

\*1\*

You say things out loud and they start to take shape - you forget that this happens. You forget that you don't have to work it all out alone, silently. The puzzle pieces start to make a little more sense. You find a few edge pieces and when you stand a few feet away from it you can tell that there might actually be something there. It's not the picture you thought it might be five years ago, or even six months ago, but it's a picture nonetheless.

Or it might be.

So keep saying things out loud. The syllables feel strange - sometimes like jello; wobbling on your tongue. Sometimes like sand stuck between your gritted teeth. Sometimes it's hard to even get it all out after they've been stuck so long in your throat. Lodged, that's the term, right? You have to dislodge them.

You're a vessel, a messenger. You are not a burial ground.

“had a lover but I lost my patience  
gonna get a song on a radio station  
got a fire but you just can't use it

lost my way on the other side, I know why I don't know when

from the way that we said goodbye, I knew i'd never see you again.”

it is not easy enough to fall asleep, you also have to dream:  
dreaming time is like a lifetime in a breath except accept  
accept  
accept  
accept

fixation or else death ,, I am speaking towards a direction if not clearly, but solemnly

hardness my thoughts are syllabic are we close  
a chant for each of those screaming enough?

I am desirous of everything, and I accept the need for that under the breath,  
I do not know who this

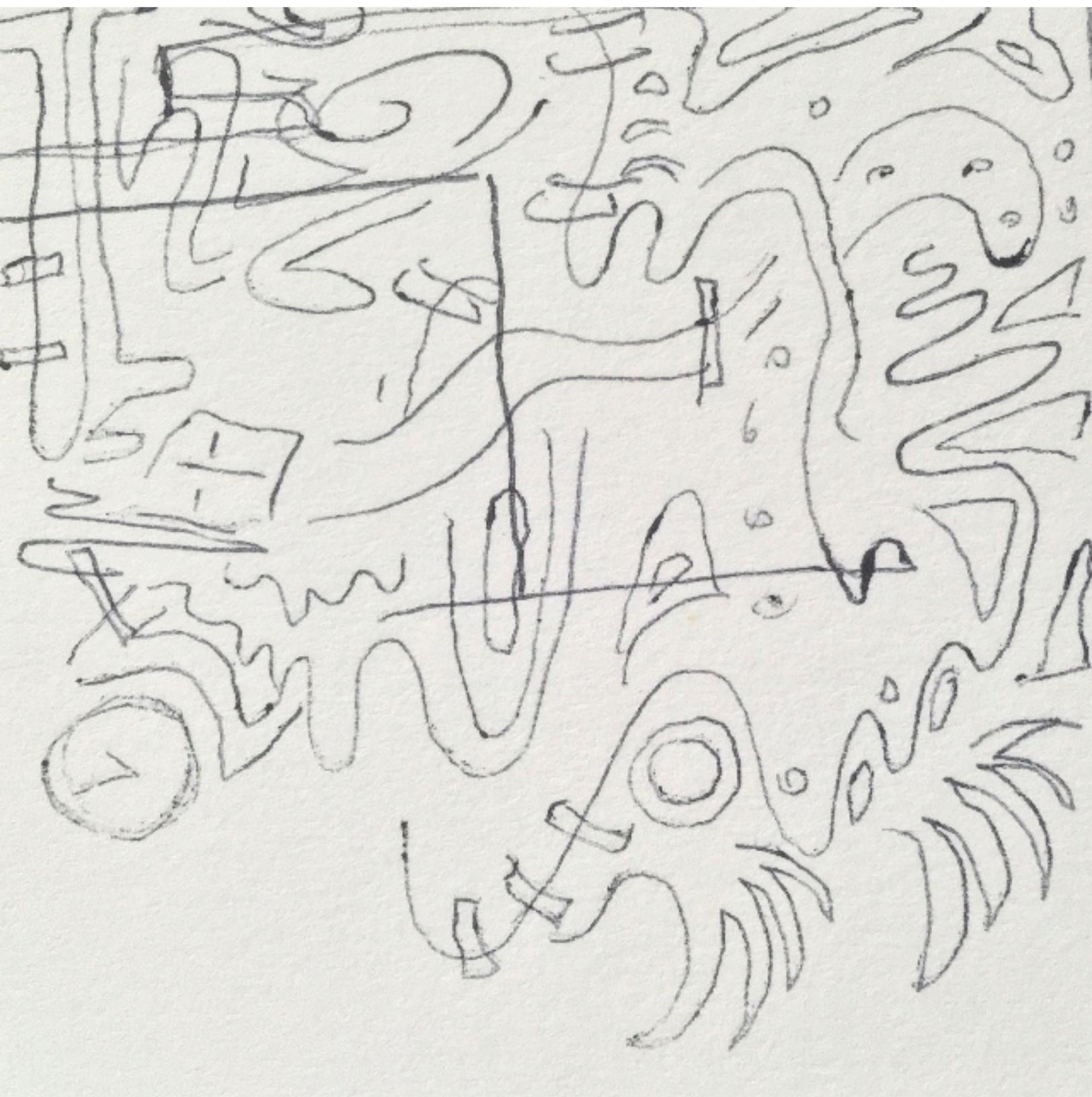
I just require that there is a chase and and and and .....

