

TC Tolbert

EV-E-RY SKIN WITH A WOULD MAY
IF AWILLISTHIS

You who chose to sidle through the window. In a body no longer possible still a when. Please, still a when, please gently. Least lately, double saunter, through the rest.

She said the thing I want to remember is the leave-taking.
Do not break me
and I promise not to not let the seam down.
Do not stand there.
Toes sewn together and thrown.



[For once the mirror is not responding]

[The gift is the mirror is not you.]

I believe too much in repetition.

(grafting an exegesis of skin)

influence)

(who will I ask and under what

familial)

(if this is the trump of

(Suddenly Seymore and here's
a fish in your hand)

(what the mouth covers and in
covering, regrets)

And yet. We are a bedrock of antecedents.

(& sing. & sing.

& sing.)

I always mistook my face for less sinister. I have only 1 secret and in 40 seconds that number will become less than three. When I wash dishes, I fill up the largest bowl with water, soap, and silverware. I place this large bowl in the chest of the sink. Notice the rule of nonrecollection. It is paramount to the myth of the sink.

Only the fact of what I was thinking there can separate me. Less than a decade but what the sink said was *years*. Can someone please pass me the Technicolor. Having lived through the funnel both ways. Little intuition calls the scene.

spurious, concomital, and
loverly
she's a good boy
no matter what he's

both tired of the obvious and
invigorate arrive in us holyfield arrive
a girder we fashion from our teeth

I do not bring the luxury of insistence.
If a cattle guard is waning I am south.
6 poles. and not a one of them in training.
Although I am ungentle and in between,
dear Ramona. Call me domicile.
Tar string and say that never will you
garnish me. Choke lovely the open
trickle of my mouth.

t
h
e

be **NO** ugh
d
y
deleterious
s

(boy, oh boy, and
sing.)

In this, they encourage disparation. One is pressed quietly between the welcome where two sets of bars strain to meet. Do not hold your hands like a lift to me. They are given twice as empty as sound.

To stand between the text and its articulation. Pin through a simple semblance of consistency. The button eye punches down a veil.

Would that the ribs flail sullen in the winter. arbitrary in stasis given wings. It is hard not to say what we are missing. (if found uncovering waying driven bring) A topiary digressing in the mouth.