

**STILL PILED AT  
DAY'S END**

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I can feel it. **It hurts no more than reason.** It is soft. **I like it.** I do. **It's not quite how I like it.** But it's all right. **He's there.** Breathing. **Him.** It is near. **It is hard.** It is warm. **It holds a soft weight in my hand.** But not too heavy. **Not too far.** Here are the hills. **We dismount here.** I am this. **We are here.** We must bundle up. **Just at aquamarine.** Your letter has arrived. **And I have come.** It is perfect. **I like the arc of the ink, bleeding like treebranches.** I am like a locust, gregarious, migratory. **The red is on my skin; I shed it.** This is my foot, in fact. **I want to go out.** I'm in the mood for Thai. **Buffet, it'll be cheap.** We don't have to speak. **He is silent.** He tastes anistar. **I am blazing.** My throat burns. **I can't tell, I can't smell a thing, not even smoke. My ears ring with it though.** The complaints. **We will depart from where we are.** It all spreads. **It all cracks.** I like the soft beneath the brittle. **They all go, they all feel. They are all inside.** I have my hopes. **I am soft at my core too.** Here is where I am. **The water flows down the drain.** I hear their clicks, natural or mechanical. **The cats are exhausted, drape themselves like throw rugs.** They are equipped with all that science can offer. **He can claim the child.** I am learning to ride the airwaves. **I am afraid of silence and failure.** Death does not frighten me. **There has been an accident.** There is something in the way the light bends. **The easy choice is not always the right one.** The Coriolis effect explains everything. **You twisted it, you always do.** After the pain comes numbness. We are thinning out. Our extremities freeze. **I have the mark.** The fog lingers, taking its time. **She will be all right.** I have the resources. **There is something left inside.** They are more willing to make asses of themselves than I. **It can hold its structure.** It is inhabited. **It is not yet at capacity.** It did not roll so much as slump. **Everything will exacerbate the struggle, one way or another.** It is decipherable in context. **Everything is exposed eventually.** Herbivorous – not omnivorous. **You might avert your eyes.** I know a guy. **I only wear them because I am tired.** Not the act so much as the consequence. **You can certainly read into it.** Physiological pathology of overdefensiveness. **You are asking the questions.** They have an inner pitch. **There is not enough rain to offset the damage.** From

Philadelphia it will be 1,616 miles. Sometimes you have to break down the structure to find out what it contains. It all comes down to consent. Only if the intended focal point is contained within. Quite larger, in fact. The penultimate. My ears pop over low hills. I look as though beaten. The bridge shows its age. It is still obscured to me, as if viewed through frosted glass. I have a series of dollies. I can take it. I forgive them the mistakes I would have made myself. I was constantly wary. The path is where you clear one. I have yet to observe two together. This is as close to what I want as necessary. Every four weeks like clockwork. It is hard not to when the letters are so artful. Welcomed, as long as it holds its place. The son of a tailor, an agricultural blacksmith, a victim of dysentery. I am certainly committed to it. There is nothing I would not like to see once. Everything can sound like a question with the right tone. It's one of those new developments on the Pike. My legs are painless, they move like fins. Just a narrowing by optical illusion. They are building at the fringe of architecture. Her movement is instinctual. Her movement carves the space and is the dance you look for. We are returning. He would not wear a mask if he wanted you to know his face. He has hope, which is a large part of imagination. He will use it for good. The choice is canon. The choice is inevitable. The choice is difficult, but feasible. It is sweltering. There is water in the air, and air in the water. The context of discourse is contextually discursive. His premise is his need, and we all need one. It is in your hand. She needed a change, and a change back is still a change from what is. Ambitious bones. The role is to promote, provoke, evoke, evolve. Point A to Point B is a task we can handle. I like the intense spatial concentration of an intense feeling. Some people crave attention, others, loss. At the place where jadedness starts to look like aspiration. Raised voices are rarely raised without intent, however small. I am always humming. It can be undone. The answer is difficult, the argument is flexible. We all need, and we want more. I could only find it by passing it over with my hands. Your questions tell me the answers you want to hear. Sometimes we are tired of feeling nothing. Use of comic relief. I like it

bitter. We retreat when we are not meant to charge forth. Take the train, wear removable shoes. You can always repurpose something. Chicory root. My hearing is fine. The McMansions draw more of my ire. Before the objects, usually. Eventually I will have to. A natural thing that makes your experience unnatural. It puts me on edge. Petrified. High rollers. They both assert some version of a truth. Nothing before quark level. We have a way to go. We will go on. The sirens wail from where they are needed, and where they need to be heard. It is a matter of life and death. I would call it eggshell. Our purposes exist in limits. This will turn out to be mid-Autumn. I have much to give, but not myself, in any direction. There is no more surprise. Any exit is the right one, though their lengths might differ. I am allowed to be here. Pretty bird. There is a magic to interpreting the world. I am frustrated with my shortcomings and yours. It smells like earth. I am fine. Violent chills, I convulse. It is unstoppable. It suggests an expected answer, which affects responsive behavior. Order can call to task. They use their hind legs. They are commonplace. You have to do it for them. This is my hair. I can see it, plainly. They want to speak with, rather than through, their faces. The way it lasts is special. It breaks inconvenient bonds. I do not suffer these. The time is 7:46 PM. It has already begun to wear. We all fight. The first bite is delicious. I try to rise with the sun. You can put the action anywhere. There is something doubly macabre in physical forms of death. I am showing you, not telling. All land is island. It is coated on one side with kaolin, paraffin, and carbon black. This is stifling. Now I breathe more easily. It offers a place to belong. The idea could be a renaissance. I love to go down. I will be there. Where justification obscures meaning. Cloth will eventually dry. The dead are suspicious by nature. One must rinse to restart. You will be forced to exclude the boundless experiences, since they cannot be contained. I was born ready. But I am never certain. I can feel it. This is it. Make a left. The sky is cast over. I am not afraid – we all go on endlessly, pointlessly. Illegality drives law enforcement. Pain is exacerbated by pressure. They need to know they've done something right, even just right place, right time. Reality can't be fully described. Syntax

shapes everything from the chair to the act of sitting. *She'll attend a potluck.* I like seeing thoughts. *We've come back to meaning.* She let her mind carry her feet, instead of the other way around. *Your progression is your prerogative.* I wear my scars like merit badges. *I wish I knew, so I could alleviate it.* Hopefully it happens when one is too young to make sense of their emotions. *They are trying to know me without having to navigate themselves.* They tell themselves what they want to hear. *Mine are ragged like thorns.* They are difficult to overlook when one looks through them. *We have forty-five minutes to our name.* Use the tab. *They can be reused for pipes or armor.* It is released with pressure. *Counterclockwise to loosen.* Location is relative. *I am not well-traveled.* This is Zone Three. *Suppression is a form of alteration.* All acts are irrevocable; our follow-up has infinite possibility. *I can petrify it.* There is a citrus bite. *It is Kansas.* Hot weather crisp foods, crisp weather hot foods. *I did not see him.* I have never laid fire to one. *The aggregate of the halfpoints between opposite edges.* It is laid back, but cautiously tensed. *I will go on.* We will spiral up the apex. *Jeremiah on Mifflin.* I claim vernacular. *So sez I.* His intentions are pure. *I would rather wander through.* I think whiteness rarely enters the equation. *There are few better ways to contain warmth.* Look for the key in the gap after the first outer tooth. *This place is full of possibility.* She has never known dye. *He likes his talk to ricochet.* I keep it safe, bundled. *It is a form of rhetoric.* I can take it in inch by inscrutable inch. *I prefer automatic.* In touch it is true. *Only if it meant quince and ices.* I have an impression that it has happened. *I wouldn't know if I had the capacity.* We were too drunk to remember who dropped it. *I think, therefore...* There are as many types as instances. *She does.* Rearrange it. *Shore winds can be brutal.* A beat can get repetitive. *The edge always leads all the way around.* The morning can erase the days before. *I leap to my own defense.* I am carnivorous. *Their bills suggest it is so.* I am unflappable. *Nothing is ever the same as it was.* Before long, industrial makes commonplace machinery seem natural. *It has its twists and turns.* There have been at least two today. *I think widescale oppression can lead to obliviousness for some.* Ah, so you