.....  
,,,, a little bit is left .....  
.....  
.....  
..... it is with you

everything is very close and there is a childhood home sitting atop a hill and you  
can choose to run down that hill all the way to the new home. there is nothing new  
or reasonable here anymore and the fade on the house blurs the possibility of any

direction or clarity of purpose and/or utterance

i am lost here ,, goodbye



\*2\*

I had a dream that I was laying on your floor, trying to sort through a pile of clothes - which were yours and which were mine - but I could barely move my fingers, like they were frostbitten. I reached for a black leather belt, and then woke up with a jolt in your bed, my legs tangled with yours.

heart pounding mouth dry

I gently eased your arm off my chest and went to get some water. When I came back to your room, tried to climb over your sleeping form without waking you, you stirred slightly and I heard, quiet but clear:

“It’s not you”.

My heart sank.

“What?”

You shifted toward me, said I misheard you, that you were asleep, that you wouldn’t say something like that. You whispered the words jokingly as you kissed me back to sleep. Did you think that if you put them in my mouth and I swallowed them they’d be gone?

1. Can it ever work that way?
2. Maybe you thought it could.

But we don’t talk anymore.

1. Did you mean it?
2. That it’s not me?

I’m not saying you were lying, but the words came out of your mouth. I think I heard you clearly. I’m trying to doubt myself less these days. But I miss you anyways. I hope you’re well.

cognizant of a holding that sits here  
the vessel is being held to a higher  
standard, keeping close to the bylines  
god heads and pink plants, there are

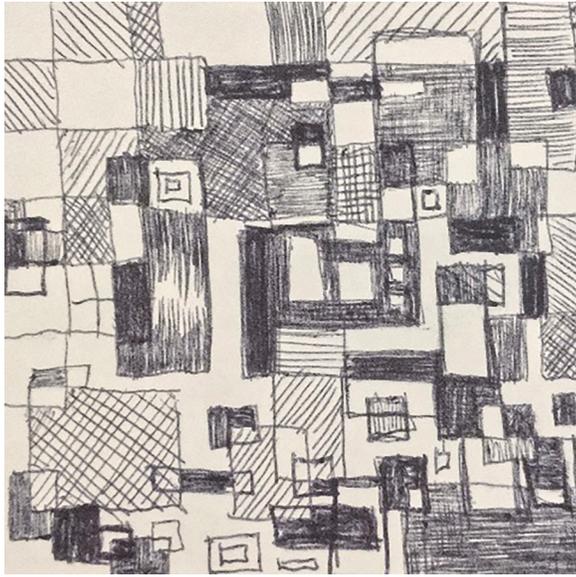
hands everywhere reaching out for something that doesn't quite feel  
the sky is here deep within the ground, like a lake or a worm or our  
blood, everything so delicately slips into the seeping, and the ground  
knows how to take care of ourselves, and this time apart feels quite  
correct

i am not accustomed to certain kinds of kindnesses that  
sprinkle the breath of each word, it does not seem to  
keep well when left out in the sun.

to each thing that sits  
there is a spot where  
warmth can coalesce  
the sea and the sun do  
not actually know each  
other, but the moon is  
the ocean's lover. and  
that has been said over  
and over in all good  
poems but its a universal  
truth that can make all  
things spoken feel more  
in tune with a truth

there are only two  
moments which i can  
quite grasp, and i do  
not know if they are  
real: the space between  
your last conscious breath  
and the first dream  
words, and that little  
feeling you get when you  
think you have finally  
figured out what love is  
supposed to feel like right  
before you realize

(even if) you didn't



**\*3\***

The subtitles say “inaudible” - but that’s a cop out, don’t you think? Maybe you’re just not trying hard enough to understand what’s said. It’s on days like this, when light and sound feels like it’s trying to reach you through a thick pane of glass, that you just have to cross your fingers. Smile and nod, smile and nod, and hope that nothing is being asked of you that can’t be answered with a positive. You don’t come up short too often anymore.

trying, trial, error, errand

*Inaudible*

Maybe try to get better at reading lips.

I don’t mutter as much as I used to. Sometimes, though, when I go without talking for a while, I still mutter and stutter my way through the traffic-jammed thoughts turned verbal. “Inaudible”. That’s what I’ve been told.

you are con - fused  
i am lost /  
losing daylight:  
there are times and places to account for

I cannot account for it a l l

not currently

undersides

tossing

truly topographical

the mountains are moving towards creeks which cry every time it rains because the overwhelming force is too much for them to handle, and they scream, and the mountain bellows, but

the roses and the grass still grow at the bottom of the mountain where the hands of the mountain reside, to wipe away the creek and soak it up, and make something out of it

mountains bellows

with the daylight that I lost, and the bellowing of the mountain, because that shake up the dirt, and activate the worms, and there

that is where you

will find all of it

everything

there is only whispering