

ROY MIKI / Please



Breathing space has
its idiosyncracies

Belts out its song
in a dogged fashion

Explanation comes
to nothing to listen

Dumbfounded as the
the op i ate gives in

Breathing doing
its own thing



The thing about things
they are never about

Surprise them or
downsize them

Praise them for
liberating desire

All told it's estrangement
that prompts difference

Ready to rouse the most
tone deaf of citizens



If the body is a thing
and if the thing is a body

If the thinging of bodies
and if the bodying of things

Now i'm getting confused
Now i'm getting conned and fused

All bent out of shape
is a true thing in deed



Nothing relieves
the passage of time
more than the things
on the margin



Aim high
aim low

Don't go
whole hog

It's unseemly
to hang out

As if privilege
were in such

Socially inept
postures of plenty

The oinkment
is applied

Coolly without
undue hesitation

How else to re-
cognize goods

But in hunches
and catch alls