

Billy Cancel

a 3rd team of white oxen & angels plough alongside us
beneath sucker state's mad canopy no intentional slapstick as
yet thank fuck. tectonic-summer you were there powerless
structure you were recall in the precinct how "we're only
transmitting shopper's aggregate data" meant reassurance?
too sweet for minimalism too hard for pop even in slumberland
this fragility triggers aggression which is why i'm on the pile
driver right now installing a cushion wedge. songs of grace
proceeded to make overcautious formal choices i.e "military
lamb dead wheel & i sat in winter clay works heard dumb
shapes screeching agreed there was a sourness here."
appropriately an ancient free standing celtic cross marks
the site *this is a good year fruitful in woods & field* but
sorrowful with pestilence the usual spring of water appears
at least can't beat it. at deep seam academy got outfoxed
sizzled in our own pattern storm a lesson in perspective
dropped the ball in a building riddled with listening devices. if
yellow black horizontal blocks fill-freeze the upper tier i'll burn
driftwood down along the creek until the sun is lost behind the
trees & polka dots diagonal silver lines web the clean middle.

traced here by coins i used across vast geometric dirtscapes

watered a dead stick 'til it bore red moss.

recollected fragments
from plantation verandahs got loose from the jug loose from
cold stone anchor.

lured ashore by fantom lites backwoods-
economy body as gangland reason foxe's mouths are sharp
on state line hill.

as self-appointed saint of wasted places countless
times i beckon good people of the reduce up on stage.

met my
annual eradication target but was still trusted to allow leaves &
grass to move.

“the anxiety thread between crystal city ghosts cedar
valley ghosts is an oath so take your mad dog to drink at the well
baptize yourself in the ditch.”

“sleep flushed in blue tissue rain one day
twilight will tip blue Shock-Bloom SHOCK-BLOOM for thine
is the spring tide sand bank & the estuary reflooding recovered i am
no freak control.”

ways that are fragile ways that are bright

welded star patterns unfamiliar major key
short time between drinks tour of the vision
encoding translating from moss hanging branch
never had a winter house have a summer now
theoretical battlegrounds only *between a rock*
& a soft saturday night shows tuesday wearing
silver face paint am praying before the sea was
once saved from death by a wild boar on a hunt by
the appearance of a child

CIRCUMPOLAR-YOU

MAKE

THE

VILLAGE

LAMPS

AT

MIDNIGHT

SMILE

OH

CIRCUMPOLAR

a window full of face each starry night long?
give her some ham a digital clock mississippi
county farm technical chore songs redemption
that don't disrupt work flow both low hanging
fruit & subject to search *advised my friend*
telstar who kept a house of thin men before
strong-heart-road-trip-blue-white-hill-glass-
hospice where she sings cold mouth prayers
& tells me red shark at the bottom of the bottle
this is how i won the big game unleashed still
flapping all about daytona beach soon lapsed
into sad work upon street called tower went
bad in own shoes aggregate of edge no casual
nexus catch word open hander fed me crow
i drew the teeth from monday bread & butter
cut frost line tightened for the good citizens
of medical lake this will be their 3 o'clock
shadow stuffed you drink from incandescent cup
pull summer up red wet hills all the way
back to your citrus avocado pit

bloody ways that are fucking dark

purple black storm purple green swamp
horrible swaying trees bits of marsh gas
forming balls of flame bouncing about
wet edge between rushing clouds moon
running this parish. fire ripped through
my church up the estuary late last night
moved the dinner party onto the lawn
but it didn't piss down each time a pig
squealed like now TOXIC CENTRAL
YELLOW SPLIT RIPS HEAVY ORANGE
HOLE marsh marigold yellow violet
fringe yellow star grass amaryllis red trillum
camellia molinia blue water leaf dephimon
my church i painted x-x-x-x-x-x-devil's
rope-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-x-i set 'round-x-
x-x-x-x-x-x-my rectory-x-x-x-x-x-x-
x-x-playground i built no kids / let loose
my dogs / cardboard figures my wooden
choir no fog wind rain no congregation

in the rawscape a proximity grouping joined
it's union we got 1998 back over-elevated idea
younghinged during batting practice no doubt
will sing to the feds space spike concentrate
chapter 3 can nothing save us from being turned
out this bitter winter with our little all she-devil
on wheels younpacked in the harsh lands beneath
disruptive camouflage space spike concentrate
chicane focus bless this no doubt i'll ask for
brooklyn get given boston & join you at midway
point of your protracted struggle. a series of crowds
stretching your mask no hotel bar proving
decisive. *loose intimate word strings your*
only range. inside aggressive temples you'll
represent butterflies faded murals. in spaces
littered with abandoned skills stacked high your
whining freight. thanks known decoy for access
to the worst am no secret drone come tonight to
warn you & guess what gouged bloom uneven
flow means no symphonic output.