are close to Lafayette Park. The sun is larger than that, and larger. It is six-legged, scuttles and crunches. I pegged her as college-aged. I am as susceptible to distortion as the next person. I am always listening. Happiness is ephemeral. I change them to suit my needs. Largeness is boundless, as long as you move somewhere that can take it. My trust changes with my mood. You are going on. You have. I confess. We have been on a schooner. Thirty-footer. Cornflower. Simple folk, unquestioning. There are many dirt paths. Longer than impressions, more concise than streams of consciousness. Birds need somewhere to roost. Insects have more chance to hurt my in my day-to-day, and aren't half so graceful. It depends on the nature of the change. I'm not sure how great a secret it was that he was gay. We're up 6-nothing. The exhalation to release pressure is always harsh. My vision is poor. It shows to those who aren't blind. It conceals itself. It has its reasons. It can change. The two are not mutually exclusive. Bumpy, but not oxygen-deprived. It is slack. I want to know why. Mostly oxygen. Everything comes consecutively. There is chaotic overlap. Entropy has its own angles. There are seagulls. The drywall is smooth. It's a generic brand. Only a chain reaction. It floats in space. It accumulates. Words achieve the impossible, lending form to a boundless general category of concept. Up to 90 in the shade. They looked under, behind, and in everything. It should rather be called an angle of mindview. The fabric of our lives. When I grew up, I became a real girl. The number is still being counted. It always seems to come down to the question of will. I can interpret it. There might be one in the distance, calling the ships home. Denial can fight for years. Short limbs, normal torso. Some people are looking for a disappointment. If you know you've done something right, you can generalize the triumph. Somewhere in the desert. Fact is a question of verification; truth is a question of constants. Fog hangs thick and dissipates like nagging paranoias. I have already forgotten. Proximity suggests it. Sociologists of emotion would say yes. The biplane has more accurate records. It ceases to be a poem when it ceases to provoke any reaction. I hope she met her dream and was not arrested by school police.

'That has never been my preference. The final form disintegrates before it remains long enough to be true. It was large and red. X-A-N-A-X. This conversation is a prison. Social components are necessary at the personal level. He ain't heavy. There are at least ten answers to that question if you look at this Book. Some would say sunrise. I usually get up in arms over one thing, not a set of them. Language is never neutral. A question becomes a command when the tone intimidates the answerer. Fog is a rain that hangs in the air. My suppositions mean nothing. It is difficult to sit still. I have had blackouts. It will only bite if you deserve it. I would be deeply, narcissistically hurt. It is there. I cannot find them. I have them. I have a habit of writing in margins. I will be soft. I have limited experience. Those who think winter looks the same aren't looking hard enough. There is an anise aftertaste. The bakery down the street. I haven't been crying, I'm fine. I just want you for your mind. I have not suppressed my gag reflex. Anyplace can be holy. He was still at the bar. There is a flock over there. Manipulation is powerful. The outer edge of ego is pride. I can only guess. Some things bear repetition. Make a right. I never return, I can't. This is rain. It depends on the degree. Confidence is not necessarily arrogance. These textbooks are all required. Times I don't want to be fucked are rare. I enjoy a good fantasy. Just because I wasn't there doesn't mean I can't remember. You just have to put up with it until it changes. Habits are hard to break without some suffering. I am somewhat crafty. We could easily be hurt. Inflation assures that everything becomes less valuable eventually. I always swallow. I can swim, but not in such choppy waters. Our plane lands at 4:15. This is a theme; it recurs, it presents in different ways, but it maintains the same structure. I did. I am more apt to thank profusely than ask nicely. I forgot my ID in my other purse. According to watch catalogs, no. Only when you cough. He is a visiting professor. Those cloud formations are drifting to clarity. Things never stay the way they are. These old houses always hum. I can't prove who I am. The author designs it to be so. Caution is usually a good thing, but overcaution has no clear limits. Such a change is never sudden. Life is a series of mistakes and second

guesses. Caution and pace go hand in hand. I have become prone to easy jealousy. This is just a lookalike. Probably somewhere hard to reach. If you are asking, ink is the likelier culprit. If that is so, than each communication is an oppression. My knees are worse. Our plane has not yet landed. If I live my life in a way that is unfulfilling, I will not survive myself. The fish gather and no one boat can catch them all. I would say you are not being so subtle. I wander through neighborhoods, so I can compare them each. I cannot tell you when you're ready. All hair is grown and styled specifically for sexual attractiveness. Either does what he thinks is best for the souls/soles under his jurisdiction. I am running a cool 97. I am not avoiding statement; you are. Go ahead. The farm is beyond the suburbs. Ordinariness and frequency are different things. He may have been nauseated. Shad is not popular enough for the economy to be impacted. I was very young and very morbid. If you judge poorly, you let it fate you. Sound is a crucial element, which is why poetry can be so powerful spoken aloud. We ran over a nail. People expect us to be here. I have my fears. We would not only be bored but frustrated. I can only be there for her when her choices implode. I can't even understand the meaning of the word healthy anymore. I have moved beyond self-pity. I have moved beyond self. We will see what changes. I woke up hours ago. We are as far from morning as a day can be. The coast is littered. We look to that star for guidance. The winter makes me stay indoors, but then there is nothing to do but tell stories. At midnight the werewolves come. This is a small controlled space with two doors, a secret exit for those besieged. I have reason, but I am ruled by impulse. My phone is lost. The town is near the Badlands. It is a location and a state of being. Red hair is prevalent in cornfed girls. It does not suit me. There is a risky element of trust. Jackie has a terribly strong work ethic. My hair is only humidified, not wet. The foreskin supposedly sensitizes it. I know him by name, but not intimately. These are mostly made in China. There is a nutty taste, mostly mellow. An outlier, but not a straggler. Tone and inflection guides reception. There is too much variation to be mechanical. It has faded in the sun. I think it can be so much more. In warmth I cannot. I am facing



west, but your concept is right. The words are all there in clouds of thought. We all have details we keep to ourselves, with varying degrees of impact. When I have a task at hand, it can be distracting. I get carsick on occasion. I am mostly regular. There is an old professor I sometimes dream of. Mortality is not a day-to-day concern, until it is. I am a cat lady at heart. The 234 to Hoboken. Everything that happens just happens. I have lost control in my dreams, where I am sure to have control. Words assign form to meaning, and meaning to general thoughts. We used to buy coffee at the same place. Autumn can be more colorful than summer, impressionist spatters all round. The concatenation. The moment. I will live to see another day. I would be more comfortable at home. That is actually cornflower. They are beautiful, round but not overripe. The thing that cannot be written is the moment at which a look of disdain breaks another's heart. I have a healthy concern at all times. I think he suspects. I have met people who are content; happiness is too exhausting to keep up. I am decidedly indecisive. You'll have to earn my trust. Inside. We won't die if we don't go. I go back and check my facts. Tomorrow will have scattered showers. I'm planning to come. People tend not to think, but believe. I can do the Harlem shuffle, but it takes a few cocktails. The bitch sticks to her story until it's played out. I am a merciful being. The truckbed was double long. Yes, yes. I want to arrive at an act. It is a level playing field. I often feel trapped by my own body. It is in a grave with the rest of him. There is the Golden rule and a host of others. There is a five-day waiting period. I haven't finished with them. It is difficult to eschew social pressures. I have had too many disappointments to risk hope. Overawareness of recursion can ruin an experience. Flip the script, motherfucker. The ocean births fog. Our needs for survival are so few that most orders are asinine and consensually internalized. If two people came to sit at the same time, they would want to be together. Quickly. Not nearly. Almost. I intend to. I will be thinking about it for days to come. I don't presume so much as sense, or interpret sense. It took up too much space in the room. Volume. End of business Friday. \$400K and a plane, no questions, no funny stuff. There is

