

Capitol

Magic circle of horses + magic funicular.
heaps of stuff being sold.

freedom to trace this petty action.
where do we go now?

floated up there along you abandoning you
who was able
for better floating, our living

+ one mother's voice, magic little river.
heaps of stuff being sold.

the ones who seemed like dicks like Michelangelo
or just "consummate artists"—
vegetables out
on the ground.

dogs chilling in their roundabouts.

so it was coming from the corn
the sun prairies to the maze / to the faces
without haloes .

the wing yellow into white + yellow mint.
motif of garden or pocket

while the fog rolls in no
magic from the bunker
or what's coming but magic
said she

to be alive
at all. the earth

plunged in
into rooms.

while they worked in shops,
made something we would call clog or carved messages
to outer space

upon boxes of varying dimensions.
involved their bodies and bodies
of children in apparatuses

for days or weeks or years.
+ from obscure movements sent out trinkets,

clothing, God.
when he died everyone paused
to take a little stock,
his brief remarks were read aloud.

energetically the dark converses

like magic the
casino. carousel + empty
pyramid.

metal barricades, old country baroque
music + lithium.
long walk for food.

“the future is hidden.” (Kropotkin)

as one retires to her quarters
the narrative gathers power + people remain.
meander
through blood. deciding between

the social goods. "meaning and confusion
are both beautiful." (Goodman)

+ late at night or the mean cashier
old markets where a general idea of many
became sick
unto the reality of one.
the turquoise tarp

housing some pigeons.

that property of the baron's,
still there on the moon.