

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