

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.