

two fingers merge

o fingers merge

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

"she was not afraid"

you do not do it for me.

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

some analysis changes

N stopping for

G security purposes

G security purposes

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

I want to cover over you

C  
O  
V  
E  
R  
E

O  
V  
E  
R  
M  
E  
C  
O  
M  
P  
E



covering over

william allegrezza

the poems in this collection are all old pieces that i never got around to publishing outside of e-zines or magazines.

Some of these pieces have appeared in *Swirl*, *Word for Word*, *sidereality*, *canwehaveourballback?*, *Deep Cleveland Junkmail Oracle*, *Muse Apprentice Guild*, *poethia*, *Milk Magazine*, *Lost & Found Times*, and *Shampoo*.





in turning to lightness  
the sickness of the outbound finding is vision  
in reassignment of snow on rocks near water  
in late winter when the wind is blowing has blown the hour  
or the hour of trial the trial that could have been a  
covering over as in covering over

for tides turn ever forward in for-motion  
and release finds agile fingers searing the edges of monuments  
in time to relate the echo of color on grackle wings

“a buddha reached for meat on a friday before the mountain fell”

in irritation        of healthy significance

[under the cherry blossoms  
we drink deeply of wine  
for no other answer awaits  
                         our mortality]

“Let us be considerate of our comrades”  
despite the established rule of continuing action so

while the mind settles in replacing to release

undertones or tones which argue that  
“all sensation is sensation”  
and that saintly confusion is sanity on streets where the lie  
is the dream of hours that shuffle the pícaras in darkness

the bacchants have never danced for me  
yet my head flows along the stream singing

for                    the cycle  
                         spreads

and the lilies flower through  
                         underground growth

“in forgetting  
the phenomenal intercession replaces  
the hands with contentment and pattern  
or patterns that extends as lines  
like fire over desert valleys’



minerals and parts in lime  
“oh when the summer breeze brings the cool air”

the cracked paint on the windowsill  
and the texas summer soil of similar degree

“fourteen at an age to be forgotten”  
but the cycle of popped skin grows red

do you find the heat oppressive?  
does tin shift and range in hands?

ear tan ring and siren silence of joy  
when the fire's release of purgation ceases

in the middle of the orange sense the bells  
sound from slower towns over the hills

to begin  
I've begun in trouble  
the trouble that belies sensation  
otherwise known as echo  
as when sound bounces off surfaces in such a way  
as to return

moreover memories of sanitary places plague me  
"it is night, and from behind the hedge the boy comes with a flashlight"  
returning

collections of silver  
or paintings placed on the silent walls of milwaukee  
begin to return

towards dispersal  
“and otherwise we move”

the storm blows north of becoming  
while numbers break evenly to state  
why continual signals shift

dilemma or miscalculation –  
a voice or a treatment of waterholes

a gatherer spreads fear  
so that shadows lead “in time to the cosmic symbol ceased”

[ . . . I look for forgiveness in separate halves while the spade rings . . . ]

the role of speed is the content of groping

exchange is not relevant

our images forestalled remain  
in a plane shattered in billions at the service  
of argument

“that sanctuary of potential signals wrapped in terrifying eyes  
is the divine space of dying”

as covering covering over  
as in thrown among park bums in a season  
fresh with buds  
as in some manifesto of pictures

no bolts holding the sheets  
if there are  
no bulbs turned slightly out of socket  
if there are  
no wires to connect  
if there are  
no hands dust covered  
if there are  
no back alleys filled with trash

and the rigs of powder  
turn burms at the edge  
yet there are  
no crossbeams or studs

the light in the hall  
    shifts downwards  
as beetles struggle or spiders find

    in motion is the morning  
            and ships at sea

the answer for purgation remains purgation  
    while vision is release through stages of forgetting  
                            but we've forgotten and forget

the broken climb      in late spring  
    when children leave and the doors swing

the models are destruction

of value to stay with in the middle

*for the clever tide is burningly understood as open significance*

wetraipsedalongthelinesofthetiberinmid-junewhilethegypsies  
turnedtricksonunsuspectingtourists andthewaterflowedwarm  
pasttheeasycurvesofthecity

