

from POLISH MOLINO

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Goodnight to all my dears

The forgotten blackbirds on the twilight lawn are getting wet

The moon is so big that it can't fit through the window

I want so much at this moment lyrics swallowed by heart at night

The liquid vertical heart

Blue flow of foreground on a blue background and die easily

While we are looking for a common

With all the polysemic force of "projection"

Made habitable by that neither relative

When light comes to color the surfaces

and a separation remains

Of wild bedding

Down

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Hadn't we known it all before?

The last attempted inwardness

of the blue and blown books

The promises magnetized by pastures

Little care lane and fen for object loss

Inhering in the externality
That enables us to remember
What requires even pain be ornate
The difference it makes whose body
Your breath passes through

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I shouted that it was finally time to fight the airport
and start devouring each other
The bishop in the river blessed the birth of fish
The whale fled to the beds of fragrant lime trees
Someone's hand no one's it seemed drove a nail into my mouth
Bulging my thick neck burst forth and flooded the century with fire

"Figure"

is the name Wat gives to the born in this gap
Supplementing the recesses with treble with spur
A roll of alternating "m"s and "w"s
Shot at
Saturation valleys
Absolute exteriority valleys
What it would mean to write
without bowing and scraping

Vision poultices the subject

All earth is the color of being buried

from *POLISH MOLINO*

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Clearing a crease

pined

Nowise

co

Some twine

A nervous system not of persons

that dithers the scenes

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Then I bowed to the economic miracle

And nothing was admissible

Then I scraped the visible plume of the volcano

And it was more than a reflex

Then I denoted the action of a poultice

And the precarious attained relevance

in an intensely mobile flux

Then I called it existence

And the triangle became more federal

These prepositions are not under the real
“Cause” and “case” rose from the justification
Accelerating carnal anodyne repentance
 for the future we could not have
 redacted

Looking for an accent
In this space without choice
Pauses on the faces
Their context partly biscuit

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Barely there
 radii
What must be said to braid
A landscape is born at the same time
 that an agreement comes apart

When F says
 “the hay smells like it’s breathing”
The circumference folds plaintively
 where you can see the lamp clays
And I get this coarse languorous feeling like
 “it is the last of things they have thought”

As an exhale

in the ive

whirs

Toward mer