

YES: THE SUN

yes: the sun: yes: ineluctable
combination machine, the mills the stream

yes: the landscape: yes: haze gold
along the curve and curve

combination machine, mills, and stream
yes: the sun seduces the saturated seed to run

tomorrow what are banks, the sun: million
pound hammer of weather pushes states

across continents— a separation machine
that turns integers in the seed

gold haze at the end, paws silt, squats to shit
a miller, stream, or law

in river nature diverts the land, paycheck
of the man in the channelizing

machine so it runs a super-rich saline drip
into the portfolio of some plutocrat's heart

reed minnows, the mills, need a finger of the stream
turned to powder in coding runs

statues to cops and cop dogs on the banks
insert quarter to make it rain a

mudlark sorting what's cast on the banks
yes: the sun drinks sweat from their lips

and when will the belt of lymph make sinuous the
canals bulldozed into whose words?

baby in a hoop through cataracts of years
cataracts of rain, slope, yes:

no one was baptized in Roman wine
spilled all day, all night into inscrutable, bad

and highly personal work, yes: the landscape, yes: haze gold
along the curve, what becomes the bank, where

we store our speech, hope, and discharge

DA FUGUE ZONE VOL #9

asleep in the stream, I ask you to hold my hand
but you touch my leg, my neck parts, so I could not hold your hand
in the dream in the crumpled Taco Bell wrapper of who will be our destroyer,
flattening nazis, popping trolls, morning slips between the cheeks of sleep, steep
descent, hair streams wander through your water, the pipe of faces, mouths in
a sequence, open, or turned down, eyebrows open or eyes held level, there the world
swirls in their liquid, disappears into the well as you back-float in the lens of your bed
and the room slowly blinks, holding its sex in a jar of oil below the conveyor belt of air,
the fruit skins, snack wrappers, shoebox tissue drifting out of the door, a retinue minus
the poems the bread came wrapped in, the letters stirred into the coffee grinder, scalded
at the bottom of a cup of instant soup, sealed in the heaviness of one's self, the mineral
stream, smell of clay, oxidation over a nail salon in Lowell, I wake up, stumble
downstairs, into chill, quarter of a block, order eggs and coffee to go from a woman with
a frank, impassive look, she asks if want a fried dumpling too, I say yeah, she was right
from the beginning

DA FUGUE ZONE VOL #8: BUFFALO FREE RAPID TRANSIT

plot outside suffering on the apron of a well-worn grid, tense / wheel of regression, form
drapes planets / of fog, ride w/the breathing and plot, dead outside of crisis, touch stiches a
wheel of spores, / riding with futures flowered from the aroma of a covered dish steadied in
the cars' swarm by warm / fingers of milk, Da Fugue Zone Vol #8 subtitle: contentment form
drapes magnetic plates red, ride / while isles list, there was a time I planned suicide like a long
vacation, on the apron / of a well-worn grid, I touched the stitches / laced my world together,
in the cars' sway / there was a time I was by the warm fingers of music, red magnetic planets,
then I got on Da Fugue Zone #8: Buffalo Free Rapid / Transit, sat w/the embroidery, touched
the stitches, felt the tip of something I could not see in me that trembles, / something solid as a
molar in me that grows wings and pulls, roots ripping from plot outside of suffering, / gum of
my body, Buffalo's isles lean in the stream, it left a socket with the breathing and present
departed / on the train my apron dilated, my nipple opened, plot outside of suffering, a bee
flew in, planets of fog / impulse walks, I could feel them in me, a comb, made honey, it would
be a job / to know okay, Da Fugue Zone #8: BUFRAT, plot outside of suffering, possible
contentment

LOVE POEM

Rue – sage – sorrel
cut into a blue cup
carried two blocks for Rye
a haircut after
the texture the decimals of blue

like blue subtracted
from sadness could feel it
under my fingers so I bought it
from a woman in great liquidy glasses
paper pressed from fruit cartons
are you ok holding language

from the mouth – for the mouth
pointed, practiced sadness
so feverish it overlaps
not linens in the sun holy
but crypt, early medieval

holy – Kat did not just say
the words they shakily cut
out of the page and pasted
on a picture of a greenhouse