

Zachary Scott Hamilton

Row Boat Wingspan

(i.) ENTER IN WARM GREY

Passion flower is always an old photograph rambler when on a ship, where spacemen dance in too too's, blending up their pink frosting so we can work on their image in a darkroom-
Piecing umbrellas together out of circuitry, and gear motors the Ottawa ships drift south, on their waxed sails, a black bird, sinking through the clouds for a nice atrium, or the clock towers, or a barn to scoot up against - A pearl necklace of nights these ships swarm through, lichen creatures, to spread the days into a captains half calculated equations - now songs our team wrote, using maps for the details -

(ii.) BUS RIDE

Curved enthusiasm, wrapped along the heart, as a coral snake - poised gently beneath shell fish sleep -
A triangular shadow converges into a rug of light reflecting laughter in the concrete, and a diagonal sunlight erodes away at the toilet paper holder, back and forth with the pencil markings, a paper bird with nails.

Rolling dots, square of earth, the neon line sprayed in the cobblestone, most of them made of black moss, climbing to the towers -
hummingbird machine berries from a newspaper the man reads, slightly green to yellow falling off, into their cash machines: trucks, throats, Stieglitz in their construction -
parked in a pink Cadillac behind Portlandia water fountains, shirtless, squeezing their fists -
Filming their stage -

A cup of coffee and a hidden cloud, and a bridge of wires behind a hand and a football ring - green hat, a small tree, rolling shadows meshed through the street - sail boats emerge from within the iron - lurking freight - graffiti letters to the sea. Giant pillars and silhouettes, a design erodes to another - Paved, then sunlight curved gently - perched in a holiday confusion of skeletons we were to use as sky, but changed tempo- breathed new colors - new granite sculptures of family- in line with a reason to soar with maple leaves as brushes - and press the water toward a center, and let the sun sculpt her hair into a room of bubble tea - You look like your names, maple leaves, relaxed to the music, speaking stories into the roots for a brief memory, selected as static.

A wine cellar, unearthed as Yokohama digs for painted islands, and circuiting for prayer - the final tree into the havens -

(iii.) THIS IS THE STORM OF IDEAS

Most overlaid, stacked in rhythm
To the steps and progression
Of her hands – the same
Lined in corn. A gray dove
flies low to inspect in
It's most delighted and
Tricky camouflage, the bird
Calls going off above.
Circles of bass layers,
Eyes folded and looking
Deeply into the creation
Of its uncurled hands,
The same hands, pointing

Towards a self, tucked
Deeply and smoking a
Little bit of its voice
Snuck up and exposed.
Pressing in and handing
Out, folded and talking
Back all the hairs,
Drawing attention to a
Camera swinging –
Clutching and resting
Ringed and controlling –
Forming around books,
Plants they are, dancing –
Operated, and operating –

Hands held high and
Delivering

–
And through a window
Fingers woven in double,
Their flooded brains –
Glass towers, where
The socket wrench
Is god and light
Hangs in a canopy

And children dance
Very well, shimmies,
Stomps, hair that is
A flame without meaning,

arms dusting at the
air, throwing the
air a football and
tugging down the
oars –
a socket wrench
is king here in

the skylight motel,
all circuits will
whisper the planet has
woven together and
now we must dance

like glory hasn't

met us yet

in a dream –

(iv.) Rowboat Wingspan

The machine tubes bundled into a context that could be explained as figure eight and venom, a collected serpent running into tracks.

Since running of its tracks in South Dakota, the rainbow apparatus, rented to me from the community college has been caught in the crossfire of winds coming off of the pacific ocean. I drink a concoction of the Russian alphabet, and Swahili – a mix of Tennessee and splitting hairs – Inside the robe as setting, my piece of work appears before me, in my velvet dressing room – The train, sixty cars from south Havre, to North Dakota (something like that,) stretched like a shiver in a photocopy goes by – A witch, hungover, sleeps on her old broom, and flies through the windows, laughing light speed, even in her haggard sleep –

A team of analysts try conceiving of hair, tearing back the instincts they all tend to have about hair, and instead conceiving of “it” as a notion –

Overgrown brush by the railway, as I am stood near the tracks, are pulled up by hand. I begin to swallow them with lunch – I roll the diamonds around inside my velvet robe – gum in hand, mustache me –

Shrugging off the dream in front, I am now lurching forward, toward you.

