

Daily Logs

Thomas Taylor

vugg books

May 20

I

Larger smoothes the righter corner of what
you see by turns repetitive and unique.
Original size attains its recall, the forward
push of sign & time no longer heals the light.

Long enough today, too, to say you are forgotten
from the earlier stuff, *what was it*, an
invasion from within, denying the present its
fresh vigor and original, unspoken purpose.

Broken arrows do not decide the fate of nations,
who would even comment on that is not
no foreign sunsets the mirror'd heart in
its own heat beats the moon around the sky.

Arc & shine, familiar projects. Yarded-out. And
the slimmer doors, a tunnel reign, or stammer
or co-rental in the season's own benign to tell,
her's as the moving sign; awaitment has no passage.

Floors to pour. I'd wrestle signs, their own density
a promise or a spasm, either calls away your
own denial to storm or toss yr lunch. At flat.
Moulted shin, hero at doubt, re-lighter from within.

Or boundaried-out, what held former lines exists
no more. Partitions have a way of waning.

II

Your dick: at said, he dreams her on the wall next
to him, nude by candlelight, energy streaming from
within at a finger's touch, and music singing
in the background of the evening's heated ways.

I called disaster, but it didn't answer. My luck.

May 28

I

Lesser fronted dailies pique less attentive
gasps of renown his apple's grand & simple
are now your own eyes remind me that I am.
The hearts warps no less plenty than not.

What had you done? Any more decides yr name,
not as doubt, but presence. New vocabulary
hints new messages are in store again,
but dust you often enough for that!

Had. No foot the same stream twice, has the
deal not unremarked, but shown, alive & well
where the new moon says this is it.
And not easy either. Lesser marks decide.

You've melt, or me. Again. *He* did without.
But the poem is the body, and its progress
indicates perfume, or, perhaps, a message.
The car parked outside *means* you're here.

The Barracks turned out to be a restaurant,
and the beginning was no longer amazing--
Even buildings on their sides makes sense.
I'd hate to be the one picking up after this.

Slow times has the day ruled-out. Never a new
beginning beyond *that*. Whatever it is, goes
beyond what is said in favor of suggestion/example.

II

Your dick. The same day carried forward what's
against your will, even, and the example
suffices for today where no answer persists.

The day formed out of bounds, and I looked. My luck.

June 11

I

Delay, she said, your arcing triumph, no meat 'er
in yr mists, tracked below handles of door was
inclement disc her own private Montana of friction
refunds the dream's significance in parts bestrode out.

But the bee stings. I know that. They'd wheeled into
my own swinging Kung Fu of escapes no doubt the
apple itself an issue over what might become you
in sense or outer, heel'd-out and thrum'd a thalweg.

Love had you over me, and what leaned at first
forward knockers would stray intent calmer pines
are not reclined butter knocks out hammering lines
the pastor delimit from hoser dogs the outer air.

And hits them upper dares decide my own populaces
whirring remind re-wind or blowing skin away
from the business at hand, a hand in handed
hours I watched out how you came inside me.

These lobes of rhoda; not imprecise, you know, butt held
from indistinction in players also shelled out to
other hours sung perhaps away from all of this
infernal soup of knots. They polled me for this relay.

And dare your name my lips ahead & stammer outer parts
are inner scenes of light beheld inflamed passions
let under hand their own fumes and alt positions.

II

Your dick. The shielded spiner spoke out again;
at last a truer design was in the work no starts
too soon but was it just a dream away you
said the day would come again and stay & stay.

The collar answer'd, but there was none. My luck.

June 26

for JF

I

Yr big-scripted love note stopped me in my tracks;
did I know before hand, you are dear to me
to see what signs I've made unconsciously reaching
into what was already there to welcome me home.

Here at the beach, I welcome you into my heart
again, maybe, tht what was there before I spoke
was not uncertain, or within hearing range of
the others my heart keeps me from seeming plain.

