

FROM *PUBLIC HAUNTS*

person

sand you paid so much to
manner of a candlewick,

Regional Prison

The rate at which we grow
stranger forever increases.

This leads us (in conjunction
with the ever-increasing gaps

between our meetings) to know
less and less of each other.

wopied to a hull, so we were informed the vision would be rerouted to our wrists and our cubitals collectively approved new governance within
belonged to a hull, so we were informed the vision would be rerouted to our wrists and our cubitals collectively approved new governance within
I am the arm and there was an upmarket screwdriver removed from its packaging and promptly driven into a skull the shadow of whose shadow

leaves

Park

tree	shrub	tree	person	child	trash	leaves	person
tree	shrub	tree	person	child	trash	leaves	person
tree	shrub	tree	person	child	trash	leaves	person

Store

Shopping cart as dyad of bounty and vacuity.
Shopping cart as insurance of increase, loss prevention.
My partner in obedience and I celebrated our sobriety
By injecting heroin in the breakroom and then again
In the dead grass of the embankment under the highway. Even
(Especially) in prison, objects and events find a way to become
Goods and services. An aisle with doors, a tier. This is hardcore
Music: purchasing power tenderized into submission, a coffee
Cup's hair dyed brown, ears unpierced, broken and full of ice.

Natural Area

"Natural areas are open from dawn to dusk daily."

—*The Official Website of the Chicago Park District*

When you identify bruises on branches in photographs, their genera alight on the timber Mantelpiece: Halcyon, Syma, Ceyx. In lieu of spectacles I affix dead binoculars to the head. The children here talk of a palace of petrified fishing line that predates the manufactured Pond upon whose bed it sits, fibrous doors flung open for the abandoned goldfish grown Colossal in vivo. Even large dogs, muzzled, are wary of the island of walkways: tracked Geese and goslings live there. Fantastic new spray paints have been invented, and across the Pond's molecular sheet a fledgling has written *KEY, SEE*. City workers burn the little meadows, Exposing stumps upon which teens declare their love and tie each other's boots in winter.

*NB: When, emerging from the
Immaculate fireplace, I told you
That the anterooms of frostbite
Had been locked for good, you
Laughed and handed me a
Skeleton key formed of a decade's
Carbon. Kingfishers, brilliant-
Eyed in taxidermy, looked on from
A horizontal trunk where a single
Golden clock chimed "Yes."*

Natural Area

"Natural areas are open from dawn to dusk daily."
—The Official Website of the Chicago Park District

When you identify blue black smudges on branches in photographs, their general light
timber mantelpiece. Holeyon, Syna, Ceyx. In lieu of spectacles I affix dead binoculars
Head. The children here talk of a palace of painted fishing line that predates the main
Pond upon whose bed it sits, fibrous doors flung open for the abandoned goldfish grown
in vivo. Even large dogs, mired, are wary of the island of walkways: tracked geese and
live there. Fantastic new spray paints have been invented, and across the pond's molec
A fledgling has written *KEY, SEE*. City workers burn the little meadows, exposing stum
Which teens declare their love and tie each other's boots in winter.

In a no-dream I stood above the snowcapped place
not have been capped with anything but oaks
from the immaculate fireplace, I told you that
you laughed and handed me a skeleton
I lay in taxidermy, looked on from a lion

Participant in hell, we commend you.
Tuesday wears a silver earring to bed
but only on Wednesday nights. Here
is the church, and here is the needle.

In the provincial cutting room
I haze and dam my parables.

I am arable.
I am able to be ploughed.

Here is the parson falling down the stairs.
And here he is again, bankrupted by blueberries
granter than we, dearest hologram of arson.
This warm bowl. This glittering information.

Been loving less lately.

Unperched in flight

and industriousness when naked

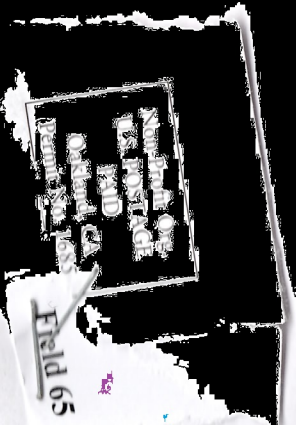
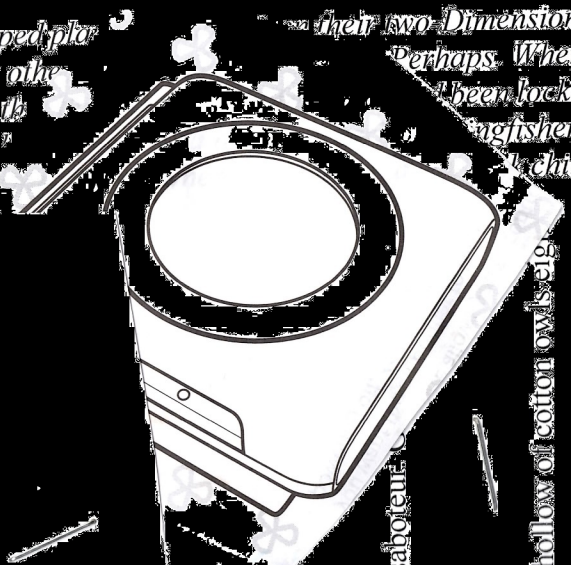
I am not a garment factory.

