

*from POOL*

*When I first descended below 300 meters  
I had trouble maintaining altitude*

this is control, test  
actual circumstance

*a strong wind lifts  
went to operating the ship*

*my attention aqueous*

*I did not look out of the cabin*

*as a result I wound up in a fog*

the gentle irradiant talking is

on a road trip

I go quiet

*colloidal and viscous*

After an hour of fog near Fish Lake we saw  
the mile marker and parked  
to walk into Pando, the gigantic living aspen grove  
supposed the world's largest organism  
a 106-acre individual clonal  
male quaking aspen's  
identical stems "a massive interconnected root system"  
for "energy production, defense, and  
regeneration  
across its expanse"  
snow covered up the organ grove the blue accord

what made male the aspen  
drove on through Loa and Lyman

early that year the radio announcement

STARTUP SEEKING WOMAN TO GIVE BIRTH IN ORBIT

*it coated the windows*

*Because of the fog's resistance*

*I began to lose altitude*

*I couldn't see the sun*

*but the fog glowed red in its direction*

*after half an hour*

*I came out into a large open space*

*here is what I saw from the cabin*

*through the glass*

*from the ground*

*it was almost round*

@ArtisticAntics

here are 22,000 heart-shaped soap chips

so you can visualize

22,000

a mountain

of soap chips

an intractable slick

it lathers

the loss it fills up

no one to wash

I don't know about you but I find it hard

*to lose altitude*

*then a change in the ocean*

For admission to this art  
institution's writing program  
applicants must describe  
an important window  
it's material not to look

thru the rim of recycled  
aluminum the curved dark  
perimeter reflective liquid  
crystal opening scene water  
tap green grass the tap green

glass stream rearranging windows  
to listen to water on the fronds  
type the water onto fronds  
*when I first descended*  
to see the screen reads

if each window casts  
a shadow on the wallpaper  
of powdered aspen  
I am positioned such  
that vision's light's

like a small false sun  
*then I noticed the waves*  
*disappeared the surface*  
*became almost transparent*  
*clouded patches*

then abrupt two weeks  
before the school shuts



Afternoon shaky blue  
in the browser tab, bracket of larch wing sun at back  
in focus white bright  
altocumulus like  
to a North America or rooster rearranged  
into a "square shape"

out of frame Revelation13net  
psychokineticist  
distorts his mouth to think the cloud  
humming corrects the brain  
for waves of weather con

make a square shape cloud  
cloud reduces  
to a seahorse hovering  
at the teeth of evergreens

he proposes  
its purpose inverted  
rain-bringing

In this YouTube the economist articulates rewards and risks  
of Plan B. Solar geometry [sic]        bisphenol A baby

“what if you could dim the sun” aerosolize solution  
manage “that plume of sea water above”

salt up in the manner of catastrophic eruption the clouds  
the clouds atmosphere the compact mirrors

go on and turn the light out

in the pyroclastic instant, nine-tenths of a mile’s mountain  
bursts to radiate at sixty miles an hour like cars

in micron the island first sorrow of this hour of the island  
the burst sheet of mountain suspends then overhead

a window closes and the wheat’s dead

that forced winter-summer the stratovolcanic nostrums

and *Frankenstein* in tannin gum and vitriol is written

and in the paintings of Turner “yellow skies typical  
of that summer” “the red-to-green ratios

of great masters” of that

summer

*Sludge or slime gathered in large lumps*  
*and slowly formed different shapes I was being drawn*  
*into the fog in tannin gum and vitriol so I had to struggle*  
and this is my wife-to-be Elizabeth !  
morally obligated to the cosmos' squared-off edge  
a handkerchief thrown across the face and the neck  
the murderous mark and the breath  
*when I looked down again I saw a sort of garden*  
and this is my wife