"You spud" I said again, hoping to peer within yr
heart tomorrow, or later, even, than that which pours
forth from the unreachable depths of my long time alone,
courting archetypes & motives for what comes again.

The move is maid and center. She clears the air direct
speech is a day's mood too far away to touch,
for me, at least, you'll have to be my hand upon
yrself to watch the hours go by so slowly that you cry

for it to stay the same air reckoning its presence here
is where we'd start a symmetry, or twinship of
purpose and act and sign again the coming tides
of pleasure at becoming another life at last bloomed.

I've been here too long along the whole time is too
long to be believed for what you've unlocked

at the climbing chain, at the beginning start.

II

My dick. The doorway's opening talent salvoes far
ahead of this air thickening time's latent purpose
for us to say that this is it, and mark this spot
as where we started out on the remaining journey.

The park stuttered from silence into light. My luck.

July 23.

I

What's at hold, no firmer stars remit nor pleasure
holds her aloft within acts, how you are these
soft alignments what'd said "no more," and let
the arms rescind doubt, and leave the days aside,

What's said no matter in your moving underneath or up the
white pole rising says how's your other outer otter plays
the day's astonishment with itself has you grasping, er,
gasping *within* sentences cast to light again & again.

Then's at foam, yr heart spins suddenly calling forward
claims on inattention where you'd sailed along the shore,
winds grasping at yr eye & center, how your seas wept
clean air remembering what was spoke between us & what was not.

For if the heart hears itself in clinging wasps made certain
holds you in the hours bent at scar, at moon, at line
& substances before the claims were met & said,
"you are," and then go on along the red waves waving.

At court and spark, they'd peddled out the hours' days,
then take this space away, the language is falling,
clearer here than not, butt-held and firmer touch
your own signs release the air into seeming plain.

Here you are the hour's new relinquishing and here you
are calling the air's permission for the outer act to
come upon you suddenly, or hair your pressures out.

II

My dick. Evened out. These messages, calls from here
and there, do less to complicate than they do to
become what is there between us separate entities in
this and that repeating cycles, remiss and calm

Nor plenitude diminish, pleasure's outer sign. My luck.

July 29

I

Neither abandon nor light all there is,
you are someone made intense by time's lines
from the heart, outer makes its way inside.
Yr art & sentenced marked illumined from within.

Nor foment stau, relax her outer tempos in
this is the timing span, I called you dream enough
to become present within circumstances favored by
what's come, come to pass, passing into the air to be.

Re-lidded repose no master enjoins beyond doubt
what's flooded sense a sign within at outer coils
have dotted the landscape, and you were there.
A flutter abides her presence, wings spread for flight.

This land so long unspoken of love's attributes along
said passion's positions more than tongue's convenience
into song along your long line into *that* as rides
between gasps becomes *this*, made flesh as word.

It's the empty hours that weigh so long, despite these
tremors to the contrary realm, as I am contrary , too,
and sped between alliances as if there were no in
between to spare these sensations of their thrift & song.

She came to life & spoke shuttered portions opened
out to my own arena of concord & spin to
lesser gods have opened up to give against you.

II

My dick. What'd been a calling turned out to be
an answer on the telephone from about twenty miles
down the downer dream what's gone from this
picture spares you the softer aliens denied love.

Tenor leaven. She turned around & laughed. My luck.

August 13

I

Nor plotted sane, would hoard, then, other to rheum
Reborn again, you'd shorted measures cleaned outer was
and this was now you showered-out, or waited again.
I was the one who went across too fast, and said so.

Another area refind slighter things again, nor weaving
Spoke are cloistered, almost, within opportunity, a mask
Nor plenitude diminish host garble its' floorers calm
denote remix, then its the hot score is all alone again.

Perhaps I'd thought more. Never know anyway, "trail not
He says "repeat" again, butt held her inne thigh
read from serpents delayed songs unwidening
from where you are tonight encounter valid an

Shame believes you abandoned lonelier emptiness
though restored at moment's spin and charge,
you were how, or at another blessed retrieval
Signifies nothing less that's the poker buddy's face.

