

[Untitled #1]

A city does not welcome children, and does not need them.

A city is made of metal, dust, and pathos in motion, via water-wheeling of the animals in cages. Its model precludes youth, as it adores higher states of being.

Children require filtered views of the fields they dote through, but a city is unfiltered light and noise that distracts the able-eyed and the measuring ear,

which comprehends commerce, or the fiction of narrative called personhood,

which suffers in queues or buses, waiting for packets of data to bring home for dinner,

which sleepwalks to work in dreamless daze and do jobs that catch lip like a fish hook,

which predicts vision without lexica to spell it out in easy to eat dots and dashes, waiting for the operator to connect them,

which invites the voyeur to breakfast and turns an eye inward to the dark reflection of visitation, allowing strangers to entreat secret dessert in a worn-through cosmopolis.

One is required to navigate a milieu of metal, dust, and pathos in motion, with animalist ideas and imperfect posture, with which to cup a smoke against the wind, and wake to perfect neon, shielding the Self against radiance and repercussion.

[Untitled #2]

The sky is a blue plate covered in gauze. Emeralds wave lazily, as though signaling *go*.

I rest with robin, whose wings cover the sunlit square. I look away and back to see her gone, possibly propelled by a coffee drop, maybe moved by too many waves.

The inspired wasp hovers, wondering where to stab. I hide myself in smoke and squint away the blade, lit by sharp photons diminished by corrugate cover.

The page turns and I'm in cities again. Hearts beat concrete and converse in love and fury. Three days of walking to close the case. A cup of coffee to cap it off.

I'm always exiting a room in search of an everlasting glass. Every table gets too loud in time, and I shift seats to accommodate my hermeticism.

Knowing to lose will lead the sustain. Watching your step leads you round the block. Loosen the day and plant yourself in the light.

The sun falls as though invited to do so. I ride the barstool like an equestrian. Drink and smoke.

Pedestrian pounding eardrum, cooled over by unlikely breeze, technical direction, and the colors of dogs. Tinnitus could never be louder but the gods ignore me.

The pen makes a pass at the page. An oasis appears and lets me take its picture. I flick a cigarette and await the eagle of my eye to bring the next.

[Untitled #3]

I said it in the language of dogs but the moon did not answer

I'm running without seam, while the burning bay marks a calendar I'll never see, the way
my wrist is not of interest

I'm holding old ways that don't stop, no matter how much whiskey, as people like line
breaks and loose posture, never relax around the matter, keep it in mainframe, keep it close
to where you give way in taxi car city share, a dividend but the detail is difference, it won't
stop even though I didn't know it started

The old advice rings true: *do it to song keep it in cadence*
If a bullet began a measure I'd shoot the singer, but in my world bullets are periods

What way tell terminus?
Listen to never never did, lacuna laughing never did, drinking district never did, walking
never did but maybe talking did

The way it's said on the other shore, the way it forms a skull around a thought, it coalesce
and become drape on a shapeless thing, ringing my ears the whole time home

The way she torque metro through a valley man made, to make it through and find what
she finds prime, while my mountains melt away to the north.

[Untitled #4]

I would love to go to a bookstore and hear what poets have written for the aether, but I am not wearing the right jacket, or pants or even shoes, now that I notice

It's important to do it, prop up proper, and not on guard but guarded, by some confirming measure, by sidestep the shitstorm

It's important that my collar hides the round hill of my jaw, the alleviate arc leaning, and skip crowd caught up in frenzy youth drink dance, and get home to my safe steps and smoke and drink and dance, the audience above below, the spotlight turned away to the street

I don't want to be famous but I want to know what famous people know
I don't want to live forever but I want to know how long forever is
Math it out 'til my brain is a prime root
Not perfect, but recursive

And something gold to shine my teeth to.

[Untitled #5]

I swear in two languages at once and it's not fair to either

One is borrowed around bloodlust, and became a common geograph, a sargassum sea,
stepping stones and bones to nowhere

I tried muster and gather, but found solace in stoops and rain, drinking beer chalice in
weekend wandering thought, cigarette nub punctuate in the pre-shade bloom, the
un-bloom, un-wonder, unlock pause for saint smoke before us, in shuffle and ponderance,
in skin hidden moonfall, and morning breaks

What I stutter in dens and parle-chrome:

Silver words winding into thoughts of untamed ideas and second takes.