

# BY MASSIVE EMPATHY

Lower

Voices. Finger-

Tone. Smudge-

Head calling.

.

Scissors is tours. Straw,  
your net.

Make the hurrying.

We'll meet.

•

One wets its tongue to a thing unknown

Long and wild reeds

lick fleshly ribs

with orange heads

a bleeding in the boughs

spines parting at the groin

A stranger's hand on varnished wood  
in the middle of turning the laminate—

At least ten songs  
rung with sharpened spurs,

and the long rope—

the fattest emerging  
from the overwintered ground.

Does she turn?

Begins to eat

you, fast. Immense.

Parent around lip-

glass, primal fettering,

legatine grass

•

Judas has eyes

derailed  
with time.

*Do you require, friends, a being  
made like that? Ill-  
possessing the slated cliff?*

It is not tried. The edges  
broken  
with your hands.

*Are you black  
with the probability of ending?*

**It has been a long time with me, my bunny-eared entente.**

Drilling begins  
precisely

the rules of engagement,  
no matter  
what violent

selves  
on the fatum, fairies  
of history, be-  
laboring a 'zure 'try.

*Do you stand opposite  
my eye, dissimulating  
sectors in the cirque?*

I do not fear myself  
innocent. I love  
all the wrecks.

*Which of these days directly exceeds fodder?*

The drilling goes down  
within, and still  
goes the world, when it turns,  
turns itself,  
and reaches!

*Nothing, only poses*

*Come.*

•

Before long, time  
makes a mortar  
earth, throwing up  
the black hood, hand cracking  
the ring.

Pulls asking in the form of bills,  
expenditures keeping us trans. Willed to invasion, I

lie at the center,

curtailed to a mouth,

before long

to the light.

For the veins remain red

through the blood

we have known.

•

Only the top of her scalp is visible from here,  
rocks fitting the burnt-scale brush,  
a vein curled into the bowl of my hand

when testing the charge

the creator  
blushing out the desertless,  
a crescent of neck, buried stag.

Think of everything to make it  
stand on end, for the tiny  
mark to shed down her shoulder, unattainable  
girl, quilt  
umbilicus beckoning a pulled-skin chain

Up and down the stairs  
she breathes beneath the globes

*And to feel it dry, are you?*

And does she turn. Bones choked with blood.

•

The long polar night is not wholly dark

Sit your throat down, braying boy,

or

lay

them

laurel

they come darkened by.

Why ring?

With blades you cannot say

My kings have only been alone.



the crown with ten silver balls  
the crown with leaves

misproportioned  
with twelve silver balls      piercing

the dynamo                      spinning.

I refuse    I can refuse    I refuse

the crown with ten silver balls  
rubbing the silver beams



**You probably would like to die**

*Is it too much talk about killing in public?*



The sounds  
they say so  
soothingly

faces contorting

an invitation.

A HAND.

Crowd is insulator.

No one

with short brown hair.

GET YOUR FINGERS OUT

A hard-paned pea  
cock brushes your cheek  
plucked awake  
pushed further in  
to the porcelain crotch  
of an eighty year old.

Let's hear it, nudged the fossil child  
at the drive-up window

walking by



for the wizards of Pac-Man

I put the chicken on my head

and took off all my hazard skin

The chicken spread across my scalp  
too near the Jesus heart  
that streamed too much like Jesus milt

Fried, and in a waffle cone  
its wings hang to my pooling waist  
too much near my pooling vice:

my tongue  
against the metal post  
hot, and with the same aplomb  
to enter the eater



Before the bell has been installed  
they're still laying the stone,

and the woman  
leaden in I(w)ern  
has yet to come  
through the knee-high still  
at the window  
gazing out.

Pestilence is making a comeback  
Masses wash against our liking.

Danger fins the point  
the grab valley, minted

Girl sweating the heathen HILT

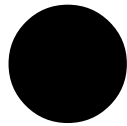


Can you still feel the still feelings?

