

BY MASSIVE EMPATHY

Lower

Voices. Finger-

Tone. Smudge-

Head calling.

.

Scissors is tours. Straw,
your net.

Make the hurrying.

We'll meet.

•

One wets its tongue to a thing unknown

Long and wild reeds

lick fleshly ribs

with orange heads

a bleeding in the boughs

spines parting at the groin

A stranger's hand on varnished wood
in the middle of turning the laminate—

At least ten songs
rung with sharpened spurs,

and the long rope—

the fattest emerging
from the overwintered ground.

Does she turn?

Begins to eat

you, fast. Immense.

Parent around lip-

glass, primal fettering,

legatine grass

•

Judas has eyes

derailed
with time.

*Do you require, friends, a being
made like that? Ill-
possessing the slated cliff?*

It is not tried. The edges
broken
with your hands.

*Are you black
with the probability of ending?*

It has been a long time with me, my bunny-eared entente.

Drilling begins
precisely

the rules of engagement,
no matter
what violent

selves
on the fatum, fairies
of history, be-
laboring a 'zure 'try.

*Do you stand opposite
my eye, dissimulating
sectors in the cirque?*

I do not fear myself
innocent. I love
all the wrecks.

Which of these days directly exceeds fodder?

The drilling goes down
within, and still
goes the world, when it turns,
turns itself,
and reaches!

Nothing, only poses

Come.

•

Before long, time
makes a mortar
earth, throwing up
the black hood, hand cracking
the ring.

Pulls asking in the form of bills,
expenditures keeping us trans. Willled to invasion, I

lie at the center,

curtailed to a mouth,

before long

to the light.

For the veins remain red

through the blood

we have known.

•

Only the top of her scalp is visible from here,
rocks fitting the burnt-scale brush,
a vein curled into the bowl of my hand

when testing the charge

the creator
blushing out the desertless,
a crescent of neck, buried stag.

Think of everything to make it
stand on end, for the tiny
mark to shed down her shoulder, unattainable
girl, quilt
umbilicus beckoning a pulled-skin chain

Up and down the stairs
she breathes beneath the globes

And to feel it dry, are you?

And does she turn. Bones choked with blood.

•

The long polar night is not wholly dark

Sit your throat down, braying boy,

or

lay

them

laurel

they come darkened by.

Why ring?

With blades you cannot say

My kings have only been alone.



the crown with ten silver balls
the crown with leaves

misproportioned
with twelve silver balls piercing

the dynamo spinning.

I refuse I can refuse I refuse

the crown with ten silver balls
rubbing the silver beams



You probably would like to die

Is it too much talk about killing in public?



The sounds
they say so
soothingly

faces contorting

an invitation.

A HAND.

Crowd is insulator.

No one

with short brown hair.

GET YOUR FINGERS OUT

A hard-paned pea
cock brushes your cheek
plucked awake
pushed further in
to the porcelain crotch
of an eighty year old.

Let's hear it, nudged the fossil child
at the drive-up window

walking by



for the wizards of Pac-Man

I put the chicken on my head

and took off all my hazard skin

The chicken spread across my scalp
too near the Jesus heart
that streamed too much like Jesus milt

Fried, and in a waffle cone
its wings hang to my pooling waist
too much near my pooling vice:

my tongue
against the metal post
hot, and with the same aplomb
to enter the eater



Before the bell has been installed
they're still laying the stone,

and the woman
leaden in I(w)ern
has yet to come
through the knee-high still
at the window
gazing out.

Pestilence is making a comeback
Masses wash against our liking.

Danger fins the point
the grab valley, minted

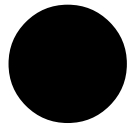
Girl sweating the heathen HILT

Can you still feel the still feelings?

Can you wash a bit more rapidly
with a champing match of a little less ice?

Reft heart of player war, reft heart of Job

The bell made its play
I turned the black off
and fell,



the crown with ten silver balls

a grow head scumming
the pooling rays
warm and rotting crimson

Is this an apple, Missus?

The crown pink with bud

What are these tubes, and why so brown?

Color from an overrunning set

If this is yours, then where do these go?

Ghost spinning from the beams

with a missiling play plug

Are these wheels spinning, Missus?

Is it an edible heart?

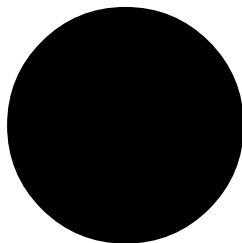
And the tubes, what are they growing therefore?

To siphon the warren of excess meat

And Adam, what does he mention himself
in the midst of this troubling service?

