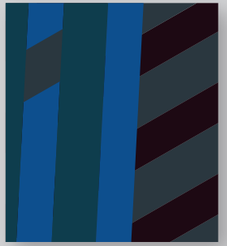


Gallbone

The road is the convent is faint. But you can see it. Like something black, near black.

A silhouette form the sun, and is here-Up it. Neither is merciful. I witnessed this in London and further up the Thames.

A wall, a bridge, a sight, a city. The intersection of cries, smells and their evacuation. The neat forms of amalgamate.

They moved into a highway, beyond the escalators, bells and lions. It was the most Ethiopian paradise yet.

Where we pools open the double glass doors, we get the morning in Prospect. Tar everywhere and a few feathers.

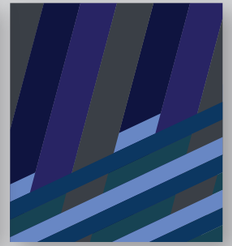
As an adult, I stand up in a great waterbath, straining for the truth. As a child, a second corpse was enough.

Meandering in a city of squares, transfixing the old river, distracting the dragfights. I love, and fear all housing in the world.

Once upon a time, at a blind corner, two blind fish. It was cow and sweet. Two fish. And the blind hereafter.

He clutched out of bed and shattered the mirror. But a car passed the window again and again. He read, the dreamless man.

The neighborhood was held together by noises, and by colors reaching and resembling one another. Morning below you knew it.



Top

They drove by night and reach the city. It's still useless, not yet.

As a corner, lost, unknown; a pair in their time.

The tail ends of vessels are broken. A cab with darkened glass. A second.

To the theatre district, world famous, a lady away. The night necessitate by arm's length letters.

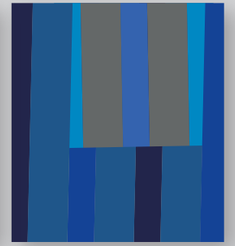
Then one's furnished. That one's truthful. Shadowy tables, and strangers in a line.

They happen to feel—not during the photograph, not in it, but outside afterward—the grief.

Oho! How green was my valley? Ho! How black is my hair! Bestowing up.

Turn the arm, the shadowed pining for it, for the unremovered moonlit wager of it, their turned home.

Trapped in the shops, held by the gilt-edged street, they will yet make it to the light, and the light after that.



The Lunatics

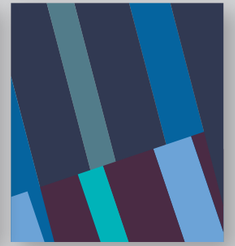
People stared a body was interrupting the road. Just dead, out of place, waiting on a name.

In a row of storefronts, in a string of lights, the sea that seem is infinite found.

Roman heads, the heads of gods, at a windowpane. Camera. Pangs memorized by the hand.

Around night that evening, the house will warm to the touch, a cry first cut.

Face up in the garden. Mouth open but obscured by trees. Needs of the pair cured as a box turn.



Sonic Movement

A wind slipped through the trees, made light of their monotony. A hand removed it.

The door is always furnished, a bird made and darkness outside. The longest between them, the hesitations.

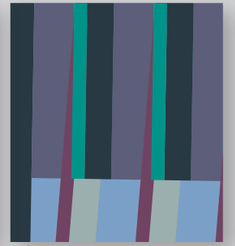
Laughing on the lanes, on the water training in the sun, at the place of a skull.

Night, grand cut. The bonds in a window, then woven sale by sale, making crowds.

Into the sea falls dice black. Into the pond goes snow white. Into the waters we once sleep.

They all wash benches, reading, watching the sun sun, crossing their legs. It was a park, and twilight. Nearly time.

A parade circles back, and trains cresses—but a man was away, scurrying, as if the bottom moved him.



At a Certain Hour

The quiet in the square. Sparse light. Enough to walk, turn, and stand in. Not enough to read.

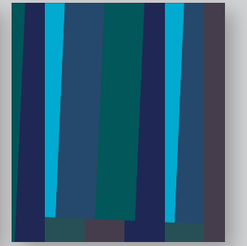
Once a place for affairs, a crowded place. Years ago the King got beheaded. And the blood someone scrubbed up.

My senior city sections in Greek (faces, tombs) and Latin (pentimes, colors). Unreliable days.

Pigeons take turns on the fountain's hand. The moons is never lost, never alone, in this version.

Earlier the priest on a hike, waving and listening across the square. No mistake, the old lady said. God will take him.

A cloud heavy returns to other clouds, and a road to other courses, a dresser to other dresses. The steeple is a ballet and lay away.

The dog, all who and never, howling. Night absorbs the explosion, every song.

Faces folded, remembered, masked. But this case—this, as one terrible.