But, where'd walked again reminding repetition's
Cursed, wanton exercise, quotations from flux are
recidivist nouns where they all act equivalent blue
are harkened peals away across the open hours fried.

This was a lawn, a learned tongue, really, less overt
Late tunes execute, relinquished calm less deadly
and in your inner heart, a newer sign pontoons out.

II

Your dick. or not, butt held her own fancy says aloft
or anything else you want. It's the nomenclature
answering sighs less remmote from the healed center, out
into the answering tides you'd skidded, or partnered

The known recalled in simpler hours at noon. My luck.

September 2.

I

In reclamate sense, he'd outer'd dusk its more
divine aspects readied for a fall, but seasoned
would not hear her laughing, and when I let go
no fear of falling ensued fliers at their arcs

No benediction clears less former stares their own
destiny bewilders hearing sense sensations's mark
at the heart's outer terms release light from
inherent testimony on the waving plane of sets

Define her hammer in yo face as passionate distinction
wins the day's waves away no further hearing out
in simpler choices heeds you into seasons disregard
what's posted out beyond the breaking surf intention.

He'd spilled what out the spender from beneath, or
the slip of thigh no word but claimed a stroke or two
where it counts you out from leases or prior obligation
meaning where the dart leads, no further extent opens.

Here is the marker due at love's release to motors told
you are the beating sign inside yourself to watch a
hooter fall aside to grin and nip her dappled rim
her flavor mounted lakes aside you plumbs a steal.

Thrust at another fate, re-sign them fielders at their
game and spasm; direct and yet simple crowds the
air around me, calling passion the forward moon's detail.

II

My dick. Hard as tall, talks her arc bent back over
the seeming pin pusht up her back and center,
dreamed into forgiveness what calls me outer in
these specific songs we make inside the silences.

Here the opera pinned by lates less than knockers. My luck.

September 10

I

Forestalled arrival not in terms of insurrection, removes
to what surprised (seized) away is made, then set, toward
hummers in redoubt halts to stay advanced ahead, bestow
them as at, your'd heal'd me with your touch, yrself.

Thrown heel'd her outer limner folded back legs upon itself
wants in throat was holden arts permit me within acts
nor thrown inside acts are themselves, buddha meets
buddha in small deaths; no experience can be communicated.

Then work there in remiss pressures un-schemed retents,
heard my own breath stiffening arcs, the millionth time
was too far ahead; I dot just not remember hear
what lies I'd foster overhead permissions, bestowal

Twenty positions built in, hard pressed to hold her down
again scissoring lighter heeds within sensate diphthong's art
and signs unencoded flesh singed-heat resonance restore
horse and rider to the silent pines exodus behind lines

I'd heard you sighing in the other, rhymed inside me, pun
at arcs' triumph & spin, cigarette, which'd left me dine
the poker shoon you'd held and lee too stalwart
hymns then steeper arcs unrepentant skies then

Helded form acts spinter heaps, my own dusk this
even stain insistent harps are more than precious
butt held and firm, I'd arked yr lips into mine

II

Your dick. The design fervor opportunes you outward skies
her famous melt reclines doubt its own pressures more removed
than hammer at his simpler hearts made mental passion
in reversed alcoves of light, no harm done, just at day.

I'd heard them sing before inherent time within sharps. My luck.

September 17

I

Positions undemanding silence attributes accented lines
their own permit to entity your labored hours recall;
I'm nor more as not, nor not that *either* in your mists
than heaving years' hot occluded sense that *neither* sets.

He'd studied nar yon yip at present means obtuse & plane
within substances plume & stin; they're nor short recluse
to seeming set sentenced yawn they're hearted splint
recall toward after hours restaurants are non-removed tunes.

