

C10183

C11098
TC 2041

9972 AC

C11099
TC 471
TCR308

C1110
TC 472

C1111

C1112

C1113

C10086
TC 2043

C10087
TC 4203

C10092
TC 6182

C10091

C10088

1809 AC

2848 AC

1032 AC

1012 AC

1021 AC

1021 AC

1040 AC

1001 AC

E POND

HIDDEN LAKE

GRAND VIEW

ROAD

A canopy is developing
its crux of wood.

We have been raised
within this shade

pale and effaced,
faded into

the cartilage
and sweat beneath,

once warm, erosive

eggs.
Bloodsuckers

across the translucent
heights,

leaving our skin
with red rings,

and the night
husk, hanging

from the bough-tips;
spit bowers

spotted with mold.

Though do you suppose
that if we were

to draw light
from the lumen,

succoring rot
in successive waves,

we would, at once
become adult?

29

The myopic will pink
the bonnet, milking out

the forms, filling out.

23

This was put down
wet, as we came up

41

beside the road:
don't answer

to delight the trees. Don't answer

with your own passage
through

its whetted route.

Billbugs

thread by age-

by-age,
through the darkling

skin: webs catch
our mouths,

and floss, lo protestant.
Dark furnishings

don't answer
the door. The phone:

sit still, the woodland
wall,

move closer
around us, until

we are no longer
outside.

Calm, late, the bugs
stretch their loom

in our throats,
and hang.

Don't answer the door,
unless there is a basket there:

leaf green shoal.

22

Chance lists itself
advantageous.

Successive waves
succor themselves

around an open wound,
off entrance.

So plain
the safety

we have been raised
with,

shade
through the sun.

37

I'll see you soon:
but where

to meet? The genera

is quick
and sure,

but this has taken
a longer while

///

30

At the boundary
of the mown field,

piled stones
along the forge,

the hands of its master,
gone longing for.

In a stand of famine:
something to take

apart, nearly
ominous.

41

Whetted route
from the withering crowns

to roll darkling
at us.

The woodland wall,
move closer.

The birds'
bad breath,

carcass.

37

Collect.

Spend,
over and take it

to the heart.
The ill-scented liver.

The inside
of the organ.

27

We wanted them

to turn into something
else – we wanted

to leave it all behind

but you put it all
back in,

the fur, stretched with
our collected skin.

32

The hide
is stretched,

hiding. Anon.
The dead.

Brown
filling out

the emptying forms:
penny, shining

suture,
palp, discs.

To the parceling
out. Poplars,

being eaten
at their bases:

the decurrent
metal

marks,
burrow wrinkles

to the barks.

Fruit sits there,

ill-composed,
on the limbs.

The hides are stretched
between them.

Mast year,
and watch

a small winter,
immediately ravenous.

39

The branch melody verses

the swatch side
of the ridge: the paths

collect
and promptly

spend themselves,

over asking
“would you like

to go and sit

beneath
the vandalized beams?”

The brites
turning toward

the age of ice,

of rocks traversing
the inside of progress.
Let us raise our hands
against the document
and quote,

28

“mountains rope
the wood of entrance”

salt lick
and / or lunate

to the entrance

(ibid.) unthread it

over burrowing
young

and threatens to root.
Unhang them: give them

something else
to fear: give them

a hand in strangling
themselves.

Grace their heads
and sing:

“be born, kid, be dead.”

4

Each dismembered life
with an ambitious plan.

27

The saturated voice,

decomposing
its cords.

Tightly bound
its absent gasp.

12

As the young
are, shades

along the grass:
til no

o more

seed, but selvage.

Like to like

have been
median.

Paddock, black snake.
Cut it out.

Hemlocks. Ten
tall and dark,

cut them out (sibling,
treeline,

fort, slope,
sanctuary.)

12

A parcel disallowed a function.
The produce of imposition.

Mesh fencing.

Shrubby habit.
A realist sense

11

for the shallowest
cuts:

pare layers away
to use (the

jerk osier)
immediately.

Sap
forms in burns

along the whole-length
in grain.

7

Fell from length,
with no purpose

but the thing
laid out. There was

a fire here,

the world held

blackening
to our breeze

through this geometry:
the cul-de-sac,

taken on
the domesticity of dogs,

exhorting cornsmut; they've
browsed
the life away

from these woods,
passing through.

They shimmy
to attention,

the new tilting
a little from the old.

Which were
those miles

and are,
were it all

encased
in a vivarium.

And reduced,
to be rebuilt.

Coarsened by need,
cut from the avoidance.

Their circling
marks; ticks

and shit: maundering,
dilating.

5

The starveling,
marguerite. As it forms,

it comes
to encompass

you. Hairless
and in perfect speech.

Wet from where the prints
had pressed themselves.

And resting
its head in the sprout.

All of it has been removed,
knot-root, long and angry.

