Fanta grape

I was tasting the Molotov vapor
wick-soaked gasoline
furthering its career
hoisted to meet the numb cold permanently
jingling coins and oily paper money
lasting outlasting debris
smacking my tongue to its tusks
dipped in a Fanta grape
thumbed at the top shaking
Rid the kitchen

What’ll I do to repair the mines and files of a breach of a hundred anemic fadings
features rattled
and so harmed
warehouse motes huddles I sang to
cold blood twangy raw ends spit of crazy rolled over
the lot
the warehouse row of shoes
I found
the suicide on the desk
& the contraption I know as the only thing to be awed by
due diligence
Ikebana

Another sleeping limo driver and too much guessy
Lowdown
Overnaming, hopping the magnification of any resemblance to 100%
The way “call another boom delivery” costs more than itself
A biding sparkle, wry barbell maintenance
Finally, to add the craquelure of beauteous scarring
A small common tool that comes into clear view without its task and
The motion of new utility
Gorge

Baleen torqued hipped Gorge

*turned* in drying stiffening

*working up to* its crevasse

Looming
rippled blues

of what to feed the fathoms but take one’s time
dark passes
gimps on clever
recedes as from out-of-style consciousness, out-of-style rescue

scarlet enmities/pieties cruise

This, your playmate
This, your fill

of plebiscites whiskered to yello age
plump
rosy permanents

stun these sharpshooters
this wall wit its cevas
Ink Runs

Ink Run *damn ink*

*with its bit-play on startle* the temporary lease curls
its glycerin, its fancy quiver

bears struggles, repeat: *struggles*

down quibbling sludge eddies and mercury bumps

*transport warmed from holding the quiet, repeat*

*The Quiet sinking down moves on*
REHAB (we want grace walls)

Something to it, a line to start rehab and democratize the body’s frail thrashings
waterslapping deletions
This skyline’s Beijing’s dovecote but destination Song of America Cartoon
A wide-eyed midge,
the heroine’s flight to restore
bulging Popeye, coy Betty mincing her pinpoints
shrugging
Oh! Oh! What do we want?
to the distance that quits her as she’ll quit others

Crescendo: I got a message from my love in the ocean, there in the water particled by sound
a line to start the journey beach-cheap . . . Beijing-style
Towers
Tiles
Totems

To haul frail deletions, bedside adorables as kittens sweet in their buttons
to the monstrous frail
Tenderize their water
And their air
the Future Gates
the iron dollops of We want grace walls
easy maintenance
National sky

far spicy arithmetic, petals of
Sugar in the coffee day
rasher
of national sky, yellowing dates hang their chits in atmosphere
zone the yellowing
news and debris
shrimp tin in the sink
a mug of memorabilia's
pinless grenade
more ash than saying THE FOG IN A BLENDE OF SIMPLES escalating fugue
not a cloying phobic or a sad brown nettle
just the hustle of weightless
furrowing thru tinkling empties, clank of a full can

Trying
Managing
wiles grayed down from an unseen flipping point
pivot the speaker
in maize more green than stalwart
more
innocently stalled
and far more breached and dismayed