

| Don't Worry |

Naked sisters loom around the candle light, they know best,  
hanging dyed Gao on clothesline.

They play the

Softened ping signal.

Zinc is off in our cabin, Sleeping, and the

honey drips her Chinese mouthpiece, telling her  
blossoms of verse

A

Hungarian eye is kept private in a message from the  
mountains and a sister,

The only way to really talk about the eye being in  
competition: hungarian eye

Versus  $e=mc^2$ , is with a sister who's argument is an  
object, aside in tea waters, hidden, and at rest now.

Ink slipping through the cracks in the hut

Zigzag over the House. As they lay their children down in  
rice, hay, and clothes.

Often three, or four, become a whole spacecraft, and it's  
hovering around, the size of a parking lot in Memphis.

Knolls of green grass east of the  
recipient; of this huge body, the

Body that Knows as it eats, Formed from ten paces, if  
you look at the time,

Room to room,

Empty of cards,

fed

Om ( sounds) Om sounding like the vents are taking  
over, we've all lost it, but it Is a fine breeze, and the  
song bird, but it is in your minds, and the  
ocapella, the birds song lifts the rooms from the  
ground, and the furniture too close, and spreads them  
furniture pieces out and around

the corner of the world,  
and the rest of our houses rise,  
Faux temperatures dropping, and darts  
flying, daggers add organism, that adds substance, and  
behavior is good according to a list, contortionist, they  
always pick the right place to stay in love. I'm part of  
a new kind, that exists only in love, the other organism,  
and then you have to understand,  
you can also be available, interested, but you must be  
completed by your love.

Monday and worms in the ground.

Moe's tavern, oh LA la, and bubble gum.

Empire yin yang.

|| Azul Acuario

all, one, emerging gesture that earlier recorded Lace,

in larger quality

a set of glass roses

caste equal in size to a rosary ocean that is sometimes  
felt marbling by in sheets of plastic

turning off to whisper guitar

Funny candy, slowing down a guitar to traffic speed.

spinning spasm aged to gross pauses in the  
tape

[xxx]

maybe eats its own plastic bifocals Any slumber may take  
aloe Vera  
forms into dreaming with Carolina pigeon without wings –  
these old songs without notes, a dream is a Muridae  
in a room, in a dream in Muridae in a room, in a cage,  
in a room in a dream of a song, and in a tape recording of  
the Muridae dream

Masonry stations open at the subject  
off continual drinking machine poured vitamin C purples  
over her vaginal,  
felt clocks, leak the skin of the bed cloth.

I took two tablets of vitamin sequence and able bodied  
forward,

buzzing station of gigantic wax ANGUIS, nearing satisfied,  
queen information.

Everywhere entered once  
on mice foot, shattered elbow roses leaf  
through entry, a repetition numbered  
evenly. Rescued, etched thief in back

satellite waver, watches clicking cherry yonder roads,  
asleep, worthy  
of an entire month grown, spent and the  
weave of electronics – a fire dice game  
watching your face breathing tree light  
in an open window, leaning for release. Asleep  
again to the numbers elongation, to  
tire tracks,  
evening (HOMINIDAE hours) and  
dropped from tired leather  
repose. Worried eyeliner furrow loosely over street lamp  
illumination for  
another candy land game or a witness  
    The bramble awareness in left side

conclaves // portions of thin momentum

brushed and stacked in the consciousness

within Diptera, crooked houses, stained hours that the  
VIPERIDAE bottle of cough  
syrup reels out – tabled plastic pointed  
    out by wands – the branches turning.  
Awareness crinkled doorknob      and      entry  
    of switches draped hag fish turning –  
juxtaposed corners like timepiece heaven  
dripped from the syrup tongue to the  
lathe of painted minutes.

    Glass crocodiles marbled forward, horizontal

star beneath curled forever, numerically fused under a  
paper skyline