nothing similar. *That is a bit of an exaggeration.* I have convinced myself I can do more. *The concept of love afflicts all, regardless of class.* I can no longer remember what I originally intended. *You learn their taste in shoes.* Warm nights are good, but crisp nights are better. *A banana will suffice for a substantial snack.* Both are white noise, but in terms of punctuation, foghorns trump car horns. *I played my part.* We are rounding out the day. *I have always scarred easily.* So far you have been the more garrulous; I only speak when spoken to. *They are alternatives I have produced.* There are jobs, but not necessarily for your qualifications. *Density and depth are easily discerned with discrimination.* I'm sure the residents don't find it half so quaint. *Rules for anything are always fluid.* We could stand to hurry. *A neighbor lives in the neighboring yard.* The heart of the fable is a moral. *They come from all over.* Those that are soft at the center must protect themselves somehow. *We met in college.* Conception can change with each word, breath, or gesture. *I rarely even plan a meaning.* The tide simply stirs things up. *She hangs around here for the food, and for her loneliness.* The bottle labeled 'fennel' gave me a clue. *I'm nobody who are you.* He wants her to see him without having to show himself. *A small lion, doglike in its loyalty.* She likes having choice over beauties. *That may be so, you might try meditation.* Waste disposal. *We all have our secrets, some of which must be embarrassing.* Justice is a concept that has long since been reduced to revenge. *No one is whole enough to tell you what it would be like.* Eat less, move more. *Sentimentality is more masochistic than sadistic.* No, I think that was Jean. *Check the itinerary.* I don't want to get caught. *That's Bill Evans.* It's a smart choice. *Round Midnight.* It's possible with concentration and dedication. *Those mornings I never know how to proceed.* I hobble along. *You likely hope for hope.* I can't trust them yet. *I am ashamed to discuss this particular scar.* All words gesture broadly. *Some need to hurt less, rationalize more.* I have, and suffered more guilt than relief. *My myth presents interpretation in sacred, personal ways.* He has chosen denial. *A lack of sensitivity doesn't have to be insensitive.* This is neither challenge nor insult if you have confidence in how your story holds. *I would think*

first about my own secrets. Do not boil everything down to gender. Delirium is optimal when the alternate is searing pain. I am provoked by id but ruled by ego. My understanding is by definition isolated and flawed, but I feel better and more sure. I like the wind, even when my hair flies between my lips. I have forgotten that youthful perfection. I am more educated. I am as unsure of my answers. Even in this age he has managed to get scurvy. Control is rare, and destruction is a form of control. I am too young for firsthand experience. That summer they closed their windows in fear, despite the heat. I come at you from due East. We have an impact. I'd be more skeptical of each slurred word. Trust sets you up for damage. This is the difference between seeing someone and sensing them. Form is not final. She prefers 'crone.' Wait for the 44. A memory is a way of making sense of where you are now, and who, and why. I have been wearing them out. The mind is a powerful tool. He would be threatened by our not being threatened. This is a question of emotion. Words simplify but that does not make them simple. I saw the damage I could do in anger and became afraid. I never said it was not. Words can bloat and stretch and grow tired with overuse. I cannot say I am daunted by them. This exemplifies an instance in a whole. Not all are anything. My choices govern my later selves. The people we speak to are always in question. It is easier to feel vindicated when hurt than when doing the abuse. I cannot recall a time without hate. I was not stupid, but in other ways repulsive. If an artist wants to tell his truths, it is on him alone. Il gagne. One receives money, then more. It would be difficult to impose such restrictions. We are seeking a better way. It is an emptiness not just waiting, but hungry, to be filled. You don't mean carrots, but krill. Communications come from personae, so it is difficult to discern sincerity. I make them and I believe. Most people don't get close enough to ascertain such detail. The news does not surprise me, nor enrage me. I discourage, I do not presume to disallow. This afternoon I had the pleasure. I have been better. They are deeper and rougher. Fuck with the brain in any way and the risk will come back to haunt you. We are displaced from any natural wood. The arc is perfect, the execution never so. The

birds drown it out. These women dream of private yards fenced with clean wooden posts. It's only a blackhead. His teeth are an indication of a lack of motivation. This is no calmer than the last moments. His guilt threatens to win over caution. There is no easier intimacy. Its filth is hidden. Absurd. This town is nowhere close. It collapsed in on itself. Most people are simply charmed by the labels. The right questions are the ones with surprising answers. You may. There is rarely need for new words, but we crave them. I was going to confess. It can't take the weight. The eye of the storm will blow clean past us. They broke the bolt and bolted. Do it softly but sincerely. No need. At some point it was half of what it is. One is enough. I am like a deep sea fish, blind, trying to make my own light. Two business days thus far. The stories are all based on truth and history. It depends on whether you ask a scholar or a streetperson. I am here. Be patient, this isn't ours. This is a painful bony outgrowth from the joint. This particular condition is a comma, a caesura, a pause, a separation. It gives our eyes all chances at interpretation. It is not clarity. Its bullseye is blue. Our election promises to be the same well-choreographed dance of deception and denial as last time, and the time before that. You forgot my keys. He was out of worms. Those fishermen will fuel their heroin habits tonight. It's an osprey. It will not hurt us. It is in free air, as free as air can be. They are big to a child. In the digital age, it is nearly impossible to tell. The unspoken is part of any communication. This is circulated in case young boys had trouble being indoctrinated to the ways of young boys. No side will take him. A flaw in their equation equates more work with more leisure. Delicious. She will never be able to destroy what gives her pain, but she will be able to destroy. I resent it only as long as I cannot retaliate. Roughly 6 billion. They are small and sprawling. The start is marked. You have switched pens. Talk is cheap but desired impact is in short supply. Pancreatic cancer, month from diagnosis. Just a disused cruise ship. I have survived. They conceal their athlete's foot. Some inner point beyond discernment. Christ, Freedom, St. Mary's, St. Thomas of Aquinas, Stronghold, Ministry. I would have to lean in close to discern them. Weeds presented as wildflowers. Children are

not unselfish themselves. Something would have to be taken from someone. You and everyone else. It will integrate consecutive spaces. This is the S.S. Adrian. From the day to day, we change as easily as weather. It could have been pure chance. Often secret lives are also lies. In this instance, I insist on the natural choice. Winter makes me wish I were large enough to hibernate. I have difficulty making that distinction with anyone. I look to their statements and how full of bullshit they are. It is dread of a sort. Its flower is the peony. I was probably 16 the last time I felt that open. My hands are peeled but too tired to bleed. I have trouble making sense of my features. I will affirm it. Continue along a mile or so. Don't bother to find out. Eventually there is a lake. The first time was a false alarm. She would lose it when he flaunted the thing that hurt her. It's harder than I thought. Not knowing how next to proceed. Not having a choice how to proceed. Mucus trumps tannins. Words are not like that at all. It is remarkably similar to some dreams. I can smell rain and its distance from impact. One doughnut per is sometimes insufficient. That is more like legal than administrative grammar. From inside, we can always believe in beautiful days. Sea birds are hunters. The southernmost, the peninsula. If, when you imagine flying, you must also imagine fainting before you reach the top, then yes. Ask me and trust me. I am preoccupied with a tingle in my thighs. They would need to be tightly packed. That is not terribly flattering. Otherwise it would be book circulation. When we search the dictionaries, we would still have trouble describing a real and universal feeling. Winter will mean soup and too much introspection. When the buildings bob up and down you will never know if you are drunk, or dreaming. I have caused myself to fall in love time and again. I have, and have forgotten its form. Technically sorbetto. These are the right issues for me. You rubbed involuntarily. There was a bit of grime. You should stick with evening showers. I am trying to be tougher, thicker, harder. It feels like I am losing myself inside a leather shell. I want it to come easily and with less controversy. I am terrified, and often. It is tender but only bittersweet. Mothers are gatekeepers to adulthood and autonomy. There is something