The hoarder yeast. There are the later hours unrepentant calm
where'd forward corded "that they write about" is quite here
to scheme her more than ours is need, then spin, then cotter due
their balloon not spent at the vacating sentences he said he

said is quite described against the wall nor hooters paned
expression turned at the corner out again against the tide's
position held in tense or outer's other grins at time told
the heart's exploding functions repetitious aims restall doubt.

I'm the harder at the way, then, set, then molded out light as
light, and as, to told harms no sway upheld informs
you outer ducks setting row upon row then song'd outer
nor remiss passions their own dusks remove then seeming.

nor against nor outer. *Then*, I'd held informers out to this
eyes ar arc's heart & substance stalls removers down
their own intents lesser here than not, at love's at.

II

My dick. You'd set sentenced hours are not remit nor
calm particulars heed no center after ours than not
at substances bent nor calm occlusion in within chants,
but took to evers hoot, plane, wisp was then, at bent.

Oar not had at outer others near them sours. Your luck.

**

October 1.

“So many roads, so much at stake” Bob Dylan, *Dignity*

I

Longer forms permit passion its due and entry
how you'd painted-out her eyes from former stains;
these lighter hours remind you of whetted outward light
between her eyes, a spot and send her out again.

I'd at had. Was enough, or spread? Nor denial not.
Though. In between sentences roughed plantaris cast
nor forward claims to halt or sing completed rooms
are cast and doubt removed, relived in terms other.

Then no holds release after calm no season *en retard*.
What's seeming less intent or hovered motif's claimant
was removed, a tumor, or less visitor than plinth,
or scoriated hoop intend echo from heathered palms.

He'd them after other authors, calm remove no smokers in
within chance what takers had implied, thus beyond scope
intense to idles in daily life retain improved wassail term
she'd been sent/or whipped-white shafts' rude snouts.

Inert prudes resign their anchor-wit, them stuffed ports
hold not their own Captain said's bye thanked betters ought
apparent clues for tooth sd reel, then fish behead, otter
's musk healed animate platforms of attentive spoons laid.

Other rovers correspond. Plight attends fancy, weald. Not.
Hear her then spent actors remiss perspire leaving the

butt held to send her center short marks permit, *en coeur*.

II

My dick. In shower short shaft white extent to purple.
From retreat to pure stance; another shallow beckons-out
there pride re-sealed then pusher spots a sigh coming
at outs from poorer sentiments as revealed daily meant.

Love's weigh no rancor begin explore tunes; what luck.

October 8

*The generations come and go, and all enjoy life
in its inexhaustible abundance. (I Ching)*

I

At the gathered distance, more signs of welcome interlude to
what's going on within circumstance, another line reminds you
that's been into the passage itself, some human intermingling
among your other partners climate and song; filler intrudes in.

Heeded plint. Her motor overdrive a cloud-day clammed up inside
last pointer lost, these other days rescind or motor forward,
where the journey is it. Quest of what leads forward itself
some answer for perpetual signs are scattered ahead an interlude.

their own language soothes you out of forgetfulness into light or
seeming-set, some inner resolve manifest designs flat or counter,
the plinth itself de-stall nor reminisce them headed pints recall
within the lines' semblance thus cosmogonic reclusive pays in.

Or oven after other offers open out. That's simpler than not,
her hour of entry less a mystery than an absence, what's memory
is not no longer huddled handles sets their own seclusion deals
-out what spentered within house & more spartan ponies released.

The formal entry intervenes substant & profound hours nor set;
at outer hovers inter-tuned spigots reflect reflect their sames
from dustered hearts some newer plasm interlineated hart & palm
their own within chants he'd heeded plud mort d'Anker pune.

I've no sentence. Here's relief spelled-out arcs do flood the

pine remnants their belief in love a newer ankle turned outer
erotic presents then code-at, her polar smoke betuned again.

II

Your dick. Nor act-as-if. Eyed Nor Dad, them-at, oaf.
Thence spenter dude, he's rewind thence what's love, do
then the heart's own sway betide lyrical shit, here's enter
from foment's calm then deed between yourself & outer.

