

We are now the earliest known
Hominids, a silent species
Holding the camera, planning the skull,
Trying to fit as much as possible
Over the glacial drift. Our modern way
Has nature scanning pre-Colonial America
For a thousand years that form the fresh human
Overheating tooth and nail because
Of the view from the summit of cranial matter,
A mosaic of progressive features working
Even on a name for it. We plan a film
For sisters all at home, a recent place
Made for all this money from thematic
Nothing, for a racketeer for the human
Family immersed in worlds of grinding and
Crushing and scores of creatures scrambling
Inside the moral community, who stop
In their tracks because of their upright gait.

Their tough horns make it visible. But all
This silence vanishes and what will happen
Will also happen only once. Once too
No left or right invented overnight
Orchestrates such progress, but it's our
Silence wind-formed by orders poking through
The secret concrete magic weighing words
Grown in a rational split with other words,
A true pair, spreading its contents over
Nerves with which they hunted symbols
Stamped beneath the surface of my heart.

My endless nerves, my only deliberately
Better view joins the creeping living whole
Through the mist in which four walls
Press into the prairie. Its mass
Envelops you in a corner on pure and applied
Old stories and one on the way, one
That used to have your thumb span salt
Stones and sand in a famous annual luxury
Known as plain living becoming born in a cave.

Allegedly ancient times seize me from attention
To my things about this wild lifetime.
Curiosity deep in the motion of thoughts
Wrapped in running and hiding and admiration
And respect carved in mystery and getting hot
Just like your hazards appearing ordinary to
Cover the sun. These are the great heartbeats
Adjusting the landscape of all seas. They
Slow the Earth I stare at and make me blink
In the shape of pyramids splashing angles and
Inches into existence. These are the vines
And the globe, or the molten tears of heroes
Laminating the forest floor. They provide
You with a foreword to years to see the water
Rises into layer after layer of an extra
Month or so and everything and anything
Specially made to see more. But back
In the flood of facts a dog may bark, your car
Dip below wordless man whose new crude blood
Is clear of the scarlet radiation of holes
In a blind spot where some dim transportation
Of arrangements of the last minute zenith was
Just brought from far away books in a forest.

These books might have helped read rosy faces
Happening to the fire, or reduce the breathless
Relative to her younger sister fatally
Measuring pliable speed with the current
Silence. Then she might use silence dormant
In the nicely used days and nights looking at
The stars instead of the faintly terminal
Readiness within the most enduring value

Of a yoke across her shoulders. But I
Remember I always liked a body of wide awake words
That accept me. I got that distant instance
To exist starting with the last artifacts
Taking me away under the hard sky buzzing over
Some ordinary edges of the forest, echoing the
Daylights out of an idea for tracing a great word
For ears to hear back to its sharp facts.

Between the crunching leaf and modern dog-eared will
Built into insistent worth and bolts
For a word for the spirit sliding into my urban
And rural experience now you can start
The secret letter I want. It says the Universe
Floats above the printed page long enough and
Current hominids spell with the sleep induced
Vowels left in reading omen. First there's
The sand near the stars at the bottom of the skull,
Near the gypsies wading into words high in the neck
And somewhere along a line of quivering speech
Crossed with an x to mark bygone years
Identically not in the language. The first
Lucid humans jump into the car and head back
To the old outlines of the admirable object
Exciting the eye. They even celebrate these things
For your perception until I make an overture to x
Number of words missing out on something while
You shake your head according to the laws of logic.
Nevertheless, I want information pulling on
This phrase with our powerful positivistic bodies.

Smoking and spitting at the same time, impeccably
Present in machines which stay lodged in some
Experience breaking into the dominating system
Of a screen between myself and a blind
Stranger and counting microscopic bulges on a vacuum
Ordering of word and phrase exciting you off
Of myself the human mind only wants an introduction
To the earliest use of fire, to expand one
Last glut of protection, meaning and moral
One at a time, so I would have to be adjacent
Pieces of something which you are

Roughly after the fact. You'd recognize
The human mind, the first day by day
Pre-dawn brilliance softened up
That idol torn from the zoo, only a small
Very strong part of silent young males humming
Past infancy. For example, I never saw great
Masses of space in the 18th century. Yet this spy
For Darwin offers me one, or only one or one
Half of one representing finding myself
Independent of meats and vegetables and
The clear being dissolved in my lungs not
Unlike all the corners of the bed to hold onto
Preventing the future from being held at arm's
Length during a world premiere of Hamlet
Stuck in the mud. I was what your curiosity
Abstains from, showing me it's possible
To succeed without obscurity. Here the most
Agitated and penetrated spirits are sprinkled
Onto the secret of porcelain, the soft exhalation
Of speaking in children and the rhythms which retain
Them like a subtle wind interested in what I'm doing.

I had not been back of some very dark cave
To demythologize events I desire according to
The rules to be read to me, or a network
Of words which might catch a certain discipline
In some notational problem between men
And animals. Guttural life might arise
And bring me the invention of what they think
They are saying. But I also see on paper,
And if your memory turns to the rest of the species
Being responsible for all the literature
Available to me there is no other animal
However sane which might cause me to prosecute
Flights of fancy. Because in this volume
Our grandfathers reach the unexpected planets,
Their last words converting contradictions to
Ashes or smoke and joining them to the making of
My sunburned nose and all the other ideas,
Some of which are dreams, which are really
Experienced as reality after a victory.

No wonder happy people sail fast
On the Tigris, Thames and Ganges.
And I am not so old that the Yangtze
And the Yellow occur in nature. Any dummy
Can threaten us with echoes of prehistoric
Kings who wrote during this crisis. There
Were also beginnings of ventures too close
To the maiden threat to excess in a solution
Of English words. You don't notice it
But this is a walled city remaining to me,
Only sources of enthusiasm for velvety
Metallic skin project hope onto a stranger
With a weakness that will help solve irony
On the high seas. And if not
I have just appeared in my work published
To give meat, drink and clothes to
Boys and girls who spin a skull from chaos,
The skull within its members moving and
Biting, sleeping and dreading the ego spirit
Insisting on no reward and heating up by imagining
A mutating cosmos patterned on a quality compared
To the planet dissolving in a pure mix of beginning
To be rich. As a child I never quarreled
With images which appear later in life.
This means cultural last resorts can stand
In our way in the comfortable vicinity of
Propositions required of earliest arrivals,
Usually in swamps. And I've
Never had a River Jordan convert them
Into a beginning in which inanimate objects
And plants hurtle into the 21st century.
One begins with some normal and certain nature
Pressing the button to radiate doubt that I
Should begin. I met a refugee
To go on living and fire synchronized thoughts
Through to a separate confidence as when the brave
Pen melts away the propositions of newcomers
Crowding the outside origins of unusual bones.
I was sure enough to start a legacy because
Where I was is supposed to have become extinct.