

lanx australis

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1

all Halick's bright and dancing things
this hereby lost forgotten sort of delicate
 substance strung from room to room
He writes a hollowness in things I recognize, but -
stories all grind grandeur in equal measure, simulæt regions
[to believe in oneself, if only for the lack of]
[oneself, a breach of anti-conduct]
prince's paupers - a curse - punishable by promotion
but if we could not escape this form ()
Esther caught me once a brief lesson
along the shores of less grand rivers and
 serial time
// and also in my own collusion, which I disturb
 not as he did, that visitor of iandi
iambs, sparsely *f*
to be frank, what he said on that bank illgotten -
that this and all was amber itself
 (gamboge, i interjected,
 - and honey)
if light needs a medium, on and on,
regardless, that art has no Laplacian clockwork

imbued and unincurious I ræd on

2

years and years of accumulation, dust of ages, the hearth and home
a sinner's staircase, slippery and chock with unwashed travelers
an ornate elegy for Etiquet, who first broke forth along an early star

the only things we build that last are lined with the devil's cobalt
and so a lifetime lost lives on in the unlatched cellar, unwatched,
stellar only in its lack of stars : it does not await

for if it were than it would be

3

a long time ago i categorized something that i meant to say aloud;
those days are far off now, along and away across a grassed expanse
where everything is neither greener or red-bluer but rustles restless
nonetheless - or seems peaceful despite the crown calls and cartwheels
and, to a lesser extent, the nightmares],well], they never meant much
]though i'd awake and thank this or that, i never this or that these
days] it was particularly easy since i had a knack for))well, not for
driving)) here's there's stories and all and all, memorandums and
memories i'd be loath to memorize]em]

4

an honored content,
bonded — fed
stench on steady diets
sung to bed on heady
riots
repetition and broekn-
zeros and an order that
betrays a simplicity,
induction on key renewable
quantitites // tantamount to
paradise, octect, sextant
othello's infimum

6

i made some promises that i kept, i had some honesty that i left, and
once it's gone it never comes back; i had some dark chocolate that i
kept, decrepit leftovers wept over, (but that's over)

dreams of a more yesterday tomorrow

in the dark old town that lay stark in the city
in times deep and drowned under skies bleak and gritty
on ground without grounding in tears without eyes
the young preacher sounded with silver-gold cries

and people did listen as if they could hear
and eyes without glistened though inside they feared
and darkness was outside though inside was worse
but better to bring pride than ring with a curse

and lightning did strike in the hall of the smote
and sat like a jewel in the congregated coat
so burning away with the chants of the dead
the journey of gray waited knelt by the bed

11

jilted lovers found another, it was what it could be, two ships passing
harassing that was stasis, forever and a day and there he was with his
finger on the trigger-

i like my men like i like my guns
inside me

-and that was that and i was falling and i never came near it never
felt the touch of the brink never fought the urge and if you fall in the
shower you might not ever taste again there's a little danger in every-
thing we do but we have the ability to ignore small probabilities and
redacted

if any less comfortable was any more wonderful,
wouldn't that hearken back to olden days ? when
finding yourself dark in this position was store-bought
the universe, unlike most of us, does not ever
speak of the universe; the universe is not anthropomorphic

chivalry is dead, you know, chivalry +++ less any meaning
now that sir now that chivalry sir now that chivalry is dead
do you have any words you would like to say ? funeral
dirge) do you have any moonshine let's move the coffin
organic men men men men men men write about that
why don't you ? have anything to say sir any words you
would like to say ? i am the mayor of chicago increasing
by two each year, maybe three and spend all your fresh
money but chivalry is dead, you know, that's what it's
all about ? haven't you touched down haven't you feasted
on that particular brand of flesh can't you have gone for
two years without a way in the world chivalry men men
addition subtraction multiplication constraints on theory
essentially boy said girl said what the whole world said
dreams of almonds and various things that don't show
up in dreams at all that kind of kinds types oh happy
birthday by the way hectic wishes in the mirror that
figure prominently in the portraits of our generation
i thought you were better than this ! kind of garbage i
thought you had what it takes to live beyond and this
is my husband he is older than he cannot look to be he
or she and various things that don't show up in dreams
at all but figure prominently in the stories of previous
and past and future generations and stories about a
man named galahad who was famed as well as not or
that's a kind of equality if not quality across time and
space it could be we've only mixed them up and the
first section of the test will be matching the way it was
in elementary school did you keep that up can you keep
up down that's what it's all about i hope that you find that
can do attitude you left at the door i'm very proud of you
and chivalry is dead anyway isn't it ? about time we
got the ball rolling acceleration comma drag and et cetera
p unintentional standard candle, by any means necessary