“and living was easy”

and then the local before the board said

“at times we must decide”

“at times we must admit”

“at times we must come together as a unit for survival  
to gather our energy against encroaching economic doom”

consider then the acceptance in that city  
which is covered by stylish diversions

a pesar de todo at the beginning

grasping for a few strands that will lead to the finale

(friend, you should cease now or be lost  
as I am lost, for I take no responsibility for you.)

and last before the train staged along the rio grande  
where there are no tracks thrown among the dusty embankments  
for the hanging eyes loosed into life

bearings in the sun  
with outer seams groping towards  
signals from island posts

[fragment #6063770808 . . . . .]

the animals escape to panic  
while the discovery inches towards silence  
in myriad nations condemned to economic starvation

in from solitude to relinquish the verticals of history  
to stray from the biosphere of habit or ached egotism of wealth

the echoes come through cold brick rooms  
as search lights at last receive hanging feet

the asthmatic sounds from afar are in no particular rhythm  
[ . . . ]

bearings in the sun  
losing the southerly direction of metallic life  
where now the madhouse traces the majesty of period  
and the bill arrives folded in colored lines



father the nothing of vision recedes  
while tidal motions rearrange the slight curve of land  
that retains the finding that no other answer remains but violence

“But mister”

“The temple head preaches prosperity and inevitable mortality, and so I  
say, with Alcaeus, drink to gods for light is short.”

in evit or ex it astoysleftrustingintheyard  
for th en re a son cou ld com plain or at lea st com ply  
but no w onl y bog monsters and fe ar

the number is long

red moon

and clouds y la lluvia

at a time when news shifts

and regret writes through thousands of lives

as ocean memories

chile italia south africa

and the sound of bells and trains

dance with rage and ease

“é pieno di luce”

"it's full of light "

words extend over bricks

marked with graffiti

paralysis

*the linden is razed on  
the pale break where  
centric activity is reliance*

no agent-orange shooting from  
little pricks in bathroom stalls  
prodded into vision  
for scurrilous attention

the lock clicks  
time  
lengthens  
losing definition

from the walls  
tears ache eros  
through blindfolds

otherwise  
but no  
ratios understood  
the legitimizing process  
put to vote  
tuned to placement  
a crisis  
of cultural protection

other static plantation remnants instruct the signal  
of rehabilitation as an order of the gods gone awry  
while the faces twirl in the afterglow years later  
through the singers in the square who release hope

“the last time was 1945. before then 1865.”

“Discovering to-day there is no lie or form of lie”

so let us go before a tribunal of peers and declare  
that freedom is lost among the detritus of  
a national dream of plurality hampered by growing circles  
where the hands are broken and the faces are held under water

these stacked images rear the children of history  
into revision or forgetting in remembrance

in the square  
so many are singing the song of beginning  
through which the following bright lights of police cars  
are forgotten in another celebration of burning

patterns in protecting

and pulled into death with  
a glance

the dream of  
next to longer than body

where stars triumph  
in action at 3:30

with the announcement of flight patterns  
through and into  
outline

undercurrent rhythm as fear  
the water is  
the opening of dream

stop IN FaLLing th e drops  
re main in statis with motion in uncomprehending  
silence that develops the picture of  
h ang ing we ights abov e a mar ble fl oor  
carved with traces

and we are afraid of the sea  
as it releases the curnets

ForWarn ed is then like the reinactment of the end

heads fall the click of  
regenerate messages clearly labeling the isle  
hazardous to the pine's shattering spires  
where ospreys in geometric places  
cry the remnants of war to sleep

in forgetting sixty years  
still the highway stretch freedom is oblivion  
and the vast sea crumbles under the cover  
of the siren's vibrato shelter

i n r a i n a g a s h o s e  
a s t h o u g h a s t r e t c h o f w a t e r  
o r c r u m b l i n g s t u c c o  
a m o n g d a y l i e s d i s p l a y s  
w i t h s e a s o n s  
t h e c o m f o r t s o f o r d e r

stables and then unregulated motion

“time to resign, my friend,” . . . . “. . .]

