

The day was a ringworm, my arm was a knot

1

The summer tilt, this heaving light,
that sharpening of daze.

I am languished in my lessening:

a lengthening of flies
that asks the trash for its advice:

2

There's a permanence in slowing / there's a heapage of remorse

There's a groan, the day's / soft palm of sweat mistaken for my own

There's a head in every halter / there's a hamper full of clothes

There's a harshness to each beam of light / that breaks through each window

There's a hazard to the heatwave / there's apocalyptic smog

There are berries rotting on the sidewalks / feast-days for the dogs

There was something, then there wasn't / there was nothing, then you came

There was all the world against the world's / comeuppance into haze.