

*if for whatever reason*

the dream is always running in the subconscious  
and can only be accessed through sleep  
exteriorist cessation , equivalent  
vision impossibly *here*

rushing for return to the sound  
as in “ poetry ” dredges fruitful paranoia ,  
excessive jazz reduced to matte-like shimmer  
open window consolidates  
to glass slit dust even hue

clocking a mild distaste for street laughter  
sunlit glossary rips in oh's

you would call that morning  
it's beautiful and true  
but not for timing

and that's the idea —  
just dipped about my gladness  
material acceptance  
*even the body is outside world*

the face means  
what beyond ideas ?

dream state aversion marbled and split .  
every day is moving pictures , all retrofit  
of riddle , of stunned  
digressive  
chore , normative orb

mint step shoots to knotted cashmere  
swung out from my brightened door , anti-conceptual  
adjustment , neatly litanied when  
the sequence drops scorned

what is left of sound after listening ?  
repetitive angularity , pliable repose

writing affords minuscule rapture  
a smile at the brink of thought

healing , or the inverse  
as “ sensitivity  
creates technique “

noon scatters convalescent  
an idea locked LED

aware of the filtered static  
sidestepping frameworks of “ I ”  
and “ not I ”

time caves , faith continues  
the red flowers  
familiar to the eye  
nameless to the mind

what disappears before exile  
saturnine reduction

once I returned the myth of perfection  
*Aira's Moreira* impossible to find

“ life has no shape at all , just one thing after another “

in a world of preferred emergencies  
I am an experiment  
in your hand

*visual aggregate*

saving Hamaguchi's river  
for tomorrow  
I look outside for the world , don't find it

blinking in the calendar  
rendered digital , tedious reduction

leaned over Chariot's sink , pouring  
lemon into cream  
marks the onramp ,  
divinated lingo

courage *does* require incompetence  
weak modes tuned daily  
to the cheering  
world

the plastic bear  
half filled with coins  
seems free of expectation ,  
impressive  
then predictably , animistic priority floods  
my preferred field of vision  
reconstituting singular  
objects into lucid  
agenda

around the room , multiple lives  
initially missed , while distracted  
by the recurring content

Y2K , iridescent framed jesus ,  
monkey duo , two angels ,  
figures hugging melted , naked

tomorrow there is unrecognized labor  
methods of becoming unreached  
evened spurts , same cloth  
as the cousins

after sunset ,  
contingent on discernment ,  
I become a follower of logic , indecision  
one burnt match  
    on either side

light cutting in  
from three directions  
north , south , and south  
chugging slush down canal

self concept develops  
in several steps  
    smiling  
thru a conversation  
I can't escape

the chat grows psychotechnic  
a murmur  
and mirrored stance

[ self concept rendered as  
uncharacteristically devoted ,  
uncharacteristically preoccupied by trash ,  
rearticulated commodity ,  
prone to ample psychic duress ,  
developing gradients ,  
loyalty to miracles beyond outcome ,  
reasonless laughter ,  
predictable emblems of variable composure ,  
day without a plan ]

admiring and lamenting  
the shoes of neighborhood traffic  
signs shine explicit , overt  
hesitant to speak the first language  
and be culture babied , exoticized ,  
et cetera , ever after

feet up against  
the black metal fence  
    while the laundry spins

now also the figure , melting

concrete aperture

blends neat and fleeting opinions

seven quarters in my left hip pocket ,  
the one that falls is luckiest

after bliss comes misery

then bliss , briefly , again

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