

Keep Breathing

David Bradford

Caught a gash of them
the flow strewn the body
of water licked over
the strong hand pulsed onward
away from a hold of them

That real people have died
this way in the current
Thrown there offloaded
cud

to the immanent passage
More, Thomas Prime, John
the old ocean old tongues

held nowhere inside me
I can reach
without a knife

Grasping at Straws

Walk and Talk

Little miracle but

that much more concise is
my ass atop lowtop sneakers

This all I've got
is my human look to be
known by too little too much
 thought to handhold a gaze

my commuter legs up
 to my voice box in meaning
 to be looked at
while my mouth is open

What can be done of watching
 for being watched is
 I worry about all of it

and lose things

This autotelic hind of me
gone easy those few years
 I walked a camera instead
 before I found it again
 a poem

 I don't deserved

Softshoeing across marble

 cooling perfect sale fruit
 cobbler

Where did I take that?

All day off on missing parts
not getting shortlisted

hungry for ice cream

These fucking kids

doing my back exercises

are killing No one

What was the Nowhere?

Can I Shut up

I just Up

The Last Breath

after Sonia Sanchez

Given not so much
an artefact A debris
kind of field

Given the moaning
come out ain't ever
the problem

Given you get as far
as the ceiling You sit
long and hard enough

it move your big teeth
out your work arm
off your throat

out the give you cut
thru your good people
Your buck mouth

it shush yourself
Give light a mirror
out your bloat chest

kissed so clean up out
the room wings so shed
of your bullshit

it give in the sweetest
you ever been on a bearing
Claps in Fuck Your Mess

Up a hot mass
out your head

It keep you breathing

and you keep breathing
the end