

In dog park

With no dog. The moss that never ever blooms. Or is
always. The plant itself. *Latin* or *fancy* is the name
of its originating thread back to *make up what it looks like*.
Spread as stars. Always be mapping. Claim story
and time. Or don't, but have sense the facts.
Why collectibles cost so much. Or how long it has been
like this. Has it been worthwhile--It has been worthwhile.
Repeating, a way to learn. What is pleasing? pattern. Line,
texture, or color. A beeping undercurrent.
Which sense will tell you that you're--which will tell me? Left
all around is this scene. In this scene, the path is to the right; green
rolling up to the left. Further, the river named for a mill
that no longer does. Trees, the moss is somewhere here waiting
for us. And the dog, dogs will come free and running at it.

Published in *Word for/Word*, March 2016

We were greeting home.

Hello. We said, paying up. We tested the wall strength. Our blood vessels swelled.
If that is possible. It must be. The less we ate the more we regurgitated.

Quantifiable success measures: our diet grows now like bad news.
We grow our regurgitation of a home. The rebuilding project at war
with want a bed have a microwave. *Don't even.* About power--
that ability to dent, impact. We flood the sky to make a texture, or feel good.

Published in *Word for/Word*, March 2016

She was ratted old hungry
mouth hung down. *What doesn't cost money?* The leaves
of the willows. *Follow.* The door behind the counter—where all the prizes
are—is closed. How to play is pictorial. *I was lost and now I'm found.* The act
of drawing a hand, and a hand, and a hand. Varying states of open. The act of
proportion. Blow it up. Show it moves. Take your hand
out your pocket. Give the man the money. We're hoping we win.
It's a question and timing. *You could have left the light.*
The hand is everything to the puppet.

Published in *YDLMIER 050*, July 2014

People stare. Every unique is a
special. Moth traps, fruit flies. Graveyards.

Business plans fully-fleshed-out.

There's the pressing demand for an annotated history of the obelisk
in funereal practice in 17th century New England.

Have a purpose. The heroes their heroics. The mold
remains. Remember the collected: Fresh Produce,

Primitive Arts, Pool Chemicals.

Pictures of sad faces and sad music.

Published in *YDLMIER 050*, July 2014

We're counting

This one as much as the last.

A symptom of everything, meaning options but you're gonna die from it. Breathlessness our new urgency.

Shine it up because we want it
we want it. This city opens bottom-up--

it's a bowl. disaster. There is movement not progression.

I want to watch it with you another way of saying I'm watching you.

Go on, feel invaded. I forgot to say. *Try to remember.* That year was threatened.

Close your eyes. Watch out. Invader.

Invader. That year was a long time ago. It's happened. Air.

When the train goes by, drive fast.
Watch, or try not to. Hear it. Not this transportation, but impact.

Please,
rename all the streets but especially the ones named for what river where?

How else to protect ourselves against inaccuracy. We are trying to tell you your ~~future~~ fortune
here. Come, let's crawl back into wood.

Published in *Word for/Word*, March 2016