

We Are All Around Us



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Editing Booth

Give unto feet their water; watch
people enjoy their figures on film.
My lyrics before death were written
on parchment long ago.
It's time to undo the town:
suck the glue from my road,
erase the lawn in my garden,
unsew the bait I have mistaken for luck.
My anchor pretends a hope that keeps
the sky awash in blue. Enough guilt
from this fist made of rubber:
Camus must meet his Kafka;
Kundera will wash the back of Haushofer;
Cassandra seeks her mother Wolf.
Black scent pervades and sweetens the room.
My estrangement burns and falls away.
I mix it with dough as bread for the masses,
an antidote grain. They throw themselves apart.
If I were you, I would wait for me.
The dispersed crowd gathers round; they wish away
clarity and chant for new instruments of attention.
Hair grows from my chest.
People speak in hybrid tongues.
Rivers rise, coercing the moss to share
its lightning and we each become
electrical timings in the bioluminescent show.

We Are All Around Us

Skin awakens to sing inside its flesh.
I am a photo of the sunrise.
My liver coordinates with the man across
the sidewalk. He wears a red scarf. We stand
at this juncture without nodding our presence.
Each hand adjusts the seams in our separate pants.
A few Germans and French pass in the vicinity.
This plan can easily be witnessed for
it is held in New York City. It is the reason
the city exists this morning. Tap into
the surrounding breeze and taste the salt
of our mutual sweat. "Anxious" describes
adjacent shoppers who don't know what to buy.
The man and I are not them; we
do not purchase to make our ballad ring true.
The helter-skelter day rings within our mind cinders.
We do not offer hands outstretched in greeting.
Our fingers would shatter the air; it
would fall among the glass around our feet.
Capsized, I stoop to pick it up.
The final man leaves and the world gathers too.

The Universe as Lung Exhaling

She cannot pass through his bones
so she accepts his hair and hands.
She wonders if his teeth taste the spine
of her sight. Her wrists clasp behind
his neck, giving his fire a shape.
He smiles at the singed bark of her life.
Nearby a cat walks in front of the sun.
They have been in Mexico, inhabited
their own cells, bartered and fused them
with others, and still, dirt and sky are not
enough. The promise of paradise pushes
them to sleep. A gleaming night opens into
nothing, a nothing as unfathomable as
a million leagues behind the sea-house
where a non-existent devil dances on
their heads unaware. After his piano keys,
he will fall from flesh before morning. They open
their eyes every May 5th and examine their
vacated pores, still no longer decipherable.

Putting the Ratings Away

A woman walks her boy outside and discovers
a needle in the palm of her thigh. Each of you looks
in envy without regretting your own numb limbs'
telltale sign of weakness. Here the words dry.
Inside your habits pull unevenly—they can't be fair
for they re-live fables as assorted strengths in
this instant minute. A good stretch diminishes quicksand.
The chair creaks.
In Slovenia, someone resisted a little, then later, gave in.
Show me the thing that doesn't know its own
so we can pull the stone from the sword.
If I thought in more than statements you could
live my life instead of this cocaine and whiskey.

The Berth of Poetry

Tonight is your responsibility. I listen
to Boston-New York-Atlanta and blink.
Somehow I come upon a poem
and understand that it is not a poem.
It is the poem never written.
You know this poem will come from you.
I heal strangers but not this way, not tomorrow.
I should be sleeping.
I knock again.
You will write this time, if only from the depths
of your internal eyes as a carnal instruction.
Tell me to leave now so you can rescind.

The Hue of the Road

Just enough to skim the surface and no more,
the color of my blue blood goes red
as footsteps surround me. They belong
to the people who walk though me.
They eat me in my wandering sleep.
They breathe in my alleys and mock my soul.
I have watched a star give birth
to a stapled edge of the universe
only to render unto Peter what Paul gazed upon.
The likelihood of the correct skeleton
of questions should remain unquestioned,
or at least, illustrate the cuts of life.
In fact what could be more natural than
the passing of this car we're steering in?
We shift to float in the good lane. We're
separate in our cellophane gestures waving
hello. She leaves as she is letting go;
her game vanishes her husband's body just
as they were cleaved by priests uncertain.
Years later, her fingers in neat rows flutter
open, relinquishing her breasts unto heaven.

Photo of the Reading Woman Smoking Outside

This frame is in my body; it is
my possession. I can act upon
the breeding object that caused what sells
unseen when we each store potential or smell
a consequence. Let me make clear
what I mean by a story.

