

a thread slips through our topographies, connects a thunderstorm to quiet desire, to an orange peel, to countless other mysteries; i thought i was finished with something but it was only the beginning; the curtain (when there actually was one) became many things, and the night understood itself somehow, once the quiet set in (this is why i usually waited)

the light leaked through
an inexact truth

a door was obvious; a bed was not

(the whole place was
an abstraction (and for
another reason))
i pass
words

and i'm not certain i'll be able to remember
the orders or configurations; how to get in or get on

callousness, trust, pears, fragments, owl-light seeking pleasure-bird whistles, tin roofs

why did i want to be similarly
indecipherable? (for a while,
this time, i do have anyway)
somewhere to go

parallel universe
i'm [in]
yours

speak of anything
softly, slowly
softly
slowly

and it's okay to know
that we may always be strangers

it's okay to feel
impossible now

left becomes felt : : bend down
to pick up
every piece of light

here, now, finally, we can call this a season

there is coolness in the breeze we
were right there in it and i talked a lot i
talked it all away as we lay there; —
and yet, were still
able to wander,
and tell those inexact truths

time is my tune, seaweed, my hair, visible, still,
regret, an entire mountain, not too far
off in the distance

let's move away from that

blue fortune lowercase grass
experience language
same clouds i'll be holding
out for
a slight
modification

living in performative repetition of constructs

(all of this sediment)

after drawing so many blanks, i have finally taken to drawing
another map; unreadable, maybe, but it's no
matter, as we have already arrived, and are becoming; —

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