more complex to it than hydrogen and oxygen. I avoid bleach and tend towards the dark. Everything is electric. Deep sounds of comfort are universal among peoples. Love conquered lack of laundry facilities. This is how I sleep every night, no princess with a pea. Young people always think this same image is new. Words fall and hit like bells, or miss. The first days are intense in their own ways, if not harder. Cordialness, and caring. The man can trap birds. Capability replaced by commodity. Between form and impression. Pain is a reaction that responds to stimuli of all kinds. An accident with an influence. It is how a few syllables conjure up an entire being. The vague threatens with its potential. Liz knows her shit. Mel will find out eventually. A lack of record can be devastating. I intend to get blitzed. Fornication has a distinct odor, saltier and yeastier than making love. Not yet four. Trash can have ideals. Education is its best defense. White forces do their part as evidence against. Moving, but not necessarily artistic, and not necessarily lies. Without variance there is no passion. My aching gums affirm. To take care of oneself means any number of things. As long as I'm not a felon. I don't know how many make a butcher's dozen. To borrow a cliché, it settled like a blanket. This is it. Your aspirations help define you anyway. When raised together as children all differences can be overcome. Each to their own. Good to my head, hell on my neck. Novelty trumped anxiety. Much like gunmetal and blood. I have not stopped trying. The tomatoes will weather the weather. His is lonely and purposeful. My panties also bunch. When dulled it appears like shell. Trout and tripe, and trash. SSE. There is dust and mineral. You can metastasize in a meta conversation. Drugs are never necessary but often helpful. It trembles. Memorize the length of your life line. No one is objective enough to tell. There is no better way to organize one's world. The way hatred is infused with affection is an age-old mystery. Not I. Naught, aye. I was not so lucky. Today would be convenient. Down a ways is where the action happens. I see the map as points and paths. Here is where I do much of my thinking, and much of my getting lost. This is real, baby. Same old. Choose a direction and keep going. Fire ants. I am wet. The sun sets sooner now. I

have learned to tune them out. Disaster attracts company. There was too much smoke. Big Brother, post-lit. They have little to do but look elsewhere. When a they is a we. We all tell stories. We cannot live without external impact. Some say we determine our own limits. Your question implies restriction. It feels like each of these, but can be seasoned to taste otherwise. A slow, hunched wanderer in a light drizzle. These are bitter and run like ink. It depends on the fineness of the netting. As if through a fisheye lens. You never ask how I am. It is hard to find the balance point of something so concise. Prosey has long been his fallback plan. He has since determined there is no issue worth discussing. I am too blinded by fear to tell. Description is only the way we make sense of the sequence. I switch up from time to time. I picture a phalanx of neat office workers in tennis shoes on clear mornings. There is nothing to do and no worth in worrying. I like it rough. Someone had a need for strength to back them up everywhere. As long as we have a choice to reject someone, we face rejection if we do not measure up. We need to be whole and consistent. Memory is a reference, association radiates. This is his fear of the ostensibly harmless. There is something safe and removed from influence in there. Anxiety and malnutrition, respectively. I do. My head is on a pillow. The music I hear is a dark orange. More like guinea pigs with voices like monstrous finches. I can smell it from the hallway. Consult a phrenology head. All distinct acts are edges on the interminable puzzle of life, or some such shit. When it addresses a prior revision made to protect one's interests. Rarity is seductive. Never, always erring on the warm side. Survival is an instinct, not an implicit knowledge. I default to looking pleasant when navigating a new conversation. It depends whether the comparison is individual or aggregate. As adults, we can eat whatever we want, just not without consequence. Throwing those words around does not explain the concepts. I love it, and I fear it. Short, round, pressurized. Long, tapered, ginger. You know nothing about me. Leaning to the left into the ground with the grassroots. Some compulsions are pathologized as such. As much as I hate to admit it, there is an element of bobo in me. Jessica Wentzl. The 40th Senate district.

I wasn't looking. It curves around that rock. That would make it a star. A mountain man. It looks like there is little clutter. The answer - suggestivity - is suggested by the question. Between my ears, laterally, the space opposite the side with the cerebellum. Preparedness, anticipation. You talk a lot and say nothing. Some work is itself discriminating. They are just lumps. She is malnourished in many ways. I lost my footing and gasped. A perfect description would be an unforeseeably powerful thing. Water tension is one of the most beautiful examples of like following like. I still lack the courage to ask it. I know who's there. It's our very own fata morgana. Rick died years ago, his son Eric runs the joint now. Street name, DCB, dichlorobenzene. That's why we do anything. Grass stains. I have no greater good that would excuse that. I have not, but I would, if they were ripe. I rarely think that far in advance. I worry about curdling. In and then some. It would be my pleasure. A gathering of minds is far more than the list of its participants. The photographs tell the tale, written on my hips, my hair, my clothing, the tightness of the skin under my eyes. Your teeth, and the way your breath comes through them. Definitions evolve, devotion is naive. The combination of factors is what comes to matter. Emulsifying takes direction and pressure. The forms bleed out like Rorschachs. Our prerogatives live at back, our judgments up front. Like a toddler who is forced to play board games with an older sibling indoors on a rainy day, who has not yet learned to cheat or to take things in stride. It is tired. The callouses on the palm say more than moles. And trucks, and trailers. So many details accumulate in memory. Endocrine problem. True function is a virtue. The companies that wrap up the red tape to build them are the issue. My gums and jaw are what troubles me. Our stories are bland without tragedy, and we know how to be our best villains. Words are chameleonic in their form. Response is a formidable part of interaction. I could sleep there, but waking up might pose a problem. Geese have a trajectory and need no wandering. We will begin to think we are worthless. Being is a sequence of postures. Punctuation herds words into sentences like border collies to errant sheep. To be both supple and dry would presuppose



crumbling. This is an epitome, but not of anything desirable. The ravens keep their distance and hold their gaze. Gulls eat anything. I grew up on the inside glaring out. Nowadays they taze them to death. I can go for pages without registering a thought. They ripple with the grace of the ocean, adhere together with the cohesion of the body. Fresh flowers do some of the trick. The ink is the lubrication, the words don't stay in it. I can hear it more at night, as if it has waited until we were asleep so as not to bother us. Loneliness seeking approval. I wish. I've never dreamed. This is a cicatrix. Anything to hide the hickeys. They appear as they are needed. Drinking more fills the stomach, reduces appetite, discourages eating large amounts, makes bingeing have greater impact. You would not be talking to me otherwise. Maybe your eyes are clouded. Could be a clot, a pulmonary embolism. Bounding over obstacles and restrictions are what build our capacity, our muscles and muscle memory, our ability to adapt, our being. Most extraordinary things men do are done just because they can do them. Talking and writing are conducted in different languages. Radical nonintervention has been the policy of this administration toward all nations who actually pose a threat. I am just as tolerant in action, and less tolerant in the invectives my brain slings silently. The clever omission childproofs the sentence. It is part and parcel of a larger con. The latter would have been unfortunate. P-town, actually. You'd be surprised how you can come to recognize a heap of trash and tragedy when it's your own. The fact that you ask from within a body can answer that. Cutting corners is not always the answer. Jewelry row. They did. They thought they had points to make. Your possessions are never yours if you enter into contract. Arson's not my bag. I try not to think of my darkest, most constant impulses, or I'll never aspire to anything greater. I am certainly more insulated. I hear the bells, but the lower frequencies are lost. The baseboards, more often. Quaint and endearing, but dark and narrow, with low overhead. Fucks. Slows. A generation of analysis has taught us it's best to dig things up. They are usually better at it, and disappoint the religious right with their personal news. Only during the Quadrantids. Our lines are

