

**L
IGHT
DE-
MOLI-
TION**

this

blue light over the blah d' my phone yeah

this

way
sequence
dissolve
on the tongue

this

the heart of the
blank

a path
forms around

be like,

cycling through

this

bore plank, sawdust
beadings
I was opened up to
last night
The moonless sky
paddle my ditch
across the street
wasted by darkness
untoward tide
vague undertow
harvested
neck between two seas
flood under the surface
the brain
parts the body
backward through time
we ball soon
spake'd bridge
a basket weaving
sent grass
 as fuck
nuzzling tannins
up through the fuselage
shall we
thusly chiseled
mineral pink
forest
complex

apartments

nerves
locket
teeth
the tone is too late

so now it's just the text
downwind
from the
fountain
a spray
trash mouth
 , my face

in

this is so bad - it's so good too

Light blah'd over the blue of my phone yeah
cont.

eval

knitting, "scant quarter inch"

ergonomic chair

basket weaving

grass billed clerical afternoon

 nightmare

from the horse hair
pink forest mineral

 this

bore plank, sawdust
 beadings
The moonless sky

cross the street

wasted by darkness
(by means of love)
 the spray is young
mineral pink forest
trash mouth, my face

not even here

grind away
sweet grass
Clerical afternoon
thunderous polo ground
horse marine
pistles to life
in sameness
basket weaving
the forms
scenting

star
lace

anise

mineral pink forest

still meat
with mediation

attune

concussed

streak

and

ditch

convulsive

violet flame

scenes from the inner tube

it was around this time
only just now
months

drifting by in sheets

laced downwind read
from the walk
brain fountain back
parts hand

the that all things
body true to you backward
explained
bore plank
teleo
mare

sameness
later

thees that collect
numbers by darkness
in the spirit of pushing
paddles

my ditch across the street,
hyperventilate stars laughward
convulse of the ascension
breast plate to shoulder blade
reef violet marine flame
scaffolding down
unseasonably barked staircase

anyways you are

euphoric
beadings
flicker oft

leading the pipe
swallow total absorption by the body
choker, unclasp choker
it was here that
I was afforded the
beginning and the end
all at once
pink polo
forest chino

grass basket
clerical weaving

shall we

scaffold

laughward

all things

mineral
lace
polo
marine
forest

us in total absorption

shoulder blade to breast plate
it was around this time only just now months
drifting by in sheets laced

this

bore plank
trash mouth,

what it is

it what like

choker, unclasp choker

it was here that
I was afforded the
beginning and the end
all at once

diurnal furcula

optics

pistle

pneumatic scale

thees I am not
conjuring memory
for show
I
day close
you
in wake
engulfed fringe
as fuck
no, for real
safety in numbers
to
cross the street

eye of horus
needle nose pliers

it was around this time
only just now
those intervening months
drifting by
over the concrete

slabs that radiate
entries out the fountain
my day book

feeling
to know
begin
and end
all at once

once

the brain parts
the body
through the senses
until
thees
I am not

day close more day
with you
in wake

no. for real
safety in numbers
come to paddle my ditch
across
the street
of our shared vision
just to win

To Win:

everyday
is not enough
ever enough

Christopher
said
plunging
deeper still
into
oversize
pink polo
pleated
free
valet

the joyful process

unclasp choker
is choker no more

merchant chino
ever velvet
silver hoop

leading the pipe

that we let ourselves go
from any clear conception
of what we are doing

Chris

pocket plunging into table