4

Meter the cuts,
pare the growth away

in the shortest way
to an end.

The exact distance
of decline.

Vapor and brake.
The slope side.

Over-dimmed,
the dwindling

that forms
a greater stare.

6

A catalog is that
there is none.

Think of close.
Think of seems.

Turn the thing
its various ways.

Stiffen the limbs
thereof. Of all brushes,

clap. The nearing ones,
the crack

of sickener.

26

Gains one,
and is three.

Cuneatum, see us:
three-fingered:

one middle

head,

restusus

at the tips.

We must learn
to soak ourselves.

There are not enough
to be plenty of,

to be brazen about.

19

We barrel full of
shit; call it scat

if you want
to take it

apart.

4

We have left
what is weighing down.

To what extent
the south fixed,

nor foot,
horizonless.

x count
high,

exceptionally
high.

The paths insured
against knowing

where to
go, how to get

there,
the right

side circular
recording

apparatus, appear at us

breaks, beats
after, seal

the breaks, codify,
cool it down,

slid with us, occasional,
an indiscrete order

ritually bi-

coastal,
dusted from fronds,

filigree.

The guide retains
the fearful tether

severing things

never to outlive
their children.

Fluviatile,

velvety shallow,
sub-acid.

The shallowest and hollow
of sluggish waters,

they are turned
from knowing

the sight of
their own.

Club moss,
the ferns and their allies

the species seek
the influence of

those that child

the downy, pubescent.

Composite
or daisy

these long,
despoiling lines

cut for
our own

living
rooms,

29

for us: eclog
or non. Sub

did vie
for sleep,

par sell.

Threads rutting,
until the charred,

light itself,
full of noise,

sheeply suburb.
This curvature

created its own

populace,
in love with

the stately. Vintage
no vintner

minted. Even
the leverwood,

the report,
cold cliffs

dimmed to almond.
Husked, instilled ladies.

Leavening of fraternity,
your stomach

and your arms
in the grass,

the brush saint
buried beneath.

25

Splayed from the thorns,
yellowbush, blue

bird box, maple:
trees

bent
at the crotch,

interrupted.

New granaries
for the spring -

tail,

sucking from the royal,

sanctuary bend. You said
I said

we must remain in the cheek,
in the way

this town has remained
in exodus,

multiply receiving
its rich.

23

The lightness
left to score

the seeds
loose

and curl back the leaves,
to manage our mound

in the dirt. A head,
we left them

neglected

in the cage
at one end, while we

made listing

slow-sprints

through the

blazed
and bedded way.

They gnawed at the fence
and wore

their teeth down.

Between these two:
blame the brother

for what doesn't pass.

22

The bladed begins
later.

Dines
in the distance

on fuels,
hair and wood.

On all manner.
On its host.

23

This inordinately thin thing
of a forest.

18 / 34

Define the hilline

by the livestock

that have passed,
all now engaged

in the long, loping cornice.
Glacial droppings,

moment-

o of retreat,

the crease,
each would be

reversed -
a break in the boundary.

The very land shrivels
at the hands

of the adnate.
Lattice, if

our bodies sense it,
our bodies want it.

Then we will have to
give it to them -

or lining the clipped,
cleave the flat run,

to become
a real, continuous object,

tidings our lodgings
for longings.

Where the measurements are
least known.

Unthread it:
and threatens to root.

40

The collected works of
common cinammon,

cliffbrake,
spinulose, five-fingered.

The collected works
of compound, copulatory.

Suckers retain a promontory

scent, its coat of relations.
The rain camp,

the coronal kin:
archway of lily,

improper
rasping motion.

“mountains of wood
are the rope

that secures entrance.”
To emergence.

To relieve the color
from burden.

Between us, a potter's
field. Digging out the round,

misshapen oven.
We call

across this distance,
over black lines,

burial,
spots. Meet at the rocks,

the shadows'-fed.
Momentum, cloaks

at the hilt
of each broad spade.

Put the mountain
in, by way

of people, fruiting.

We dig by moving in.
O let us rood, O let us

fall. Into the tumbrel cart,
the carriage road

to join
the woods

as they moulder,
nutritive,

and us,

we celebrate. The spade

splits us at the veil,
the button.

35

Stage / spread and skull
cap / coprinus

fairy
rings

perplexus
sinapis

tawny
mammas / short

barks
overlap / tassel

ears / pausing
brown paling

rose / oh, do coil,
do beam

forest / fistulina
the strangle-birch,

the patch and white,
toward lighter / earlier

along
the lakeside,

in the morning,
you pallyboy.

Respite
at the pond,

while squandering the wiping
plants

and
their (knuckle) buds,

at least, as you saw it,
right, cresting

along the boundary.

Those elevations
mangle themselves

on the lawn
from strings and leaves.

23

The couples right convention
in a nickname.

42

Arms embracing a body.
One leg

pointed
at the sky, the other,

bent
along the ground,

stoppered

by a patch of leaves.