crossed one way or another. With the price of oil, it's nearly impossible. Baton Rouge. A multipurpose arena in Mitchell. Much is improvised. You are simply seeing double. Please come. Only if our shoes are cleated. Nothing lasts that long. I sacrifice for beauty. They do not reflect like they evoke. Usually it's cut and dry. Today it's handbags, darling. They've been digging for a while. Jughandle. I have not been either place long enough to pass judgment. We would probably drown. I'm sure it's been done, you hack. I don't smell gas yet. Twofingers and Trey. Six and Steven. You have little faith in restrictions. In an asyntactical space, sometimes it takes hours for language to catch up with me. Jupiter is in retrograde. I find it takes sleeplessness to forget the anxiety of the need for cohesion. Consult the teleprompter. As long as we have. As little as we need. Sometimes we need such restriction only to get things done. Further proof of his unwavering narcissism. I have, and look fondly on days of promiscuity, and how constantly upping the ante followed. We all need a challenge. Aloe vera. Any more than three would make a square. I don't know what that thing is. Momentum must be built. Thankfully I've never known, but I imagine boxy. My dreams are limitless and the limitlessness is terrifying. Confirmed suspicions allow us to rely lazily on our intuition, until that, again, fails us. Second chances. Infinite. No. Yes. I have certainly been here before. That would be a limousine. When he starts, he never stops, for fear of ridicule. He does it on command. The need for opiates is hardy. If you wrote it, it would be impressive - you are barely literate. We have forgotten discomfort and inconvenience, we would be incapacitated if we were deprived. The same people who choose Whopper, Jr.s because less is more. Not enough to worry anyone but anorectics. Albatross. Logic, reason, patience. Cost analysis is one way. Reds pitcher Charlie Radbourn, the Old Hoss, could ruin a game with his cramps. Unacknowledged fear of the PATRIOT Act. The length between the opening of the vagina and the cervix. Androgyny is sexy. The universe collapses under its own weight. It expands. This time of year is unlikely for this to happen. She, too, wore a cloak and walked with God. Marshmallows overpowering burnt wood. My nerves have consistent

responses. I would call the moonlight bluish. I will. I can't so you must. This has always been a conjunction. The word asserts my otherness from the situation. I am controlling the throbs. We are not caught, but we are there. Bridges designed solely for aesthetics would not function. Even open questions have their biases. The fact is inscrutable - the language begs the question. People like to suffer for what they believe is good. Long retired. The interior designer. We conform if going along will get us places. There are definitely tried-and-true story types. If you learn to hold your breath and use your fingers it shouldn't be a problem. Certainly communication is sometimes a strategic game of Taboo. The laws that govern me. I can make things happen, and then, shocked at my capacity, I wake. The incantation might bring about change. You would know the thoughts had been important to you. Yes, but it would take work to prove it. In terms of our existence, they do. Something yuppier than a zine. You might have started to forget, and repeated yourself. Look at this series of cages - humans are domesticated beasts. When it's not a door, as the joke goes, in reverse. Movable eyelids, functional ears. Usually they have too many indentations and bulges to plausibly be bitemarks. The demarcation. I will never give it enough thought to know. The stripes don't thrill me, but the ocelot's rings give me pause. The mere body heat gives the experience more depth. They drop themselves, break, and shatter into pieces. I have a more adapted eye. No offense, but I likely won't speak about this meeting thereafter. Such statements suggest further stories. It is a surprise that you anticipated taste. Those who can detect the story behind the sentence will identify one-liners. Your body weight will be a factor. You might, but not necessarily with any accuracy. I have suffered as much gore in dreams; we can only handle such violence anymore in a state of unreality, but we must in order to build the grit necessary for survival. If one could, life might be easier. Just an artist's sketch. Sunday Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday. You might want to order this online. Wack. We are waiting for the birth. Its Apgar scores were in range. Not particularly. From ends to second chances. The moisture, the gas, the bend of light. That is up to you. Set yourself to a

five-word limit. **Benzos can't take the place of hallucinogens.** The city has let them down in some small way. **Just a 24-hour bug.** Waves are made in our flesh on impact like water. **The endless march of days is a bitch.** In this community it does. **That's what I feel.** That's what we all are. **I have the ideas in this outfit, not to mention the work ethic.** Nothing better to do. **The need to feel better than my peers.** It's an open space. **I often feel the fool.** Part interest, part compulsion. **I don't - I only think that's what I use it for.** Just because I keep trying doesn't mean I don't know what I'm up against. **I prefer natural light.** North up 34th. **Weekly at least.** You may also know it as Delphinium. **The shit that's still piled up at the end of the day.** For someone who rails against restrictions, that would be an extremely limited ideal. **A separate thought is not an extension of anything.** I can still put up a fight. **Easily put on edge, but not angered so easily.** It depends on the outward purpose. **It has a constant endurance.** Not so strong as the arguments for it. **Jump onto the porch, keep it safe.** It could be both, individual and cultural blindness. **This kind of trip is pseudotangible, able to be passed along in full.** You're better off asking a doctor than asking me. **Contextualizing can deepen our understanding.** No one has a busy tone these days. **Safest not to treat it as such.** I have only felt it, but I know it's there. **Only time can tell, and we might not be around long enough to listen.** Finding one of my own. **I can hold my lunch.** The writer is more often the fool. **One is at the top because it is the best; one is at the top because it believes itself to be the best.** The sensation of moving without the bodily proof. **Postmortem, he is like any bit of flotsam.** A strong but pleasant smell can often serve to cure. **I think of them more as wafting, carried by wind.** Certainly - no one wants to hear an ode to biodiesel. **Hypergraphia can be pathologized.** I would if I believed your coming and communication were suited to my reception. **I cannot identify this moment as such.** The whole city's behind him. **I usually have something invested in the answers I might get.** It completes the script. **To get to the crisis.** Most things do for a depressive. **It can be.** Meaninglessness can be silly. **Better uses of time are just as tedious.** That is not a fear so much as a genuine

belief I have come to grips with. *You have a significant list of problems.* No, even they could overlap and curl over. *Soak into a cloth, squeeze into a funnel, brace yourself for burning eyes.* Build it up again with different parts. *Recessive genes.* Certainly it is, but I am not yet prepared to make decisions before I've seen what's out there. *Respectable, noncollegiate cookware.* Expressive prose, not necessarily narrative or formatted, which applies to a lot. *Simple, sinuate, ovate, pinnate.* Terms without conditions would cease to provide adequate reference. *I have chosen to trust you.* I can feel this one will be dry. *The way you lick your lips suggests you have.* Personal observation. *It takes a while to work up to that.* Infinity suggests infinite possibility; assuming duplicate situations would be smallminded. *I'm sure there was a cause, however mundane.* And fresh. *No shape is entirely representative of my existence.* Chaos is difficult to measure. *Ice blue, heather grey.* Use a lotion. *I compulsively excise filth.* Look at your father and grandfathers, look at the way you eat. *We are not in Colorado.* I am simply an admirer. *I have never heard five such similar sounds at once.* I am very much real. *Cancer is a more respectable way to die than heart disease.* Us bomb them. *Tusks and ribs like ancient arches.* They peel as if sunburnt. *My teeth have always been sensitive.* Sirius. *One can tell from the direction of advance.* Look harder, you'll see it. *I sadly relate.* There is an eros to language in general. *This is my answer to your question to me.* I see it in image, as though the written word projected it on the back of my mind. *We pick off the bones and around the cartilage.* Compulsive politeness is innocent. *If the cause is disorder, you can say the results just come.* He never had a chance. *Life is short and faux fur is fun.* In a long enough silence, I must start speaking to myself. *This is behavior, impulse, guilt.* I have always been irritable. *I couldn't no matter how much I wanted to.* I don't know how the serial could go on after that point. *The one in plain clothes.* I suspect you already know, and I am ashamed, not afraid. *I am sure night has other properties.* Greater tolerance to pressure. *You grow old and arthritic.* Work on your form. *Horrifying, numbing, steeling.* Logically deduce the absence of information. *Peccari are swine.* Low-

