### 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 BLEND 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