

the weather not the weather

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Outside Voices

even when he doesn't understand why he
understands

led by
brevity

in his still
eyes

watching for
bodies that no longer

exist then
the night the
miles lost

a morbid sense
destiny

the paralysis then
convulsions labored

breathing
beats wings but
cannot fly

it was trembling
still is

the scent that remains
that cannot
stay

wash wash wash

a winter passed
and a spring

summer too
but still
his brother
his
sister
can be
tricked
by nature
even
the loveliest
things are attended
by
loss
these are the wages
earned
from living
in the house of
ghosts

Along the ditches

running
at full speed in a straight line
not
chased
but imagining
must
be
at full speed
hearing only his
breath
feeling only
the heat in the head the pain

in the body
of the feeling thinking only
then of the certainty of losing
everything
and everyone

press on
head down
move only forward

the heat
the speed in the face
along the ditches

then thinking

only of
the
feeling

The apple appears to be a human head

puddles cobblestones

oh
oh

sounds

sweet
removing the shells

oh
that sound and

the sound
of
insects

be may

thrilling
young

younger

[blank]

of the song
on the radio the
movie on the television
the picture
in the living
room with the lights
on inside
it's
hard to see the night
outside

The monster

too small have
to a name too big
to have
one too
the monster waits
light in the beginning and a light
sadness to round it off
nice
to have someone waiting

stings from
use in the face
of the wind and
pain in the
joints

A number of things

that could have been
seen
the grass some scraps of paper
the dresser the animals I
could not touch
a number of things
could have been
then

Without thinking

staring
out
beyond where
anything

is

Yours rivers

can crush

can

crush

we

can

we
to

choose

touch

softly

In the world of others

a general everyday

falling

apart

the will

loose

threads
and

connecting

the curse
being

of

here

and

not

there

Back home

bizarre boys

flirting

faces

with

the warm

body

young messages

delivered
by hands
whose veins run blood

The serum

the inevitable omission
[blank] withering
obscured to become
[blank] gone

Tin

sweeps racing
sparrows ten nine
eight right
before the sun sets
that golden between
treetops

Nest of thought and memory

against the north
wind

the world

in three one
here then
waiting

Names of parts

most pleasant thing thing
thing

three

two

One kid playing

with another

not not adventure
the
not becoming witch

part of the palms

just
plots of old plays

just
feigning in the beauty

of
their world

just
imagination dummy

that's
all

it
is

Do you think they will find us

if we fail
to move
do you think they will find us
as tucked away
we find
ourselves to be

Nothing

gentle
about acceleration
the seen from wooden
windows of us
modest animals
as it tends
to be

The one who believed in disasters

scared of being
as mortal as a dark mouth
the mirror inside
the closet door
the forecast then
the weather
even know what does not
is waiting what it
is

Finite

with courtesy
[blank] by the voice
of
the devils
pull and visit
close really
often with me
not hiding but
arriving wide
awake that evening

Trust

to hang you your ladders

this belly of pancakes
this belly of sugar and apples
will burst
what a show a laugh
a shower
outside
hurry
fireworks

Everyone and everything

this dangerous place
where plants
and rascals grow
creep
is covered
in dirt and bugs
is unkempt
and tangled
is forbidden
and
is more important
than
me

to
anywhere

it is

what

the dead

can

hear

Together between the two trees

leaves one [blank]
 crowned with
by still
 waters two
 with
 shells one with
leaf crown neither
alone alone

together

Counting by suns and moons

Sentimentality in the unowned
the unused
the somehow
loved once
once loved even
when
the memory
leaves
the feeling stays
in

this time
should the love
be the water will
the water cleanse

Setting stones

outside the door
with
reverence
pretending
a traveler is
near
dirt in
the
air
gesture
of
divination
projecting
something
like
spirit

towards
wherever
it
lands
it is in the stones

Her time spent

in the backyard alone
time
spent safe from harm
time spent
moths from collecting the rarest
from white to gray

What the lost girl

has found the lost girl
will never share
if the lost girl is not found

My friend the one with the brain

likes to
sleep likes to
sleep

likes to

sleep

I can't remember

but I think it starts

with a c
or an
s

a word
for alone

[blank]

easier to bear
when
the air
is so thick with
heat

The wages earned

emotion is better left

alone to

feel desired [blank]

friend

the monster