

Sculpture

Presence of
a sculptor's absence, abscess
of a sculptor's essence,
essence encapsulated
before you. That thou shalt falter numb
before any shape. What's like a fine lift
of feathers ruffled, roughed, and dead... Buddy,
we's got a sacrosanct ways to go,
hows about we drops a leg?

Hours shaved:
Does a sense of "thank you" fill the room?
Does the sculpture even do nothing?
We refine things down to questions
and barf. Hopefully, in it
we learn to float beside it.

For a square soon meets a bong.
Or a shapeless song titled MY GREAT WHALE.
How one could melt into a sparrow, glide away, glide
as tide might along a shady shore,
or through tunnels of cervical vertebrae
gargle, spraying out the wee hole
from which singing purports

never to quiet.
Everything is silent! it shouts.
You like how it's sounds. You muck it up.
"My days are numbered, and I can't count
on a hole." But should we so fall
for the parquet beneath our feet
what materials to us reveal
too much of we might
pause for fewer treats.

Nowhere Book Club

With proverbs
extinguished—again, the book (where?)—
just before gathering into sunset—
and setting them into songs of
fissures—helping not
but to push for fissures
are like vitamins to you—and too bad
they will never know exactly what
that sounds like—and what, if
you haven't nirvana yet, ignited them—

Still, however, comes
more elevated fog.
Water clumps, eyes burn.

Yes! And the colors,
as through concurrent
orbits... O,

Martha, how spinsters and polished ulteriors
jumble with just a few huffs about feeling.
But always was. Will?

By asterix, says another guest,
your apparitional buddy from the cave,
by an asterix-like shape
time. Will, on the other hand,
is what accents their blubber and tail.
With enough pinks and ivory lace harnessed
backpacking into the mind of a concrete ensemble
will explode the heart a thousand miles

every which way. The mignonette
here to vamp the oyster plate
cloaks our deepest calling to transcend
this. “Scramble for the sunset, it's an urgent friend.

Bare for the vitamins that shed from its penis. The gods
of exquisite paths will invariably charge you whole.”

The Sculpture

as presence of a sculptor's absence,
abscess of a sculptor's essence,
essence encapsulated
before you... Honey,
we's got a sacrosanct ways to go,
how's about we drop's a leg?

Hours shaved:
Does sculpture even do nothing?
And refining things down,
hopefully, we barf.
Then in it
learn to float.

“Realize, though,
I too, being the bit of wire, thoughtlessly and hidden,
as sticking out the back of this thing,
suffer from the same adumbrations, am hit
by similar forks. O life
an eternally forked thing.”
Or fork as living thing, I cajole.
The tracts are open, not vested.

And as it stands 40 feet my senior,
copious white wings of liquid, so burning
in terracotta fashion, any flop,
a brick in the eye or something,
only hones this dialogue.

And without question, it's part of *the* dialogue.
The cannon as long as a river by which we'll never come
to seam. With a bunch of flaps barely in bed together
try a staunch whisking for key lime ply.

Saturn Villa

The beach breeze is haughty. Ape
I mean ain't you gonna take to the seedy up-schooling?

Freedom's in the air.
Several times a day they yelp as they go
with white cones on their heads, troubleshooting.
And the big, wooly animal of daily administrative doings,
adds the glimmering automaton,
which whets them for jungle quickies.

Ascription is out.
The over-expenditures in technology followed
by backward scramblings: hours
into days, days into years, years into... Soul
bland than barcodes, hands
pent-up by ambivalent wrists.

Some were born to sweep the light,
others to endless night, and everyday
the bakery performs. Citrus-tinged long johns,
called *tramples like a daughter of the orange sea*. Time to eat,
and arrangements already bloomed.
Hasty whims unended like air.
And kinda screwy, the air.

When we stretch it, sovereignty comes
translating the instincts we've grown to sweat over.
What it is that panders to dumbbells and washed up bones.
Ideally, the pendulum of evening is solid and direct.
But not to me nor to the sparkling travelers.

Sculpture

The habit to drag things
from their trappings. Too often
dilapidation occurs...

One whole body cantankerous for glue.
Function as experience of object's senses.
Binding force of so many schooled dweebs.

Everybody. Is singing nobody's quiet everything's
silent. And nobody likes it.
It so happens. I am here

for. Travel.
Tons of, says a voice. It.

So onto prepubescent wiles.
The hearty yet crude workings of a car. Mixed
with nascent blood. Like as not
from Hot Car Girl (1958).
Your mother's memory.

Dung-heaped into what
the sun seems to do.
Ideas of a better green.
Tomorrow. Furry sofa.
Tail.