

и
все така
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нас, нали?)
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I started off by the edge of the fence, gridded out into a silhouette, softening to peripheral intake. New and old rain engraving a decisive game. The mourning bird's lament sighing and simmering. The early lighthouse knitting fine nets, knotted inside my pocket. A weft of ordered footprints means a warp of young snowfall. Seatbelts, spider's silk, steel: tracing relations on the off chance of assessing density. Twenty-seven propositional outcomes and counting.

In four months the scar will pale; it shifts each day, dry down the crease, irritable and warm, poured into the shape of a salamander, tapering off at opposing ends. Waiting on its dissolve - an aforementioned site of return. Surveying the arena to locate a pattern in the middle of the moving field, though little is left to recognition. Scattered traces of the body carving out habit, surroundings built from a framework of grooves and seams. Measured to the tendons, to the bareness of the palm. Excavated, layered, sealed, set to center, toiled to dust. Internal rot of a theater-turned-car-park pauses to cool and hunger after absence. Lateral earth-load sustenance predicts an exoskeleton of overhead construction, the sun clearing out behind in sheets of yellow fire.

Aleatoric lute torn loosening forlorn perusing... hymn for the nighttime wall. In her dream we follow a spool of wire like a crestfallen kite string. Feeding the line through the silver of the eye, nipping at its heels. Lured up one sloping bank after another, only to stumble on the tail-end of its weight: a little blue rocket. How close could we get before you woke? I must have forgotten to ask. The window's hit the corner again, running the room and then across. *Descendent daybreak fractures, tenses.* Sighing through its teeth until it lapses. This is the stone I've laid to rest.

I meet the tail end of a stranger's shoe when we walk in step.
You say in tiny, slanting letters, "To be by you is my oldest dream."