

MOTEL IMAGE OF THE ORIGINAL FORM

I think I'm the difference that means
You're right. You can check this by appearing
To distinguish how you are where I can't find you
Supposing to belong to every word I write.
I'm here, in ambiguous care and attention,
In arm's reach, like a vicious prince
Stranded and hungry, full of plans for knowing
What I write is true. When you're thinking
Of what I haven't noticed not
Of productive familiarity or pathological
Corporeality I exist. Now someone might think
I seem to be able to spare many centuries
For anything female. Yet I still explore
Ripe stars recalling me, kissing me.

OUR WILD SUCCOR

It torments me that no one came near
Before Noah went sailing. I'd been formed
In a portrait of acetylene delight
Stretching this warning against writing
Into our names in the news discovered devoted
To the word for oxygen. It's the inverse
Of the year 3000. Hundreds
Of little cooking customs change for the grain.
I'd want to believe something suddenly
In verse, washing in a brass band, prying
The wind from the windows with bones
And documents that vibrate their way into
My sleep and leave a letter sprawling
Sloping, barely drifting, down to a paper sky.

THE MUSE LEARNS TO WRITE

The wretch trembles with excess patience
To make a mess of me. Some of those drops
Of golden gray breath spread this heavenly water
Down with a drink. Prehistoric smiles
Scatter accents throbbing with her tongue
In the ink. They depend on lucky stars
Overgrown with mysterious me to drive out
Tributes to the invention of being noticed
In her delicate return to be right. I wrote it
Elastically, where the pulse proposes
Calculations that get eaten ornamentally and
Scrupulously resemble coarse tropical compounds
In a mass, in all sorts of weather, in a book.

WHAT DISCOURSE SHUNS

It's the man behind the Protestant
Imaging instinct threads of the right height
And aesthetic strength congregating
In remote designs of the outside world.
He had to believe in poets to be
In danger from, and feeling one
Could get away without looking different
Makes me want to play around with those sun shines,
The light reclining on the grass, happy here,
In England. Watch me take on the first
Bright peg with hard work. The glamor sisters
Suffer proof (that my thighs went numb).
My mistakes dig in, illuminating
The invention to endure, the subject
Identified with leaning towards me. She
Demands the spirit separate from the problem
And places major letters in my hands.
She says it's true, I like a moralist I like
To reject things I like but not here.

NIGHT RESIDUE

I keep giving her what I'm missing,
A distance in a refuge from living memory.
She finds this lost symmetry standing
In a ditch, breathing cautiously and trying
To feel dizzy enough
To pick her way through
The credit and the consolation that technical
Thought in two stops short. We'd prepared
A formula for chilled excess, being slightly
Extant about it with a big shot added
To the last minute to firm up the faithful
To get back to work. I woke up. I'd had
The sweetest time. Standing still
In a definition of audacity that declines
A memory for a poem
Before I read a book that clouds
The written human choke off that old leather.
All my translations of the sea in literature
Tap into emergencies of sex all the time.
You have this boy neglecting this beautiful girl
Suppose I want a woman's body. You visit
Your new neighbor and I'm here to stay.

AETIOLOGICAL MOMENT

I felt just like changing
Parts of the world articulating you
Tickling me. Or powders
And teas and ointments arbitrary health
Preys on with affecting reason.
Dim like moons so mild
In some forgotten closet whispers
Stun your ideological relatives
Begging you to read your own
Handwriting, one of all your works
Enclosed in a small but neat future
Willingly affecting my life of volatile
Connections, the flow and glow
Of each other's alphabets making
Proper spasms stubble in the plain.