18?

i don't know much about you, but i know you were bark-
ing up the wrong tree.

it was certainly a scandal when they found out.

when i got to you, you'd already lost your eyes.

i found them on the ground beside you

(you laying there, helpless)

and of course i recycled them, for that is what the worthy do.

your sight was less than splendid without them,

and i did my best at walking you around the neighborhood;

but there was something you needed to finish, and that wasn't for me.

so i closed my eyes when you entered the building,

and you guided me for a change.

you were familiar with every nook and cranny, every hole in the wall:

yes, this was your home.

i knew there was a time that you trusted it.

we took the elevator, because it was faster.

i knew you had all the time in the world. you did it for me.

but i wouldn't have minded spending a few more stairwells with you.

on the highest floor, in the throne room, was where you died.

you had to do it. it was because of me that you made it there,

and i regretted it.

either way, i had to open my own eyes if i was ever going to get out.

ellis

He spits on the floor and there's spit on the floor. There's spit on the floor and he's in the shed and the fields are outside and the saliva vanishes into the soil and he's alone again. Writers need attention to detail but he doesn't. It doesn't matter that the walls are wooden or painted blue, or that the roof is leaking its own filthy spit. Any walls, any roof would do. "\$" he says and his pronunciation is off as always but that doesn't matter either. It didn't matter then and it certainly doesn't matter now.

Did it matter, then? Does it matter if it mattered?

It doesn't. Details.

He kneels, plants his knees in the dirt and picks a piece of metal off the floor. Looking at it makes him think. Or feel. Or maybe he can't decide which. It's dead, but he knows it was never alive. It's shrapnel. Weaponry. A metaphor.

He knows metaphors aren't real. They're more than that. They're truths. If each wave that breaks on the shore is a detail, then the moon is a metaphor. Accelerations don't mean anything, not compared to forces.

He drops the twisted sliver on the ground and buries it beneath his boot. In a day it will be forgotten. This whole shed will be forgotten, its particular sights and smells and darknesses.

And the body. Just a body.

the bellicose estimation session

(more as with n, correct? a genuine recipient of the old man's cut-n-paste. but we must move on.)

the museum is curated. the others are dead.
count quickly, respond now. elements wondering fast are stuck first.
this is the nature of the cog,
it spins only until it realizes it is spinning.

beyond that, it can only ask why it has stopped.

imprint yourself with the mistakes of the past, in a literal fashion, the cave sky perhaps,
though i suppose it has been done, as equality begs an audience.

first step to step is an increased meter,
i loved your entrance and the blood on your face
(it was a shameful time but better for it,
some conceits must be burned)

'what have i become!'
answers the owl on the ridge,
a place owls are not born to sit,
but he is consumed every night with longing,
a drip in the drop in the bucket of where it is.
children respect it.
they know what is said can be only them,
where they can echo with a cliff face,
find a resonance.
it is a comfort, even when it reaches the core,
and breaks.

the security of darkness is a light,
as even i had realized once.
there is that drenching murder,
which needs no reason:
purpose gives way to story,
or story to purpose,

the fantastic revenge.
exacted upon no one,
but merely a hidden journal, written along the lines of telepathy.

DO NOT READ THIS.

we will never know if he respected us, or what fear he drew
from our observations, frightening lack that they were.
in years his answers ceased, and my fiber optics bent elsewhere
the breeze is fickle, but faithful.

he was my favorite, and i stepped on his orchestra,
for was i only a child?
or so much more of so much less

in time we will live and forgive,
in the unexplainable quip.
they said they worried for my neurons,
which perhaps was true,
and for which i must devise excuse

is this lucidity or vengeance?
has it already been read?
i do not turn back.

the words are bound to repeat,
forced as they are,
lodged as they are,
in a garden.

curt.

his consonance is a disturbance,
and i dislike the lesson,
but he has beauty.

we have degraded to cycles, and thus.

ONE