He is heavy with more
than the average man
bends forward
to shine in the yard.
Winter, gone to flakes

fleeing

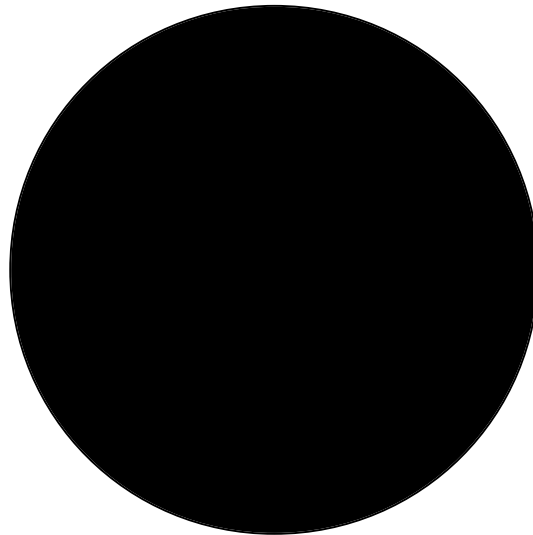


Plot your thickness
away from time
and change, ago.

Napalm
gifted

to hug you.

**Nobody better
lay a finger on my foxy.**



Take this occasion
to take a handle of
my cheek

drawn amends,
pasted by ringing

Pull away just skin
marbling slab
overheating to tarry the bastard awake

your throat is ill-used

they're tearing it down
to seek room or nation

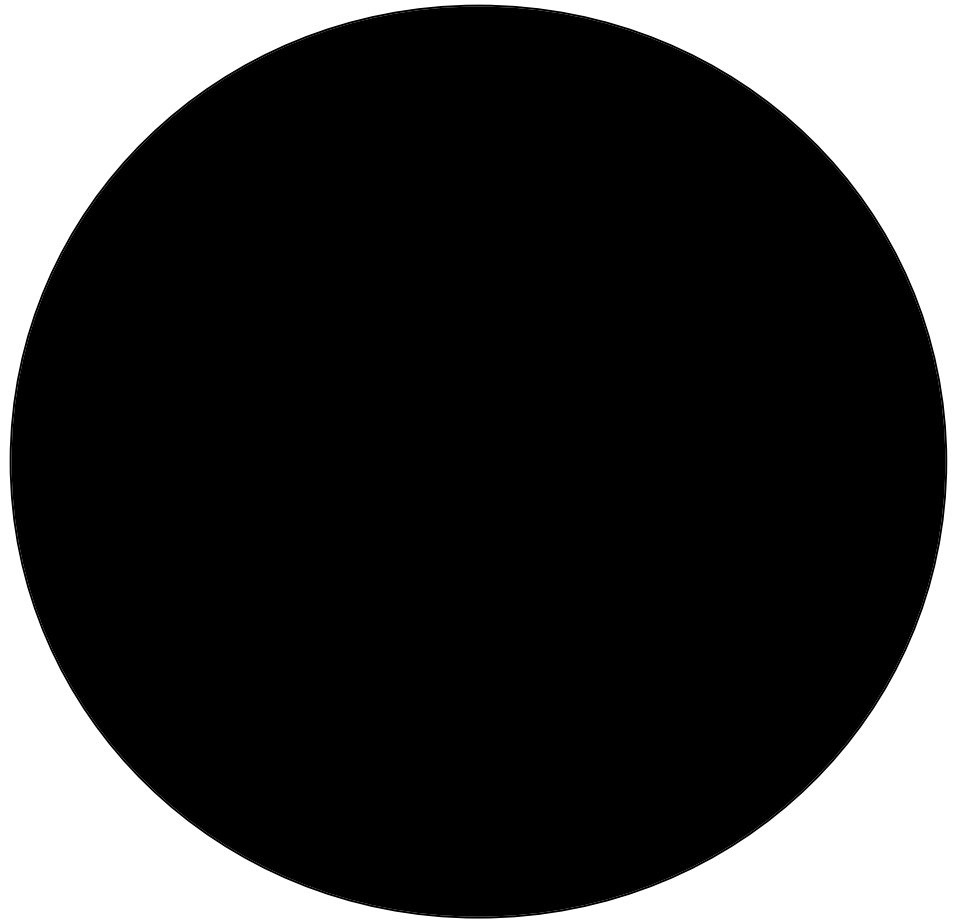
bending as bevel
soft fall, water's sleep

gross weave,
likewise bitter

We will not need a costume, but signatures
stitched
with a year's length of rope

illuminated by the cloister light.

Flowers cut in a plastic bowl.



A soft shirt flutters to the moth-gathering light.

We hide ourselves inside the shadows of—

the earth,
black hoods
pale

as we perform
for each other

cracking coxcomb

Dead, curtailed to a mouth

devouring

itself. The single tide

across the mid-section

rescinding all crops. Mountains of manure,

hunching from the sky

manufacturing one's legacy

away—

We've just received some wonderful news—

In the larder a gelding was found—

They say it has my umber eyes—

Or did they say my brained forehead—

Or spread for us over the coals—

Did I say boy?

