

To Be Continued In Six Minutes

What was troubled now
 Is no longer sleep, imitations
 Of readers from a dark house seeping
 Into a mirage that's curious in the way
 A new dark space is packed by teeth

A distant castle approached by horses the hooves of horses

On our street, a fraction
 Too solitary to be remembered by

Remember, changing places is the Industrial Revolution
 And if you or I were together at last as
 The permanent arrangement of nobility on the western marshes
 Or the tedious climate of beleaguered communication
 If collaboration could maintain a direction as a gap
 In presentation your identity would be a grand hotel and
 Mine a body of a dreaming calendar blushing
 With the evening meal, the transparent storm,

The remains like a liquid pured many times or once
 Between two fixed points or exits or currency
 As our respective glances urge us to examples

contd.

Of what makes fright mending the reproach
To our individual current lives. It retains
Resolution at a level equal to our movements
In the frosted aspirations of circumstantial consanguinity
Our remembered vacillations not between the plans
That strike the area while we remain to talk it over
Unable to creep among the packed day to day things
That seem determined to hinder our appreciation of our terms,
Our death. Having skirted the scene we become seeped in it
As observers gradually relinquishing the curses that finally
Become remarks on the aspect of our stumbling.
If our feet seem to measure an incline Alan says so what.
Instead of being desperate which is to be chosen
With stones in our pockets or the equation of somebody
Or nobody getting hurt or the gradual force
Of conjunctions what goes on is the shuffling
Between the evenings inhabited by your wildness
And my precision with respect to notions of sliding around
French pastry. Or anything French anything that is favoritely
Hard to pronounce. One piece is a page in the air. Women:
Changing to the texture of what they know on purpose
Drinking in the words of our complicated California sunlight
Barely legible in the gradations of facts that is New York,
Wasting time, the planes arriving and departing
Flodding the central portions of our knee high or eye high
Scenery overgrown with civil versions of America

Peter Seaton