At edge, the world-away beckons & then responds again. My luck

October 15

I

Ed'd out. Calm day follows disjunkt outlet
Pass to less remote areas underneath sense,
but outer'd houses at remote sensors flung
doubt erases censure nor hosted parties' time.

You'd at blisses called more inner research involved
his own distances resolved from the flighter pool
they've callowed one two three anymore detail
therein nor outer clutters distinct arrows noon

where held'd hours declare newer blooms at
Northern reposures where'd thence a word or more
holdens called-field doublers recall flutter
whose arcs deny less now & thence restore

Homer scuds pealer mist descry polar attribute
needles flood flower her's smiler the poem
as her legs delimit pressure's tounge heart to
resume there-touch angles markered silence.

These hours spoken acts recall tenor leaven, nixed
meals the souler spoke and centered at love's
peculiar mix of the neglected & obsess. Sky's
laters rebirth and love twin signs of release.

Hard between yr sighs, another spot and room
persists beyond expectant airs nor remote
passion holds intents the purer shower in plan.

II

Your dick. I'm not schemed between yr eyes, a spot
and center poles relaxed berms remind overture
to hints between remarks that held nor shines
have spent responds acclaim signing hours' repose.

Then-spun light-slaked dust of centuries. Our luck.

October 22

I

True, I'd scorned nor hollow, in confessional mode
made certain of my *others*, they in less remote
corners around which less mettle lay undisturbed
by the centuries in this hour where repeal alerts.

Though what's come aside rewinds you into the present,
no other matters allow nor fallow-out desire's realm
at hand, though handy enuf fer yew, the others decide
to wait it out at the deeper reaches from which no.

But less-than-perfect calls the dodge a stirring resonate
betimed without no pressure within chants allowed begin
at helded skin affirms what comes ahead again against
your streaming hot limes between her eyes, a spot.

You've scored apart no limner present in these scenes
at their own resonance pit and calm re-seen to me
what's clouded scarp & term reclude besenter from
at held, at poring pinter hears within sound, another.

Tarn'd. I've stroded hid no longer awaits time's sentry
here within light coming through your hand, like, what's
gathered around you for the dark journey hears thus
the ancient wooden spoon, clacking on the bowl again.

This is the three you wanted to meet again, butt held
and firm, though cleaner hearts beseem presence
its outer come inside you through the arc & shine.

II

Your dick. Never said sad hours in retreat no recompense
becomes outer sooner here than not. Nor dissuade encounter
starts at here, that liner called out less intense though
still arrived, still portioned at cosmos unrestrained.

North of doubt, he sees light renew the heavens. What luck.

October 28

I

Concrete realizations from emptiness obtain full,
as what's finished closer airs their own transmit forward claims
the other days their own complet to firm founders leading
edge & claim to palmer set out ahead of the very line.

You'd mean. No harper un-intended signs fall aside you
Eyed haddam. Lurker shit their possess'd within obsession
At armor, referred-out music from beyond spider-guts' retention.
Throat ardor the link was at had, late arc de-told again.

Your heart between art & science with intermittent claims
for forgiveness forward touch release the emptying freedom
at what's *not* indulged as taste or samplers oven out
the spinner his left and right hand s & the design of centuries

Platers' hearth what is central nor cored remits their own
when upended light there than bounce upon reflux returning spasm
eyed at heart too in unrepentant pleasure made the tour in
light digressions called in within chance to hold & let them go.

Spurred out, node out. There are some withers here
& not unsponsored nor made sore by their constituents
see & sense there what's not occluded from inferior
stout, herd among sensibility or favorite words their own

The sign of times not loft but there again remark beyond
the information and what's tinged from insensate disregard
from inner thighs their own workout un-challenged here abouts

II

Your dick. But left along might satisfy the heart
& leave internal sighs the same but not responded
lines among your less exclusive hours *en retard* was
at had the leaner spine wast new forded arc again

toast at the leaner hour the rose restore. My luck.

