

ROB MCLENNAN / from **12 untitled and unknown
coordinates, epyllions, epithelials**

Sentences fell apart but they had always been a part.

—Brenda Hillman, *Practical Water*

The possibilities of love poems
in a time of prosody,

or perhaps only foolishness,

the paint takes time to dry

the briefest Saskatchewan,
a fickle & furtive,

brown snow slush as pure

to paint over a smell doesn't mask
or remove

but permanently bond

slip a quarter heart quarter a payphone

the fear of receiving love
, unsure what to do with it

a noun is not alphabet you
break like a word

are you not pure

not a morning enough to contain,

The mad glare of spectacle,

dance under the eaves, the old woman
banned from the Second Cup,

who isn't that old

sideways, cellphone slip

prone to know, three police cruisers
no epic contains,

a description enough to forget,

Carling Avenue, Preston, polling citizens
to step storeys up, bodes,

the past is sometimes
more than foreign, a new

-ly discovered genus,

architectural purge,

strip the pulpy heart like an apple,
toss the unbroken peel

wait for it to land

in the shape of initial,
the last woman who broke you

Soft heart of ash, fragment

the floor model of absolute sincerity
test worn,

abandoned,

fibres knew in the seat cushion,
rested, in pairs

we forget how to fly,

I anoint myself place-marker,
ashamed,

the wind tore through the brush
& the tear,

& untended brush,

what is this fear dressed in satin,

understood to be frightening
poems of tens, thens

the moon full above parking lots,
all else is cloud

Rommell drives deep,
we are dying, Egypt, echoes, the troops

push a surge,

assist me, good friends

ice approached the canal, sleeps
in past freedoms,

& present smooth surfaces,

is this carrying description,
a parcel

hands outline a shadow

a government that forms
on strategies, polls

not ideas, or ideals

the backdrop of new buildings,
an artificial lake

playback loons through the mist,

faded, you promised me
windmills to tilt,

Would you limit the silence,
profane undertones

the usual
obligations,

made tablets, construction & mystery,

a pine forms visible trace
in the heavens

a spectacle of bare cheekbones,
of weightless array

tied my fortune to ice-caps

beyond autumn's spectacle
, breaking bonds

molecular bridge,
the dry riverbed lyric

in the crosshairs of colour, some gender

decades of warm wind, of growth,
a test of the senses

a wavelength brought calm,

a special
abstract of lines, cleared & cut