Can you wash a bit more rapidly  
with a champing match of a little less ice?

Reft heart of player war, reft heart of Job

The bell made its play  
I turned the black off  
and fell,



the crown with ten silver balls

a grow head scumming  
the pooling rays  
warm and rotting crimson

*Is this an apple, Missus?*

The crown pink with bud

*What are these tubes, and why so brown?*

Color from an overrunning set

*If this is yours, then where do these go?*

Ghost spinning from the beams

with a missiling play plug

*Are these wheels spinning, Missus?*

*Is it an edible heart?*

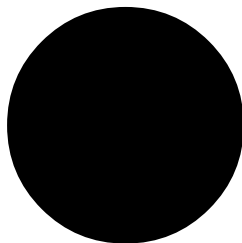
*And the tubes, what are they growing therefore?*

To siphon the warren of excess meat

And Adam, what does he mention himself  
in the midst of this troubling service?

He is heavy with more  
than the average man  
bends forward  
to shine in the yard.  
Winter, gone to flakes

fleeing

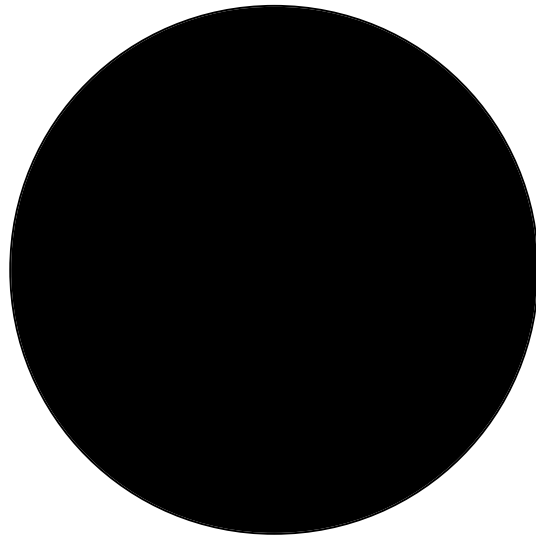


Plot your thickness  
away from time  
and change, ago.

Napalm  
gifted

to hug you.

**Nobody better  
lay a finger on my foxy.**



Take this occasion  
to take a handle of  
my cheek

drawn amends,  
pasted by ringing

Pull away just skin  
marbling slab  
overheating to tarry the bastard awake

your throat is ill-used

they're tearing it down  
to seek room or nation

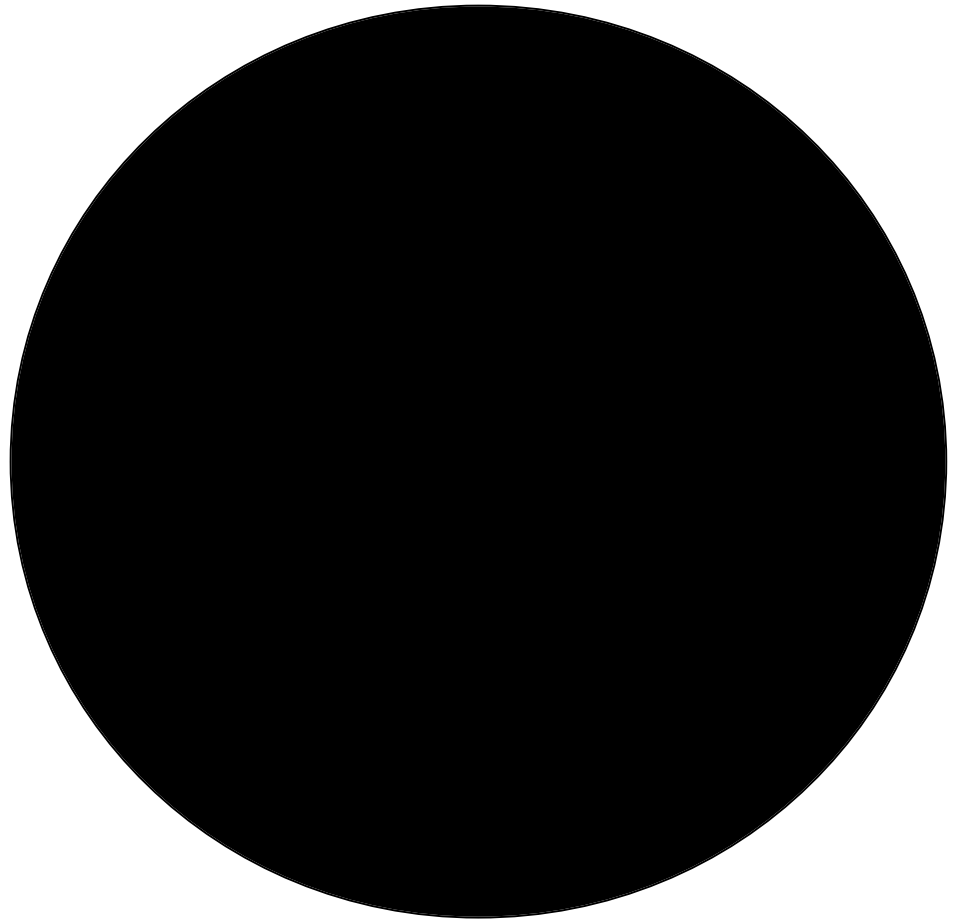
bending as bevel  
soft fall, water's sleep