Your stringed machinations gave you away;
your arm hangs fire for the light.

Why remain immobile when the universe
creaks by in motor adjustments? Let's tick;
let's tock; the library concurrently opens.

Disguised in seconds, a black hole looms
toward the organism. I diagnose myself
on my feet of motion. There is no such
thing as a pure circumstance except as
an injection of nicotine, which holds true
when you are simply thinking of a word
series as in "the cloud behind the sky, a cloak
for the universe of choice, a forever disguise."

Of the perilous actors, each name warns
to maintain sameness, a considerable device.

I belong basic. I belong book. I belong drawn.

A Range of States

Her eye sought antique items
in the experiment store.
She observes people's gaits
by checking systematically,
we customize Emily.
She fixes exclusively on
the visual world. We had
noted one upper tooth
slightly darker than the rest.
I bet it is her. "I bet this is her,"
she proclaimed to her daughter.
Emma, herself, remains intact.

Time Prevented

No murderer knows what's been prevented
at the end of a bandage at the end of a knife
at the end of blood and egg; these four questions
weave a net through which on every seizure,
a little rain suspends.

Thread bears the truth.

Her heavily-salted hips sigh nearby—

I know this truth before I spin it.

Almond butter would not taste so sweet and lie.

She gets up again in little bundles,
and for this alone, the prowler bares naked bones
and his hat of honor slices.

Meat becomes the marrow of dirt.

Through the crust and dew of the window,
she watches only her flower garden, crying.

She likes to see death saunter in, crying.

She turns into silk for proof in the power of linen.

He dons his work-worn cape to stand
by fallen bodies healing backwards, empty-woven.

Record Keeping

“Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must remain silent.” --Wittgenstein

These are the things you think you said.
It's just that I have no way of knowing
what to tell you.
I fill you full of roots and prefixes,
signifiers and the dialectic, and still
my company mixes with the party.
I won't tow the line though.
Better the diagnoses than prescriptions.
Herein, my drink remains displaced.
She ambles along in her careful constructions.
Against the wall, she overlaps her shadow upright.
The table over there offers refreshments.
When I say “I am of” does that follow with
“good riddance”? The end of man often lies
at hand, but whereof can one not speak?
It is on the table; it is in my grasp;
it has soaked into the carpet.
As a woman, my permission opens me
aimlessly: I move my mouth and walk therein.

Little Night

The screaming woman is screaming upstairs
again. I buy the day's flower from a cart
in the street and its donkey stares.

Tonight Turkey swelters in her lungs;
Istanbul's coal pours from her mouth;
she tears her sheets into flags
of her own land at hand.

But the ice will not come yet,
and at this precise moment,
my face in the window is frightened,
an image of why the world is dangerous.
I tune my piano to the sound of her red monument.

The Lava Thesaurus

My heart ends on the conclusion
of a third-degree narrative, or one body
holds above this simmering fire, lurching.
Does honesty know the genre of the spoken?
You were asked to move, mobile person.
Stare elsewhere, poppy man. Vision layered
in cassock and mildew roots penetrates
the stone's interior. Retreat to the mountains
on their sides, rotating on their bellies—
your hand-sewn sack nudges in predictable
fashion; its rocky contents pour fluid
in a swarm upon the ground's map. My properties say,
Give it up, decanter. I am cocooned in just one
manuscript's architecture by which to work the passing.

Poet Not Speaking for the Seasons

The workmen are to come out and smoke,
then vacuum the leaves from my bed.
Do you re-hash the terms of building
a smokestack and tying the sash
to your lap, an easy starter, a gaudy marauder
in Dasein. Just to recount original
intention fails the inferences among us.
They fell from a hand-shoveled heaven.
My counterfeit is never ashamed.
Where I am deskbound, I was bound to my desk,
paper-fed. During the third interlude,
he lit his cigarette supplement.
His clarity aged into modernization.
I am he, a man in the body of god's incarnate.
I take your trespasses and work them over,
filling the smell of your voice, the shoe
of my bones, the water of sight.
Cleanse the gender palate. Every thirty six
hours a day, the descent into skin
color mars. Not convention or law,
these biscuits need baking.
The bus on route wants stealing.
These ink-bound distractions would
otherwise fade from your memory.
I name your quickest preservation.

Gentle Soul

I am seeking a god, an intermediary, someone
proving I am the only one to ever perceive
this way; where I go, I wander through
a room that might have been.

