

perish hybrid

the orange, pushing the memory of its

tree
through the air

beamingly
originary

so, emphatically
i welcome the copy
when it comes, so relieved:
i was looking for a skill, not an origin

relatedly, mist up the window when i want you to not
look out
but it felt very dear in the completeness
dark

so i put my relation to myself out into the woods

& then went to look for it

this is a fun game. this is not structured by the limits

of the social
except insofar as they're
viewing technology

i say to myself as i step

in the orange—

i could only see that it wished to abandon its recognizable qualities
i could only see now it was : fruit cocktail
: amongst hedges
: genred
: red yellow stone cherry cobbler
: nothing like itself
: cause for concern
: leaf
: glue-like, the coming into being of the batter

: elegiac
: glue
: elegiac
: glue
: elegiac
: citrusy
: glue
: glue

poultry can teach you what it is

a photograph of ass + limbs
and the Fool, who is numberless

something quite alive had functioned in my brain leaving traces
are you radiant or reflector or are those different
"and love is shining through all things"
leaves falling onto frost surface onto ice lake
yesterday i saw five stems of flowers
and a cat named New Year's Eve
a fine rain sifting through the world
and not even angels can see very totally:

i felt like a hag, collecting my tortures
someone has to hold up the background
AND IT WILL NOT BE ME
says Delilah
AND EVE WILL NOT BRUISE MY HEAD
NOR HER DESCENDANTS
says safflower

...that was never about you
stop making it about you
says snake

everything wildflowers at an edge
rayonning glawr of the sense organ
stupefied by a big thing
attonitus vereor

TOO BIG
CANNOT SEE IT

/i can't think, anymore, of examples

big thing

brain fry not move it

not to break it

i could stop thinking then, it was electrical

plastics on the sectional so it is safe
Brett drags my dead body on the hard floor edge
in this video called "Thanksgiving"
now we are cooking
oatmeal, soup, blueberries, sauce, whatever is

excitingly responsive to heat application

and i transmitted my mind's blindest affections to yours via words
when i wanted to touch you, i did that instead

it became very septic
no 1 could doubt it
became very sink
smell of where water is, flake, flesh, decay
tuft in water drifting
hymn of parts usage
exercises power on the fancy
which is the poem in the middle called Introduction

i so want to be touched by heaven

lay fully bodied underneath the threat

praying it love me

YOU FORGET THE END

did you drop trash in the procedure? ("it")

waiting, it seemed a good moment to

replace "it" then with mint, deep mesh, unending
delicate most when i click my rings

the cheeses lay technologically congealing in the toaster oven
languid in the social heat in there
risible, furious, potentially "expression," like

i hunt for a thing in the toy bus bin
feed baby plants when i find it
love to dissolve what designed it
naked, i just breathe atop the cabinets
to relax, it was the end of the day
& when i became afraid, i got down...

this is the scenario to which
the permissions you assign
be applied, Dear Lector

dear lector

&

i felt so dear, so invisible
like
the most valid relation
to expression
is

luminous when u drop through my limbs
thru trees and boats, the atmosphere
cold fire star fire in the throat turned up, u catch it

tears, spores, clostridium, venenosa

felt "creaturely" in the "habitation"
habitation
in the end it is something immediate
snow falling into the corridor

sock

thinking about the windspeed now

pain diary, birthday, fever whipping up in the wind now

under Saturn

the sense that any thing given

must start, catch, be healthy, fine

when i am like a milk

ah, are you lord of the milk?

& i change it—

letters, and

letters, unsurprisingly

letters

meeting in the gogle doc, among trees, fine papers

in the New England Hurricane

clearing

:pricelessness

everywhere, egg whites: beginning

everything starts with the beater

Jamie uses the beater, the setting on high

on sun

to produce you meringue the bear with egg

time, again, and you peak it, whip fluffly loft

egg toughness, avoid it

stick in hot oven, the hot oven off

cooked when it

cake it, red is the

Christmas
the microwave just says: clock
says stop
fake duck: *was i made to be shampooed?*

(i was not made to be shampooed)

keeping in time for the future
i became a mulberry bush
which i had always wanted to be
or a non slip
bath mat
from the future in that retroactive
vacuum
way:

when i went into the sky then, i was no longer a zebra
or accompanied by any
ambition
just virus and the virus, touching the earth
how it liked it
water blue clean in its channels again
settling toward the earth
pooling in the earth
all things in the earth
becoming
the earth
their opposite—

then i turned off like a lamp
u cannot control it