

from FPO

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*decades centuries later letters
separated into words allow
transmission of interests into vaster
pleats of universal clerisy*

Banks are living things with lungs codicils entrapped
scandal photos of course they get to vote early in the vast migration a
mighty blowable horn sprang from the guts of
amortization we were off to the stars or a new
new Heloise named Jamie an
angry scrap-metal dog
guard has arrived at your attention I'd
turn and leave briskly for the cloudbank out
the side door it's a dang cold morning in
Hell Marshall or Marshal if you wouldn't mind edging over a little
closer to the noose this won't take long I'll
personally send your widow a chunk of your mustache in
fact I'll deliver it myself you're
not on the short list the long list the longer list or even the longest
list so oil up and get ready to dive a durn cold morn in
Hades Sadie I don't recognize any of these technicians I'd
draw you a picture of the town square we sleep in but they'd
shoot me as a spy if they saw me do it doesn't
know its way around a semicolon just spurts banner heads likely to
increase opens and click-throughs salutatorians
need not apply this is a buyer's market we don't hire runners-up maybe try
Costco whatever that is

*no roof-caught fish could taste as sweet as this
slender eel of the subbasement*

Moving pictures typically attract certain moth
species and repel others find solace amid crumbling
statues come to life and order coffee it's a simple
test of short-term memory if you flunk you're
thrown out with rest of the trash relax and enjoy
the process starting now I wear a disturbing hat
on hot sunny days the duck I'm guessing will be adopted by
soldiers store the plastic chips in a vast bowl for God's great
glory it's brittle cold at project's end the tools gathered and
twined for transit downriver to next hamlet
needs a secular exorcist it is a living in pimento
fields the olive-stuffing works attached go back
before monotheism be on time look alert answer
when poked
manifest form's a
scratcher and biter use
trank dart before transport avant-
garde Einstein skeleton used to scare
birds away from crops in advertising

*its underside addenda almost
illegible in agate type*

Dread packet fermenting on ledge
of dimensional information booth unstaffed at this
 early or late hour a distant sweeper disappears
 behind heaped bundles a great kiddie this
quiddity says what do you get when you extract a rabbit from the
 scene of its ardor no peeking the idea of
 testing is to systematically
 exclude lurkers looky-loos wee lambs half-sentient air
conditioning subunits and anyone else not native to
 Athens and its surrounding agricultural heritage belt having
hailed this hamper
 from SRO rooms to sublet apartments to improvised
 lean-tos for decades now no I'm not going to let you
 use it in your welded assemblage unless you give me a
hundred dollars right now just for thinking about it

*if your name has three W's you are a witch my friend congratulations
on the wonderful little dog's signing bonus*

You've got your doughnuts you're walking into the desert
along a pretty good road you have some sort of open safety pin
sticking into the small of your back your hands are invisibly
fastened to your abductor muscles there's an orange car almost on the
horizon Dinah Shore is in it
pop-eyed in cartoon heaven the drunkard leads his flock to the embassy
doors a high and almost inaudible
whistle understood to host trillions
down the hill near the water a girl and pet gull draw equations in the sand
of this idyll the bills seem to have piled up in our absence but who is this
we you speak of hesitates before the shining puddle

*they'll lend you their paid-for camera and upload
the architectural image to their cheesy site then charge you
triple whether the crime is solved or not the infant convinces the
child tricks the adolescent into helping it seize power*

*the load unloaded the scamp
spaniels scattered to chase grouse the matter
unattended the fire low an occupant
standing by the door*

There's some question how the chicken
got in the bag in the first place the slanted
floor of the grandparental shack seemed too wispy
to support an egg let alone a full-grown bag bird and
vexed celebrant possibly myself trying to set it
loose before we're both accused of some sort of
impropriety nude tumblers precede the lecture our storefront
fellowship refines its position as the flower
of revelation unfolds as the petals of revelation fall
and are gathered in urns the earlobe-
tugging frenzy can't adequately be captured on video each
late spring new
phenoms appear to run throw
field hit and hit with power the
detached testicle that has come down to us as cultural rally
cap backward itself meaningless but offering up statistical
clarity a sense of residency false but compelling

*understandably don't like me
hanging around their daughter with my pants off but she is not their
daughter and these are not my pants*