in hours the fields break in to layers  
laced by oak limbs in the sun light specific  
to the region above new orleans

“it couldn’t have caused such wide systemic failure”

“she went back down the long avenue of trees, stumbling against piles of dead  
leaves”

the organ replaces the hands that shift keys



along the edge words fall through semi-consciousness  
to some grounding space

“time is an end already contained”

for now the lindens bend the arch that holds  
medieval streets in context  
and out through the fields is a motion  
that confuses the line with its  
singular instruments

for now corners stones fly momentarily with water  
before the finger's silence watches them drop  
and the winter sun changes with spring the  
myriad confusions in chilled skin  
that hurry along broken sidewalks

the parts never work towards completion  
for the edge vexes their slow rock  
vexes their reaction to time  
with depletion

Inieslineseslineilsnsenilnesilenils

more to you

can you please tell me

tell me

o say can you see by the

dawn of the age

that one can

underrednustanddnats

and I too do not believe

that child

could not

perpuate the seed

or see the sea son

to stand the light

of you

t things in na upon earth,  
but for Nothing  
ove r A ges w I yet lived,  
While in the image of  
stood a letter r Lost  
there spell throu All  
en which we perceive  
light that breaks the cause  
of why to such evry here  
has its fall through speech

beams shine forth on thus  
for then waters flow to thi  
And dreams to opens t like the rai  
where grass signs r written over all  
of the phi

garden desert of no name

of vastness encircling air far away

an ocean is still and swept with shadows

while the eye of dark hollow glides the ridges

tossing flowers and hawks

among mexican palms

and calm pacific

the question is now  
only:  
how do we understand  
a vast heap of images  
and objects working  
continually to expend  
motion and leave us  
in tiny cosmic piles  
huddled in darkness  
when the sun leaves time?

blues in worn halls in youth  
where green shifts  
to the pier where cleaners wait to be  
next in the darkness of swallows  
gathering near tanks  
to drive light into valleys  
or asks for cigarettes or polos  
as wild magical acts of forgetting  
immigrant hands  
on tables or chairs that  
rest the lumber for houses  
in boards mean to be sold  
with game pieces in  
random patterns near the bottom  
of visionary alignment or just  
currents through eyes

turning away like  
a child in rain when  
equador seems far away  
and the wings of the  
shuttle wave

you  
I mean  
in time with so many days  
of curiosity  
turned on an end  
to bore a hole  
when  
in the process  
the shops begin to open  
in the morning for coffee and  
for the generations of  
nothingness  
as cold hands in arms  
in a winter park  
or parties in the process

in the end  
the same story begins  
in the still  
moment of  
release and placement

to reassess the  
names given for confusion

retry

"a gray fence in Houston  
surrounding a gray park  
where Jane Austen  
speaks on benches"

and he  
there to cover a story  
of and in all places  
where thorns of silence  
turn arrow donuts that  
signify falling but are  
triggers of silence

"yes or never  
so do I"



another blooming kabbalah

*attention rae armantrout*

it's isis

of which the unshaven chest

is silicone

like the chipped cup

or cement aphrocyst

in profusion

with swamp angels

and

el

vanishing latin ideal

in peach

in forming windows of months  
or moths that alight on branches  
or branches that flow to tributaries  
like tributes to faded singers  
or seams holding together cards  
like cards stacked on a table  
with tables drawn in chalk on sidewalks  
like walks through busy districts  
or restrictions that teach duty  
or duties done to receive hope  
like hopping along gravel paths  
or passing the day in heat  
like heated papers near a furnace

like new flies as in flying over canyons in texas  
or starting to run towards cars in the yard  
when the wind redirects passion without regret  
just as one regrets the fall of duty or the release  
or moral justification before the vision of dark  
monks gathered on stone ledges in a dream  
of black and white tibet in the fifties through  
which colors come pasted in monetary tags  
lining the train lines that lead through lower  
illinois towards new orleans' dim coastal murkiness

release

hermaphrodite sulphur harvest  
with gritty rubber corpses over bridges  
near albino crayons

