fish

swimming around a school yard.

Calculations pass over our sleeping.

Umbrellas open to the flooded towns we rise from.
Lingering in a string bag under caged oceans. A new collection of salt has arrived.

“Posing near the remains” of an old storm – Arguments turn the TV show inward.
Wrestling the television in a rink,
the hammers tucked in conversation.
Long indications, woven when spoken.

Their military tongue is a calm storm, places where

Hexagram theaters are remembered, blind in willow tree walls,
hairs emerging through basket woven skies,

the rolling lake of mirrors on the ground

reflecting shattered marble crypts,
and casual heart beat of root push Eucalyptus birds from a tapestry of beaks.

They clutch yarn at the entry of their cave,
maybe eating colors of this moment
Passion flower, granny smith, Amazon –

Crochet needles “shoe-scuff” across the crack in a tile,

elongated skeletons emerge from ivy; skeletons that hold birdies up,
strumming to the sky.