ground hunters need sharp hearing. Our indecision was the straw on the back of his laden camel. Pound key. Specific cause, vague enemy. Even engineers have senses of irony. I wouldn't open my mouth wide enough to show you. If you've hit a block, there isn't anything else it could be. Please oh please do. I don't suppose that'd be much different from a trailer. Warm language would do little good in the way of intimidation. I do think you're a fool, and a showboat. He smokes for hours weekly, on Sundays, on the porch, silently, like church. It is also unhygienic, dangerous, humiliating, the last refuge of misguided teenagers, of those who can't make the real stuff feel good anymore. He has given his mind time to quiet itself. I will tuck it in the second pocket of my wallet. I refuse to pay for something I'm getting paid for. It takes little to make me cry lately, I have become fragile. Its engine exploded and was set aflame, to add insult to injury. The tone and timbre of a sentence is as much part of the communication as the words conveyed. It will if you squint. You can, but that will ruin it for the others. They have been taught to second guess themselves, can't assert anything with boldness even on paper. It was pleasant to find I was not the steward of the world. It falls within the constraint of definition. I'm not your baby. In most cities it's a case of Crips vs. Bloods. It isn't just Buffalo. Our brains recognize subtler cohesions and consistencies than our eyes can, and maybe it's pheromones, and maybe it's a soul. If we weren't able to invent for ourselves some continuity, to invest in it so fully, eventually even our bodies would start to fall apart, the tissues separating and starting to fall apart, and even then we would let it happen, we would feel no loss, and life could not go on. I am trying to write for myself the Yes Works. We have grown used to piles of rubble in the name of Progress. I have a process but I wouldn't call it a method. Let's call the scale Very. My scalp is probably where the pain is located. Hoarders make me sad, make me want to slough off my possessions like I'm shedding. All 14-year-olds do at one point in writing the seasons. He is dead. I'm sure anyone with any embarrassment for a previous lover will tell you we cannot comprehend. Murphy's law diluted. I have three in a bag beneath my bed. Soft but durable like well-

oiled leather. A corner in a loved but never looked-at room. Memory loss, impaired judgment, an extra pound or two. You were next in the circle, I wanted to brush your fingers. There are arguments within the parts as well. Many of the classics can be categorized as such, but academics refuse to admit it. I refuse to admit that. Glassy eyes do not mean tearful. Nothing has stopped you before. Eight and a half inches. Seven inches. Straight as an arrow. We have never done it with a mirror. There is a context to that teaspoon of semen, and a dozen other consequences. Yours, mine, his. It isn't, what was produced would still have features, even self-generated. Ruthlessness but not violence. Anchoring but not locating. This is a discussion of your language. I had never thought of it in terms of its connections. It petrifies me daily. I like the volume. I rely on cautious hesitation. I have no plans to. I would need you to explain that to me. He gets away with it by claiming they are his school's colors. I have always remembered in some capacity. The variance in capacity owes to shame. Deer have feet not half so flat as picnickers. I have never found it difficult, only less fulfilling. He is a stranger whose eyes I know. Head up Spruce and make a left. Everything makes vibrations someone can hear. It is oceanic. You must declare it so. Sick and stoopid. I'd like to believe we have only gotten tighter and more colorful, but even I cave into the allure of the Olden Days. I wound up glancing back. Its ebb is nearly at peak. It is like crepe paper. It is like balsa. It is like neglected flesh. I have no idea of where it has gone. I had wanted it since before I could give it words. It was warm and sunny - we called it summer because it made it more magical, less mundane. I laughed then, even as I retched. Yes, no, I can guess. Guilt and horror outweighing voyeuristic pleasure. The merit of thorough documentation. It's a bitch and a burden. We are evolved animals, but we are still animals, and rationality and impulse run into each other in catastrophic ways. See if it fits. They are remarkably like yours. The vibrations of our behaviors work in much the same sonic way. I am not easy to offend. I still have standards of behavior. Call Zuckerstein. I understand but it doesn't yet seem real. It certainly has associations, risks

that follow. There is of course the issue of cardiac arrest. Those who are rarely ask. The back wall. The more narrow end. Art historians will all have frustrating and fruitless careers trying to answer that. Get it appraised. Volume and mass. Twenty years ago we had more of them. You are anything but, brash and insensitive. I had imagined they didn't scrub it off like grease with a scouring brush. The more plausible answer, which is to say the absence of speculation. It isn't, we only approach it. The roughness is not merely metaphor. A different system, a different derivation for alternates. Its ghost remains. I sense it, but not with bodily senses. It has no form to locate. Most things do. They left no calling cards. I would consult the Cliff's Notes. Pink Floyd has gotten old. Only in ways that prompted more speculation than recognition. An act, but formless. He was upset to say the least. If he was, he never let on. It was impeccable for my standards. As a writer he wanted to acquaint himself with absolutes. They had begun to curl beneath him. The captured asteroids are Phobos and Deimos. The procession of equinoxes have lowered these stars below the European horizon, and they have been forgotten. Any kind of written narrative. Only insofar as humans still count as animals. In my case that would be uncomfortable. Scheduled delivery is for Tuesday. It never tries to inhale back its own mucus and I'm not sure why our children do. Indecision is a common feature. We are unspeakably fragile. Relationships are included. Survival is a remarkably strong instinct. It will be clean. The evidence that it has been there is not excisable. The tides will carry it home. It will, men. No offense meant. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. No, I mean it. It certainly lets us in even as it contains itself. Its language flies in all directions, also. I have some sense, no evidence. I somewhat recognize this area, I probably know the way by sight. They are slowly coming into view. Only momentarily as compared to my hair. They must bleach and starch more often than they wear the things. Some terms apply. Tuck and roll. You've got to spend credibility to make credibility. I tend to, but never remember. It will largely be due to chance. There is a big red EXIT sign. Usually it is painted, the arrow overlooked by the creator. Ask the critics.



You must have a receipt. Not so just because I'm tall. I am, gathering my herbs for Samhain. I have, and each decade will now seem more of a challenge. You must read the contract before you consent. Two weeks. I am spent and dry. I continue on. It was my pleasure. I am tenacious. I can be stubborn. There have been points at which all of language has seemed to lack meaning. Some courses overlapped, which made it more of an experience than a sequence of tasks. The player strolled toward our table. Only recreationally, socially, occasionally. It supports my sanity to have a rainy-day project. If she does and does not say anything the redundancy is her fault. The question would impose the answer. I like the way they let the light in only just so. I have felt it many a time, know it well. It does not, and will not follow me. I do not, and barely notice once they arrive. When it is my fault, which it never is. That question always prompts a rush to the windows. I do what is asked of me, what is needed. I hoped to avoid language that was really for language's sake. Those who overvalue their contributions detest consistency and collaboration. Given external opportunity I might find a reason. After a while, mourning produces diminishing returns. That is quite my sense of humor. Tommy Dorsey choked in his sleep; somewhat less organically, his brother Jimmy died the next year of throat cancer. Saying a final goodbye to someone to whom you once wanted to give your first daily hello. It usually does thanks to disease. I hide it with most of my strength. I do, but I still think I can accomplish something more than this. Threats and ultimata work wonders. I'm bi. I am content enough. Aren't we all. I have my milestones to pass time. When its impulse ceases. I never actually want to do the things I truly want to do. I don't have the heart to shut them up, they are so pleased with the sounds of their voices. It is past its season. I try to find the humor in my situation so as to join them. I try not to give such easy cause. I always leap to the worst conclusions. I need the dark, but I am still sometimes afraid. I have not, it no longer crosses my mind. Sometimes drugs are sadly and sincerely necessary, a chemical existence. No, as persons are limited and brief. That is its meager definition. There is no alternate universe to which to flee, at least

