

Zachary Scott Hamilton

Shallow, sat by the sidewalk, whistles two queens and eight hats from his lungs, dervish a wiring dervish in the mind of an abracadabra tuesday.. joining two sets of hair in a long braid of whimpering orgasm quartets, the hurried juniper solar system which won plaid and dusk, a fine ghost now draws the lines with a white house, and woke with stick around like necklaces, of course. Juniper is a small galaxy, the roots are rooms sweating down the bright handlebars, a dinosaur the lenses length, abracadabra ropes and ribbon future long, joining the coastal kinky brown ligaments, juicing roses, weekend, understand the need to be held in secret, all these flurries the distortion wheels if midnight in Texas, I lay under that chandelier turnkey, at 11 Christmas bulbs, turnover, gorgeous boats in the willow trees floaty aboveground, I am closing my eyes, juniper trees lining the shore.

WAVES

Human nesting, that gorgeous place inside your dreams that emerges dainty, fully equipped kitchen, hands

Life knives, fingers cutting Your hair before breakfast, and Handling the tissue paper moon

Like skin, but the dark coma Pours from syrup red mouths this early in the house.

But I have been with this Sickness for a very long time, I've been
With you there, and weaving

Whistles to your Irish wingspan Of angelica, the rosaries spinning In your home, there. My fingers

Like ropes, and your fingers like Rosemary bundles lapped 65 in The waves, a dream comes

Now, so galactic it Unravels our snakeskin Boots onto the wooden
Floors and your window sill.

FISH TANK

Sure, your silver nylons (birds, limes) sound like fifteen radios tuned across the floor, indoor omega circle. Eight pearl nets, full of fish, walk Delaney. Dorm room mobius strips of Pisces around our house locked halo cellos shimmer snoring squid, kicking zero, an open book of Queensbury. Thirty years of photography, greens greeted steps by management. Eels suckered two bananas. The very strawberry, very desk, suckered cherries, looking through my head for combinations. And I lost nothingness, no numbers were lost, no hearts, not one of my favorite cards. Discount apples at her front door.

your
Thirst hungers for
Love again,
Sweets of dior

VIBRATOR

I have elaborated chambers of my body and mind took the time to do it for 200 tetras, October 30, which was not a human face but a momentum no ethereal you could get against and steer the passage with me. So I should keep contacting the diamonds of my faith and let dusk, a healthy relationship between you and the drive away save my life and times search area of expertise in my mind is helium, and I felt gorgeous if I wanted to latch to the art museum.

Chanel shifting waves, satellite television worm holes, life depth yarn is lengths and hearts and remodeling the universe for a canoe, just
PM

Creek, under apples

Chanting strawberries, for dawn you look lovely.

Grow god inside mismatched sweater, any roomy reward, I've forgotten the make up, so tediously inscribed, and woke eating storms. grouped in roots is the world, unfolding.

Polley

OLD HIGHWAY

I am in a room of make up - all of the windows are my waiters, under cherry tree, and red doors dancing,
I've no companion

and left between the static gymnasium,
or fork lift the static lines of television, and sweep pill bottles, oh,

found an ocean in speech, over there in the venus fly trap, or over there in the

needles, pills and meth pipe - over there, and in the numbers, filmed in fog -

the butterflies are full here.

so dancing my way along a narrow highway, in a red velvet cake, mask covered chin - carrying strawberries
for breakfast, I think they should have a healthy fear of me-

late at night, in the road, a healthy respect for the maniac of grim reaper passing along the road -