“she was rather out of place”

a

vision fugitive

a

remix

and la clinica

disquieting

near lapis blue cacti

or perhaps sargasso turbins with radios

sirens of international radioactivity

with the nonsense discourse of screeching parrots

like mathematical moon utensils or

horse riding motels and vanishing glass

buffalo

"incest

mountain

water in peril of  
turning in a vastness  
here unknowing  
as rocks on tires  
in piles near ice  
or harbors where  
vertical spires turn  
harbingers of death  
at moments when  
holidays bells are flowers  
that swirl with fire  
in a park that is not understood or  
that doesn't pay that same welcome  
to the head and the hand  
over tables and  
green ink that  
reveals mothers in plazas  
with rifles silenced  
in the forest where  
color is clear  
and water is flowing

in many ways to be wrong  
with no appropriate suggestion  
I am waiting

“In 1314 the war continued, and stone was dug thousands of miles away for a  
statue.”

so much left on the ground  
with neon plastered  
above lincoln on a lead  
that is diagonal in fashion  
away from the center

in time you learn to forget  
the whys and hows and  
focus on the confusion

in the process  
    eyes change form  
    above spikes  
    when shutters are the last memory  
of rain  
    or birds  
in guarded cities

gathered at the edge  
as ice as  
round men gathered  
in discrete rooms  
through which we  
understand their  
story  
is  
something other  
    in motion  
    here  
and the lies of placement  
like guitar cords or  
tabletops in gray  
are stacked on a wall

for the ocean  
is a doorstep  
where the black ram  
is laid  
and where  
crystal does not  
ache for anything





having release  
    along routes  
    set for milk  
    or trout  
    in motion  
    to the  
    sparky cattle of  
subaltern gods playing  
nickels where the fast  
    flower in maroon boots  
    slaps a circle  
    above the water  
    in dark  
squares of  
    fire

the ukulele sounds hesitant  
with the curved streets from the hill  
hilly in release of curves and streets  
from the with of sound from hesitant  
streets curved with ukulele sounds  
from the hill from release hesitant  
and here

the months  
among  
the shuffle  
of above not to  
be  
lost  
inthecoveringoverofthoughtofyou  
or decay  
rapid  
with dissention left in  
crying  
circles that  
spell the  
silent turning  
of ever  
switching  
to ice  
so  
too here  
is consecration

who are you concentrating on?

not me, and if not , why not?

is this a situation or are we chasing pigeons endlessly?

you should not believe ink ramblings left to dry on front porches.

have you ever sat on a front porch?

are you still listening? not literally, of course, are you listening inside?

whose bed is that? are you trying to sleep?

i would never leave the seat turned towards heaven.

is death such a serious issue?

are you contemplating ending it all in fire? don't.

ask for more nuts and listen to music in crowded bars.



so many colors thrown on canvass

i of here refuse request for signal aggression

"the lowest average in years" "plunge"

where did mortars land where did your words grow violent

no release

a cycle

of sounds in flex down

to ice platforms

no central alley holds our city together

when an image rush creates false

byways

space only imagined

only

list are scattered

loaves of bread

water unforming

we deny responsibility for our actions

a sign falls among upturned fields

rain begins to wash traces

away

motion fades into stillness in time

monochrome  
is laced or metempsychosis  
    j'aime  
regular nether  
    in balls of tide  
voglio regalare  
in guinea we strove among trees for desire  
    into the heart's lake  
fear approaching purgation  
    to change through unknowing  
i am unknowing you

hyperbarbaric  
    water  
    washed to cleanse  
a foolscap left at an off ramp  
    next to sparrows playing  
to go down is to give  
    so many  
    in context to be blind  
searching fire  
    at the moment of crossing  
    in study collapsing  
    as grasses or trees  
    with wind  
single light in domes on ocean cliffs fading  
    i lie alone

i've rearranged the entries  
for use

pans    penetration    strings    red markers

otherwise we grew to appreciate significance

lace in patterns

"is there other life"

