

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.