

ENTRY NO. 3

treatyed, the gleaming rinds and wingspread cormorant
log the break & out of reach conspire for the bank.
a line, the cast of Rest a growing mark

that breeds the creep.
Tall Daughter of the Field aflame in wing —
hark! she takes a tennis-courted breath.

ENTRY NO. 4

warping light, a hinge The Even hoards & hoards.
a low gauze drawn across the vesper window's gaping
thresh & hair

lye-soaked up & up upon the walls.
O, sepulchur, erred & precious, summer-boned.
Downstair Voices summoning The Moon.

ENTRY NO. 5

dal & aubergine starred board, precious wen swells
black & white—perplex sprawled upon the living-floor,
smokeshowed through the ad breaks.

what is: Production Staged Within a Public Pool?
who is: We Closed Our Eyes & Turned
Our Mottled Faces to The Sun?

ENTRY NO. 6

dirt & hair & sinew spoilt & sifting for the atlas.
meanwhile the wrinkled heads evade us, poplar hidden,
elm felled & skinned

alive.

the roving loam, its worm-gnawed ciphers,
helms the rot shone knife.

ENTRY NO. 7

the Local Murder wets their beaks
& crafting stratagem, conspire for the needle's
eye.

noteheaded cable overlords the mockingbird sight-songs
into mutant overture. hail, hail, Betrayer Moon!
—capsize the bloodlet lattice mast.