

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 old 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 my thy to feel something. When you live in the
~~Secret~~ Green serpent coil with a mouth of stone. The boy called
Burnt plastic smoke scalding finger & leg. might advance.

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

man's biography. I laid concert district in a station
because. Electric doors whipped by as my open -
mouth hummed a white cell sonata. There is where
always more given. The autumn fields were set on fire
so warm the day as they rose, I read in a broken

descent of the 1st group

Give this note in open house.

Give the spiky dots behind closed eyes

no long
small
de-15
clutch

names of old friends - move slow through stillness

Starve the animal inside a little bit a time

Think of torn feet running through loose leaves,
dry twigs - flourish in a different city, over

concrete floors

loose stone, rubble - The plume of foil sky
overhead. Bells ring somewhere, soft sound of birds.

Pleiads scars

cicatrid on bare back

sewing a torn coat's sleeve

with a midnight needle, sewing

slaves
mirror and
open pillars

softly petty blood blisters
with strands of brown hair

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.