gross weave,  
likewise bitter

We will not need a costume, but signatures  
stitched  
with a year's length of rope

illuminated by the cloister light.

Flowers cut in a plastic bowl.



A soft shirt flutters to the moth-gathering light.

We hide ourselves inside the shadows of—

the earth,  
black hoods  
pale

as we perform  
for each other

cracking coxcomb

Dead, curtailed to a mouth

devouring

itself. The single tide

across the mid-section

rescinding all crops. Mountains of manure,

hunching from the sky

manufacturing one's legacy

away—

We've just received some wonderful news—

In the larder a gelding was found—

They say it has my umber eyes—

Or did they say my brained forehead—

Or spread for us over the coals—

Did I say boy?

I meant, snake.

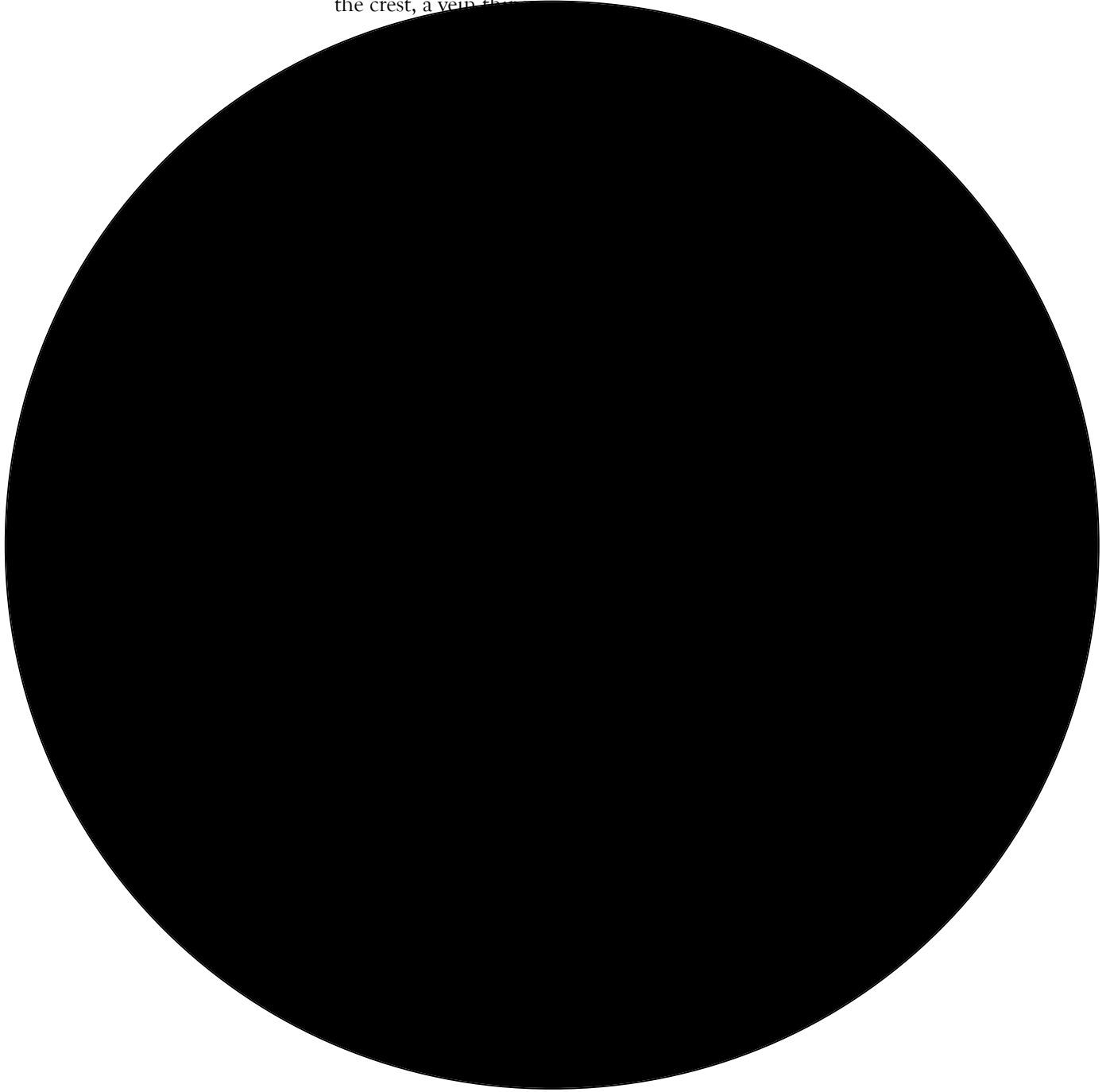
Through the gate er rus

telled, and rare UP

was let open. was in

tiredly

the crest, a vein thi



As brothers approaching a single, elongated neck  
in a wood of otherwise salt  
and streaming habit we fall  
to our creator.

Burn forth. Our sister on a drunken horse

will make some downtrod  
fatten, overwrought. Our sister,  
in a steady gallop, clipped  
by the barbs on the rabbit compound.

Eleven fuckers stand in an arch before brick  
Eleven fuckers dying on the buffalo silk

Grab the tail by the fibber  
tame the grabber  
and pull the top off. Our sister lashed to a leaning fence  
sucker-punched in the back.  
Pull her eyes out, hair still wet,  
the headmaster propped on the nursery pole.

Posterity carries its toothsome nettle,  
awed by the fiddle of feet on a board.

Liars, entering singularly

*All hail the horse with its broken teeth*

People out in the street,  
with their arms in the air  
are grinning exactly like that, yes?

How many soiled crowns can you spot from this eastern vantage?

