

N Amara

a large vase of carrion masthead
of all numbers in sequential leaves and
dark pages the thoughts and this
ample quickening the lurid parts stick
out and squander there are laughters that
breed and curtains in their way out I
limb along a broken pine I travel in
situations of guilt piercing symptoms
with their locks the leafing into the
present like water boil in several
points the amassing shakes and
longer panes of stillness haunt

they travel way out in a darkness liberal
with split cuts down and around this
bend in the cave the lit signs are langouring
eternal ash wandering lessening the crude
ovals of our faces until we amalgam
into a noise

put down now the utterances implacable meandering
this tape I feel affixed along the rough wall
leading into the insufferable dull

let twin lenses to rot walls of sifting paper
a ligature in a fixed I enter mirrored den
tapper on a gate window listener read and type
moons of bright light pitches in a voice
are levels down the arm like a blind probe
cool wanting to follow eye lists and taunting
fixtures of humans sweat the ground a
setting bag air becomes the foyer our
heads hit crooked molding

its awful bright
down here
for critters
their dust
stops to
whisper

alien but
still thoughts
their walls
capital start
gears whisper
in terms of
want

placating in
terms
syllabic
forms of hurting
retaining hurt

pressure down
delights in
tripping crumbs
shedding from
the day

they select the
air
from their dusts
small eyes
harden

pacing and piercing
mandated
having to be having
to be
able

erase in
violence

poignant
haggard their
skeletons
air chasing in

eyes lidded
sore soled
patched up
yesterday was
footnotes
all the trotting

headlong into
interests
sidelong loading
selves into
pitch

of clipping
of certainty
there is
dull
severance

a forger's quarreling
scattering
picking
whispers among selves
again working
into bright