

from *observed*

the painter attempts the knees
pale & more transparent, while

:increasing the whiter square, this
:inlaid frontispiece serves

the knees attempt to the
hem of the song, the hem of my

hand upon you both, attentive to accord—
naturally affording a pleasure, as

pressure in the flower
offers its surviving air, or

:the pair of casement windows
:re-enacting the vital problem of

:yr tuck of hair around
:yr ear

a burst in green is the
tell-tale, marvel

observed: a sprung breeze shimmers the eucalyptus fur of mt. sutro, while we sit at the window of pomelo on judah.

an insoluble night, a voluble gloss or glossary,
covers the fixated vinyl streets, for it's

just like a city to depict itself perpetually
in the rain, as attachment

to the vertical line, verily, verily, this
theology of the rectangle & its concrete

descendants, interrupted by a metric tendency
of ornament. we embellish

:architect night, then
:portfolio
:archetype night

at the revealing around the roof, an epilogue
geology to overcome geometry. a hymn hides

its many-limbed names among the buildings,
which is yr story of finding

:lumen-vaulting, an
:enticing boundary

a mouse nest in yr clothes, or the
seedling sparked in yr pocket

quiet-likely. i'm learning from you how to
summon life & dark & foliage, my

well-whisperer, my
tendrils sleeper

:betwixt

observed: a blue night consumes the cityscape of chagall's american windows & one drifts upon them as if
the first sea-life upon chicago. all that exists of the current fossil record is a finger. our hope is become a
woman transforming back into her previous life as desert brush, hurried to burn.

before the fade of the bell, we
count our vertebrae, together

the sepals reveal their single note in
snowfall to be the composite

:snowcall
:snowthrall
:snowdoll

bones of the feet, a move-
ment to minus & finer

:the novel accrual
:to acquiescent

earthlight in the vast, where inside
i'm afraid. there's the shin-line

of the dam & its ice inscribed
errors we've to cross & cross-out, its

soft dissonance or chance to practice
the after-life between us, still

:a portrait of woods or
:honey-flesh

the trove of yr throat given
to suffer slings & sparrows

quicks me whole,
awhile

observed: one mimics death whenever traveling by car, or by waking every morning. we wait in a long line while they clear the greenville turnoff. the snow moves as preventer. if there is no contact between the people involved, no accident has occurred.

a drake's breath is said to cure
thrush, a drake's breath that is

sadness. similarly, the cardinal is
an ordinary blood-

flame, the wound in a pine,
reminiscent of even wood's

mortality. a silver loop thrusts its
needle's eye into the firmament, the point

:click-close the compass
:w/ magnificent margin(alia)
:or locket

long buried. city of earth-out-of-
earth, piece on portion to form

yr buildings, yr determined mitochondrial
reds & burnishes. we breathe the breath

:flourish
:soft wood, soft
:wonder

that thieves breath, for that's breath's way
save clay or water, either apple

adam had held two behind his back
already in the brickwork, & we say

heat is a great multiplier. we choose eve, a
making over made.

loving over loved.

observed: the cicada of the earth converge upon the cicada of the air. the insistent community continues their
fantastic static drone from the treetops; grinding, or perhaps polishing an already pulsing summer afternoon
at laumeier sculpture park.

the limner begins yr
namesake w/ its preoccupation

:a started
:letter, startled

gathering an exploded repose of
sail-flowers on the rim

of the blue-green grove. i'm
entrusted w/ message & messenger, the

thin banner of each number & re:
versal, shivering as if a river as they're

spoken & rove away. it's an invitation
lent only to raveled

:source-light or
:gold-gilded, offering

foxes of quiet episode. you say you've never
heard, only seem, my saxon,

my white wave-length & so i've become yr little
two-tail. here's a perfect arrow of hair

at the skate of my neck to travel
w/, while my spade-shaped

face forms both prism & velocity. "it's a brow
bright night, w/ the wind

in the west" to fall to sleep to, ay to
summer to bed & winter to

rest by. all a'suddenly you

:shutter to
:slepthresh &

quake at yr first dreaming.
quoth me, a spelt-stone

observed: at the corner of willard & frederick our names appeared mathematically inscribed before we knew
to draw the figures & conclusion. we are the recurrence of the constellation & its reason.