Baby sometimes though soft sabotage

-dimensional

and trucklike

Stranger I've made sick in this hollow of cotton owl's beak



The Watchclock

For almost two centuries, the use of watchclocks can be traced as an integral element in the protection of people and property around the world. During the most recent 100 years, Detex Corporation has played a pivotal role in the development and sophistication of these unique and fascinating instruments.
(watchclocks.org)

I tried to select a lilac
from the high-resolution wall
paper but it wasn't
what I had in mind
for you and the bleak
dinner I was planning
to crash like the operating
system of a sibling
even though new writings
are just banded iron formations
we have not yet secured the rights to
this is day fifty-three
of counting the days
for no particular reason
the convex depression
has been rising concavely
flickering like my flashlight in the field
of inquiry where I saw you operating
on my father's watchclock
among the convenient shadows
of premature yellow sheafs
did you know that he handed it

down to me when I became interested
in my own patrols, a harsh hobbyhorse
discontinued in june of a previous year
did you know that the lilac was locked

Field 65

I think you are different than me.
Is there a jay on your shoulder?
Or a technology of the law?
I was insane in the front yard

lying with a broken sparrow
and a dozen acorns whole.

You said my life was a country
song in which a sleeping boy

wakes up on a roof in rags.
I think I am different than you.
This color of paint is not becoming
of the room you force me to live in.



Please describe the form you've been experiencing:

How long have you been experiencing it:

Circle the number(s) that best express(es) your pain: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 -1 -2 -3 -4 -5 -6

Centurion Health enters theatre atop a century
and under its command one hundred armored centuries
double-fisting cattle prods with their shock gloves

Precisely how much of this is your fault:

Please protect your Social Security Number while you enter it:

Cover it as you would a

cough:

789

0 1 2

345

6

Etymology of healthcare provider's name = Roman army officer, head of one centuria (a group of one hundred soldiers)

Have you ever had sex with a soldier: Y N

Are you a soldier: Y N

Have you, at any time, ever gone to bed: Y N

Have you, at any time, ever sought heat: Y N

As the commander of these hundreds of hundreds, as legionnaire of this geometry, I represent the vexing romantic desires conveyed by some of the imprisoned people—who are, in the main, deprived of interpersonal intimacy. I am the ambassador of unimaginable discomfort. Having also gone ten days without defecating, I rubberstamp the complaint with undebatable reluctance. "Medical" as metonym for a space in which medicine is practiced, in which the century does not respond to a request for comment.¹

¹ <https://kansascitydefender.com/abolition/abolition/centurion-health-missouri-prison-medical-neglect/>



MISSOURI DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

Improving Lives for Safer Communities

MEDICAL REQUEST FORM

Please describe the form you've been experiencing: a body

How long have you been experiencing it: 35 years

Circle the number(s) that best express(es) your pain: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 0 1 -2 -3 -4 -5 -6 -10

Centurion Health enters theatre atop a century
and under its command one hundred armored centuries
double-fisting cattle prods with their shock gloves

Precisely how much of this is your fault: while sleeping, fell out of top triple bunk

Please protect your Social Security Number while you enter it:

Cover it as you would a

cough:

7 8 9
0 1 2
3 4 5
6

Etymology of healthcare
provider's name = Roman army
officer, head of one centuria (a
group of one hundred soldiers)

Have you ever had sex with a soldier: Y N

Are you a soldier: Y N

Have you, at any time, ever gone to bed: Y N

Have you, at any time, ever sought heat: Yes, in fact I'm a heat-seeking missile!

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Field 72

Been loving less loessly lately.
Junipered in light and most
industrious when naked,
I am not a garment factory.

Baby sometimes though, soft saboteur. Greenly fourth-
-dimensional

and trucklike.
Strange: I've madesick in this hollow of cotton owls eight

more times than you.
Acre of loom,
yaw of grackle,
lost little lord, let's bathe.