



piano

piano

cryptic

additives

dusty

miscues

embarrassing

overtones

moldering

erotica

accumulating

uncertain

congestive

futures

JUNE 1

Corpulent circuses
hawk secondhand revolution
and memories of the broken bawdyhouse
strawmen eat history
as stultified carousels wait for better years
I taste the landmark
cheating at solitaire
barking at stale sorrow
believing the graffiti
tired of time
time
but mostly tired

JUNE3

Everyday
it grows
in lungs and bellies
everyday
it sleeps
tainting the daily bread
everyday
we eat
our fingers fusing into clubs

JUNE 4

JUNE 5

JUNE 6

JUNE 9

In the balcony a stomach gurgles
in the loge dinner slops and splashes
from pylorus to duodenum
from somewhere in the mezzanine
a glottis rattles with explosive bursts
in the pit a sphincter blows silent bubbles
into the dark expectant hall

september
one

January 1

Dread shall be our watchword
the first day of the eleventh year
as it insinuates between slack fingers
binding us to the breakfast table
like winter rain it will flow
from cold hearths
staining the floor rust red
pooling under the nuptial bed
it will break our backs
as it blooms across
our insignificance