

Proximities

Sleepfever

proportions and venom. always a door. some barrier. i can put
between. and it will be you. somewhere else. waiting for. shrinking.
through the perpetual

Burning, so you swim

the pool, center of Arizona, or crater, or polished lute. fretted finger-
board, its waters, asterisks, amoebas. Aswan's tastable dust. you are
asthmatic from horses. hazed in temples floating beneath us. not a
place where buildings mortar the sky. but you. calling your name to
hear sound. radiation forming pyramids. tipping toward thought.
spilling its half-life. how our eyes remember

Suffocating, kidnapping, resisting

Here is where I'll let myself become you. Sarcasm of light. Here is
the point I'll stop cutting you chopping off the genitalia of adjective
for christ's sake. Here is the silence I haven't felt in the galley of a
yacht before long, before now. Here is fear, shred of lizard iguana
girth you fired up your kilns in Sarajevo with. Here is where I say
goodbye to the second, third, and twentieth iteration. Here is the
moment speech exits thought, leaves it as a coruscant shell, drift-
ing in bathwater soaped from dreams. Here is where I'll let myself
become you—center of life, a deepness, center core cut, center core
cut—this is the rut you and I continually slip into. Here is where
I'll drown, all right? I am announcing the drowning dance, tread-
ing two fingers, what can two fingers do to keep either of us afloat.
And I don't even know who the "you" is I am poetically ashing. I
make a mince, a meat, a mockery. These Ms stable and serious in
centrifugal vastness. Here is where I slow and let doubt drain from
the parsley left in the sink, like stars, see stars, you defer to them.