

Kevin Larimer

FROM THE UNTITLED

His outward glance cast backwards
over a sharpened bone. To see what
happy things be hiding behind him.
Not a friendly place, thinks he now
that the inverse is true. Negativity
my dear, will kill you. Monumental
events pass into his reflexive view.
Memory, believe you. Fist the meat,
tendered on the spit. Roast slowly
to imperfection. The fatty drip
pings collect, suet up scooped in
a lovely hand. Hang him on a branch.
To feed the hungry birds in winter,
turn the beaks ugly and away from
frozen sky. Feast upon each other.
Pluck his body down. The birds
have sung. He will not sing. Alone
with crowds and shifty weight,
swing in the cool distance. He loved
and cranky among all this pecking.
In order for him to compete, hands
be forced to mold him back, whip
him into shape, swallow, and wait.

Fear, the screw unscrewing itself,
stripping threads of their spiral grip,
the crucial ounce in the automaton's
steely arm. Some recognition please.
It has taken a thousand machinations
to achieve, at once, this detachment.
The bracket that held the all of him
in [some imaginative adverb] breaks.
The interior that worked, wired, now
hangs bare. Tinker, my sweet. Grab
a handful of gear, to feel, wear gloves.
Disassemble. Draw a bath. We clean
that which may be seen more clearly.
He performed his task, took instruction,
a bad habit he picked up from under
the operator's thumb. Yes, he was
a very productive piece of junk.
Armor emptied resembles a shell,
out of which the fleshy inhabitant
is now moving. He is pushing, slowly
to the end, toward the great fusion
of a dream and daylight.
A glimmer in the ocular. Some nerve.

A champion of the cramp, his
rickety structure has collapsed.
Out from under a thicket of skin,
he is grateful. Thanks, he thinks
and says so. When he opens his
mouth, he makes mistakes. Now
it's cold. I am uncommonly cold.
He wishes to retract the previous
statement. See hear, your honor,
it's something you can do without,
a corpuscle of the continuous
tissue, easily removed. Hacked
off, to put it bluntly. He stubby,
moping around with apostrophes
stuffed in his nooks and crannies.
What belongs to him, his specialty.
Localizing Hell in the pit of his body.
Independent, the sunny side of lonely.
In light of thinning numbers that warm
the air around him, he lowers the lids
that, heavy, have allowed him. Welcome.
Make yourself and comfortable. He lives
in a name, in a town, unincorporated.

A very welcome to the terminal
station. This, the dead and of the line.
We have seen, and again, the naked
perversion. A dog in violation of his
wounds. Sun's a puddle. And frozen.
Skies a grey, broken. Weather his
reunion. Who he is wishy washing
to meet on this, such a despicable
excursion, eyes him. Embrace, hook
and feign, the hole thing. We fill it in,
the blanks, the body, got it pat down.
The eye of the eye that beholds him.
About face, the all that remained
has been named. Say hello to him.
Speak to him as you would, yourself.
My friend, he is more than, my friend.
He is the one who sent the flowers.
Him who swallowed his tongue, who
tried to eat you. He will be back at
the beginning with it done. Steady boy
steady. Once, and for a while, we miss
placed him, took a little time, found him.
In a mirror on the bottom of a bathtub.