



Our Father, who art in heaven
in the pearls around her neck,
hallowed be thy name
where it lost its senses.

On earth as it's in pleasure.
Along her plain, beforenoon.
Give us this day.

This affliction is good.
The broken speech,
and laughter
tearing you away from hand

rolling apples on the table.
Not many tell you,
but this affliction is the grip
of everything you have.

A red, white-spotted dress spills over
into a black pond, full of stars,

leaks along the legs of a wooden chair
standing on the darkest, brightest water.

The goddess of pleasure will lead the lovers.
They will keep to it,
the meaning of not knowing.

The sea beneath the ice
at this late hour,

where the effort falls between the lights
put on by the sight to catch
and never to forget,
and never to mistake for something lasting.

Although it lasts. A lightslid eye
can change life. If it ever changes.

I profess, aloud:

the spirit is

the open window
in the deepest winter
of a godforsaken port town.

The voices are

removed to dark
where the Christmas care
holds the busy life
from the circling heights
of gulls.

The voices, singing
in tall churches, growing
blue and gold and lewd
and gag

in the fish scales, heavy,
flying.

What the mouth releases
is one sun, two suns,
and a black one.
Living peacefully, with grasses
up to our chin,

their flowers,
while we drink the light.
And the night will never come.
And the nearing lips
are lifting more –
than one,
that one sun only.

He sees a little girl struggling with a candy tube. Her fingers, being tiny, lack the length to reach the sweet. And the fingernail can't hook it either. He turns back from this sight. He disappears.

In the shop again, he navigates by drapes of crisps' packaging. At the end, there's a coffee service stand, plastic lids and sugar. As well as wooden stirrers, which could serve the fingers well. He closes his eyes. The back of the world is here, with its tall blind walls, and the seeping of the endless sky.

Outside of the shop the struggle continues. He sits by the table and gestures with the stick. A mute notion digs the air, whips, cuts, and insists, to whisk the odd confection out. She gets it, of course, takes the stirrer and puts it into the pipe.

And then he realizes what is happening. The wood, lean and bright, pokes in, penetrates the duct, and pulls out a golden gummy bear. Which loses its head, instantly, between her milky teeth.





Baroque will culminate,
surely, in enlightenment.
So the orchard peels the hour down
from the swollen clock,
licks the sweat,
the blinding white of muscles.

Climbing up this hole I am, outwards.

Desperation given to the light,

the minaret of dust, nimb, day-like,

growing from the wall.

And the sin inside me looming heavy, dark.

Waiting for that least expected day

to knock me down.

What informs silence

is a true relation.

And desire is exactly at the point of our silence.

Silence holds us in one piece, on Sunday,

after pus of past had burst.

The bells we hear, if night settles.

Something is blocked to listen,
sleeping.

Thinking,

moving among forces larger than itself.

