from TERRATACTIC (IX)

1 pony expressions

i

it got grateful to be alone & loll in rare exception

such as no such zone dispatches

id wore my knuckles knocking on doors clear off tic & fidget in barons

barren courtyards with mailbags the scenes an orphan

punching a blue metal mailbox makes fifty red stars on it both handed in a paradiddle

ii

shes here post *hyphen* hideous

an ugly mare i kissed

has an ugly foal now

161

her moan casts a pall across the cul de sac

which

i add means ass in a satchel as the unused stamp for no such sender

leaches

a pigment rouge on my jerkins crisp lapel

162

i

i enter the cabin carrying some hemispheres one per shoulder

dolorous light checker drapes on my back as a callus

i live in a shell of bark

& when this cries

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

the western i warm by the hearthcraft aware of the whirr

of its columns of steam i wrinkle & press my familys fine

posters of fauna

as below the gold matte flashes

a crane manufactures a slightly smaller crane

3 homegoing

i

i found it when all the lamplights

were going out got scope eye

full of motes

its earthquake weather

you said

earnest as a plush trout on pillows

i found it

in the schoolyard a fisher with a tiny

umbrella & a big

mouth what then is the catch

ii

164

i caught it

throughout my hometown

nostalgia for

the unkempt horizon

the linear sentence

i found it in my eye like an ash

the magmic butterfly lure prows wide the chasm

i found a phenomenon called landscape

busts apart

found a hook in my lip

called affection & found it sticks together

grill me bout paraffin how

its a film

friday wordsworth edition

on my black how it still spells showed

shewed

like to witness a beat is to walk there

i was always in good gods

is grilling me bout paraffin how

hands & also a god

its the carbon of yesteryear after *raw*

& if the first preparation

was char that the darkness

of ink was intrinsic in

ii

then we were all night at shots

to separate ink from its darkness i reply

papa its hard being a recluse

i either

hunter or gather some infinities

are more infinite than others

like there are infinite trees

but more infinite

166

avocados needles or leaves or

i gather blueberries

cursive & caloric

in shewed whose each little o is a cyclops eschewed

5 self portrait lakeside

168

confessional stance on the docks i was a rare do well

i was fey but stern i was aloof but stark

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

& the docks made of tires their pitch tireless lakesick ditties where i slept i pose

with a rucksack

i was dead but chipper i was aloof but hark

grace was the little dipper grace would alight in the dark