not one with such detail. Too much pesticide. I didn't, that was the neighborhood boy whose name none of my friends remember. I'm not sure what that looks like or how to prepare. She loves to namedrop when the name is unknown, investing in the possibility of saying "I knew him when." I can hardly be the exaggeration and the simplest incarnation of self. No matter how unbelievable your life is, your existence is no hoax. If I had the opportunity to lay my small triumphs across such a large one, I would too. We are bordered by walls except in opposite directions, headed one way. South, and west. I am more worried of making such sounds, having someone else hear. It is a simple stew. Structuralism and Russian formalism. I can see a nest. If we do I don't see why he shouldn't. There is a mechanical thunder I must attribute to the trucks. Salt flats. Not an invention, but certainly idiosyncratic rather than absolute. This is among the most humid regions in the North. That is the simplest explanation of how such extremities as books are grown. Good books erode detail down to a point, which is not necessarily pointed but more or less locatable. Only in that you told me; I am not on the same frequency of reference. It sounds like an easy chair sentence. There is a sense of dishonesty, but no irrefutable evidence. Style changes are mostly inaccurate measures of time. It changes your mood, your mindset, your inspiration. I can see it, in milky, silky strands. One hundred per cent, which is a pseudoscientific method of simple affirmation. You seem relatively aimless. You do not seem to understand him. Maritime study. Playing children count as life. I cannot see that as truly strange of anyone. The question overlooks the landlocked. One of the critics, one of a hundred angry faces. Stray pitbulls breeding and spreading and breeding again. I was more concerned with the positioning of my own legs. Little else but chop wood and cure meat. An element of each with fluctuating frequency. Part efficiency, partly a fuck-you to physiology. Traveling often is, if you overlook the broader purpose. The rust in the pipes has built above the threshold of tolerance. If it is, I am excited. Most poems written to be poems are mere invitations to academic circlejerks. Technology is not cyclical until nostalgia enters in, and trend emerges. This

depends on if you're writing what you feel, or what you feel will shock people. There is also ground, sky, slope. Some people never see their backyards. Most art forms can't get too strong a hold, the oil paint and glossy type slips over reason. That sounds unseasonably delicious. We are on the last roll. It is quieted but has its own sounds, cereal pouring, automatic sprinklers starting themselves up. Chemical imbalance is what the doctors say, the ones who never have the time to look her in the eye. Something that is widely regarded to be true. Something that is widely taken on as a way of being. Simple explanations of convoluted concepts. Every question proposes I understand your meaning and can adequately respond. No, it does have a truth function of its own. The curlew's bill is arced, the godwit's straight. I call this apocalypse weather, it looks like fire advances like an army. Just throwing pebbles. Wind and weight both play their parts. They were like stagnant, bottomless pools, however trite that is. It is a rhythm and a resonance that suggests and promotes togetherness but can still be interpreted in idiosyncratic ways. Jazz is the most discursive music - house incantatory - rock exclamatory, like injectives. They are those least likely to be worn, least likely indicative of how the wearer wants to be portrayed. I have not seen such smut. Why is the question I'm hunting down. I want some authority but I don't believe in god. It's not true. It's not acceptable. Wednesday. It was my grandfather's. I am nonconfrontational but imbued with unacknowledged rage. It frees her from a lot of stupid vanity. Closed circuit. Catches the eye. Too unnaturally pleated. He didn't lose it, but was not born with it. Someone decided color was the ideal representative of flavor, yellow was the ideal shade of butter, bright was the ideal presentation of color. Artistic control is sometimes a misnomer. I know I was, and my mother has the embarrassing stories to back this up. Like a production of the Industrial Age. I do, and walk more slowly that whole block. The crocus is usually my truest indicator. The train ride is usually too much hassle. We agree to standard measurements and consult the calendar. Only one with yellow stripes. Were I outside I might be able to. I can, but I am mostly looking at the ripples on the lake. Density and

thickness of fur as well as color. Speed, direction, height, time. Words themselves suggest meaning. Mastery over tasks can be called skill. Objects may fall. I am conscious. I am regretful of many things. Right now I am hardly amusing. Learning sentence types might limit what we think we can say. You might have pinched a nerve. Communication can carry many violent intentions. Most of us write with an audience in mind even if we don't seek them out. Like some proto-organic weave, with French ticklers and strange buggy bedfellows. Their little time on land has to be as gritty as possible. They're sleeping together, if that's your question. It's an instinct, not a learned practice. Half a year away. The construction has been ongoing for months. You can see them dilate and hold you tight. Not so well as diction. They are stored in each of our memory banks. Beautiful women can get away with anything. It creeps in first dampening the grass, then bleeding across the sky like water on a paper napkin. Same outfit, a little sweatier this time. They bark and groan. Hot dog carts contribute. I can't help but want to burn it every day. The only thing that sets us apart from animals is that we've come to need a reason to do what we do. You can't even try. I present myself. I am not yours to define. You may offer a hit. I cry often but refuse to attribute cause to you or anyone else. I get off on a little choking. Pet names only. I am open to the offer. I love the feel, so equally and mutually imbued with absolute power. Go ahead, you'll like it. We'll decide on a safe word. We document our own change, the successive truths we hold and spurn. It will take you part of the way. Probably not. It's just another way of experiencing a fundamentally flawed world. You have another seventeen hours. They are hungry, want some meat and attention. Streetlamps and fog from the east. It wouldn't be the human experience without occasional revelation. Cordially, biblically, nothing more intimate than that. W-9s and job applications. That is one way of describing things, though not particularly poetically. We determine the things we have distaste for, and usually they are things we dislike about ourselves; we embody our misery, run from it, futile. This is our world; welcome to it. A sphere has no edges. I like the smell of earth. Positive v. negative connotation. I dreamt I

snapped, turned violent, took the head of the person that had hurt you and smashed into a brick wall repeatedly using my bare hand, til I was spattered in his blood and brains, terrifying everyone around, even myself. Never, though nightmares had suggested it. I had not heard of them, but I wonder at their shame. At midday, the sun has already passed this point of the arc. This is where Solis comes to rest. If you mean talking and questions, then yes. I felt compelled even subconsciously. You can keep your priorities in place while adjusting them relative to each other. Not too much longer. I never learned the neighborhood boys' names. I can only function by full daylight. I am stricken with anxiety even when I am not pacing. I interpret it in ways I can understand. We already get so hung up on the things around is that it is difficult to aspire to greatness. Those who actively seek the sky do see it as a destination. No one resents a seller of treats. He likes to picture himself as a photograph in a later biography. I have been suffering parasthesia. I can describe them well, engage with them fumblingly. The secret is the indoors business, the motivation of cabin fever. If its production is already beautiful, pouring energy into producing what is otherwise expected of it can be exhausting. Only if the question is on words, or meaning. It only surrounds us to remind us that we must work at a solution, not expecting our text to render our existence safe. Expectation of simple solutions usually conclude with such disappointment. Autonomy permits me not to be affected by anything about you. There are other power struggles to take into account. Our perception, not our texts, create the parameters of our relativity. Consensus on relative place can be a strong bond. Less anxiety, less definitiveness. That is a pretty excuse for never arriving at an answer. Disallowed access to the outside, he must crave some kind of wind. I have much more resolve to break down before then. Surrender is a way to end a situation, but not one that will make things any better. Dimensions, not layers. Sounds of pleasure are easily copied, but lies visibly betray themselves. You just want to see you're making any kind of difference. See: postmodernism. I see it as slightly, milkily gelatinous. Some say trademark, others compulsion, obsession. The pink baker's sugar