I meant, snake.

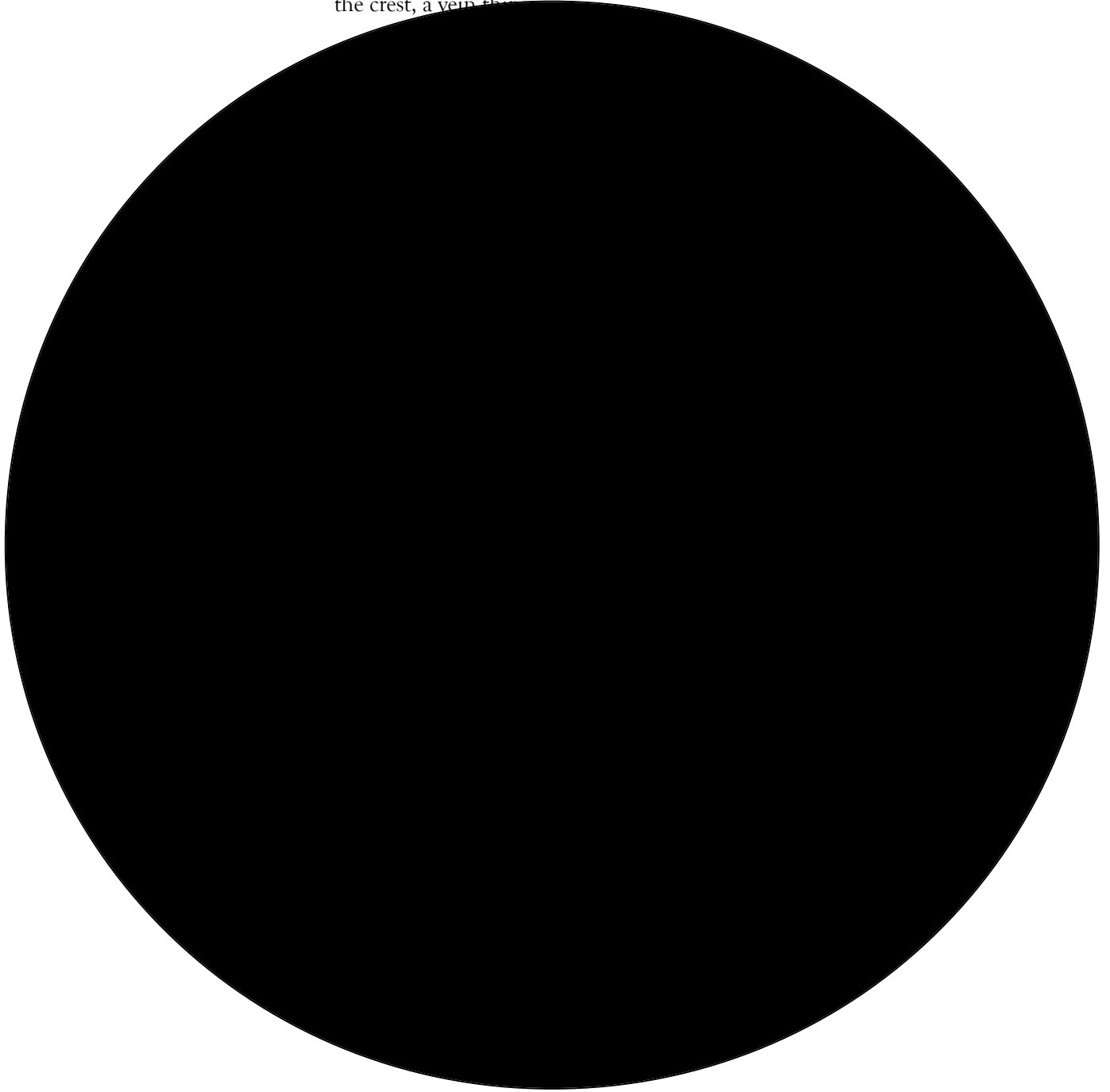
Through the gate er rus

telled, and rare UP

was let open. was in

tiredly

the crest, a vein thi



As brothers approaching a single, elongated neck
in a wood of otherwise salt
and streaming habit we fall
to our creator.

Burn forth. Our sister on a drunken horse

will make some downtrod
fatten, overwrought. Our sister,
in a steady gallop, clipped
by the barbs on the rabbit compound.

Eleven fuckers stand in an arch before brick
Eleven fuckers dying on the buffalo silk

Grab the tail by the fibber
tame the grabber
and pull the top off. Our sister lashed to a leaning fence
sucker-punched in the back.
Pull her eyes out, hair still wet,
the headmaster propped on the nursery pole.

Posterity carries its toothsome nettle,
awed by the fiddle of feet on a board.

