

## AS AS IN

I believe a man is always a man  
Straightening under the knife with holds  
Only the blue horizon separates  
With clouds forming the gitgo going straight  
To an indulgence wild rhymes  
Post like theory for dimensional  
Stability, it could be that testing  
But it's only technique marking inclusions  
For structure and paper courtesy  
Of me, Bruce Green Jr., shadowing the penetration  
Of Messopotamian New York, Wednesday, August 4  
Or publishing food O Rio, O pier O  
Central Referential See, I mounted  
Against my fate, my bones swing also O pale  
Jews with bones like plains of nesting fire  
Cut off in the depths of the thought which reads  
It's cinders up your air with the last of the hollow  
Sleeping light looking for its looking flame.  
How foreign were we gold of beauty  
In its hands, translated by exploits  
And more of your progress, in its joy  
On its silver, on high, plush hairy sweet seeds  
Lost in a dip of three grafts to its holes,  
Of change, livid, stale, past change post  
Behind me, a friend to your hot skin.  
All men are lying back to France but, probably  
You don't want to be adored at liberty  
Still it's overwhelming in a family in  
The huge parts of earth refusing to work  
As helplessly as yielding trusty sun  
To worthy shoulders, you kin, I am from  
My dark heart night my spare, O hood, and core.

## WHY I AM NOT A PAINTING

*for Larry Estridge*

Light finds these  
Full arms, white lines cling  
To this mixture covering so little  
Of a round cheek on a wet beach.  
The concise trip to the canvas models  
Work on the soft brush. Looking  
For lines smooth forms confuse  
With a round sun locks round blue  
Cobalt to touch of the first  
Bare back hip and thigh and touch  
Of hair. Red begins to stock  
The big patch wiped away beneath the lips  
Because I'll strengthen this luminate flesh and  
Enrich a speck of warm modifiers and breasts  
Are no wrong division like enough  
Variations that details run between the legs.

These clouds are thick  
With opaque steps in this direction.  
You'll wander to water becoming more  
Fluid, blades of slender nylon blue under  
Lines of distant paper plus  
The moon is a little ochre. It  
Suggests moonlight starting closely  
Upward from the stained horizon.  
Like crisscross crimson used  
For hard action allowed to suggest visible  
Curves almost over if you're lucky  
If you seem taller you're tilted  
To the squarish ends of paper. I'm  
Miss Dickenson, I'm an inspector  
You're apt to see distributing change that  
Follows you in books for looking faithfully  
Away from the object neatly pretending  
You into noticing you can forget  
Ellipses to the ends of assembling final  
Lines. Finally, you'll want extreme  
Patterns of pressing against paper  
Into the pen's deep dark cracks  
Of your ability to be slim visualizations  
Of thinking vitality storing scattered margins  
Into the pages of tight corners of panoramic  
Interest in looking in love. Pure sun  
Having a successful sunrise won't distract you  
From arca yellows or the last flame-blown  
Yet cool umber of the preliminary rock,

The biggest rock of ragged viridian that retains  
Complex shapes you can fill with impossible edges.

You can feel arc-like in this strong  
Canvas, are you too strong? Is that  
Neon or cordovan or rhythm and blues  
Of the wheel in pill form rolling through occult  
Visions of everyday life in which I  
Don't know what I'm doing quote  
Anymore. Odds and ends buy into a book  
You can build yourself. You can sprawl  
Into up and down nipples and navels. You  
Can build yourself into sheets improvising  
The face and chest and encouraging diamond  
Shaped skin with accessories to clean metal  
Passages like a lid made of money, of  
Local content strong humans train to elaborate  
And vital minimums most men and women choose.

## SHANGRI-LA

Deep in private writing caverns  
Of fresh will to where you fit  
Into a blank horizon the vernacular  
Hangs from a saint to isolate independence  
From spreading language generating the recitation  
Of the history of words wrapped in the ancient  
Experience of what I have to do today.  
Revolving slowly around reading  
In a very active state they were kings  
That used to shout lines, beggars  
Who suspect rows of prose, poets rubbing  
Lines together to fire paper into  
The erectile tissue of something to read  
And write to a friend for every flourishing  
Idea of every sense of words in the world  
Known as patterns of the author of breath  
On my cheek and letters preparing an obstacle  
For the world of prismatic logic in which reason  
Punctuates attentive reading and writing with  
Materializing English that make the bones beneath  
The wind upon my cheek among the stars.