AS IF BODILY EYE

As far as the eye can see, // the discrete has been seen.

—Hans Favery

You say to the cup, begin.

Tilt it and the dirt stays. Almost

Opening, you fill your face

With hydrangea. Eyes

Live with feelers. A slow mouth hummed

From within. Something you tell me.

I look just away and—
Said waves—the distance
between crests unimaginable
notched figment of

Particulars: our water game
come crashing, rooting
contrary to law

Chinced & streaming,
we thin channel but fail
to mix—I blood-flow

Herringbone, your brick aside
mine on a corridor’s narrow—
even glaciers turn

At the cross—our untouched
away, two dancers’
choreographed avoid
Coagulation, our slighted
quest for permanence

Capsules of maximum
attachment—your crinoline

Catch-alls, tumbling manic
sliding mechanical we bird

A-whir in aqueous halls
sounds intractable, flaied

Arms & leg hairs
my soprano final note
Who housed you here, sweet fix of smoke

Bells, warning flies held and moled

Paraglid amid cages. You tab

The slip, & I

Flash silhouettes of burnt

Tree, anemone. Blue & red bloom.

Color me, lip the lumined structure: how

You live where you live
Conjoined as savage-family, traveling empress, sojourner
shaping the met world (firm shake) mammoth cased in fury
body you drop into
place

Land a record
of how sharp, also heavy—
the soil’s taste remembered: granite
& the tight cross of my leg in
(temporarily) your way—your
suck & push: now mine
To wait minutely, nocturn
restive. That you learn

Wrapped, shorn against
wind, a best erotic

Dream, you say, and most
ordinary. Look

A chrysalis built—
still now and gossip

Spin silver, fog, pitch
Some shells more calcareous than my poor flesh

Scarab sheath envelopes your nothing

And yet wind must travel me and oceans

Pass for you to aggrandize each peculiar cell

Hung like nets drying round this first

I gave you remember
Oviparous & wanton, awaiting
the touch of your other

Half; river pulls, drags, edges
your form a pebble.

From nowhere, a flash
caloric, a means to

Becoming moral, entire—

Unhinged, you feast

Like eddies of oxygen
quick & cruel

Against my sweet edges.