

TO MYSELF (IN SEPTEMBER HELD)

Like a teardrop that though of many
Teardrops composed, singly hangs
In a lid (in a likewise face that's a

Compote of its blanched worshippers' (and this in
A world gleaming, 'bout to fall: you,
Licking come off the mirage's coin-return,

Smile like a hairbrush among
Whose bristles is dying in orange
Agony an orgy you were the animate sub-titles of (deb

Utante, a corsage of mouths on your blue groin, haut-cries
Lemmings
Loving in mid air make

Till peak of peace splatters and their pupil deigns (for
As all things bear the seed of heaven,
So is the blossom rebuked) to crush cruel kohl for your smoky marquees

Starred by half ripe prisms that thud in
A garden mendacious with days: where the sun
Tunes its rays to the chords of your shadow

Is a shallows of light / at dusk full songs ripple down to drink
From between its squeeze-scented viridian thighs (that
Feebly keep aglow like an I.D. scrutiny

Life, bloodclot to cork the wine with we lie with her
Cross pineneedle-compass floors nights to
Elude schooled fooled ruled names laws graved on stone tablets

Shot from guns: zebranetic energy realms, gone:
Till can't read between these black bars—and key
Swollen with weep won't fit—and they

Have placed nets over the dewy pores of children to fool
Around we truth
Like a myopia of monuments, together-sifting, sigh-pendant on the (your
patchouli-drop face elsewhere

On its errands of leafwreck) shore of that
Giant green information receding
Back down the throat of who is being tortured for it

But won't talk: my tongue will be
Your cunt's hermit while you demurely rape an amputation
Of clocks who serenade the past as
Summer stakes all its gold on one last throe (and once

For our lodging, you could never decide
Between shoulders or shudders: a blind date with your own
Genitals / the way the foreplay sketches-in
What the fucking paints (ochers, scarlets—pipings whirled, calm-away

(Nail a mirror over the foamy palette
Dip in a brush and)
Dip a lash in that tear and)
Eye me