

Zachary Scott Hamilton

Down in the radio (c.41115)

stop the wind before it pulls you to
your house, into the cabinets,

and into cardboard rivers, in your electricity,
and triangle boats~

Scratching your black and
white question, as its wandering,
GLOWING down in the radio.

Hanging books down in the radio and hanging
Jewell pants, Rum, and color, wire string, and dawn light
In window
still in candle light

Clayton Harmony (c.3710)

I.

springs load tightly into consciousness, as three enamels, fading to a lower garden
Whisper the letter (C.) onto newspaper under earth the fireflies
grouped up pears from under water
status pink
the sky, Red and white
Graveyards ~ Umbrellas
And sound tapes & records

II.

sky burning Telephone beeping buttons, and wire
Blue fountains bubbling carpet
designed
flower
patterns~

and the barcode dwindles in the trees
behind electricity through live oaks on motorized orchids blooming in louisiana
swamp~

III.

A shadow where I may prop birds
This alka seltzer dining room, there in the field, beside four black cash bags
And our new home ~
A giant, black reflection of myself/ a family & friends portrait, with the dog ~ glows
The smell is replicated lavender ~

on a white sign ----- why did we meet 87 years ago with branches and clocks

Better friends with mountains, people

(whistling insects in cream covers lace a wormhole, and
Dublin walks by, Oak and by sand, and cocoon, (safely now) the heavens in branches

on cigarette sword, on black casing for stitch pattern squares in silver weaving
 Upon weaving
 In black velvet
 Inside, and
 Mirrors and mirrors!

An extra silver pale corner, any number of prisms, and
I'm in library of libraries
 Glowing platinum &
 Brain waves geometry beehive
 From jackpot in
 Epicenter
 Glowing in jacket

I get secretly fucked up on this.

Hanging a bag of money, and pixel,
and crooked picture,
and glass organizer

and what purpose do sounds
entangle tents in
dreams, walking away coffee stains, wine stains
 Mapping infinity

Lake Nameless (c.2114)

Father, a father away, and his jewelry and brain is cider; his rum
and his music, I speak through my speaker -- and attics, my bracelets

and beds I whisper and store inside nail polish dream catcher, i
willow play willow, search signature maker with ink brush and human hair branch

I am sat in my couch conifer, my teeth are fixed on water,
light headed with vagina and cylinders of phone calls in a mist

tooth, so cunning -- it's so course, so motorcycle
flapping four ways, three wings over mountains

to pour pots of ice cream into the green sun -- I hang radish scarves in the rafters and this helps for the beer
I'm making pause its thin eyes --