

DEAR MOTH, DEER MASK

a few words accumulate outside of language technical and edible
grief-bright real

curl to the floor

an influx of corporate neglect

deliberate and terror into waters, into supply
which liquid slick, imbibed

an industry trails in the water molecule. cells replete.

I'm not the consumable tissue. the fur that no one is tough enough or splits / eats

a violet everyday in the flesh of cells and emails incorporated as value, carried as valve as opening heard refused
veils, against a hoof,

beatific mouths

in portrait time skin delves

parts to see
sea deep green

part turned sun decadent deeper

than blue deeper please there's a pause silently
pieces total, you look atmosphere

made music part of breath of ownliness
against the pipeline, against civil

all that is social of animal
all that was red and brightens

family mazed buildings made memory
sludges made output sludge

please, take of this bread
this is food
better than any

I cannot use the dream or nightmare. why keep it distant: sight and hearing and sleep?

my love lies sleep life of nightmare and dream. wise love voyages. a wolf's paw and the whole running wolf in the abandoned mcdonald's. each character, each social wolf, not allowed to witness something sacred and enormous. huge flames and purple skies. everyday. each breath not enough. was that the word going west? world goes waste? writing the oligarchs to die. how do you dream that? how can you not want that?

all my crude shirts in my mouth. the sunrise commutes some unacceptable brutality reducing to word more than word. no commutation. make for the imprisoned a release

infinite glamour people flowers

flowers plants formations
confrontation in dusk of bliss.
no excess this my torso

I'm suspended moth-like
I eat through
 clothing reference
 busyness and disorder

you hold others leaves and violence
leave-takings red

leaves you speaking grief, disorder and non-specific devotion
 despair patrols into beings
fantastic ghosts red glossy portals

no-center

 rapturous purple light
your brain ash blood near surface skin hot

imagination spills out not a species

openings concrete blocks piled in a vacant lot my teeth

I chew an opening through a portal of grass in a vacant lot in my imagination

 this wild over a city extends through me and I

 leave no account my failure

 poem shame even leaves falling

even purple tree

mushrooms insist that flood with a flood of sad feeling

soil sentencing sentences

grove purple light

lure notion's caresses I'm a stable diffident sound plastic bags oranges
my torso could be brutal in felled real fur teeth: barrage
I'm my embarrassment this fervor bare as shoal of mushrooms arrival

as listing awareness falls tilts tilt decompose / blossoms fungi of assured human face
the despair mushrooms outlived monocidal we looked its

myconid the purple eye the purpling gaze

hymnal facing a bridge between what's not lost or orchestrally human
in a sea of plastic bags a sea of euphoria songs a season of

open there's
an opening:
that open floods me