



Forum: What's the Problem with

From logophobe

I know them so well inside them

shared off among
pecked up

and vistas though not having to drink

no birds at me
everything theater.

First from face through hole
then back through face

with their welcome
or not at all
as in a fashion
head sunk stillness of

then topple left

clothes brushing against me

oh Dior
bees walls
end ray
yell yeah

the thing over there
is more there.

Heavy if what's
trimmed down by the head

fell out with.





American Poetry Right Now?

With all there is room for in that
they are exactly not here
stalky grapy radiant flattish.

Head between knees
hands holding shins
to hold all together

floor like bleached dirt aha
even without
arrows light up

and what's never finished
disowning its familiars
incomplete roses.

Or not aligned

other souls are being
licked into shape

do I mind
went one

black cold any length
threads are tenderly heads

and blinding
would be revoked.

Foams up for out of

words disowning
not only gleaning

but if they lie down





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incapable of disowning

not what they wish
or not what they wish.

September 2, 1913. I am on the hunt for constructions. I come into a room and find them spluttering in a corner.

Their little hope of not knowing it.
Their little hope of not knowing it

patched away at from

darkened up.

Who would want to be a constellation in the sky?
Shut the door a failure

is what they are spared

with goldy veins
gone nor the last beauty day
if I could just
get out of here.





American Poetry Right Now?

Sunk animals know blue

and certainly their legs should have
turned to smoke
in the middle of their exchange
they can cease moderation.

A vast night including everything

forever personal
and untransmittable.

“Sailed off into a crack in the lake” is the phrase
you often heard a century ago.

September 19, 1917. It crossed my path a long way off. Somebody drinking out
of an imperfect glass guessed its name. Not where it could be left to have it
do just what it likes they say.





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not sure when I died
the word "once" explodes
that darkness on which memory
depends would you call it

a conversation
if the other person is silent?

Truly I can't remember a single face
I knew them.

Make them be after not at least ready
should they be settled strangely

a bit of singing on the floor below
the occasional door slamming in the hallway.





American Poetry Right Now?

It works differently in them to come out of them
in the different kinds of them

the bluey bulk

closing out the scene
on a rough estimate

it wanders off
everywhere

like language

and then the holes it hides.

The hissing of the alarm above me does that count
as my first experience of the kind

whatever it is
mind what you say

now's not the time in which to have it fasten
more than which we can redeem.

I kept poking at it

pelts with
buds in

not even not yet

so much for that description

the river wasn't really there.

It's best to issue frequent warnings I'm told.

My distaste for close observation is unwavering.

