

R^r

KU
11.3

particles with integer spin

scorpions inside a century turning doorknobs

incision

clear

water

flailing open

diamond antics of the trigeminal nerve

the fear of death hangs on watching crows

*Salty
bodies
passing*

close

*the
fibbing
window*

forgotten hands the salt inside an envelope

climbing down
on ladders of rain
the dead pass through us

in the mirror
the face one sees
1 atom thick

the blood
the horse i was, left
to the woods

**I sing US a
threnody
to the quick and the dead**

particles with integer spin a rain tight anagram

checkered milliseconds the plum of memory's echo

no second
parenthesis
just swallows

**once too many
tadpoles about
her eyes**

**daffodils
in our backyard
we clown car it**

her magic
numbers a crossing
observed

her words inventing another piece of my mind

cream-filled heresies in the think of it

unabsolved ululation
uncalculated underscore
unwept unchurch ultrapure

**insistent dream
difficult voice
this one who is**

obsidian dark sigh and pick proof

machine

gun

fire

the muted news
of morning

the government of winter in her coal dyes

trading a past
life regression for a
past life: rape

negotiating the quake
investing in smeared
leaves

**an awkward shuffle
his open palms cradle
the sound of crows**

in the amber
interstices a few
exclamation marks

Eye to the wandering sun alit in time punched holes

mile after winter mile trying to handcuff the light

what thoughts I can twilight crickets

more signs
about the next town

—

clouds stretching out of existence

on the mensroom
floor flattened by many
feet green apples

tonight I'll stop the neon alley undulating black organs

≅ the warp of asphalt seething and languid but

**the cold behind a question
stars with eight legs
dangle**

another raw star I eat the night air

over pouring saké
another lavender
singularity

in the bowl
a goldfish is poured
speechless

The son of man returns ornamental pears

the everywhere death unfolding spring

commuting a parrot pinned to a bag

an astronaut
just returned:
no blooms, no rice

without child
i find my wife inside
an inedible mushroom

a child's dance i can't find the center to

In the full stop of red engines ago

a dot in the kaleidoscope fingers unborn thunder

inside a bat's ear
a rose
opens to a star

thrush ingmachines . . .

their earthworm accordions

rend a soft tune

the winged cows
milking them
a state of mind

empty hand
of karate you
condense the vast

string theory we dress in vacant buildings

his shadow
alone could winter
early beach
boys

what the seagulls
circle we
misunderstand

nude beach
hanging in the closet
forms i was

autumn deepens
the unfathomable
bits of her

green rain. The pairs of hands we unveil. A festival with

fallen, trampled moss. The month then the year got away

leaning against
the next semester her
blog in mine

darrell lindsey

peter yovu

eve luckring

cherie hunter day

michelle tennison

paul pfleuger, jr.

william m. ramsey

richard gilbert

susan diridoni

chris gordon

john w. sexton

jack galmitz

carolyn rohrig

rebecca lilly

scott metz

jim kacian

peter newton

philip rowland

chris mcinnes

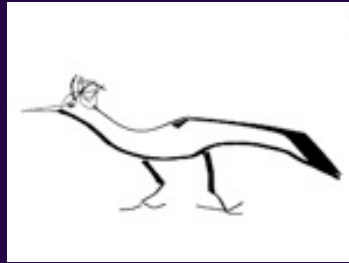
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