

BIOS

BIOS 1

wiped
white
in sleet
field
in ashes
field
in terup
tears
up
in folds
catch
glimp
seize
off the highway
soda cans splay
ed in eddies in
fleshy edifices
red Coke labels
washing through
my sight and st

for [Author's Name] Jr.

the archway in trees
from fruit rotting out

path through
sloshes

Lethe letting, let blood run

here, for you friend,
some lunch

range a site st
ates of matters

ate matter like
a peanut or two
and lean around
talking friends
gone this there
or stuck around

squirrel to the
door to ask for
more so dropped
my handful then
off to the room
with a skylight
where stars and
birds droppings
blur in a white

light

er

os tense

ables

some drink
but still thirsty

silt salted it

crust earth ground
broken and brimming
with lavender

half-happy there,
pruning

tensi
le ached
in
my brain
my inion
under
stand
no thing
of
my title
Mi chael
tells
me
to
be
an other
erred
going
on
ch annel
to
tu nnels

prunes down
to blood

prunes up
to touch

joints dried into branches
break off onto a parked car

and parked car peels out over them

tu cking

in

br

im merge

when and where
wearing on

smelt

wearing off

sm older

of snows

and in calling out

ou tline

a doubt appears,
apparition-like

of

my smile

a voice turning in

curve

of

it wasn't a good it

my

iteration, the inert quietness,
the quaint matters on the wall,
matted

ma rrows

ratio

of organ

to organ

izati

on wards

to wards

my

id entit

tying

mixes

in a black pond

a kiddie pool a

pool of run-off

a pool the fish

bubble in until

becoming syrupy

embalming fluid

a pool looks in

and looked into

melts narcissus

mirror so faces

shift and place

shimmers out of

sense and drink

until filled me

with so much me

the body starts

to spring leaks

it wasn't a bad it

cold maybe

icicle bones
form up

and bone forms
to other bones
all wrong

goldfish swimming through it
already dead

in this writing
addressed to my
self, I want me
to know nothing

Bent, all the furniture points back
to how I sat
and shifted

Bios 4

breat
hinge
blown
in
to hinge
caked
filth

the same line I
jot in the dust
of the old desk
is there when I
get back, caked
in a thin layer
of new dust and
wrapping in the
detritus of the
cellar spider's
homes home lets

be
lived
in times

Orifice swallowing
the outside in

Never once visiting a mountain here,
surface as latent as magma

deadness all around the house,
except when settling
and settling
and settling louder

of peace

of minds

em broil

ed aphic

inter

textu

al chamy

close in on out

of touch out of

sense out of my

orifice closing

me off or close

me in too close

senses the yard

sprinkler, wild

readymade daisy

whipping toward

any shin, could

come any moment

lent rotting
body

libation eating
boy

soil rotting
body

soil giving
life

sense
re eling
re
al ledge
re ached
in sides

was a series of
churches to run
to and on, camp
to sneak inside
and put through
some rain-moist
astroturf, only
to be run off a
gain laughed as
same again next
week next weeks

sl owing
weeks
sl oughs

could lay on our street any Sunday and not be hit for minutes

lines of tires,
body's line of organs

things outside being swallowed in
things inside erupting from pores

weeks

ac

he

ac crued

ac

he

of peace

of minds

mi nding

busyn

esses

un eases

in

me

un ripes

me

ri ffles

th rough

me

rattle of flies

sing a rhapsody

furniture

ferried into rips

an image conjured in the flutter
of many moments

but can't stop the motion to make it out

so airwave pain
ted with panted
trembles, swept
along a long an
oblong chord an
other touched a
smothered voice
rattling snakes
sputtering hole
and then stops
entirely, left
me with what's
left me, leave

 blips
of
sk yline
er rings
of light
ed dying
in trees

driven the same line over and over
so the fault shives

sinking feeling

sinking feeling,
gravity's less settled here

	swarm	sand blowing into glass arcs that fuse into circles and dot the air above the beach
	widen	
	corne	
as		the air above the beach enters at the tongue and tastes of sea salt
is		
in	loves	wave sounds
	grief	
	heats	light waves almost visible in the wake of another, closer light

BIOS 5

ances
torns
insis
tense
ye steer
years
my years
lones
om thing
an
om nibus
heart
an
en masse
re pliab
le aning
on
we bbing
roads
we bbing
of stars
of being
stuck
in place
ru nning

kingfisher,

reach to you

reach through the powder of your corpse

and feel nothing

in place

in inter

vales

timber's timbre

in fever, sweat

wind torrenting

into pools full

of salt of fish

of fishers gone

into whirlpools

and come out to

see their scabs

turned to scale

and throats cut

open with gills

torrent goes on

washes ashore a

fisher can't be

a father except

by changing two

letters' places

ember

be neath

ether

the trip we rode on the escalator
again and again

hair

warm

happy likeness

lichen reaching from fallen branch to flood

ne ither

is

is thmus

is heave

ns

I find myself
feel something
above, above the air,
in nothing