| Recall | A bitile on the table by the window. |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Lato | A bitile on the table by the window. Nong through the wood, sweety heals |
| bleedin | that brown leaght shoes. |
| 15 - | They been leader shoes. I could take your uls elixin rush |
| | |
| Som | My throas once again. |
| 0 | 11. il rach in street has a name |

looking for any thy to feel somethy. When you have in the Section Green surpticity will a month of store. My Burnt plottic somelies scaled first I lug. higher advancing. Words you write when your shouldow firstly orrive. I shopt in the librar, dead press in a forced writer's biograph. I have for solarist in a stand busance. Electrons troops whipped by as my open model hours a white cell somether. The is about a lurgo more fine. The automa forced or force is worm the drive as the contex of a body.

| of tensts at which sall | - geod |
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| brive the spring does taked closed eyes | 15.51 |
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| Joy turs flored in a different city o | w |
| CONCRETE FORE J. | |
| loose store, public, The flumme fort she | 4 |
| 1002 store public , The flumme ford s le prosted. Dells rigg Somewhy, soft sound of 3 m | ins. |
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Pleiade > Scars cication on bre bucks 8 Sewy a torn cours share share one point with a midnight needle sewy with a midnight needle Joseph petty blood blooms har

Oblivion Letter

Recall a bottle on the table by the window. Later, running through the wood, sweaty, heels

bleeding through brown leather shoes. If I could taste your cold elixir rush

down my throat once again. Dear K: the cracked city street has a name

you can whisper. Dark corners to go looking for any thing to feel something.

When you lived in the city. The boy called night advancing

Green serpent coiling with a mouth of stone. Burnt plastic smoke scalding your fingers and lungs.

Words you write when your shadow finally arrives. I slept in the library, head pressed in a French

writer's biography. I laid concrete strait in a station basement. Electric trains whipped by as my open-

mouthed hummed a white cell sonata. There is almost always more time. The autumn fields were set on fire,

to warm the dying as they rose, I read in a book. Give this note an open home.

Give the sparkling dots behind closed eyes names of old friends. I move slow through stillness,

devouring feasts of wet salt. No longer caress your small devil's alveoli.

Starve the animal inside a little at a time. Think of torn feet running through loose leaves,

dry twigs. Hunched in a different city, over loose stone, rubble, concrete foxes. Pleiades scars cicatrized on bare backs. Sewing a torn coat's sleeve with a midnight needle, sewing slivers of mirror

onto open pillows, softly petting blood blisters with strands of brown hair. The Aluminum foil sky

overhead. Bells ringing somewhere, soft sound of sirens.