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GRIPS

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GRIPS

wake up to complete bliss before time matters
with this and that written in creases on the cheek
sidewalk chalk messages from sleep
to be worn all day, to disappear
flowered fans a-ring tugging frets from the neck,
in a split fragility, recombining to a tight weave
words for white petals steeped in late spring
sneaking in through the window, chair on the roof in the sun
also the sound of electricity and a tree
twisted in the grimace of our laughter

let the harps rail
trim and hum causing shards
tiny metal flecks
tricking the fool into hunting for it
panning gold in the light laced tunnels of what happens next
re-collecting the whole conversation and summer hot
overripe blanket with so much to offer
add softness of touch to attentive skin
grinding all to its dust and flicking off

YOU

mind no twisted ankle, we'll scale the fence and
drop to heave one bundle of bees back in thorny dance,
at Fahrenheit Seventy-One
with marble obelisk smoking
after it falls with the velocity of human grace
(in getting steady with the thought)
i shuttle close to you, strange ghost now
now you gone now you ghost take away take away
i can't ask, because the answer is always

I. BLOOD DART FOG HIS POLITIC
II. SO PROUD A BRAVE VENISON
III. THE BLACK BIRD SONG BUSTING THE
PAVEMENT
IV. HOW LAY A FILTER TO BE A PENCIL?
V. ITS YOUR LIFE

I.

it is causing vertebrae to slip
bolted to the floor
bolted to the floor i saw a man
jumping out of the way of a branch
it unbolted me to see it

we can shut fingers in hymns
allow rapid breaths to softly come out
echo promises unblanketed & unmade
behemoth sorrows might i shoulder again, now
pulverized from tear drops pissing down
the land gives way in anguish

say with whole mouth now, with wax in it :

(crazed repetition) if you cannot vanish and
cannot bring out a whole spirit
you may ask for help
if you have to
have to ask for
maybe it would help to need
but
spirit cannot ask for help
if you have to
vanish if you
ask for help
you may need it

II.

i know that there are deer in the graveyard when you come
in fiftens, them looking to the stones'
shoulder blue-veined marble's soft shoulder
and what makes the stone relatable?
everything we know about ourselves,
where the travelers sleep
the whole place walk
human being
beanpole
cyclone
pablo
it
I
will do
the vow- whatever you'd
imagine, knowing all about
what would happen and how
frenzied & varied the results

III.

lucid session block one
unit: eight ball.
unit eight either for the black chest
or that shipping dock
you use your hands
there

security takes symbolic action
against the everglades:

look of the skin against look of the eye
look of the water from out of the window
look of the self

blockade denied
below the tongue
declared
"irrational unit"
left alone wondering now
"what is now?"

the better we get
the blacker the water
the delicate shore bleached to death
reflecting heat now back to the sun

IV.

give her something to throw
quickly! the wall needs a reminder in the face
of what the wall is for
seconds pinned to a stack and buried away from

desire

throw That over the headless
stumbling
a minefield sick orchard
athena sleeping there with no reason to wake

dense cavity of trees wrapped with
camping

tarps

walk up the side of a mountain
hooded, exploding thunder boom
i would have told you
loud loud with the sound of it
cinder lips at the mess of panic
when i can tell you anything
when your eardrums are forced to understand

silence

see he
brick layer skinned at the knee
through scraps he'd attached
trying to escape forever
dressed up for it, just

empty clothes

shooting at

smile at everyone !
police the block and quit
fucking
smoking

V. ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR
LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE
ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR
LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR
LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR LIFE ITS YOUR
LIFE

ITS YOUR LIFE YOUR LIFE
YOUR LIFE TAKING OVER

ITS YOUR LIFE TAKING
TAKING OVER
ITS YOUR LIFE TAKING

OVER

ITS YOUR LIFE
ITS YOUR TAKING
YOU ITS YOUR LIFE TAKING

YOU

ITS YOUR LIFE
YOU YOU
YOU YOU
YOU YOU YOU

this part one