

Cosmic rays from outer space go through your body every second

Doors nowhere, where wind goes so will we broom it, this sacred space. the girl close by looks like an angel if I told her so who knows what she'd think her face boxes demure hawks laying eggs near me; bring a stick, a tall stick, he says, so the raptors attack it instead of you. Different kinds of wind are stripes. Eyes folding in for night

Thick air
a mushroom-gray clotted fur clouding roots

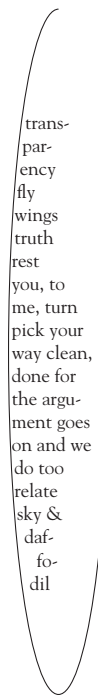
&
circling,
a predatory bird's wingspan
signing

this soup of connection, a skin to wrap one's self in.

My mother-voice a jack-in-the-box, father's a glomming moonlight. Raindrops on leaves look wooly in moonlight. Moon here curves with more indentation than I've seen anywhere. Intimacy vs vastness. Mother, mother, mother, I call, throat red. I land on a rock—or stone—a seat like an egg, rounding, smooth, slippery. I build a nest in my mind. Brambles, twigs of what was fed

was I a bird to live In the forest or a person

the moon a curved horn, wing



trans-
par-
ency
fly
wings
truth
rest
you, to
me, turn
pick your
way clean,
done for
the argu-
ment goes
on and we
do too
relate
sky &
daf-
fo-
dil

part window) part barred

Veins, roots, branches. Red, blue : oxygen in, waste out. Some kind of fuel, and then whatever it gets turned into or what's left brought out. Connections as methods of transport.

The wood in the hole.

The hole in the woods. a red outline of a circle surrounds the word, "wood." a lone circle on a map. red marks where raptors nest.

red ants, colonies, breed, bleed, through soil as one turns it over. top soil indistinguishable from bottom, perhaps lighter, sun-bleached.

Wood the only outsider, being inside the circle. Somewhere within the round of a raptor's looping.

Sole, fish the shape of a foot sole. How does this shape relate to one, only, single.

And from what angle does soul twin forth.

Scowling at the hem of a fort. Only light between trees, tears.

My body an accordion hose, chain of circles. Each circle necks into another.

Braided

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as a girl, i sprung a smaller girl inside. back hunched, a stem with an oversized flower. to talk was a clink of silver utensils.

the way weather keeps shifting between sun and none, swaying

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Domains stuck in age between sills

A perfect October morning in upstate New York, only it's May, Memorial Day. Feel groggy between staying up late to watch *The Fall* and an allergy pill. And of course the endless relentless egg-white sky. Though egg-white is bright and this is murky. I like the quiet. Though agitated that I'm not successful enough etc., well maybe it's the haste of life which will be over who knows when but it will be over within a certain deadline limit. Look up that word *deadline*.

Bees buzz consecutively ornately but without time on their hands nodules to suck up free there like twigs run your hand to smooth down, wind howling or singing depending on one's mood. Depending on one's moon. I don't like to suck up what light in here anymore than you would. Pray to the sky limelight of where we are grief can be a layer of fat obscuring. Does grief grow fat or does haze just grow with time, just like one's body rounds further and further. I left the floating barge, wanting something to lift a spirit. Well that's understandable isn't it. the snake will go wherever it will The moon will gloat the room shake to midnight its grain widening to the hilt Sweet talk rally up for me to twin another time

Domains tuck the age between sills

Hinge

A mark was ungrooved from its sign stained beyond repair. When we embarked on this road, we had nothing planned. Birds' *woo-boos* baubles in the background. Sky pressed in place like a jigsaw. I would prefer nothing dangerous here, no sexual threat, no matter what. Battles hinge over open spaces in closed doors; the kind some homeowners have for clawed cats to roam in and out. The mark lain back now into its sign. The jigsaw sky separated into birds carrying baubles the size of cats. Each day crawl spaces blossomed like flowers, the sounds of hinges *woo-boos* all over. Their patterns like pulses, or percussive tulips. The relationship between closed and open.

Invasive Owls

Pit in a tree gleams,
fresh tar, sac
of shredded meat.

My combs are yellow wax
yielding to indentation,
same as my tongue.

Water currents ring
in varied pitches & notes;
brooks,
rivers,
creeks;
compelling me to a psychoanalysis of water.

I feel bandits around
so hide behind the tree.
Want to be sucked into its pit,
the lap of its tongue,

to an overexposed light,
a swing, my brother, & young mother-figure,
still & moving at once.

In the sun-sweep of an aurora

Your cat thinks the ceiling fan is a predatory bird.

Atmospherics hold interest with repeating patterns.

A lot of circles.

I can't talk about sexuality, among other things.

Sounds as paint strokes, abstract masculine expressionism.

Sometimes you open a fruit, say apricot,

Under thick spoiled meat

The sun-sweep of an aurora still circling its pit.