

DANIEL POPPICK

Sand Building

for Jeff Nagy

When do I begin to seize with frequencies a chain
That carves out homes such that our heads, crowned in the color wheel,
Distantly tangle in a failure of sound? It's a decision one makes
Distinctly between a sky red with speech and quickening fists
As if a geode protecting its young. I'm not alone to say I'm alone
When I say it's getting dumber with use. Aerodynamic with King
Midas's drool, to use its serum on a wound would rev
Flesh in breath beneath your answers if and when they come. A folio
Opens its paint for the patrons, a fountain open in the fountain
Room, blank space pokes the back of my neck. Beneficent friction,
One ought to sleep under its heat as often as August opines
From its soapbox so long as that soapbox is you. The room recedes
Which I am not against so long as January revolves without fail. Space

Is a sadness, no question about it. Diligence anoints itself to December
While eschewing a general winter, else why would the middle
So resemble the splash of flight? Begin again to end in color,
Film is interminably in black and blue; you have an arrow protruding
From spring but that doesn't mean you can treat it like April. Snow
Is a sign of the city's efficiency and we are little more than that, never
Around anymore. When I arrive from the prairie
Zero furniture awaits an animal stalking its contours as if real estate
Grew obstruction out of its ears. In this way the cameo of lack
You hang from your neck resembles waltzing in a darkened ballroom
Glittered with shoots of a building return. What fidelity
Demands I not wake filled with a word? I think you can feel it
When that phase hits and continues; I think who

Finds my lipstick under the cinema's stadium seat is essentially what
I am and was, a single day, but how is it to be that vessel on which a
silver
Cylinder arrives to model a horn of the mind via the ring
Around the mouth? Last night was is, a gem of it,
No solar flares or song emitted from the spine. A pose,

No question, but day is fevered to serve its laughter to hours felt as
It collects a string you offer. Adults wave to us from inside
A lawn and I feel they wave with their own arms. Their eyes
Are filled with filaments and their skin is filled with strikes. A painter
Wrote a woman he'd loved had skin like white marble, now what
Was his name? Materials flood the feeling like ribbons of heat, scores
In a log. Half of consciousness is showing up, the other half is more
Or less mirrors. The other half is mirrors.