

The hills are stuck with silver and halide.
Scented, glossy photographs of the last supper.
Bear us forward in threadlike divisions,
ground into sweet licorice towards town.
Harkness alights on our shoulders,
makes mention of the desert. Succulents.

We might manage a lawn at daybreak,
droplets writhing along the face of it,
in wide focus, blurred slightly at the edges:

there are waves, they disappear.
They seep medium-sized into the soil.

The sun is eclipsed by the swaying
of tall office buildings. Their edges are illuminated
white with ciliated heat. Emissions of weal,
the luminescence of work – tin, nitrogen,
the desultory squint. The sun is rendered
momentarily second sun, intoxicating.

In the shadow's cast, vacant lots form the work.
The lit shadow, the shaded illuminations.
Cultivate the vacant acreage.

We pass through shadow, we pass through shadow,
are lost, are indistinguishable from the shadow,
are shadow are, inhalants beneath
portentous gills. The sun is thriving, are,
in halos, are, effusive shadows cast, cast are.

Mindful, paired in the laddering of plants'
leaflets' marking. Why has the ground
not yet been broken, skimmed
from the surface and handed over
to wiry, westering speculation?

> ten 000,000 reasons why it has and should
not. Coarse, bled bodies, lot-by-lot,
10-15-20 acres of pale, yellow crosses,
skipped-over fennel, airplane clover, white-
topped on slender rails of sumac,
tumbleweeds against the chicken-link fence
want in, and eat themselves in the elder garden.

These ways are all ways. Reflecting
from the tongues of quarter peel,
their languorous seeds, their citric smell:

our sweat and lob: the orchards
have all been axed. Call citrus over the fences
as we walk by. Call them from the clear
aces of flames, to pick: oranges, grapefruits,
lemons, tangelos. Tight, of pack skins
and shornfuls. In the tunnels,
the innumerable (innumerable) speckled-like
tiny stars in the green of leaves, firmament.
Candor. Fires. Fires in our eyes and leading
thirst – pedestrian outcast, anomaly
along the infinite shatter,* through the _____,
perspiring, walk, walking, _____, walking,
_____, infinite interchange. Buildings
reflect what the palms pretend, their hale
among waste, among scorched earth:
As we walk, we walk and pause
to parent stems, among their dark
and handsome leaves, elevating ourselves
to pick, pausing to peel each fruit into lotus
bloom, lurking as if in the under-sea.

*shattering.

Vines hang to the hot concrete, effluvial carts
festooned with streamers; regalia
of plant deformations, wild plants boned
and roosting out of place, in the solo. Did
that package get delivered on time? Something
immanently reclining in the lust waters
of the channel. Eating on our own time.
That one there kept us blind from harlequin
(Mosby's, p. x, &c.); that one was demolished
by tread. It was found lifeless
among clapboards. What town then,
what fabricated apologia? Graves, while
all buildings court the accidental. Believe us,
we would not be if not for by measuring it out
by islands in the stream. Which is to say
that first and foremost, we are scavengers.

Lake taps, freshwater basins, dust control,
algal bloom, hyenas trafficking in hop cups,
the savior of off-road resistance
washes the field streams and the golf gulfs.

It runs off the saline. We return the body
within the same strike as Williams, counter-
reformation: the widow's nightclub, the helipad
and cocked shuttle, the filigree of weeds. And order
midnight stones, midnight formations,
walls rising, turrets of broken glass in thirteen's
(from which he longed to set himself aflame,
or so the story goes). Their particular cleansing
pointing to a reassessment of resources.

We're summoned to the club; the white suit
finds its use. Damn the stage, that fine titanium
buttoned-down. We're hung out
on the balcony, imbalanced. Millennial
entanglements award themselves capacitance
in the streets beneath our hems.

Shear us at our ankles, our clingy tops and skirts,
patterned vegetatively, too large and lazy
to thrive in any clime. Green, yellow,
and the red upon our backs, turning them
to the sidestroking sun, taking a little shine
from the lights, a beat and a moan.

Someone will approach, bearing luggage.

It was left on the bus. A scar and a sweater sensitively rolled up the neck, the velvet lean.

