

LATE IN THE FORM

Precise perception of little differences
In the popular song, a slow bridge built
Between two affects, one restricted

On the long drive home from Costco, one
Exultant recognition at real forces
Working in the form, glimpses of

Is there a word that means both new
And returning from great distances expressed
As birds per hectare, units of dust

Without implying sentience, I have grown
Around the latticework of grammar
Into emotional terms, take off

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The window lock, breathe deeply
Of the Starlicide, some studies show
We are resistant, petty artisans, a calling

Disappeared into the corn, the singer
Represents advancements in delay
Doesn't do much for me, but the song

BEN LERNER