

[Untitled]

The empty sweatsuit
Holding tea
Unhinging underpinning the been.

He's a reststop enthusiast
Rainfelt guardrails, gardered
Ergonomic
And underdone, everytime.

A single frozen pea.
Flealess, tobogonless, hapless
No efficiency left open
Or unsown.

Never a mumbled measure.
There was no thing
She knew on a regular basis
No inkling.
She'd been to museums
That wax-coat the fork
And serve traditional
Indelicacies.

What are the coordinates of youth?
How will we light the waiting room?
And what will we read.

Syllogisms spinning wheels
Unaffected by helium.
I always say synecdoche. They always are
Correcting me.

A strange pain in swallowing now,
Perhaps the hamburger meat.

She does not know or live in
The year of her car.

That is older than relevant.

A fetishism of the weak or perhaps the meek,
An unhealthy aftertaste.

She draws her commas
Like curved antennas.

There is nothing poetic about fallen leaves.
I've read that part of the book
Eight times already.

A nodding off of soliloquies
Tell me who else

Keeps children like appropriate
Footwear?
I do despise hair devices, she said.

How should I say
Artillery? Ancillary? Another thing
Or alphabet altogether?

How about conducting the universe
For a moment? Hold this
While I get my keys.

We stare off at space
In a metal compartment
Mumbling irrelevancies miles below the street.

A man holds his belly too close
To me. No one flinches when the lights and sound
Go off.

Perhaps there will not be another station