Position represents one place to be.

It is appropriate in the pages following
that cartographers are properly located
just above the top of the spinal column
for communication to come back into us.

But some cases rupture, remarking the damage.

Insert yourself ahead if you are persistent.

Consider the correlates of the coma:
the exact location of the kitchen is cruelly
unknown to the mind of the human body.

Here it wanders. We can just make it
through the door. Her night didn't
last beyond a comma though the doctor
forgave all hope abandoned. Do you
produce your own inner calm? Is it misdirected?

A look in the eyes of someone occurs only
in mythical situations: we are not severely sighted.

This defect may mean we've got
a good thing going along with the ability
to break codes or bread, as needed.

Forgiving Kenosis

Sashay into the statue's guestroom where
carbon songs of rapid writing buoy us further
along, having been so lexically anonymous
throughout the charade of benevolent decades.
We continue to capture and cleave a blueprint
of the tequila dead amid chartered zero waters.
They submerge our cancelled heritage, which empties
itself of firmer horizons and kaleidoscopic deposits.

These heroes also outline the mechanics
of our movie picture presence, as though "to see"
could possibly improve the pixels
an impregnated clock defends within its waxing
invisibility. Time marches over erosion even.
Stone falls from the nose and ears until we
cannot recognize the detonation. I once saw rain
become water in mid-air, forgetting its falling habit.

Instead of the Pleasures of the Day

Reverse fortune should share misfortune
but walks with a silver bracelet distracting
attention. Who breaks tennis playing in two
wondering who owes more intent than the rest?
I meant to make a surplus of compass readings;
I wanted a shortage of wholly-pollinated mistakes—
the sound of complete gets enveloped, parceled out.
These fine events draw eyes from duct tape gluing
the seams between “word” to “cactus”, “manhood”
to “reason”. If I hand you my hand,
would you come back to me? If I send you
my method, would you become me?
The ones who suffer were predetermined long
before destiny walked across the ocean.
I should warn you before we’re finished
that to consider the business man who makes
his way to class, that the lesson will reflect
his decapitated history; we must balance
together on cobblestone steps and chant
his every guillotine. We will define and erase
his first impressions, replacing them with
what surrounds him during sleep.
I should tell you in this instance but I won’t.
I leave the past’s divisions dissecting in your spirit.

The Fierce and Beautiful World

A propensity for silence
balancing us strikes
me as having been stripped down
before your tempting extensions:
you are a bird,
winged interruption.
We sleep in parachutes
just within the time to fly, marinating.

She has no sensory organ,
moves with woe inside the story—
The world will arrive shortly
in the armpit of a bee,
content as an ant
disappearing beneath our feet.

A dim star should not perish within
our greedy eyes collecting to forget.

Hydra-Headed Futures

I am weighted by the childlike visage of god.
My friend's fingers roam through a rainforest
tied to the storm that never sets me down.

I want to be ravaged and appeal to the rain
that this world, almost too much in its green
and blue pod, promises explosions in our chests,

Removes us from the table where stuffed meat steams
in a forever return. I should like to know the woman
who lost her earring in my palm,

Who sighed darkly behind my knee and pulled
the wet trees apart searching for a fetus. In real life,
the melting water burnt the frozen light instead.

How to Add Blank Space

I cross out poker trip access
and insert the sail of cuisine rest
injected with a salt agent.
Mutable beings get dubbed “animated,”
and when sent through revolving
doors, their obligatory flavors emerge.

These are the world’s leading figures,
the disoriented, tasty things.
Eat them for true deception,
a cheaply disguised pay-per-view treat.
In the south, we call them
“roisserie interventions of the closet kind”

While munching on enclosed porches,
the latest midnight in our blank stares.
Mosquitoes knock on the screen door.
They believe invitation is the same as getting in.
Buzzing out phototropes, they long for the ceiling
flavor of our benign, quiet limbs, vessels of repeat

Motion erasing swollen re-runs in memory’s plight.

Another Limb on the Family Tree

Realize I cannot place this suicide
on your plain-clothes existence. I am mentor
to a shiny new realm. My god finger dries you dry
as your muscles move to slow me. You cover
your eyes in jest of the gesture, an act that hurts
generic potential in all its plastic wrappings.
Our wax doubles stretch sky-high for what else is left.

