

mid-drift

Fire Wire Dawn

summer mother drips mint tea onto ~~my~~ lips
turns her back ~~and~~ leaves

a letter

drenched in linen ~~and~~ lemon;

images caught in transition

morning freely from mid-drift red

to bronze torso cast with emblems

your eyes in the mirror

down the hallway

fly through the window

out with the bath water,

truth cascades ~~into~~ fluid laughter,

A lone bird flies across a dented sky

beaten in by ~~the~~ night

you

traverse the shadows in a runaway silk carriage.

~~summer mother~~

my tongue sings with your scent

my fingers are wet with visions

re playing

SIK CARMO OOOSAAAAA

awaiting the carriage that will never come

SOO SARCOOMO SAY HAAA

I crouch amongst my haunches thinking

~~other~~ of the lover

wide scoping hands,

tropical leaves

catching my rain

and sweep it away

SIK CARMO SIC CARMO SAYY

awaiting the absent carriage

SIK CARMO SIC CARMO DOO

and

though you are warm,

I am cold

and nervous of all that I feel

summer mother

you

an other
with ~~the~~ lover

~~the~~ thicksick

hovering ~~like~~ falling ~~like~~ folding ...

~~expectations~~ I wait for your carriage to pass by my window

trailing tender hooks

across the wire fire dawn.

Tracks hug

the outer side of this room

where red ~~and~~ blue walls

of blood and sky ~~are~~ deep and sucking ~~at~~ space.

a ripple in the gables,

OOOMMOSIC KKARMOO

liquid expanse

OOOMMOSIK ARMOO

and the air visibly shakes

SIK CARMO OOOSAAAAA

and the air shakes visibly with soft touch

as your carriage passes trailing
tender hooks across a wire fire dawn

SIK CARMO OOOSAAAAA

awaiting the carriage that will never come

SOO SARCOOMO SAY HAAA

I crouch amongst my haunches thinking

~~other~~ of the lover

wide scoping hands,

tropical leaves

catching my rain

and sweep it away

SIK CARMO SIC CARMO SAYY

awaiting the absent carriage

SIK CARMO SIC CARMO DOO

and

though you are warm,

I am cold

and nervous of all that I feel

summer mother

my address book is full of scares

thickage healing, age thick

your bladed shoulder is boned through with light

floating wingless,

an amber eye is glinting

staring

storing the last image

of the pure and amorous claw

a seahawk lifts its feathered arm overhead

a giant palm sheds its skin

you took a photo,

a moment

caught mid glide

mid soar

mid night

ARMO KIARMO AAARRRR

such a strange sight

you with ~~the~~ lover
an other

KIARMO ARMO AAARRRR

out
Lackcluster dusk draws me towards your absence

I can see the beach from here thick with dead birds
and you're past and I wave and I don't know who you are

KIARMC ARR
such a strange sight

six orange street lamps crane their necks towards a full bright moon
six ancone is 7
and the walk to
your
house is quiet and mostly dark
few cars
few lights few thoughts but of six and a full bright moon.

Descent into darkness is ^{DANGER} danger in moon shadow
hang suspended like a ^{father} spider might
above great stream of liquid from sleeping mountain.

Watch bats wings through
an open sky

absorbing vibrations of ancient light.

~~Descent into darkness is danger in moon shadow~~

spearing through long grass out running

~~is~~ volcano earthquake ~~me~~

~~cannot find nothing~~
Watch Dancer and his girls

an apostle in a torn system of watercolour symmetry

~~shopping for~~ ^{molding} drapery and ink

on Atlantic morning cold ~~with~~ star fire ~~leaving~~

searing the neck of a sleeping plastic idol virgin

when you wake

an elephant is morning my death in your chest

~~you~~ smell her moan in your hair

its tangle is numb fingers

clotted mouth

I feel

as empty as a mountain

and as full as light

as full as a god before deliverance

HHYY SOOO GARMANEEEE

summer mother

you've cut all the roses down

thorny field

I stand in the door way of a house I do not know

awaiting your run away silk carriage

summer mother

this wind is as clear as sky

~~shadow of white butterflies
circle above me
like clouds
moving hauntingly slow
winged palisades~~

13.45

the lamp are crying - just
enough to read by
your letter is faint
~~your letter~~ leaves me
lonely in this skin
Summer mother

this world is as clear as
sky

I stand in the house way of a door
I do not know
awaiting your absent carriage
Summer mother

~~rises a white fine sheet
trailing tender hook trailing
across my eyes
with feathered prodsian
this wind
this wind is as clear as sky~~