

What do the ruins think?
Flashblindness—

Permanent eclipse
Setting silently evacuated

The law of shock says
No

Then there is a filling of the space
Between the viscera

Blown apart stone
Dies where the fig tree was

My doppelgänger trawls the neighborhood for weakness

Litigious dawn the animals the greenhouse

No but now the clarity of the worried lip
The deluded gesture cracking chestnuts
Who lies dormant at the bottom of the stairs
In the dark? To have gracefully ministered
The shutdown sequence of guest rooms
Only to trip on the quiet the hollow
Which ingratiates night into itself

What it expels freezes almost instantly
Caught in the air between us like a yell
Gored by hooves the morning expressively
Slips from my hands and mind replaced
By the time I think it most often was
Noonish when we worked the races
November breaking behind our line

Like any other month before accounted
By irregular computers shirking cursive
I elaborate at least partially for the purpose
Of data entry rasping analysis of the guts
Of the building which I was told could not

Think only act and feel and feel materially
But there are many ways to ingest manioc

Rhododendron spikes elevators mortuary
I looked into the theater and saw a novel
Color spilled on the floor told to be patient
Riddled deeply smoking staring at nothing
From the porch it appeared to be November
Though it had been recuperating for some time
No but now the wall has been completely