

Seth McKelvey

Alm 2

the throngs throng tumultuously;  
the fleece sea is in throws

(empty cascades, half  
showers, Mills  
messes and propless  
windmills)

but this is straight (winding)  
tossing:  
less jocular,  
more jugular

though immovable  
object  
still  
laughs  
as inadequate forces  
ride waves of derision

still  
wraths  
as shackled wrists juggle  
themselves

### Alm 3

uncountable (but uninfinte)  
arrows infect the sky

but sun slips down  
intercepts the arc  
; lose sight in the bright  
perimeter piercing

light eats shadows  
burn swallows silhouettes;

sleep well  
(with rope and bucket,  
draw it up)  
for jacked jaws  
    golden aspis punches the arch  
    -ers in the face

eyes continue on the other side  
following the would be  
but empty parabola

disc held darts  
internally,  
eternally  
inbodied annihilation

(not through  
and through  
but through.)

Alm 5

the needle flickers  
in compass

throat

O  
pen tomb  
impatient  
bloodthirsty never drink

O  
winebibber  
wet the tongue and thread it  
few thirsty ever drink

so how does one

chase the setting sun

impatient West  
and stretch the wait

but East is a flee  
back turned, facehidden

so chase it in the morning  
before day overwhelms

navigate inwards

O  
aegis of the empty tomb  
encompass the wayward,  
compensate declination

wind the bobbin up  
point to: ceiling, floor, window, door  
for perpendicular paths as well  
North  
(why should North be up?)  
North should at least be North)  
and South  
sunseekers could move closer, or further  
and perpendicularer still  
(during day)  
would immolate

O  
vine  
morn for us

## Alm 7

it may appear the lions share  
but one will rip in half  
and the other will have you  
whole  
devoured  
one way or another.

what are you digging  
that pit  
for? careful not to drop  
it it  
might land  
on your head  
then you'll have to  
wear it  
like a  
hat too big  
and it  
will cover you with  
the solid violence,  
the new roof of your life,  
like an upside down hole  
or, to the wise, inside out  
and it  
will be awfully dark in there  
and you'll have to  
listen to the soil  
-y echo of your own voice

and it  
will just look like a happy little hill  
to onlookers  
or, to the wise, perhaps,  
a tomb

you'll be trapped inside your own excavations  
and who's to say if anyone will dig you out  
(you, for one, should put the shovel down)

hollows are by us  
best left empty  
but with only you in yours,  
perhaps it still is

the news though, is that there's no escaping  
the lions now, one,  
or, otherwise, the other.

Alm 13

how long  
distance relationships change with distance-  
shrinking technologies

that is kind of what it is like  
when two souls  
separated by infinity  
are bridged by some new  
spiritual invention;

the temporal (thus spatial)  
gap collapses, despite resistance,  
into juxtaposition,  
verging on, for a time, and then,  
merging, whereupon infinity multiplies

meanwhile, all along the how long  
we never stopped believing

in our closeness