

A large, unwieldy feeling of complicity

Our words fail, our porches pile. NATURE: THE DEFLATED VERSION. Remember, being outraged can bring things together. Tell me, this country, how to see the mortar was always falling; the movement of the lobby, the past and the present, the present's wrists limp, the questions grass fed. The universal language of confinement. Where it became the word freedom. Words as documentation. They don't want your mind to find the expression, to recreate the permanent collection, to offer a fish lying in the sand. I'm particles. See how they fuse together? I'm still trying to in the end.



A Story

The rent was due; money was aware of you, and all the time
you're being listened to. He said he had no room. "This isn't
merely land; it is also income." Open any door & regardless you

get chained to the earth. To the steady march of bills. To stolen
courage, hidden garbage, such as valid or "allowable" kills

The water crawled inside the lumpy chair. The little sinks became
dimly aware. War, and the present owner had to repair. Property,
it has been a hard fight. You are property he cannot find. A vacancy

opening behind his eyes, an un-land. Cut to gables on the third floor.
Him, one carnivore; you, a great gun heavy in your hand. The world,

one commonwealth upheld by our mercy that is long, quiet.

the world one commonwealth.

The End

the mercy that is long, quiet