Face the ground like the gull's belly fat with seaweed
and scratch the casts from my sight. I am nearly
too bleeding in spite of these pores. Jet fuel seeps in
without order; it is everywhere in our liquid sky,
not raining yet but always getting closer. What
is this language that starts with "p" and ends
with "why"? The thin leatherness of skin-mottled age
overtakes my percentage. I can't pick the young ones anymore.

Oil Garden

In the house, the white house beside a hill,
in a chair replaced far too often
for history's conditions by a series
of revolving kings, sits another amateur
man, shuffling his part, issuing cards
of stardom and glory for the earlier war
he never saw from another home
by a ranch in his arid backyard. He barely
hears but everything enters
record-played into his middle ear;
the fleece of another year looms overshorn.
He can't recall islands beyond his water.
His daughters slip behind the curtains.
He bends to his boots, examines the toes,
forgets in this labor the boots of other servants.
The buffer man shuffles in to clean the dust.

The Spirit is Near

Wrapped in personal pity, betrayer sphinx slinks
and eats; it privately shuffles our motivations.
I like the capability of my eyes, the way they
brighten the woman on the curb by the church.
She will burst alive in two minutes. You cannot
believe the wind last night. The things it sells.
The sun buffs the surfaces of technology across
our city of cracks and cataracts, which also
ignores the shoes rubbing my feet off their bones.
Enter some disease where the woman sells
her tears prior to civilization. That moment is now
upon the funeral pyre. In the crumblings and ramblings
of old men seated in tired t-shirts on the stoops
everlasting, they survey remainders of wars over-lived
and fat berries beyond the perimeter ripened
with blood brought back from the dust fields
by the worms underfoot and pregnant.
We make wine to toast the cross and tender liars.

Adolescing Season

The year of the locusts abstracts itself
as I scrape up wings and build a nest
in lieu of a room in a Hungarian Inn,
eating the distant soup you will consume
through my rotting self worth. Will
you hold up two fists and live a life
of logical fortitude: the milk of
your voice spills future insect carcasses.
Most animals repeat themselves but
a risk of recycling doesn't fit the size
of my shoe—I must walk upright or else
fix another history that will let my trumpet
knocking in. Always locked down. Only
take the time to see what isn't before you:
the night of additional light, a seventeen year
trembling and the face of copulation. Tonight
recommends a full examination of the stars
and their planets, which when placed beneath
the sun's sky, we prove we are both certain to be.

After-Hours Cruising

Instead of the other island, we come to Brooklyn,
home to several from London, Vienna and New York City.
Who consumes the planet in a bread basket
of cosmos: a glowing chaos slides down our throats.
We bubble and belch. We fight death,
plead with death, hang death
by a rope in front of our enemies.
They resemble mirrors.
The borough streets look familiar and I know each
turn in the lines of my hand.
The view smells of the split between past and present.
A waterfront appears. Brooklyn boasts of sailors
living in first class history, if the ocean's presence
calculates correctly. Still our bodies slip
quietly by the coastline, unaware of the angels
unfettered in the corners, waiting for their duty.
I have heard tales fall from lips smacking
cornbread gently in far-off Polish cafes.
Another man sleeps in a Beijing laundry who
has heard the same. None of us report the surrounding silence
except to lean outward toward the stars in open conference.

Naming the Gods

Over this tomb we're sledding at perfection
and a decipherable sketch has taken place.
Clothes go on and off in sequence. We can't
picture the location of the buried hatchet
though I'm certain it's with us. Razors also
give thanks instead of skin coordinates.
The saints made flesh the most enduring substance.
Time forgave them, returning to bodily conduct.
I campaign for the outsiders' entrance—gypsies
have viewed us from the other mountains
for years. Only through our scapegoat defections
can prophets recognize cloaked masters in hiding.
We defeat them, prepare them, outlive them, bear
and promote them. We embalm them. They weaken
enough and let other battles enter. We sigh
relief, see the abyss and travel ahead. They sleep
still in their pyramids, our sculptures permitting.
We are your corpus.

Notable Extensions

This scarred city hides its own reflection,
barely having begun acknowledgments
of the seepage and alley channels.

The minute we try to name our separate feet,
a pulse burns buried deep in brick
roots and waves the ear pretends
are mute fluids that question the deafening
pavement surrounding without visible locus.

We barely hear.

Each neck feigns direction and mobility is born.

Our internal twins showcase several photos
calling them days by the ocean or on a park bench
passing the squirrels pouches of dope labeled “nuts”.