glasses on the table  
cement in mid-forests

music is played on ancient pianos

to be full of stops  
& leaks where mail visitors can pull the cords with ease

coffee stains    handkerchiefs    books scattered

we are forgetting you are forgetting you

acts

zero to zero

out division

I receive plans for massive  
message to chief

sentenced

for metals

over fields

eyes turning

from here to here to here

motion

jumping from moving platform to moving platform  
on buildings transformed into silver waterfalls  
tyrannically cycling in summer

click

water

flies

through waves

of heat

to grass





## **after pictures**

on rectangular sidewalks cracked  
waiting for superheros  
to sidekick splat an officer  
on the way to love  
near park benches on the tiber  
surrounded by plane tree bark  
and old newspapers—  
their texts reading "there is still  
blood in algiers"—  
and patterns thrown becoming night  
when young lovers  
bounce on trampolines  
with strap on machines  
coded for airport locks  
or doors near 900 s. wabash  
waiting in night images

caught

in turning

you must forget letting go

guttural enumeration of

styrofoam rails falling among dust patterns

in corn            no message

circles in motion feet must continue in  
motion

do not let brand names confuse issues

lasers                    lines from apartment brick to  
brick

windows encased

buzzing noises below

our sun will not last forever

one blast and we are destroyed

"I saw among the stone paintings an image of my cat"

life energy is tied together

one wing flies on your finger's strength

**a levertov**

the ache of the arch of it

is propaganda intended to destroy

fireflies multiplying in summer heat

alongside of stacked numbers for bricks

an ordered harmonic existence as plato assumed

yet he never met lao tze or the periodic table

a deed that no car window can right

with metals from cold country runs

in afternoon light under balloons

mobilized crystal in numeration of motion  
without head or utility lines for safety  
as cantaloupes rotting over grounded circles  
that lead through with into an idea expanding  
lay down a course for a cry that comes  
with loose tea on islands passing  
through guides who play a role of high action  
not left with spotting of rum barrels  
on topsides upturned facing the sun  
with power cells running with pills  
along canyon faces edges that do not  
ask for forgiveness in following lines  
that reach the top where hands wait for rescue  
and curried food lies among other plates  
placed as peace offerings near nuclear silos  
that we circle slowly in forgetting or in  
incorporated belief in over a valley  
grown colorful with time in deep reds  
that signal flags flying laced with blood

to forgive  
intralingular  
forecasts of  
trawling lines  
near beached  
poachers  
with knives  
hanging  
from their  
belated love  
of rocks  
extracted from  
ton handles  
laid before  
candles  
in red river  
regional silences  
of voices  
over cement  
or ash in cycles  
where  
bolts swivel  
and tidal  
buttons  
ask to be  
forgiven

circles abound in answer in a distinguishable place  
place where we gather or let friends loose during periods  
periods meant to contain and begin new thoughts  
thoughts that lead us in directions ever renewed  
renewed plants in spring under short rain showers  
showers that clean off the dust of a full days work  
work keeps the tubes running and the shuttle in motion  
motion as we look at fall water and realize we are  
are in a locked position near a tunnels edge where  
where chairs gather to speak their peace words  
words that we hope will turn flight into red pictures  
pictures censured for adult content or for hopelessness  
hopelessness when we stop to conceive our chances  
chances for winning the big one for packing up and  
and watching the light steam with heat over a table  
table facedown among the wreckage of other goods  
goods we are given and that are taken away at the first  
first level space achieved in thousands of tries  
tries to understand how the birds rest on limbs  
limbs that pick berries from crowed trees in mid forest

combinations on verge  
manifest  
here  
on precipices in bikinis playing sun god

while i write i'm carrying you  
in water  
with wrists contained by mesquite branches

of my tip  
a wall an intersection of guns with  
hated frowns  
on billboards plastered  
with tan arms

leaders  
without worth pan for signals  
to trace birds over lightning  
to cluster viking clouds with  
stars swimming with absence  
as though fame is  
a billed beast rushing towards  
dark towers  
of umbrellas that uphold  
regimental hands  
and taped  
fire escape ladders



images on random outings  
    walking points for straight lines  
confused in midblock  
    by triangles spinning  
        and growing exponentially  
    until detection  
        hampers  
    space gonads of reserve  
        near helipads of sun  
near water towers in downtown  
    where seagulls descend crying  
        over lost wind markers  
    on surface water  
  
    then error codes ply on desk  
under air vents covered with dust  
        and bits of duct  
  
