

White rabbits with little wings

We are feral at the fruit stand
Wishing mangos were in season
We miss our flight, but its ok, we weren't going anywhere there would've been mangos.

And you gather up the little bones fido shits out
Trying to reassemble a chicken I guess.

This is serious business,

She can't even say that with a straight face
But why should she, she doesn't mean it
Ounces and gallons and featherweight pillowfights
Paperweights tossed in anger those psychotic nervous thoughts
If an intruder were to sneak his way into this room
The kitchen knife, no, best not to deal with the blood
The monkey wrench, yes, the monkey wrench
I always take myself in big dumb circles

But what are some of the things that seem so precious the mind cannot let them alone even for a few short minutes. The blues, and an unformed essay on the ways in which I have taken steps to render myself unlovable. My various minor skin imperfections, the things people tell me I'm good at, but wish I wasn't. The way I have of sighing very heavily when nothing at all is the matter.

And of course Camus stares down at
Me from his cramped perch on the shelf

while on the other side of the window

Made out of onion skins
Doll clothes, and twigs
Your realest life is out there
Hiding from the raven
The almost winter wind
And the mildest form of amnesia
With the thin hair making the line
Between the known and the wished
Delicate and almost taut, if not for us
Than for who?
I don't know, perhaps the cherubs will laugh out
Of their rabbit fur disguises
And our dread will melt out
Our now liquid hearts may spill onto the
Pavement we insist

tho we wish we knew which way
to laugh our loves down the hill

and what we could dangle from the moon
the wrong side of the bed, the bad ankle

I'll run circles around Pittsburg
til I find that necklace you dropped

that grassy hill, the snow just starting
to fall, to name, the garden,

and you wouldn't know if it bit ya
they carried her out in a bag

apparently weeks, the smell, the stairs
but still lunch money and lovemaking

what is a premonition, and I feel
I only notice those who are also alone

toy trains and puppet flesh, subtraction
resonate around the rivers convergence

bashful cunning sticks out a sharp smile
the chop shops, flurries, thunder

my hand the impossible distance
your collar bone to your ear

how odd...how odd we say
thunder and snow can you remember

*As in something forgotten,
The names that might slip*

There is a sureness of this movement
The slip, the quick smooth down

Ultimately what is there to find
which couldn't be talked about with the most delicate of curiosity?
Why would the woodpecker visit these parts?

Sarah with her walk across the square
The little bag of groceries

Ah, the wonderful smells that come wafting up the stairs from time to time
When must the bell ring so that we might so that we might know
What? and where these little journeys might end up?

Until something of consequence we might bring to the surface

I fear being able to see what I'm doing
I cringe to think of the long winded metaphors that are knotted up
From day to day and here to where the hills falter and the river bank

I seem to always be able to think my way down into the deepest kind
Of hole one could come to terms with.
You wonder: could you do this for days?

Who's got what kind of insides?

Or questions commonly ignored by intelligent people
but you can follow me
Out these lonely back alleys and through the back corners of the forgotten fields way out beyond the city
where the rotation of the earth seems to slow a bit,
and the cow's cud seems an acceptable form of rolling through
You need every bit of these days that are as slow as they are

The broken back window and the fear of being caught,
The rest of the morning fell down into a whole mess of
Tired things we wished we had never brought up
You following what down the misty glades and me laughing why
If only we'd know where we were headed

you can know just by the sharpness of the eyes,
what is meant for you, what shape you might be

‘or maybe not,’ floats in after a point is made
the nights were full of music, what more was needed

the pie you make from the intestines and the pride
always delicious, in whatever tongue, the church lit up

who is the patron saint of drunkenness, or debauchery
surely there must be at least one, all those brewing monks

the main avenue that ran up the beach was consumed
with all colors, in noise and dancing on the road

the city is a box of light behind us, the rhythmic darkness
ocean, from where to where, up to our ankles the surf

or glinting inconceivably distant, what we could fall into
folding our horizon, with hysterical geometry

a frightful creased landscape, streets scattered pine needles
but patient hands smooth, clean like a breeze, cool, a scent

the dreams that might be, the ways we forget ourselves
the lost men who wander, gha! the same sentiment! find!
if I ever had a fit and my eyes went bulging out of my head
and my little worries pooled at your feet, and your tears
ate up a ring or a stain or a ghost on the rug...and the rungs
of the ladder, the swirls in my voice, the forgotten
crumbs of bread in the ends of my moustache, the hollow
whisperings of the broom, as he walks haphazardly around
the edges of the carpet, and the mellow little pittle
of the rain, the sorry of the mountain and the blossoming