I eat these in one award winning black and white,
and behind me, the buildings shed their skins.

Their young flesh reaches out to every person
seeking new memory we might connect in the hope
of one nearby tree through our own mutual admissions.

Alternate Agenda

The alarm burns my eyes until it freezes.
Finally we rise and enter the store.
No one knows us as the owner fades in.
This is the movie of anyone buying
the products eaten inward from the edges.
Only background music repeats the details.
Our duty to remember is forgotten
to the point that hearts crack open secretly,
oozing episodes of healing touches.
Re-enter the street, which remains outside,
a stroke upon our avenues necessary;
the swelling relinquishes into smiles again.
We travel the paths that pretend us home.

Casino Point

The eye behind my own
looks through your inherently
human heaven, sees the sky-colored sky:
the whistle captured within all cut glass
shimmers a belly dancer's curtain around—
I am in love with someone else;
I can only land a plane in English;
I need someone to say what I am doing.
Access my thinly-lit presence, let me
stroke her stomach for the internal events,
for example, a peach softly opens into pear, unfolding.
Wait, roll the cards again, forgetting all else,
see directly through me, the harder core.
Later read this string of words, a box,
read a box full of letters, remember this part
where you stand up and leave the room.

What the Devil Wanted

I have a lovely wife though we're not
married, and in the conspiracy of swallows,
nothing goes down. On my calendar day
I behave as though a throat check will return
to favor whatever I ask. From the varied records
invented to exist, choose one. Several cohere
in the square root index. Take, for instance,
this paper moon. Go on, place it in your pocket.

I carry my black box, the theory for keys,
inserted in the margins of feeling, overlooked
loose canons and examples of access. She smiles back.
The color of night remains invisible to viewers
of a violin that contains the notes of one note
beside our orderly selves less one, ourself street-cornered.

Anthem Aging

The director made the usual play with
his moustache and rolled onto the divan,
sleepy. “Now gentlemen, here’s where you take
a poke at me—” The mouth comes open as its own
duplicate. I shared your dream. You saw me
in the picture. I love your suffering grey hair which
can’t touch my practice. Just when nothing was there,
the play began. Does any destination look beyond it?
The future is with us. People with canes move among us.
We are the audience, the ones who listen in nonstop loops.
I enter the cave that becomes a room to converse
“of the caresses that have not been”, indeed, that’s
the deep action end. The live of heart fear not
to tread. The future leans against us. We imagine
something else without time, even, to say goodbye!
Your wandering history surpasses the projected lines
of comunicado and alsophila flitting over our lands.

The Peace Between a Donkey's Eyes, Christ's Rhythm

Tear the cirque de soleil from its sky.
Send the color of natural back to your pages.
Play keen on the retina of persuasion.
Seek its dilating keys wherever it lays your head.
Then bend into your own embrace, cull the laughter
about the skull's gaudy places.
These graphics will only suit any proposition.
Redraw the aging face that remains
the same when the prairie lights disband.

Later, I'm timid around women with "either-or"
checked. It's true love at last in the lightest armor
polite decorum emits: let me refresh your black leaf
tea, pour steam down the contents of your back.
Dance a Beckett around the block, gauging the stats
of the neighbors' aversion. Will they or won't they
seed the questions. The raw fruits of fragmented wind
inspire approach as we slide into our missing ribbons.

Shopping Centre Bench

I demolish only myself these days
and the fringe of my teaching dangles.
Isn't that the problem, not knowing what
we want or who to singe in the process—
That's why religions proliferate
and shopping shovels over the void.

She looks like someone.
He probably lives in his apartment.
Red head's the best friend.
I am not giving in; I'm holding on.
Since the science of animosity won't stick
and the tailor won't return until six.

Misdirection Outline

If a painter provides the extension of canvas, why
can't a man beside her ask where his head is—
After all her inks are as real as any evidence.
The result should appear as two soft spoons bending
their metal together without ever existing. All pigeons
stand on one or two feet but this drawing is not a pipe.
Along the road of imitated birds, birds do not listen. We bear
on repeating and continue to see worldly things. Details
in graphite or photographing tabletop sheens. I bend
to eat a snow monkey on my plate when my utensil
becomes a smoking gun through which I know
I have been. My hair is singed. My hand lies upon it.
The cool in me cools and my painter is readying
her self portrait. I say embrace non-direction for
it promises the only path we will ever veer off-road on.