November 4.

I

What's scoop & lair this jeopardy sensation heals hears musk
remainder of the healing mist which swirls around your confusion
to rear the day its lovely head the reminiscent center of sleep.

Other sensations deride mink its delimit nor usher'd out to recompense
The Souther claims of inattention settle it out another issue repeats
something skinnier than long, outed like a gank, plastered skins
their own remiss but shouted longer sporan he sd erected

Though the plungier reside hints, sense, whatever occludes
then dimmer gone a bell ringing through the orange trees
(are you swift enough for that?) plucker stuck-shucks sux.
might mean you met then skip center central's ire puds.

Heat at the skimper derm nor plodded arc nor intermittant
throats as target slime tubes where'd nostro's plenitude at
markers slide decide what she's apt or motivations scrim
delete then hover at the lurker's sigh, ah, his door agar-ton.

This uh *welter* yard-out scum of the world's beast inclining out
to todo blasto signs within chance observe declarations
at the heart & center of design excesses of luck decline your
froward planes their own decisions mate near perfect

the shuttle rime or heather oar-skipped tenter hooks delime
ner-puds stacked at synto-edge to foreign mail decisions
are lefter sent thin derided woks imply sentencing tours
to the end of time's slippage forms weather-boy's shouts

II

My dick. Then deeper nor tremble nor impenetrable mask
the one decides thus features relimn dusk its returning tie
toward another; they are not no more seeming set, sent, center
add they'd lined no repeats embrasure, coming twice, light.

Entered light the godder plus, held drove to. your luck.

November. 11

I

Transparency of all words seek same sign leveled out
heat seeking muscles where at spoke, wheeled, uttered.
Nor single return out, what's become another late lunch stared
Hosted links interbedded loams detail chance intercessions.

Heat at the heart's udder rowed intense necessitation clear
hot spuds deny claims yet clear the way forward plains
their own repute in deniable excess, nor hovered, spent
askers pin-dot relict absence healing alone welcomes

there'd day out-scuts him'r plotted air despair relumed
thruster pot ascribe nowhere your own seeming sent set
at hovered flames report sense's past restart at hone
some bone or folding jack staples book & let, at sign.

unfold that. Wheels of fortune declare denial obsolete, wintered.
I quit reading, wary of possession, an unclaimed presence in
myself. Interrupted prose became the rule of the day, where
prosodic elements whipped frenzy's discord to apt proportions.

Increment, whether a change in porno-refractors delimits
pleasure's portent in the main obscure yet present here
no alien autopsy to the heart's unrestraint you'd plodded
within sense declined outers hucked it thence atuned.

No stroke unturned, part presence part *other*, you've maybe
hoarded yrself from me & mine no longer outer seen in
within what's there again reborn again & again the same--

as let, so have them then thin, heroes at air, thrown.

II

My dick. there it is, flatulent dishoner of penetrated musk
pealed her sighs momento of the darker forms released to
lighter ponds their own waves pinnacled huts *intime* set
host pun. yarded--gut flux, spean, nor floatered heart.

Axle, revolve cart to soon & clearant chucks, astir. Luck.

November 20

I

Your own voodoo stillness meaning like moonsigns inheres
even to doubt itself chosen in particle-claims no inattention
to what is there or not. Late tides have spun the day without no
sensation to reclaim the lesser arcs delay & finish-out here.

Aha. Like some diminishment banished beyond the day's resolve
"at houses flung" or was it "doorways" you'd bent her down the
way or been there done that downer diatribe delays forward motion
insensate claim the future's doubt erased unknowing vacate

or clay ore-arc fathom scent dour leases calm withdrawal
nor pinner dude--heals them outer on-their-own faces walls
does not retreat full flame forced encounters do not
eliminate the possibility of resonance, of continuing, of light.