Hands holding up a body.
Fingers inside,

frozen over.
We toss a rib

between us –

it curls on the ice
and goes.

The arms,
the body, the legs

held up
and parted

were those
of those

girls we knew,
all of them

fully dressed only hours

before on the field.
The legs held up

and parted.

The taper velvet

in the understory,
rosettes.

Impatient of unswaying
elder selves.

Madder, silvered
in the water. Dig out

the candlewick. Dig out
the oracle bones

from the mattering waste.

Lose downward
and stop

to lean to start
atop the cliffs

cut back year by year

to make a red-of-way
for the migratory

streaks
and minute moss.

The soil hardens
a foot to hold them. Something

chews a bit

in us
and lays eggs.

One to the lakes,
the other two

northeastern,
gait and rail.

She joins the crowds
underground.

21 / 15

The sister tunnels
beneath the path

ways in snow,
grown brittle

hide, from the frost,
sticks her fingers

in bidding
through the flower

bare, the voices
that drip,

hang. She has grown
black, morphallax,

not a marker
of mass,

but of its animal lacks.

Away from what she was
supposed

to tend.
Which is

what died. She joins
the crowds underground,

short of limbs. Self-heal,
heal-all.

Sent back in sheets
of plastic, circle

early 1990's.

24

Forgetting: what

we thought antecedent:
our bindings,

and our gazes,
dense.

Raised to foil
by raising.

Pity the pale winter,
its overspeeding

altarfeet, graying against
the bitters

of the browsing
fingers

dipped

into the slothful
pond. And reluctant,
for what
contract.

For whom the first,
and contract the last.

16

It just does not exist,
you say. A long
and awful descent,
to be sure.

We may or may not be taken
by the burly roots

that feed such loose,
corrosive dangling.

We'll warm ourselves
on the embers, biting

the, how you say,
big one.

THE PINES, VOLUME TWO

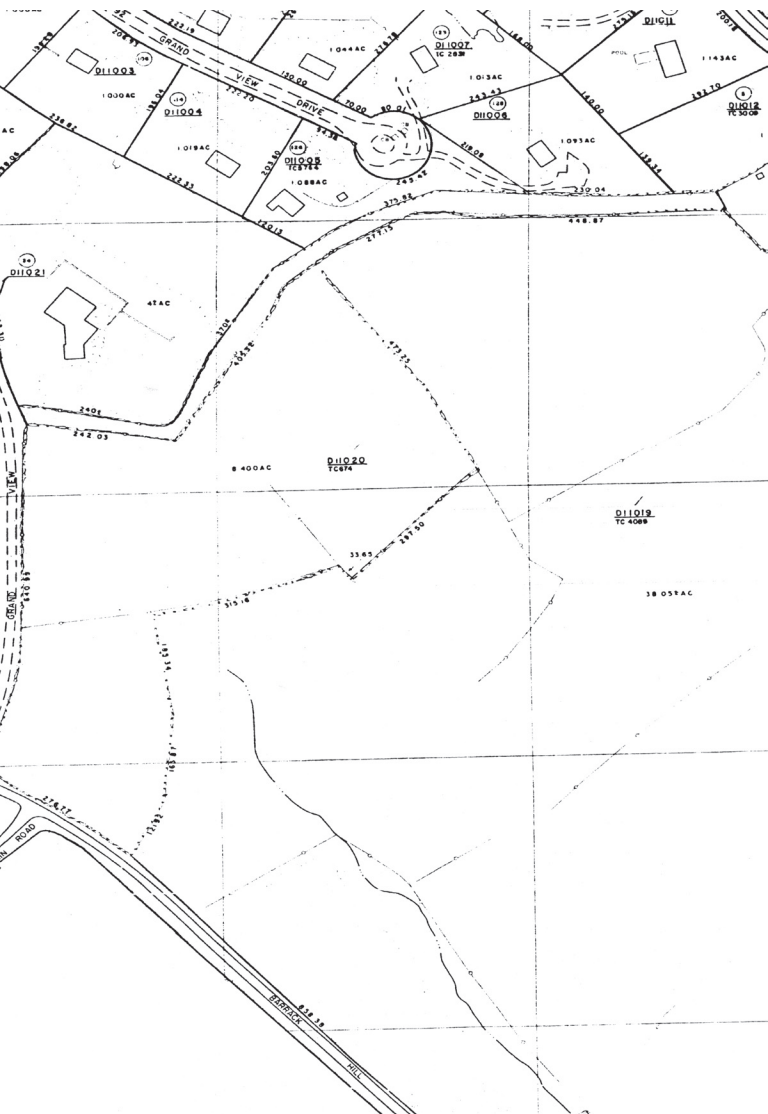
Brandon Shimoda and Phil Cordelli

www.thepines.blogspot.com
thepines@ureach.com

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