You are the environments “escalator of my nausea” as it were – you are my nostalgia, and my nightingale, with a row boat wingspan –

The only phrase you seem to understand is the one written over the walls of this city, and reads as follows

“Grow food, stickers!”

Now glazed in the suns reflection, the kind that warps windows into eatable language, i.e. the four way window pane of the sixties –

I get a head full off these buildings, my face for walls – my sash for streets that I can fling aside vehicles with, the ants and spiders –

But, I think as I walk away, do not give up –

(v.) Posture

Her gold fish silhouette of hair curls fallen leaves to the sidewalk, in the edges there a sunlight sinking into the veins of the cities, like leaves, they climb into the root, like skeleton branches turning a century by the mouths, full of cellphone wires, dark cable communicating to spit away texture. Pathways of our collecting machines, pull in stems, and seeds, through a Hi cube, run down along its chassis –

A fifteen minute long exposure, a lifetime searching through mazes of guitar strings and keys on the piano, to select our ceiling – a floor and entry way into her body

Shared Thread

I write to you from the cranky neck of my wife (e.) The year is 1777, and Sasha enters obelisk geometries of Josie City, with a snail's pace –
She is biting me – Small, blurring German dolls, at the curvatures of her eyebrows; she is looking at the lake, it used to be a clock. We don't want to look at flat black, it's scaring her and me to sleep – Snail trails of chipped, gold skeleton keys daisy chain beneath her, amidst this “orangutan logic” she has tucked, and partitioned with laudanum. I rub my eye, and struggle to rub my eyebrows against hers –

The slime is a mauve, and golden reflection, displayed as multiple bulbs of light, they act in the way stars do, to retrace her steps; stars, so intent that she tucks deeper, unknowingly, as she lingers to a shop window, handling the skeletons in her pocket. I dream country roads until morning, on foot, finding poor, rusted housing –

Twelve inch Sasha, I find out, through research at a public Library (hidden in the back with the manifestos,) has written the most accurate account of my life. I find this out in the year 1666, through the Montague Publishing Archives.

~ Ape trains, rushing through town, dividing mental street from shoes, and it's hard to feel like a beast in these shoes ~

The next week I find her grave (at the cemetery in Paris,) on my way to Prague to teach about the innovative filtration systems of the northern Gypsy, blending down from the bent silk and alignment all string ~ I meet Sasha the next day, in Germany, near a Doll factory, where Steffen and wheeler dolls are produced. She is reluctant to speak, but after some technical ranting on my part, she finally says her name, and this:
“I will be home later.” and “Don't worry about me now, I am doing research.”

There are hands Ivan found, painted white in the hospital, lounged plump, abandoned to a field, where the path smells like winter spruce, dangling from ropes, as fine as the razor wire used to keep out the blind from rummaging for manikin legs –
Sasha follows me back to Paris, sitting on the train car directly after mine.

In those days, groups of suited swimmers threw all night parties with fine cigars –
Mimosas, and manikin footage, where in, a group of swimmers lounges drunken, under black water, sharing smoke over the legs of heads, of hands, of feet, dunked vintage with the manikins–

When she makes love to me, a dream of buried clocks tick underground. Women dressed in white, paint their faces with leaves, using black ink until the perfect circle covers noses, and eyes, mouths, earlobes, jewelry. That had been deconstructed by secret society, the known Walther's White Winters –

Her body is a connection device, pouring essential oil into my skin, an inescapable vortex of clocks, both ticking forwards, and at the reverse back with time, pouring snow. *Little pockets of the group still exist today; even an exploration to the first hotel (since boarded) takes place off of the coast, in a small town in these dreary folded papers—*

The theater and its coordinates cannot be discussed here.

Most of her subtle gestures seem derived from a past lover, and I fear, as I am falling in love with her, I am falling in love with her past.

Leather rose is the entire clue –

I move to Italy, and then to America in 1670. First to skirt back a bit, and curtsy, for in the lights at ones binoculars

–

I meet Sasha in America, in a hostel in New York in 1672. The hospice of the heart must be warmed before its valves close up, and cool.