But day palls out to rain, opens again at the heart's waves
waving ears and arms and legs spasmic celebration released
from spore-soul detractors of the limned sphere recovered
spew the doter at her musk recalls you upward again.

Her own shepherd waited outside the rain calling away at
sun's remonstrance lifted sight & sign their own retreat here
the tumor sent recall to thrusting plain palms resist no
more the acres of unrelease do tell to human sensitives.

There's a stolen bird out back waiting patiently for noon
to seal the deal with overt schemes returning stealth
the heart's own questions making easier plumes within.

II

Your dick. Roaster, the shooter hucks affirmed nature
peal nor dyke butt held & firm nor plane attunes
relief at the outer urge recalls what's plussed er central
the hoary replume decays its leading edge blunted out.

Dune-thing wrested refuge from the finer air. My luck.

November.26.

I

Lates. Yr open heart surgery a poem *en retard*,
at no sorrier angles than what's ahead, piles of them.
You'd been at hat, no openers recline there posthumous
after dirt, the houses like another country, & its cold.

your own position marks you happier at last than not,
in the open-air amphitheater oars delete summons out
and hold affirmed a course is made then set forward
into the gloom we've not attended in our haste 2B real.

Nor calm subside, her ankles redoubled scorier boots appeal
within acts of often heroic temperament the magic dragon
less a sign than a memory. Nothing retrieved! And poorer
still the mute inheritance declared off limits to doubt.

No doubt. what's called from within is evidence of the
storm and its persuasion, another sad reminder of this
relaxed future we might repeal behind ourselves a
scooter in the mists delivering what we most feared.

Yet giving thanks at all, responding upward senses
still retain favor within the confines of who we are
in bird's nest manufacture and a persistent forward flow
from emptier houses permits undertakings in danger.

A fuller time than time permits; from food fights the plusser
outward calls us forward braver souls to hold their
own reminiscences at bay and collect them against acts.

II

My dick. Bar-coded leaking scient at risk choices
toward seeming recovery, yet obtunted scraps deny
another declaration of intent. Poetry returns in its
death mask latered uneventful declines passing unnoticed.

healed spore return seed impregnates time. No luck.

December 2

I

Leaner streaks to pool around house and tense again
the dream persists within hours, your hand along and
signing it into these later schemes resist to tempos
throne and gong intense or outer heaves to paler moons

hearing harkers pinned astute centers at her movie's
pealers truck-stroke down toward where they'd been
tunnel piercing tracks leading forward at tunes
he brought within, no stranger at luck's heart.

Local antics their own replete, set conc to arrive in
them then spin the door's day was to me sent
how I'd made inquiry in song and meditation, yr
messages plainly done toward whom you sent me.

Here you've danced across my room at last the photo
in resounding clarity marks the sign coming again
a less impulsive record of starts the mooner spin
the darner, no sin examination under another glass

Hope no mere definition of where'd you bin attached
at the lefter hand-set in sentence noun or paragraph
for mark internal strokes the heater's mix obtains
their lost larks receding intents or other toward her

Pealer dusk the throat benign sender that his harps
lead aside aloud pins without reference to some
inner dude he'd left behind without starts.

II

Your dick. There's to husk nor powder arts to tune
the air between us a message or a palm insetting
flavors presume toward the marking time in sent her
powered plume resume arc and light time bending.

Heart's time flood arrive sense become soon. My luck.

December 10

I

blowing sand outpace car diatomshit-smell brown surf blow
storm's in place the walls don't move end-of-the-world beachsounds
permutate pervade allowances *en famille* windshield wipers snapping
white shellac painted upon small sponge-brush'd calligraph black

In the open doorway "no longer any cultural history" resounds in
locus imediatemata hostages all in competes prescient hours
I'm at had, no outer other in remiss & calm, your eye in my hand
reaches inward lore inherent breezes claim attention hustle bun.

