

My Glass Terrace the Hinterland

Sang a bone upon the shore

made glass glass and
several other things made of glass
seeming plastic from a distance
reveals a sort of smacking sound
is revealed the way light
petrifies this bones bedazzle
singing something seeming shoulders

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

I laid it there and devised a way of
dance around it making sine waves
with my arms I wasn't sure so
when you appeared just grace
and when you felt like home
and am grateful for these ways
you approach the me under an airborne

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

where repetition means a recipe
followed and in slight repose I am aware
that I let it open or shut or on or
even upturned and it is up to you to re-put it
and grace us California Closets
and bid us keep the footage right

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

blends polymer with glass and finds
a durability how the window can angle
out to create a barrier that feels metrical
had the first known tension between
design and outlying use value yet
bad form begot bad form and a token
to place oneself inside of success channels

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

teething suggests impertinence
at best a sort of sluggish no
such song as yet the clapper bells
the tooth to make an impression
plaid plaid plaid plaid laid crosswise
and in maritime shades for calm

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

on plum leather most of us look
feverish and should call our
childhoods back to whence
an acquainted scene in pop art
engineering I didn't attend
because I stole my own time away
putting it toward something else totality

*

So Instead Green

*A new context for crawling, a river
That brings dry wood. Roasted some nuts
Walked along, dragging my dummy
fragrance long on the map-couture fur
Critters to take it for a stroll-around
Parade for a commonwealth that is grossly patched
Felt mostly as clapping, palms matched
Then to make do the machine-made ground*

*Once-cradled flame in the machining
Its secret tail charred a metaphorical mouth
Before the flashover, dreamed of hatching
Waterbird, blasted nightboat, sequestered house
Needed the ability to think flashback
Green into the shoreline, twice-laid trap*

Sang a bone upon the shore

whatever they use to winter this
is a byproduct I would've used
oxygenated where that milkiness
self-absorbed buffer among swimmers
an estuary of constant musculature
flippant about the salt content

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

bring bring bring bring
one's faith in measured provision
the generosity gland yes I'll hold
having I brought up to speed
I made it tune into the brain part
A prince nez rigid upon the typography

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

the lock knows you to unlock it
some twenty minutes after freaking it
then made haste to freshen the back
wards this moving shadow told
mother and father to douse they keep
locked away the dousing stick
its crooked fork and its way to seed

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

by the following wines I have had to go
a relieve myself b unbowel c away
until despite romance the frontier life
grows shiftier with distance barely
mindful fell into the relationship friend

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

poignancy on a travertine surface found
fault has a waistline where the breaker
beaks outward in a moon of cartilage
empties out a canvas bag of letters
each one is addressed to the cornea
each one is spoken in microwaves
love levers left on all the appliances

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

reheated it was still formless
a part duck and two parts duck
added organic greens to it let
wilt just enough for slaw you
haven't uttered your question
how to arrive marimekko-style
listening for a cue of pastimes

*

I, Coleopterist

*I name thousands of them in conciliatory form
keep crawling where the joins are sulky bare.
Rolled up blankets and trying shook out clothes—
name them, ever-moving tentacles like hair.*

*This kind of thing might be accustomed—
being invited but also whole body warned.
We built a perimeter of well-packed refuse.
Love is like a stupid plaster formed.*

*Hadn't made a gift several shades of wing—
listened with my eyes how I was made –
I stupid with love. Are willing to pedal
days across a mirrored surface sharing shade.*

I have gone sailing some little land.
I can count fidelity on half a hand.

Sang a bone upon the shore

a replica of archeology for the kids
trowel of parched wood and scarp
over which looking for tracks
educational even for the constituency
unsure of how to register there
are ten forms required to register
historical DNA and the required
archival method for optimal keep

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

is wont to come back bones, glass
Glass Bones set in 18 karat gold
embezzle real glamour
has just an edge of unexpected
hygiene making sure the materiality
thickens around the gelatinous
parts the eye-rim is a squeezebox a
mandala that makes rural sounds

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

every night for a week straight
I dream about infidelity how are you
any closer now to understanding
without a context or basic fear of loss
superimposed hands where maybe paws
lastly how you can have laid me down

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

one applicant to the school of charm
rejected on grounds of a maneuver well made
the most polysyllabic names swapped
insert Brad insert Angie insert Dave
each call graded on brevity and appeal
to former laureates and hopeful nannies

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

this is a secret formula for
motivation factors in for those who
sitting still can feel a weather change
want to be there first hand not least
to have a proper photograph that
moved across another photograph
produces a rain-like color change

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

a birthday card is for the masses
can't one be more specific than
one stops trying to make statements
I am facing retirement with an air of remove
I am seeing over the hill a both of us
love is for later use love is for lasers

*

Who to Distract a Nation

*in the summer of that year, in the season of war
an illicit birds-nesting expedition among them a Lord,
pored over equivocal bafflement in tall white Letters
was witchery in the message, a bloodline unflattered*

*one of them clambered into sometimes wrongly called
found remains in twisted branches, black magic calling card
a box to the ears of public interest, though diminished in faith
but for a name, as was writ on the obelisk, graffiti on the plinth*

*Who sold the information chalked all over the region Who
appearing at local acted as conduit Who was kin to Whom
having buried their bloodline in Whom that felled the quarry
Whose lurid espionage woke a folklore long-since buried*

*one spokesman, disposed toward an enlightened approach,
provided with aphorisms, deems the Think Tank a regional joke*

Sang a bone upon the shore

garnered enough free time to appear
humble back the beehive made light
of a form of livelihood as when
the height of remove means paycheck
or a phone-in confirmation code
having been there twice restaurants

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

have finally had enough historicity
not because of a lackluster carafe-full
once Panama Jack left the boat-shape
the pyramids have let down their girdles
and we have this chance to just look up
and sign the sigh leaving our lip-crook

*

Sang a bone upon the shore

I who will never leave you will
never leave you make me batten
you down I like the part where
he is always home him she let's
look through her picture window
a pasture and a really even snow

A bone wave-whitened and dried in the wind

these tiny dogs might never recognize me
though one hundred times I am close to
a smell of lunch that I am neighboring
no matter how many households a year
I try to really settle in the foliage
outdoor seating when I roost

*