

oxygen masks our chandeliers

before and after k.l.

i trust you
i tell you in the way one looks at
commercial pilots upon boarding

you bristle i
braille the hell out of you
 corrugate & sieve
 a fugue of muted notes
a hundred tiny planets tied by thread constellate a
 retrograde ambivalence in
retrograde our two bodies hover above
 this mess we've made
a thousand broken pieces dirty
 sheets
igauzu falls couldn't
 clean

we all move like
thinly sliced scallions
over murky soup suspended, making orbital
conditions sensual drawn
showing composure, control
crossing the atlantic—
 the words move as well
mirrored, violent
across collection, recollection, the soft white powder of
counter pollination leaving
rips almost real
in the body

the body
that changes planes that
decomposes that
softly searches for salt
along setaceous pools, pulls
like someone says,
you think i am water
abyssal,
because i feel like water to you
because no bodies have been recovered
tongue of the ocean—off Andros
but even there are rivers, seiche waves
crescendos of light
lost in landscape's condensation, glaxis of dune
or dost spread both ways
thin
then there's this *this*
the wake of forwards shadow
the naming that steps unwittingly almost, a sweet
possession
the things in the sea that cling
making suddenly organic
or seep with sound
softly music-like or mucous
into fuselages
moving enemy to
anemone suddenly
cup-shaped and colorful amidst the
barnacles