    8703 . . . cannot read from drive  
    cannot react to screens turning dark  
    from fear on hot afternoons  
  
hornets start cycles downward  
    as pilgrim searching for ice  
        with weighted steps  
  
dante always finds three heads with wings  
    no matter where i read

“quarter turtle leads environmental placation”

la plaz or new orleans

“utter banality. oh. oh. oh”

“asses, this city is being lead by asses.”

12 . . . 9 . . . 34 . . . .67

“really not worth the hassle. i mean at 7:15 she calls for the paper. what does she think i am”

one man works his way forward on the stage while a woman in bright orange makes clicking noises. another man sits cross-legged on a slightly raised platform (about three feet high). in the background a drum beats the rhythm to taps.

“have you ever seen something so crazy B just like a live talk show traveling in there”

“yo quiero”

“do you have the time”

ab . . . . d . . . qr

“rye stations leave red on the news”

“could have been you falling from the rail”

- \* answer the questions.
- \* fold and the staple form 4281 to form 8756.
- \* make sure to sign the bottom of each.
- \* do not include cash.

reed end is bliss  
and carnal hands are fire

placement is refinement  
yet the orange glow harms nothing  
nor is it easy to find

(let us believe the gods' lies  
1735606372212 . . .)

forget the eye  
[ . . . the water is time  
the eye of horus

how easy to hold memory in sexuality  
as the relinquishing to be redeemed)

## **apology with number**

the longer the regret is stationed in functioning  
the beauty that gathers in presences compounds of ten

the system is mixed  
but the range is clear of certain remembrances

bearings in the sun  
with outer seams groping towards  
signals from island posts

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losing the southerly direction of metallic life  
where now the madhouse traces the majesty of period  
and the bill arrives folded in colored lines

love in replaceable alleys

when you  
oh march of spring

(590 773 684 383 214)

crosswind leaves reality organized  
“in step with the progress of American industry.”

no replacement is  
for you an angle's collapse

cannon  
yet in articulation

through phenomena  
to say  
yea to those  
whose wants  
breath the uncitable

o  
r  
g t u b e                    r e  
a l                    s e a  
n i                    s  
k                    o n a l  
e  
n  
e                    or  
s                    th e  
s

no tation

aCoNtiNuaLSeRviCeofTheStaTE

closing time  
    is for you  
        closing time  
            closing time  
                is for you  
closing time  closing time  closing time  
    is for you  
    is    for you  
closing time  
    is for you



to start in a yielded somewhere in other spaces of you

mean a and a relational understanding of the tension in do so they  
the program the limited half the next and the unknown renewal  
you may mention buttons and mention the chain of data and loan  
that your analyst the effective student of more than the end  
farms like leather like ground cover cover the king to at to a solid  
to its only moved Olympic line a place of rapid time where cleansing  
checks the treaty with a sky dark in the unit you can tune  
can you commit this design of clack to the time the hit and miss of those  
who in a little bark below a hill own hymnals of trees or tinsel

tide

in styles of oran

a regenerate tail lashes the hemisphere in the mid-morning sun

“indeed, the force born of necessity succeeds in that desolate region”

then the harangue of plentitude assures us  
that confiscation is return

in hours the count recedes to grief

the sentinel cries for the ebb of winter  
his age is unmindful

“besieged by time  
in an age that trusted language”

1. condense the finding or place other radiant poles  
before the name that becomes dreamed in shade  
as water in multiple ports pulled under tarps

2. randomly correct the direction of traffic at the garden  
or listen to the speak circle of rivers near rally corner ink stands

