

evening arson

midnight reply

dark stake

darkness

gloom

after hour

bedtime

black

writing hour

<sup>A</sup>catiginosity/catiginous

obscurity

apacots

shade

shadow

vigil

Nocturne

The shadows watch my black tv through the window & each grows bigger inside the way age makes you more than you were when you were young. It rained all day. I got tested because we attended a funeral for a boy who hanged himself in the trees. Each of these nights I've been releasing ravens, throwing them like knives at the catiginous vigil.

to "be undetermined" - is beginning

- Come

I feel the wrinkled sheet around my ankle, the dog's heaving breath. I feel the curtains seem fingering the room with fire. I feel your cheek find my chest. I will stay too late.



~~original~~ ~~isn't so wrong~~  
~~transmit~~ ~~origin story~~ ~~homework~~

synchronize chill deny chain letter

permeable ~~cross~~ ~~virtual~~ ~~sequencer~~

where I'm from emoji's insular for you

~~streamer~~ how do indicate - ~~and~~ ~~table~~ ~~album~~

lava I don't know what to make of the world

~~innards~~ ~~witchy~~ shorthand my tired narrative

all at once geode ~~remixed~~ pre-empt hairloss

gasoline ~~affirmation~~ ~~fucked up~~ at school

selfie ~~excessive~~ avatars keepsakes whatever

I don't know what to make of the world

its lava of emoji's how permeable all the

abandoned people is it wrong

to want its witchy innards displayed in shorthand

to all at once read its code

like seeing inside a geode's origin story

the morning is excessive after the insular night

where i'm from everyone's a fucked up salesman

only avatars exist, chain letters of love

remixed to provide affirmation

how transparent am I when I weep

these keepsakes? whatever. I'm a born homeworker

with a tired narrative. I trademarked the album



## Adieu at the Quarantine

This, ~~when~~ we were young & alive  
years ago, is the leaving time  
all gold-burned glow documenting  
our linger, but

here we are fifteen  
years side by side, your mother  
history of love of nothing,  
your glasses and oversized shirt  
~~sleep~~ asleep on your left side  
I am awake by chance, reaching  
to pee, thinking through 40  
years of breath, trying to track  
my way back through our romance,  
our novel, the steps through  
to an earlier dark. We hide  
still here in our mortgaged  
heaven. The winged begin their  
song. I hug myself to you  
& wonder who we hide from.



weather bureau

son of

My window full of dad bod  
facing midnight's face  
via a v'd a sound. I heard  
a man can live through  
lightning strikes & feel  
good tingle at an edge  
of self. The hospitals  
are filling with lungs  
that can't perform.  
We know a thing,  
Aristotle said, by  
what it's for. Look  
at yourself looking for  
a horizon in the black,  
your poor monologue  
coughing into gloom.



this is not a prison, it's an elegy  
for all the trees

"another inscrutable house"

"everything touches everything"

"he now lives in seclusion"

the neighbor's illegal brushfire smokes the street air  
& someone calls the cops ~~to~~

Consent

epicenter

The human mind can't <sup>even</sup> understand exponential growth  
my friend built his house by hand  
punch line tree line shoreline

### Nocturne

This is not a prison, it's a spectral glimpse back at the living  
this is not my beautiful wife How did I get here?

Songs strike without consent. Fevered neighbors scream  
them out windows, like broken whale ~~making~~ <sup>making</sup> tunes

"everything touches everything" the local farmer  
tells the news. As illegal brushfire smokes the  
street air. You are so bright blanketed, so  
the history of time. A streaming. The ~~epicenter~~  
This is not a distraction, this is the epicenter.



Nocturne

last to go are the pines weaponizing  
into giant dark arrowheads before blackout  
Cat Scene. The air is still full of our virus.  
Of our violet rust, our chorus of coming  
apart. New studies showed we're all  
getting divorced, hanging ourselves,  
abandoning our children. The dark is  
other people. Or nothing. The nothing  
is hugging the windchimes now, pitting  
the mailbox with ~~dead~~ needles. I  
do love you, dear, but I can't find  
you in all this universe.



The fireworks incessant consecutive nights reminds me  
we once went to an island concert, just a small  
island in a river, ~~the~~ the canal lit up with  
stage light, the sky pensive with electric guitars  
riffs. Quiet boats sloshed by. Neighborhood houses  
breathed darkly. I felt, once in the throes of a  
solo, that the world wouldn't last long, but  
that for now the island was its swollen electric  
heart.

you see here morning's cross streamers of  
light transmitting notifications. Origami and  
tables, cross & malwas gifts to catch at  
your heart, a thing of morning sequestered  
like an heirloom even as it synchronizes  
the pixels orbiting.



works & day

ambades & nocturne

① spectator system of gods from the bottom up  
estate irresponsibility, has a negative impact on community  
late eighth century mythology grim cares  
archaic period men as weakness pasture  
the young Perseus prodigal brother  
enters into the world of the gods themselves  
toward the personal otherwise stern  
toward the subjective cultural appropriation  
what it is to be a man trap leaving no names  
what it is to be a property owner  
what it is to be responsible affliction  
customs misogyny predatory wit labored  
at the sunset drive-in palls of baled hay  
the kids are at farm camp this week I am a spectator  
with this home brew hufferwizen to a bottom-up system of  
gods ~~fact~~ is this fabric of individuality the reckless  
are a cost ~~the~~ the late 8th century was a shit show  
of mythology misogyny & grim cares who will feed  
the family? who will make the estate last? men as  
weakness a pasture of sacrifice as if volunteering  
hard necessity toward like digging a grave deep  
to find a heaven to enter a world of gods with  
eternal emotions this is a move toward the personal  
my life is watering the impotence is it cultural



# rescind syndrome

## Aubade

aubade in quarantine  
aubade of disaster in background  
aubade after i thought you said  
aubade of pool  
aubade briefly  
aubade of reason i can't sleep

## Nocturne

~~graveyard~~  
vigil that never ends  
pines are weaponized  
nocturne of fireworks  
nocturne at sunset drive-in  
nocturne of motion light  
~~nocturne briefly~~  
nocturne of gothic sensibilities  
keown serve

cut or switch one nocturne  
order?



a

appropriation to be trapped in a land moved field  
what is it to be a man? <sup>the farm</sup> horses eat hay slowly  
& have their own method of knowing the world  
what time it is what it's time for bees work  
by ?? the farmer's kids walk the cows into  
their stalls I think about the difference between  
history & imagination little gods explode  
into leaf & we eat them until we can't  
feel

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Aug 5 <sup>coronavirus</sup> pandemic still out there a chronic  
stress