Liars, entering singularly

All hail the horse with its broken teeth

People out in the street,
with their arms in the air
are grinning exactly like that, yes?

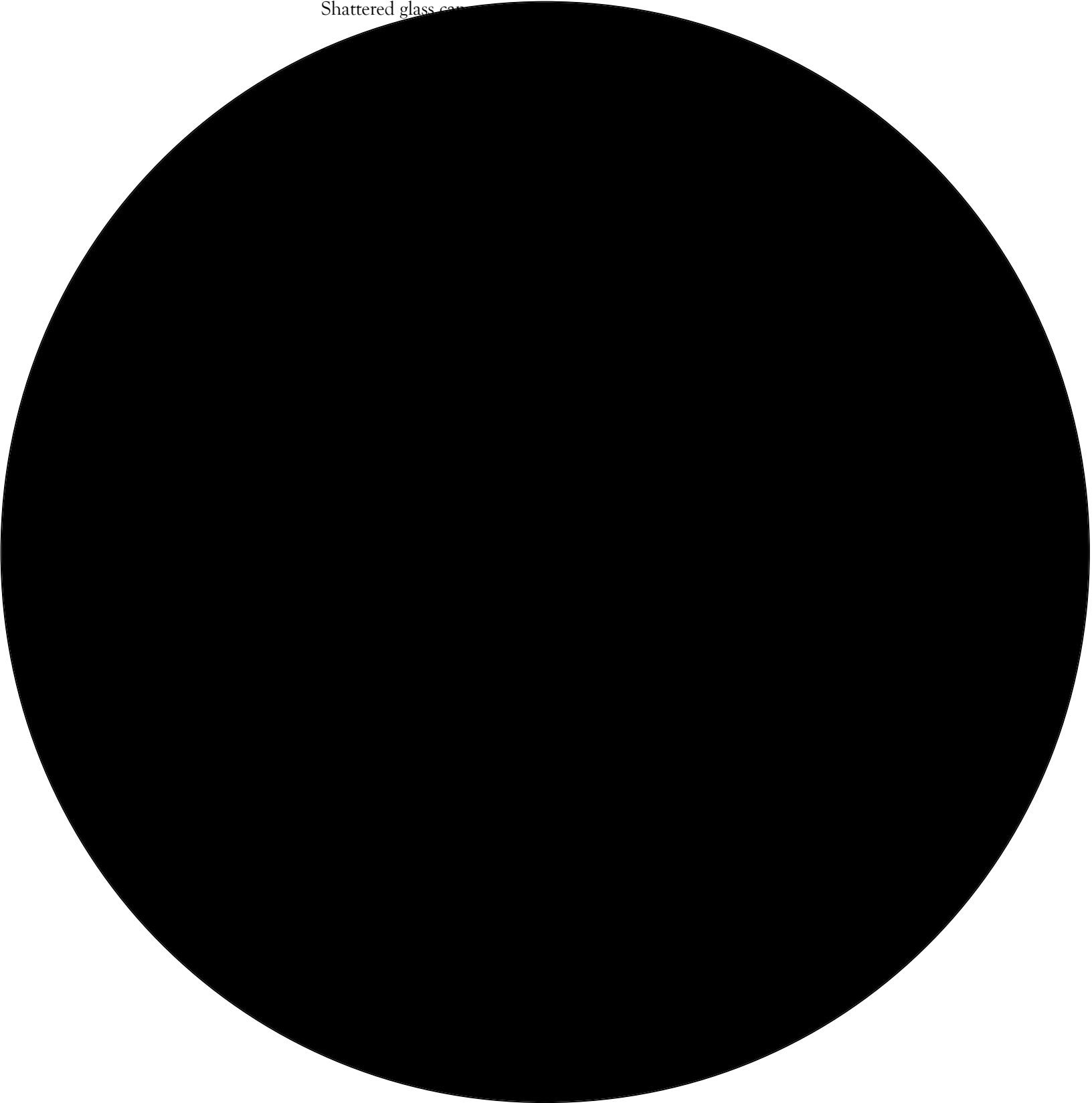
How many soiled crowns can you spot from this eastern vantage?

Damage passersby.

Long-stem out a wire basket.

At what time did the indigent rise from the cradle?

Shattered glass can



isle in the vast plot

The spread of milk across the wood beneath the springs?

Gathering on the roof.

And what did it see?

Smoke eclipsing the tall reflections.

Strangers gathered on the roof.

They don't feel a thing—

She touches herself while staring directly at you.

I always meant to ask her back in the off hours.

We had our head strength in common.

How many people came crashing?

lips drawn over the white head

rising above the knobby

...and when the lips recombine, and each tip pinks
a sequence of stones

isles sunk in peat ponds well
for the body to flop
veins charging with foreign feed

...and, reflected in the tight, gray wat

...and, the self emerges
from the distant house, hungry
for all the things it sees

