

2 *atlas at last*

i

i enter the cabin carrying some hemispheres
one per shoulder

checker drapes dolorous light
 on my back as a callus

i live in a shell of bark

& when this cries

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its a maple split open

rest

ii

i leave the eastern in a rocking horse stirrup
& project

into settlements shouts

like the shouts of aphids the moons a juniper
 berry

a tumbler of gin in the ether

i found a phenomenon called landscape

 busts apart
found a hook in my lip

called affection & found it sticks together

4 anecdote for fathers

i

grill me bout paraffin how

friday wordsworth edition

shewed

i was always in good gods
hands & also a god

its the carbon of yesteryear
after *raw*

was *char* that the darkness

ii

then we were all night at shots

papa its hard being a recluse
i either

are more infinite than others

its a film

on my black
how it still spells showed

like to witness a beat
is to walk there

is grilling me bout
paraffin how

& if the first preparation

of ink was intrinsic in

to separate ink from its
darkness i reply

hunter or gather
some infinities

like there are infinite trees
but more infinite

avocados needles or
i gather

leaves or
blueberries

cursive & caloric
whose each little o is a cyclops

eschewed

in *shewed*

5 *self portrait lakeside*

confessional stance
i was a rare do well

with a rucksack
on the docks

i was fey but stern
i was aloof

but stark

grace was a fractal fern
grace was a light in the dark

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& the docks made of tires
where i slept i pose

their pitch tireless
lakesick ditties

i was dead but chipper
i was aloof

but hark

grace was the little dipper
grace would alight

in the dark