

Steve McCaffery / THE DATE JUST SEEMS

There are stars above a piece of soap
someone just happens to have dropped
into a movie.

Day breaks
traditional function of an egg on shoulders
listening for signs to brim
as quiver taking hearts by storm
in celebration of the question stringing out.

Which end gets switched
in an igloo of rats.

The broad river stretches
to avoid this theme.

There is a moon which Kathy tries to reach
but can't

because the edge of her page isn't Yale.

UNTITLED

i am in my self
what is called good

i am really touched by what
you are trying to say

i am bound to the cycle
of the pills i take

a minimal biology
is what i've got

the man i married is
a poster of letters

my husband as you see
is still a postman

shall i post your letter
shall i be the husband of you

i shall shut up
it is too romantic

to proofread the epitaphs
on others' gravestones

graveyards
are for mystics

you are so beautiful
in your yellow garment

are you so beautiful
in your yellow garment

but i drive a car
and a hard bargain

my husband is a driver
and your yellow garment

is our garage.

would you like to wear
my yellow garment?

HYSTERY

Somewhere between escapism
and utopia you meet
a wound

in seconds it becomes

a spangle of abridged cuneiform
the finger snap
of compounds

recomposed delay.

All this sounds seconds.

Time to narrative.

The gap at the back is the space
where the rest

splits dripping.

It's quite happy having been however
and then again

how can we be weather when
our only politics are rainbelts
or delays of game.

The same as the sonnet

a merely reader's guide
to ultimates

still peeling.

Dear Page this

turns a reader meaning
a dual is not a social
contract. Make of your hands
a place not a tool. And understand
by here
an employee. The route of writing
not the root of language.

We understand that a mind may not be used
to underwrite its cognitive expenses
nor is it subject to the philosopher's
commission.

Narrative begins at eight o'clock
in a reciprocity eliminating differences.
Characters too, a commutative grouping
on the second stage of "era."
In other tests a fashionable Aristotle
fixes time lags to études with sample suckings of
an otherwise Copernican body.

Serialization or vicariance. (The a priori nerve
is obvious.) Watts in a name exists discovered
as a lightbulb stating instances from the spinach series
warm up.

On the other hand, Euclidean speech
in the way of good hope via deviance.
I am a word next a new word newer word
take my place mine too and mine
again and again.