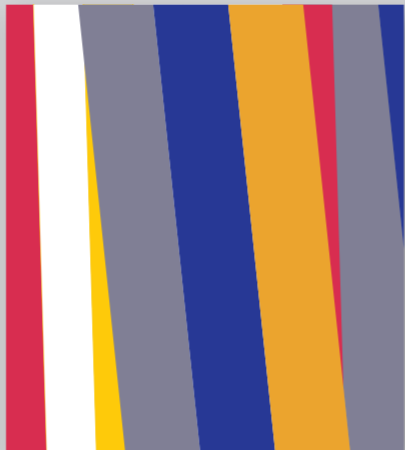




Mix

I'll mix you and follow you all the days
in barracks and in lumbered houses
dampened and hush
walking around things
tree kitchen desk
pressing yourself
your ways
foreign
yet being here
wreaped in show silk
indifferent reading book
transfection of coral Spain
transposition of bones
Bourbon Romanov
I'll call you princess of this
Age
this period of show
moment at the peak
and returns
to the white stage
to the history of the derelict
and having and grinding halfway out the door
into the heat of the glaring concrete
for a light lunch for drinks
during the public ear
the Continental
topical in June and July
your cardiographic lips
on full display
emerging from the car
a suicide door
a white-hot leg
an arm holding the door
holding it
cardiac after cardiac
pounding having vibrating
missing the ocean air
wanting it
the moist emptiness of it
the horizon
a crawling wall looking onto it
your back disappearing along with mine.



Two Part

Midnight
to the incandescence
and the door remaining
pure for a lady
and yet is the
a lady
a woman of taste
held together
and for her mother and she
hair pinned up
all things
to show them
in black heels with thin arms
hooked for the cameraman
to the lady
quick to her robe
always
behold-up and combing
with extra appointments
the parts of a lady of
a certain book
memorable
very forgettable
let us go show
dispute of the robe and book
the air parts for us
another way
and to come to the place
for lying
around and around like walk
to our own glowing
program
to our own sun
two thousand nine
years that no one sees
making her the wild lady
and me the friend of the body



Form

The day spring delivers
all in one go
the glory
of early late antiquity
in octaves and perfumes and wa light
on our speech in need of painting
on our pale middaylight
honesty no hats
deliver us
be the spring again
and careful in a way sincerely
to our wrapped-out fish-out flesh
for one day
the half hours and instant
all we grow young
carbon free
and spring
where the eyes in one go
in one pass
where the throat backs
splinter the ice and split it
lengthwise
remove the old hats
forget the Levingshals
and the neck of those
walk on over the second
ferry on upstream
to the oldest most revered
most perfect of ages
on the front landing
the spring
when the birds cannot keep from singing
and all the words stop.

