

this is number
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Relation

a poem in four parts

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closer circles
every touch like a
burning feather

r pe le v s r d
m rks n my sk n;
wr sts c t by
fr cti n

Part I: Ribbon

bâ	tâ	key	wa	vee	li	er
bet	tête	kite	wet	beef	bled	repeat
bat	batter	batik	what	daft	blot	rebate
be	beta	keep	web	phoebe	belly	herb
bay	bête	bank	way	bevy	lai	bear

i li n y r hands

(melt)

i se fire

n y u l ke no one else

passion f r m

as u li k y

ste m ng c nt

on fire

gap for air
the hot medium
that makes my thighs
quiver;
electrocute
pointed tongue between
lips between fingers
tense

velveteen valentines, the love of
touching thread, constant warmth of the hearth.
cloth's complex coloring, distinct marks
hand-dyed indigo, vegetable shades
permeate the patterns, seep deeply
inside skeins of sewn silk, worms' shields.

lai low:

gneedles

sewing stones

shuttles sever skin,

shuffling shuttles weave

wear it.

bare arms outstretched to carry bolts

of fabrics fine and folded

staggered seams show

faded fabrications,

the flowered sheets, beribboned pleats

bolts of batik-

baroque

folds

the tiny threaded rows roads

tighten them.

denser dancing

show the shuttle down its path

mangled materials.

bear the bier to mother

who sews like her weaving webs

repeat:

arachne for to silence

a web of words

stands spiral

creases within create coarse

courses

ribbons, rivulets

bedsheet topology

spa Ce

topaz: tales told of golden garments,
too tender to stand the touch of a n educated enemy's
fortunate travellers tell stories what was a
knight like? evil efforts; virtue invites grief
night-light?
deals with the devil, who seemed more real
got green heads rolling,
green heads grown nearly the same
men spinning through spiralling levels of heaven and hell,
every journey

Part IV: Collapse

magic: the shape-changers, invited, arrive as guests
our dear Lord, colored codexes to sing
and wreak kavoc
praises each speaker sits where he speaks
through the lands of ice-brook-blue eyes
proud wanderers, mail coated
no one sings lullabies like a mother;
once upon a time warmth of sheets against the harsh air,
voices block the howl

Part II: Temperance

membrane
vessel
waters
dams
ducts
canals
bridges

entryway
raum
realm
opening
shelter
dwelling

nowhere
nothing
abyss
melting pot
dislocate

grid
plan
schema
map

movement
schedule
location

lost
life

it is

shell left empty all this time

claim to reclaim the space

the mouth the wound the entry

each organ artery gland pace

element, implanted,

housed skin upon skin

dreamin i was only dreamin

eyelashes tangle

soft wakefulness, hard upon
wakening

root-firm
fingers

fields left fallow till fertile,

growing green shafts
seek soft dampness of

tender tendrils

|) | C |

|) | | C |

honey

honey

stand	petrified,	an illustrious
poetree needs water	so, replace where there isn't any rouble	pink paper lotus floating vined
walked into a bar, and there was a man sitting	underground	in a sure, old him, a bit
at the counter,	the and, a typical grid of to -stuck to it	one trues forms the noble work
envelope, take inside, squeeze	in the and of the blind the one eyed the looking	you find you asle
one at a time please		
no one less than this tall can reach the guns	dirt dougders, dauber dabbler	an over a live imaginat a can be cured with the mi
swirling, dropping, cutting.	could've had them for less than a million	turne ga ered the eas it.
came out of the in awhile, boo lee	could have had the other	with in the noon the
the hollow space where walking	more than that from	the low down, the moondown, the
concrete	vampires	bluest eye
only madness and this	form clouds themselves	african people

peak of the promontory,

crowded

vectors of moon-

bustle bust walking
bus shuttle

(a trip to the moon—

craft drops back to lowly earth

stangers' voices murmur

hum singing songs

layers of sound, aural mud

puddles,

cobblestones & cobbler soles

ruin	rain
wren	ran

canal	busier than bees could be, their yellow and black coats
bank of blue-collar, religiously unconvertible, shy about sex but just like any other men	grey flannel suits every one the same worker
questions about butter, such as olive oil,	the impression of keen warriors (I wear no rubies)
love is something if you give it away and take a little off the same	false standard the agency of writing is nothing like lying
the words that create around him a few atmospheres in which - noise, strands and aions	white noise pink noise blue noise red fish blue fish
words can be that tell you especially when you can't hear them	breasts like pink fish (organizer)
ghostly brass is its own reward	don't play in the woods don't touch the buffalo river
failure to follow the instructions will result in dismissal from the exam	houses boarded up, churches boarded up, schools boarded up, love
becky sharp	