We arrive at dusk and set ourselves up on the hearth. Beckon at the streetlights, caught among insects. At the entrance, scuffling, haggle. Rent by the hideousness of expectance. The river doesn't run.

Slope, embankments. Fig, palm; potential thwarted. We've been cornered and yelled at, knees have been between our knees; air, plenty of indiscretion. Off now, fight now, steal now, split. Something viciously paneled about a refrigerator wrapped in chain, a padlock barring entry. Or thirds may say. Then cordon, and win. \$4.50/hr necessitates almost nothing else. Lenses enlarge from the backs of trucks and cut themselves on the hills. Diamonds tend to the left corner color, arms pasted back by heavy bags, swift heat. The wheels are buried in burning dumps of paraphernalia.

A new armature of possibilities is marketed.

The people that remain indoors
disallow themselves from the siders. It is automatic.
It is welded into the center of a single cell:
it will explode, it has on numerous occasions,
though subtly. Likewise the chaparral,
likewise the four-footed.

In the pre-dawn, we walked the strip
outside the station. There were blue fabrics
draped over the limits. Why refusal?
Why such a remarkable rift? How could we
unroll such discounts above
such an entrancing darkness? Is it because
we knew we were at the edge? Not even the beach
could recapture us. We needed to be cleft.
Trifolium. Unadorned. Already half-way
to middle scalping. Hair on the pillow.

Dead, swollen dogs. Lifted up by the floods
and deposited among worm and shoal. Go,
and get that lacy eye. Shut its protective lid.
The back entrance is fenced again, and again
construction continues. They're paving over
a ruckus of vitamins. Divers root
in the background waves. Familiar faces
in the grotto. Spine, frame-arched, pounded
into the street. We wrote home something
about it being climbed upon, opened effusively
wet, and this sent laughter through the park.

Barnacles blink open and closed, underfed
in the salty air. Thistle, star-like in appearance,
deepens. Blessed. A couple of boards
bolted crosswise along a thin, irregular fence:
espial spilled down the highway, flagrant meal
half eaten. Limbs rack on top, crossed
by formerly sideways impressions of walking.

Rain would set it all to molding, tufts of hair
which continue to sprout from paling, clearance
bones, themselves swept from sand claims,
honeyed strands of false, additive vegetation.

Tease the roots. A week-old limb of
a corndog. Tender liquor the meat of
the customer, never leaving the lips. Masa
overwinters. In the backyard,
a camera crew has trained itself
upon a river of tension wire, split / split /
split, primary caps. Microphones
pick up every disturbance. Every time
that we disembark from lumbering Allan Coe,
we disembark to lips. The city
shines to suck us. We breathe in dust,
smoke outlining, elder carbon copies.

All was burned but our town, the towers
have the scent of many men, they fall
into no strict category. Circling, spiring
son of a new world, with sand, stone, travertine,
fossils, bottles, dish. The wiry accent, chalk
lettuce (a number of forms have been), dudleya
(white mealy wax), poppy (flangelike double-
rimmed) corkscrew, rush (slender yard,
at the junction of), juncos (slate-colored,
white-winged), euphorbia (Chinese hat or
devil's head) (camp or cross signal),
sticks of fire, exterior glass. Catch it
and create its miniature: chefs begin, thinking
against the towers as they impend
towards lifting the darker parts.

One tremulant pinnacle. Imperial vestment.

A new deal. In the eyes of witch-doctors,
headless tops smack of salted rings, rows
of purple skinsuits covered in spades,
hearts for the south-wandering,
the aqueduct, the north-wandering, Labor-
Ready. The birds snow us with flight.

They call lightly beyond recruiting,
stretch past gloss, and grimace by arrows,
and by the herniated city hill, arterial
hedges hiding the moneyed principle.
Help us to it, floss silk, linear fountains.
Roots that coil all mattress spring
denote the fried heating beneath the eaves.

Help us make of this pre-photographic technology a palm-sided project, pink against downtown, hearts of flowers to be expected, nodding in skeletons. The horizon line is drawn exactly too dark from yesterday. A system of warm and cool, the type and number of lights.

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