3. do not stand on tufa streets or  
dive into bridges meant to be crossed

misplacement is problematic  
like solving for x or y  
and why cant the eyes dream the conscience without fabricating mirrors  
like cells divided and dividing in a process stimulated for resignaling  
or stimulation

lets turn to or turn about talk  
and the tidings of perpetual undulation

nothing moves to state

orion to the right

or the dwindling reminders of red change as light

contingent dependency

“I stepped out with a pack in my hand  
took a few steps and then  
the truck hit me  
throwing me to the curb  
I bounced and was fine.”

organs in the midst of war and flags flying

nets gathered beyond the stone

tites  
tiving  
tiffle tivulating  
triffle truffle trufalgation

re: standard  
never to have known  
yet never to have known  
or all along not to have known

1633 i have not any idea that i should be  
unwilling to regret if so called in regretfulness

"we were "  
"ho trovato un zio lontano" "y un canso"  
"regeneration is typical in such cases"

to me is laced trials

BEFORE NOTICED the mOUNtains

“ ” “forget that we for a moment in late summer  
slept next to a waterfall, listening to rocks  
fly from the ledge in momentary freedom”

limit notiCe:

a cycle

it was '45  
began to

when the  
abide

worm  
in darkness

he but that works the till  
understands that never in the days will  
closure recover stagnation or fill  
the eyes with seed

in the catacombs the forensic paddles break their sentinel nails of perversion  
and the release recalculates negotiation with cyclical raids on syntactical reds

in the trace of water  
the Sun MurMurs  
the dazzle in directional reams

about 1300 in pages  
with our civility yet still  
before the state of chile or germany  
in the year 12 65 18 65 19 65

the repetition in the session of remorse  
is the death objective indeed of form  
a crisis of fire in hostile neon hopes  
that explodes the streets in pomegranate red

this peaceful afternoon of every voiced hymn is  
determined to disturb the flood of performers  
who carry navigational tools



or roadways

[ . . . re . . .

and candidates for forest centralization

we agree through equality that

names sleep before the ringing of retaining angles

yet the initial concern as concentration of momentum is an ideal barrier

t . . . ] [ . . . . . ]

our motion is stopping  
for we underknow the fear of moments  
and settle for the end  
which isnt activism in cycles grown tired or closed  
or conversation otherwise rumbling along the lines  
of subway cars in the morning

the circuit trace of numbers or signage is efficient somewhere

for now the seams of the table hold  
and the redwings falter

perhaps another reason for the sentiment  
or confounded regulation that urged defilement as temple doctrine  
IS THE STABILIZATION OF BROADCAST IN CHECKING FOR  
interference

WHILE the red light's signal is  
sympathetic  
to our cause  
the cause  
the rational  
the stational  
the seasonal  
resentment  
(or photos gone pink in carpenter narration)

portal  
or instance into knowing  
and resistance  
as sound  
gathered to hear the speech

beloved here  
here gathered  
where the words  
words to begin where life is recalculated  
here here  
in the stillness of death

red season spoiling the living  
like files a placement before the triumph  
or baskets in rows under lindens in bloom

such rhythm is unnecessary

the long dream is other than the  
blindness of seas with time and calculation  
with cinema or deportes finding the phrases  
to stay while born away on the wind

the definition ceases to plug  
and relation becomes conscience in consignment

in multi ported fascination of trembling  
the distance is release

the lids shift in fragmented evidence  
then glare light and emptiness

let us speak the circled placement  
under bridges with cracked round corners of ink  
let us speak  
correcting random direction of into or onto sand at night

at night you speak slowly  
around us in the air that  
trembles with metal rainfall

vanity

and the important mission bleak

our eyes are five in resignation  
but still we hear heels on the concrete  
and the sound of light hands groping

questioning the order is reasonable  
see segal – that’s what the monsters are for  
the chthonic figures that threaten our sanity  
the gorgon or the sphinx

our boundaries are ambiguous  
and revenge is a mixed form that brings the drive for power  
into focus



here alone I am among wolf-dens

--Alcaeus

is the asking of time  
a taking  
as of borrowed stones  
skimming the water's geometry  
on bright days  
of new stillness

two fingers merge

"she was not afraid"

COVER IA

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

you do not do it for me.

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

some analysis changes

stopping for

security purposes

COVERING OVER I AM COVERING OVER

I want to cover over you