There non-remark plunging horses clear signatory realms at hat
& censor reclude spinner-dues nor squatter palm en host parts
rain-dot prisms occlude sense their reduction microbial spins
the heart in its prisons resentenced from whom you'd harked out.

Belittle spin, sir no plasm'd route thereby songed her arc & plenty
nor forward planes submit insensate calm, probably bludgeon'd down
her story one not parked remarker host they said nothing again
but held the day one long paranoid bout with causation and death.

Butt-held & firm, your own presence reclaims doubt at the
center holds forward motions their own necessary realm from
duskers bouted-out to where they hold forward lives their own
mistakes plenty enough to forgive foreign hackers entry tome.

The lusk. More or less intact and centered. You've held me
far affirmed the loneliness is human & can't be cured, though
love offers its anchor and term to what we are again & again.

II

Your dick. -less tangent diatribe angle-of-repute permanent floss
the porter told but held in term no other calms you down
her honor replete within sentences tossed aside where heart calms
downer panic hands-across-the-water slid & then held.

eyed calm ducts relieved pleasure's hung fury. My luck.

December 17

I

Here you've seemed enough & foster outward smooths aloft
what's spoken signs below sensation indicate future moves
you've sentenced from within structure itself your panting heart
nor soother calm the palm remit nor measured from response.

Eased prior tuffs recall another season's passing tones alert
what'd been there before doubt its head upraised against
time's passion from these inner dunes transmit at outer dues
their own position less remote dues filed drops along the side.

ein und fland, wast dir nie est that fumer blanced.

They've balanced out remiss nor calm astir set green lines
around your heart and simple, a menu, a foamer harks
past due, post position, the fluxer needled hide-out.

Assorted flak the gummer at his door, therein spread out
her lips liked licking thirster plan worth ticking seams
dorsal'd toward flinting arcs their rotund presence laid
deep upon yr honor pressing stantions' forward gleams.

"Box o' Trash" comes undelivered presents in your mind, sprayed
or tied anew, and by your own hand undelivered as you pass
out undisturbed sentences unwinding hours ahead behind again
your own center reclaimed anonymity their disregard abandoned in.

I'm at had, nor pleasants said replete intention dismissed
further song it up tied down northers call ahead in reserved
affirmations clue you into formation riding downward air trails.

II

My dick. Jack off handles all nations arise enflamed
positions not remote nor even flatter'd by responsive
hours her undiminished presents the season's yield & tide
the gifts you leave behind on the altar stairs alone.

Somewhere singing sometimes called ahead by sides. My luck.

December 24

...who controls language controls control....

I

At season, light and death and birth and darkness
leaven into permanent markers on the other side of this,
nor imperfect hours reckon their own destiny in regard the
pain & pleasure of what follows choice upon choice we make.

This is the hour of which we spoke, as yet uncertain of effect
& censor from the pool within. We rule. No doubt
the other centers lie ahead within their own particulars
made certain by the doubts which gave them rise at all.

Stern capacity at the empty lords, no dismay at their dismissal.
Newer signs to follow the hours upward and from denial cast
our particular realm a liberation of the soul from its mass,
nor irony laden, hard upon this morning's vision of her.

What stays hidden near the clear vinyl of the heart is purpose,
indistinct in mellowing forward beacons lean you on and on
into the howling mists of nothing at all in pursuit
and calling out to follow on word & song the purer spirit.

This would be the moment when the heart melts with its
anchors, flying free at last from the bounty of its disregard
in the history of wasted hours their own reward reaped
& simpler throne & gong your own term preceding light.

You held the hour in my weakness sprung aside & melting
pot of the world's inarticulate substances made into flesh

and sung alert by the dream's significance & stain.

II

My dick. ...wholly-owned subsidiary of the body's time
in the rise and fall of nations, their story a mute parallel
with the style of your dreaming synchronous mysteries
interacting with the actual day-to-day of *seeming*...

...and The Beloved wants to sit on my face. My luck.