

BELOW THE REMARKABLE HORIZON

The highways sleep
In the shadow of her hands

She marches to death
Tomorrow
Like a wildfire.

HANDSOME EDIFICE AND PRESENTIMENTS

I hear marching in my legs
The dead sea waves overhead

Child the savage stroll along the pier
Man the counterfeit illusion

Pure eyes in the woods
Seek in crying a head fit to live in.

DOUBLE

Animal
With the aid of stone
Deface my long furs

Man
I dare not make use
Of stones that resemble you

Animal
Scratch with your nails
My flesh is a rough bark

Man
I'm afraid of fire
Wherever you happen to be

Animal
You talk
Like a man

Disabuse yourself
I will not follow through with your deprivation.