

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.