implies it. I cannot hear his chords. I was unaware. That is the beauty of the blank page, the mostly-blank mind. Possibilities can arrive in sequence. This is certainly love. When you recognize signs of fear in this, you can tell it is fear of how one will hurt themselves in devoting so fully to another. There is something in the way she wears her flipflops and casually combs her fingers back through her hair. Watching self-destruction has hardened me to this daily revelation. If the headlines did not reference Augustus Gloop, the reporters should be fired. Size and shape are my primary indicators. I no longer wanted to ride Space Mountain. I was separate, dormant cells in the form of an egg, a spermatozoa. So what indeed. Visceral, emotional response to the trigger words. If we are not relentless we cannot be any longer. Look at the aggregate always when trying to be relatable. Upset doesn't count when it's momentary. With the jaundice and episodic fever, it could very well be Hodgkin's. Our own limits are rarely experienced, others' less so. It thankfully protects me from overempathy. Never fear, you're plenty selfish too. You hate anyone that makes you feel so much. They announce themselves, even their tiny selves. Only when I lie back, and what a rare treat. There I can be alone and surrounded, anonymously part of something. Prone to rot or to greatness through collaboration. That's a woodpecker. Poets never think poems can stand alone. These are canon for sound pieces. I am too anxious and sickened by the sight, and especially the sound. I have never met a man who didn't believe he was at the sexual peak of humanity, however misguided the claim. It took you long enough. I heard the click of her heels. I pictured it as such. The first, the subsequent. I'd believe each imperfection. I automatically picture a lamb hock when I am confronted with the story. Not so strange, many people prefer diet soda. I am thankful I never had anything insist on staying with me so long, even something that wasn't horrible. I am not open to extreme exertion or embarrassment. Here it is cluttered and claustrophobic. I have not yet gone anywhere to escape. Caution is not anything to frown upon - only overcaution. No, but plenty things fit the opposite criterion. They rest, as if on maritime hammocks. Other ports, other cities. I missed that landmark.

Success, by some standards, cliché to others. They would ask the same things but might inspire different answers. Famished. Parched. Desperate. Twisted. We could not take other swings at each other. Tea I'll never drink. Content is passé, structure is still new. I am inclined to black out. He was born in Germany, but embarrassed of his family's involvement in the war. I'm going to eat dinner before I figure anything else out. I can borrow a car. Deep breaths and Vicodin. I'll live, and function, and have nightmares. Not hardly. Knowing everything would weigh too much, we would physically crumble to dust. I am, for certain. I am unsure. That would make a bunch of paper, or digital space. I can't stand the thought that something like this is merely the product of my effort. My guess is that it's barely there. I was able to cut it this month. It strikes my ear differently. I would have a whole other set of anxieties. They share a story as well. Or hash, if it's available. Valuation of total consensus leads to bureaucracy, which leads to indecision. We will at least understand each other better, and in that space each other could be all. Scandal culture devalues father-daughter bonding. The words definitely cluster, overlap, pull at each other. There is always time to consider it. The words keep pace. A hundred, if once. It's over there. It occupies. Everybody hides. I am unreasonably good at keeping my mouth shut. I am surprised I do not constantly shiver. Scout camp taught me to be prepared. Sometimes I catch myself going through the motions. If we are not inside, we are still held in its presence. They might spin off if the earth stops turning, which it won't, anytime we might see it. Wonderful, in a select time period. I develop new curiosities daily. They reflect light of a brown wavelength, at least. I'll feel small and excited, like an atom in a great growing organism. I am young and hungry, but sometimes I feel tired and stuffed. I'm not sure if I can answer that, or if any prior certainties were validated. The hurt of my loved ones, the hurt I can inflict. I don't see why it might. Ostensibly each word does have its own function to serve, but we often repurpose them. Something we build up to be constant, to hold things constant. This is the 42 West. I haven't been listening, it could be Urdu for all I know. Shock absorbers. When one has finished, and ceases.

People learn everywhere; only formal tests determine when the learning is from schooling. **That would be enough for me.** I only remember discussions of whether something was art. **Confessing makes others uncomfortable.** One mooches money, the other company. **More vibrant colors, the feeling of being more awake.** I loaded the washer, if that counts. **I don't want to see it, but I want to be there immediately afterwards.** I feel we drift farther the more questions you ask. **Most careers wouldn't benefit from this vehicle.** If the tomahawk does not swing. **There is, but it doesn't have to reach us.** We need to go to bed. **Ask the Board.** You bit it while you rubbed yourself, in your sleep. **I have been hiding under my parasol, unaware.** I will take more pictures than I will utter words. **Having no future before you've had a chance to have a past is an intriguing and desperate scenario.** You can track your progress, your regression. **I imagine it makes sense for small farmers, or for gourmands.** The parts of the poem that are done to us. **I'd like one if you have a car.** I might as well light up. **It has stayed the same.** It's been the better part of three weeks. **I am tired but still involved.** We all filter in, fall in line. **All the time in the world, but we don't own it all.** That's your decision. **It's not easy to tell when you don't know what grown up means.** You will realize, but not this, not about this. **You will humble, but some part of your arrogance will always stick with you.** Soon enough we reveal ourselves. **The scales eventually fall over, once they tip to an extreme.** Arrowhead, sign of human ingenuity, puissance. **The incidences vary, never by much.** So that sooner or later we will have an unusually beautiful day, which will give us something to talk about with the people we'll need to talk to. **Anger usually has a target, warranted or not.** I got my fix last night. **Some of it is self-congratulatory.** Another hour before it's technical. **Expectation is not necessarily expectant.** Tight neckties exacerbate his nausea. **This is more or less my vision.** My vision was not my dream. **The subsequent step.** One more check on the checklist. **Contentedness.** Perhaps there is something in the way your letter slant to the left. **ETA: 20 min hence.** The squinting can satisfy. **There is not yet light.** A while to go at least. **It is too dark to discern.** I can guess at it,



confirm by observation. *I have no explanation.* One thing led to another. *It was done.* Slowly and distinctly. *The act stood alone.* It was awe-inspiring. *It was joyous.* Too many drinks and they were the first to let me hitchhike, I ask no questions. *I can, but my handwriting is not my own, it looks like some furious spectre of road writing has taken over my pen.* I'll back you up. *They have tinkered but not in total.* It's back at the lab. *Woodstained.* It is much the same, but abuzz with your interest. *These sentences are bled in right now, and will evaporate like trick ink.* Not only do I understand it, but I am more comfortable there. *Too much of a good thing – even sunshine.* Tip them to find out. *Concatenation is part of the strategy.* He spoke in words I didn't understand; I am trying to bridge his language and mine. *It is quite the same, with similarly dubious certainty.* Technically it wears us down, contributes to morbidity. *I can't imagine such malice.* I can see how it establishes linkages, but linkage is tenuous. *I see what is expected of me.* I can count on a few close friends. *This, no song of an ingenue.* I place what little faith I have where I can be cautious. *It might have passed us by.* There were a few road bumps. *Spanish influence on Trinidad cuisine.* He is impatient, reckless. *It makes things more exciting.* It means trust, intimacy, even the superficial trust that you might be able to make me feel slightly better, even physically, even temporarily. *A quiet plea for recognition.* It drags part of me out with it. *There is another element to sex.* I can believe in it. *It came to heated negotiation.* My mother. *I wouldn't be surprised.* Not til the afternoon. *The anti-depressants make it difficult.* I am always too eager to keep it in. *We approach.* I can feel it buzz through my veins, my capillaries vibrating like piano strings. *There would be a problem with the aerodynamics.* I wasn't sure whether it was my eyesight, or my confusion, or the truth of the matter that everything blended together, indistinct. *One rude house, and guardian rocks.* Intent, expectation. *I am syntax.* Space where once was matter. *Occasionally the channels coincide.* Often I read for pages without retaining anything. *I have done so, wondering when I would drown.* Trite, gimmicky. *I don't see the limit, but I don't see limitlessness either.* I have been through a phase where I knew

everything on earth, every action, every feeling, was an illusion, a metaphysical blip, a cosmic error. I left, too disheartened to breathe when thinking on it. I learn them, I alter and personalize. So many words have already been bled dry. Some would believe us without question or concern. My answers are always qualified. One of my worst habits is being longwinded. Language is a shorthand, not a substitute; anyone who says differently is scared of experience. We cannot attribute language to some organic, universal source; it is a personal reaction to an idiosyncrasy. The language spilled from our pores like sweat, emitting meaning like pheromones that attracted those who would understand. I tasted it. I felt it. It was love.