She, like me, is trying to escape something not worth discussing. *Shared thread, a bony eclipse, those shuffled rooms, turning, turning, and on the perfect English argument, salt shoulders. Check, change the channel. Flowers, bee, and conversation with the grass –*

We, instead wander New York together, finding objects: little forgotten remnants, scraps of the morning paper, and pieces of the city left to rot.

Hold that thought: next, a white channel it takes, shuffles, flips, next channel, the room, the waking room, the dark piled underwater, and magazines - a shared voice, one yelling—

We make collages out of these objects, and feel we have fallen in love again.

In an oak chair waking up from a long dream –

In Love together for months, every morning, every night, and sometimes three times in the afternoon, we imagine clocks, ticking underground, until they tick over all of my dreams. Cat masks and candelabras in the chimney singing song fires –

In the mornings, we drink coffee at a small table, the one we found in the alleyway behind our cheap tenant. Before the echoing chambers, emerging open, before the echoing chamber releases its hourly pink signal, the rooms wait, sleeping, and the first flake of lead paint cracks from the ground floor, in the foyer –

After some time, I have forgotten why I left Paris in the first place, sucked, abnormally deep into my dreams.

The shattered hands, delicately shifting around in a circle, on the floorboards –

We make love for days, we eat nothing but rice, and garden tomatoes she grows. A shot out window - hunks of plastic wrapped faces, and torso's being staggered in a configuration that is well fitted to comet - Smashing me into the stove, the wall, crushing my pocket watch under her foot, she cries in pain, and blames me for her loss of happiness. Fluttering in the eastern clock –

I lose touch with my body for two whole days, transfixed in mid air, above the bed.

The signal draws a ghostly party at the swimming pool, west wing –

We make love slowly in the air, starving, caught in moving recordings, as higher levels in 02, and moving objects –

Never leaving the apartment, Sasha, and I stop exploring, we quit collating, we stop paying rent on the apartment, and one day the landlord starts knocking, so Sasha barricades the front door, and says we enter, and leave through the window, through the fire escape.

A talk show of European grays with three of the output/input RCA computers glitch, and signals interrupting heart beats – We only leave at night, and she begins shoplifting. Headset's feeding back with violin, harp, prepared guitar, and 5:00 a.m.

I find food in the trash, and we eat again, struggling to lift one of the white arms to the nose, there in one corner – One meal a day, moves a mirror - She goes out for a week, and I don't see her. After a week of sleeping alone, I wake up, and she is hovering over me. Oh, on string –

She demands nothing more than peaceful rest, and kisses me on the lips, her skin smells of Patchouli and frankincense. We fall asleep together, arms wrapped, a cocoon of ticking dreams. Now the feet lift from the floor boards, (*bend be the jacket,*) and the tail feathers crawl their own string, and a man above the room (floor four) with hands in reflections, all the many masquerades the room makes and has witnessed –

She holds a mirror before my face, feeds me medicine beneath the mirror, and will not look at me, little, gathered leaves she has chewed, to help heal my wounds. Shot gun holes through that one –

We write letters, hers post marked 1777, mine 1666. I begin to believe I have lost my mind. Or the post man has made some kind of mistake, or she is playing a trick on me. But still a good mask –

I spend all of my time between composing, stealing liquor, and cigarettes. Hallways flurry, puffy, cookie, birdie nests, fight, flight of white beak, and raven, into Atticus –

I purchase, with the last of my money, a small parcel of rat poison, and stamps. That when the recording crew entering with boxes, tapes, computer wires, screens, chests of cable, two way radio, antennae –

I talk to no one, haunted at every movement, every shadow my hands cast, I begin to write the letter while the place grows bored, wants only to rest, and wither behind me at its equipment, away from the Microphones aimed at the memories—

The rat poison glistens, dead black in the circumference of the small bottle: danger, Poison, skull, and cross bones. Do not drink. The liquid is flat, and empty. The way I feel (but worse because it has the potential I am unwilling to venture through,) I must get away. I must write the letter and hideaway for an angel in the morning, with a queen of the costume room, changeling, withering, mirroring.

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