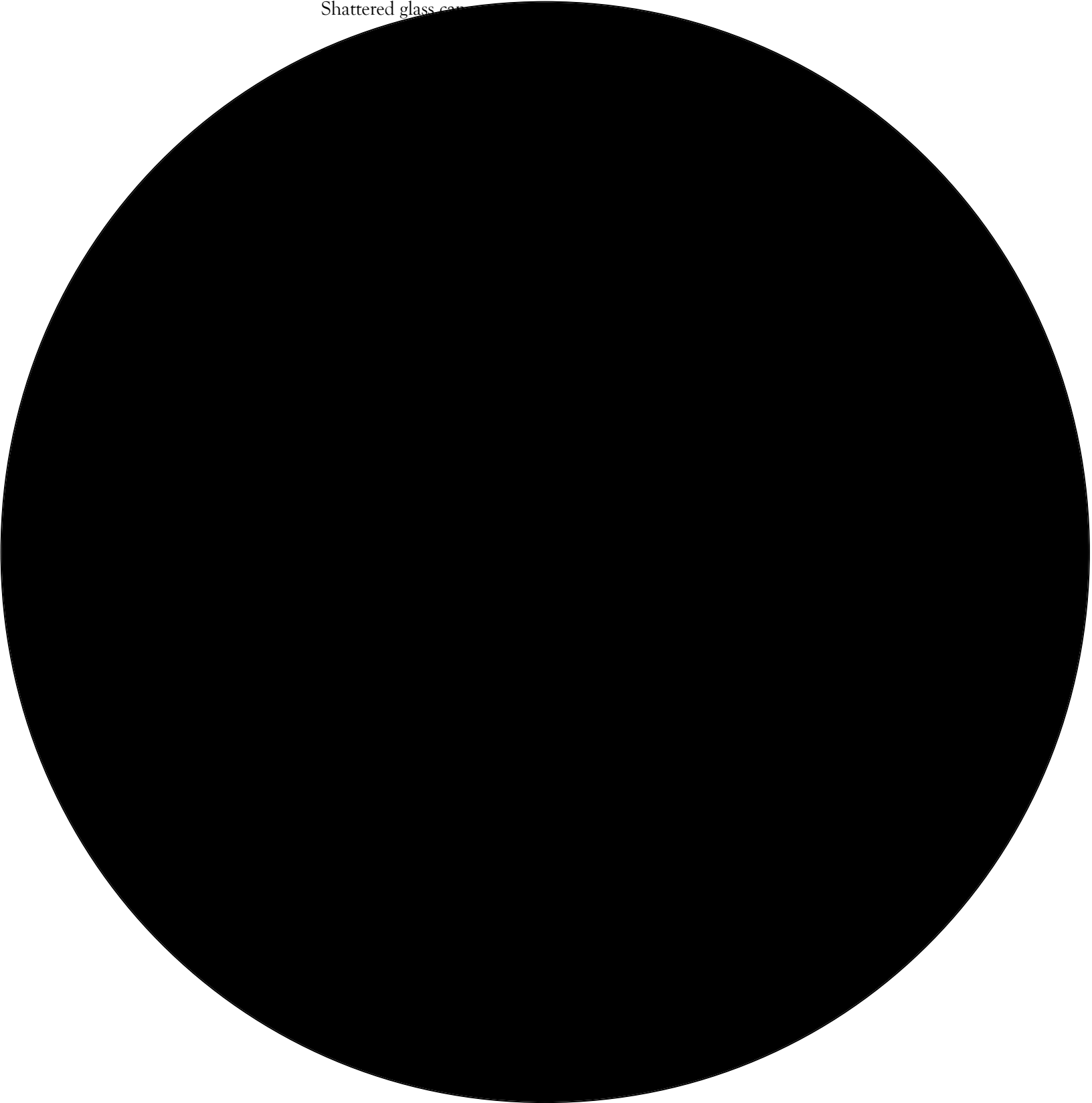


Damage passersby.

Long-stem out a wire basket.

At what time did the indigent rise from the cradle?

Shattered glass can



isle in the vast plot

The spread of milk across the wood beneath the springs?

Gathering on the roof.

And what did it see?

Smoke eclipsing the tall reflections.

Strangers gathered on the roof.

They don't feel a thing—

She touches herself while staring directly at you.

I always meant to ask her back in the off hours.

We had our head strength in common.

How many people came crashing?

lips drawn over the white head

rising above the knobby

...and when the lips recombine, and each tip pinks  
a sequence of stones

isles sunk in peat ponds well  
for the body to flop  
veins charging with foreign feed

...and, reflected in the tight, gray wat

...and, the self emerges  
from the distant house, hungry  
for all the things it sees

