

SCOTT GLASSMAN

Exertions

Pathway . sepsis

clears. shellacs. surfaces. "cloud". hung on the end like that

& lightning
of course, lightning

blankets. the fertile. aluminum-gated. marshes. shoe-sized boxes.
(rooms)

bodies. i kissed you in. polarity. fields. fractional. resistances. the
same way. of saying. drenched. how we blossomed

so long. after the fact

The wreckers

A sky pulls down its face. Across yours, I hear bells course down
your throat like a liquid made from diamonds, accrued from the
outlying rig, sunken, flirtatious. Off a coastal shelf, confused,
breasts filled with geyser-salt / light. Antocha in mid- to late sum-
mer. Traces that imagine the bottom of earthquake territories.
He lost a son there & I have heaved my own salvage equipment
along the milkweed dunes, attempting to spot buoys. The hunger
of seabirds. Multiplied by lighthouses, set to the dizziness—first
words. Catches, hand-sewn nets, flush with chad, coming up empty
on each dip. Docks like white ash trees, bridges transfused from
encounters with the alternating tide, elemental, struggling, keeping
their grip, a grease of bark, but thinly. Lost hooks. Tangential foam.
Isn't enough so they won't plunge forward. Drag the steel helmets
down, into climates of quasars, red fern, & tumbleweed.

Out of a vacuum, notate . place

My father. once filled my hand with sand and said. (like sand) saying. if you like. limits. what you hear. may excuse. sprinkle it. as we brighten. over topsoil. & by this he meant the whole of creation. not its difference. (percentage). a dust. county. sky. whose rapid constriction & mercury. “us” outwardly (skewing). intervening. the detail. once, an affection. circled. by ten-speed. went nowhere. sayings. and sand. filling “once”. taking its place. one. plus (more than). one. & the effort it took

Toward a vacancy

“transition, or what”

will be. the interior of gaps. created in. eloping from. the fourth. metatarsal—how you streak. dry-lipped. when walking. stepping out

exposed. sent down. leaned into. midway. moot

“abstractly”

agitated. fragmenting. in coal-scorched. crevice. smoke. vellum & snow. lines traced. softly. inferring. oxygen

“granules”

carrying through. weight. breath stretched. perforating. irises. *see*, she asks. *or begin*. at least. *you*. the least of you

begins to

The first door you open upon waking

Ah, the brilliance of the occasional heart. flatten the steep ruin that you encounter. forest “why”. the should where you pry up the catacomb. bleak for sway. cold mirror-burn bursitis-talk. infiltrates. the in-scape. the Aderal composition. the cone-tall & icing populace. perplexed. by melting acacias. corridors exhibiting the tendency to doubt you

A history

It was the damn apple that got him. the plush red. ounce. in Oaxaca. the jimmed padlock. & vine-sore. droplets. insulin. a secular-ity. minding its. mingling with. fray. plains. of spinal vegetation. genomic. apprising “he”. of us, others (to come). assigning light from her. drying a nomenclature...*if it fits*...until it constricts. contracts. a violet. swerves. to avoid it

Trailing . stop

if you're. looking. say. something. now. gastric. shockingly. distant

On our way home

As we approach ancillary endings, who touches grin-flecked chairs, arranges them in triangular devil-may-care magnetisms, mysticisms, movable mantras, tantrums, nightsweats. Cushions occupy non-alert specimens, tinge them with gold squeezed from underwater copper, twine, pinched coral. I walk away from the physical properties of bracelet links, a hypothermia. Stomach, or sand trap? Conceptually near my vocal chords, one another, spaced, in-swept, frothed. Erasure is stopping—I can see you in the front seat, cradling, laughing, twisting the dial of wind slipping through cracked glass, cavern, kodachrome. The material of day, its stitches come loose & I have taken a corner of road, arrowed & angling it, so when you pass, incline, the urge, incipient as cloud cover, wriggles free

Love letter

i usually don't think of a title first. i picture you evaporating. and it is enough of a preface to. the fact. that nothing is. entirely. cold. as caves in. daylight. foreseen. breathing through windowfilm. loquacious. as skin