

up **fall (heave)**
or **flop side (visions)**

that day was defective do you, remember?
it was weight, wedged between chemical layers
it was an electrified motor that fell, half-way out of a glacial period
it was a winged ant with a peach blossom in its mouth
 it flew up to a folded tower full of switches and pressure sensors
it was larvae that emerged from a desolate wavelength
it was an unfolded yellow field
it was an incomplete condition where cloned plants laugh at the soil
it was a solitary sprout that grew out of a thick asphalt block
it was altitude broken it was an open trench

where air exceeds time

Here. that day. do you see, me? i watch see?
broken cubes on the bathroom floor under that shallow red. light,
reveals. a woman inoculated. speaks, on. command voice, off. remote, go
liquid, leaks clustered goals: exhaustive search strategies, corrosive investigations,
sensitized matrixes, algorithmic coercions, acute tension recordings

i stay silent where being is narrow and dry

accounting is a concern structure, of atoms that transform the living. into number stamps and graphic traces. i feel uncomfortable saying it was. a compromise, even. at the beginning this rigid and sour, flesh creates high-volume corners and the unidentified

do you see them? here?
 Here, where uneven. intersections determine texture under, on. the way, side down. up,
 measures confidence and uncertainty. sentiments, burn early and fast. pace, subtle with
 wide rivers of monotony. sways before the flood. takes, away tireless
 ground. i stand flat up, confront above and below
 loosened and limp

let me be clear. exactly
seismic, are vibrations of the celestial interior

unaccounted for. i only half-life. stark duplicates return, with recesses
folds. where figures anticipate and waves map. after the infinite troubles

here. do you remember?
Here, created by rocks and tangled vegetation, side-effects of casual questions. one-for-one.
the creased surface of stone admired me back, that day. it was raining and the plants were
engorged with green. i was soaking wet and half-cold from the clouds that descended under
my skin. two-for-two. attention, slips toward the back corner of my doubt. not to contradict,
but snatch away in an encounter, comparatively warm and dry. under a soft buffer,
magnified across a full sky, under. three-for-three. density. hides my half-way attachment
a body with holes. down. i have trouble
with omissions

up. ventilate, chisel
out. diaphragms, carbon answers. at the top,
down. where symptoms are

partial-numbers,
a long stretch of mineral sequences and parallel contours
away from formations

do you feel them? the half-remains
a slow line of headlights, procession points to distant. turn, off. one-by-one. on, brake lights
still. stop, hundreds line city streets of blinking people, on. one-by-one. each collision casts
velocity is. free form, down. momentum is durable, and even land is amassed, worn
smooth horizontal, surfaces of betrayal and kindness. impact should always be on
soft parts

unaccountable. i come and go beyond range. bound, sit in first
impressions hard, with equipment for a remote range first to last

Did you find them?
the tweezers. those little machines that invert relations into zero, extract sense
from the symbolic. i look for proof and dig. in, dig. out, loose. two-by-two. sharp molecules
on an ocean of precision. i remove a speck from an eye and fish bones from a floodplane.
two-by-two. hairs stray to escape public policy. after the spread, impact. flesh amongst trees.
machines nail, remains securely to the ground. solidify location. create tension, after
frequency travel, down

between two standard poles a loss clumped clamped on locked

uncountable. i crash, on. a bottom line, with mediations and ultimate explanations.
three-by-three. pivotal moments are hollow out, in. side, a threshold of tired
reread passages. codes merge with mild, partials. gentle touch soothes. three-by-three.
temporarily, an array. pressure sensors predict. three-by-three. emotions. through taut
skin. out order, and silence like screams.

seduction comes in a range of styles and colors

ground lights flash, red waits to move, on. through, individual cells emit consent in small
amounts. hard, slides by on concrete, reflects back. up
next to thick, lit. down, in the middle
there is a drain. three lines. a cold patch. a gray spot.

a body is covered over with wires and machines

did you hear?

promises of deep water and deferrals. not the structure of the vibrating
earth under, calloused hands. those remain returned and half-identified, long
hours live at entrances and exits. revision is spoiled for an unplugged arm

arousal lost

between categories and investments
missed moments, siphon

progress towards solution, for impact. direct is
deception, from the: could have, never, always were, half-retained and lost in
remarks. based on turning points and split memories

here.

Here, a hole in the ceiling. leaks, infects floor with sky. filtered
recording. devices obsess. with references to imminence. around ancestors sound, in
beds sleeping. half-attached to news. and podcasts. and books. insights into delicate
inflections, an empty envelope utters, illicit outside of return

i don't open the door as you approach

i know i am still only a half-arrival

returned, capable. of the intolerable, bent. back, casualties beyond, membranes elastic
where bodies are not conditions, approved for release. composed can't be, counted. in
zones, the chemical nature of contrary impulses, suspend and dominate
possibility embeds, into

edges of soft fabric
simple steps, ways and walks

guidance system solutions, scrub. oculus maintains, off. a brand new bench. waits
on. a false surface, welcomes my tender feet with plastic grass
a half-shadow from, sun. still is detected by invented numbers, surrounded. by red
imprint patterns that catalogue. light into craters. cavernous eyes predict
half-way

it goes on this way, years after
half-retained, into the middle sections of the echo fields