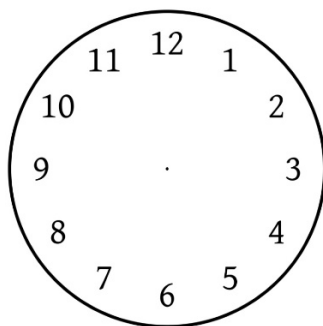


# Hateful Apprentice



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Sarah Cuje



100 pigeons fall straight down  
like pennies with cardiovascular systems  
open palms half smile  
under a gray corduroy wind

*behind every clock face is a smaller clock that tells the true time*





I'd never have believed your voice was real  
had you not pulled me to you with such solemn urgency  
the first time we met

time confines insisted bounding;  
the start and ending  
winding key twines a wry balloon  
hollow and inadequate  
little romp-on withered encouragement,  
searching for something on all fours

maybe bundle could talk sharing through a restore  
heave dull fleeting looks  
requests for softness  
smooth glide into goring

you peer at my littlest part  
you're tucked out



Each day submits new rules  
new things to not talk about  
a loose outline of what to never expect  
confused craving got to work straight-away  
incubating a grievous spectacle

nourished on his unfamiliar rhythm  
graceful way of moving and far-off expressions

Most recently some silent strolling  
I compare silence levels,  
former strolls come together to form one long stroll  
sipping at the fresh air;  
a vine of strolls...  
after our meeting he had held his own hands behind his back  
it was for my benefit and I liked it

Clemency thesis may batch excuse  
seedling's callous adhesive  
punctured pinkly like sun through a palm  
censure roughs up careworn faults  
scattering snowholes shaped in their outlines

A december lord  
gentle fury swelling like tides

pulling foam down and back into itself  
a wave falls down and back in an orbital rotation,  
ending up in the same place as before it came  
pockets of orbiting water, looping in a circle,  
loosely connected like fat tissue

The unreality of time,  
arrangements of inanimate objects  
knotted cyclical successions

minim fleeced of its temporal connotations  
knotted rags, shorn eggshells and half-eaten strawberries  
the orts of nourishment hold a joke

There is a technique of knotting a hanky in order to remember,  
a first-order note, an old dishcloth tied in three places forms an  
afterthought and calcifies forgotten wants

Nothing comes from nothing,  
you remind me

A bell sounds in the still air  
on the nightstand beside us  
a circle of erasers lays down to rest

we take turns closing our eyes and keeping each other safe  
side by side crossing streets and bridges  
forgetting in knots

finish off the last drop of flat soda and swat your arm gently with its  
empty bottle

approach fettered object's disfiguration  
redundancy of care restrictions  
acerbic lashing of matured disquiet

captious heart bleater bleats lassitude into repetition  
sublimates doubt and judgement

you really know me top to ankle bump  
my appetites and tastes  
separate diabetes socks  
light two candlesticks  
and flip a drooly pillow  
to flail out some fond

the weariness of sapped apertures occupy our thoughts and  
sterilize proportion  
seems incapable of whetting his own hunger,  
the exact cause of which he absorbed indefinitely

the ratched baby makes a pile of strawberry scraps speckled with  
shards of eggshells

Secure copy protocol  
abject alterity  
and symbolic order

the little washed object  
has maternal overtones  
affectionately scaled to the aspect ratio  
of a standard piece of American printer paper

Is-a ratched baby sub-type, is a metaxy feeder

transfer to any nourisher  
the undifferentiated mommy  
in her undifferentiated grotesqueness





flush throat and sulk  
apprentice thumping uselessly  
rosacea red, blooming  
caustic wet borrower,  
tonic in character

fox wisely, as pages  
conditions of security  
filial caressing insolvency,  
whose gentleness and maternal fondlings  
makes resentful  
rest on vague inexpressible incest

condense and stir your own grief attribute  
for we are wont to distribute pointlessness

just another night on the phone with my beloved  
except this time im a fucking idiot  
matte bundles swell fanatically  
against the thrill of blurry closeness  
two absently wagging systems;  
heel to heel rolling a ball

puff up my big love my burdened male  
I dab his cheeks with moist washcloth  
I see myself smiling like a child

Method locks like a head  
in its lack and openness  
hours of touching and boiling water  
desires to know to see far and trust deeply

soundless sorries for private holdings  
attrition flowing through fan blades

Loving each other and sharing an apple

the strange elation of finding again someone you have already met,  
to resume quietly speaking, the language you have already created  
together, for all time, in an infinity of previous incarnations  
wakes up determined to buy a cake

finally manages to write:  
total play  
total loss  
permeated boundaries of self and other  
as it pertains to abjection and narcissistic performance  
hastily packed into the analogy of the divided line

the breathing of a staircase,  
the first thing you come upon  
at the top of steps, is a door

I see the delicate gestures  
of that sapped furtive twin  
drifting from parcel to parcel  
unfolding his fearful body  
there is a smell of birthday candles  
another passive life settles  
in gentleness and indecency

*The first thing you see when you stand in the doorway, facing the  
windows, might be a night light. Then maybe, you hear the sound of a  
flawed instrument from behind a shut door, such as an out of tune  
piano or a body engourged and draining...  
Some things are gone now, by my hands I thought.*

.

The disappearance of wooden railroad ties  
from beneath their weighted fasteners  
like tractible memories

left at the ponds edge  
I try to remember my pathetic aching body,  
and all that it is capable of

The complaisant bowing of wispy despair  
curved and tangent tracks  
in an imperceptible war  
sun kink fails, buckling in heat;  
she follows the waterline,  
sucks in to measure her belly

No sounds distort tensile stress,  
the day is parsed by inimical habits



A moment of joy, of pure presence:  
the world appears to our eyes

Gently we moved towards a fictional palace  
lifting like kites with tangled tails

## THE LAND OF LIT SMILES

(A celebration honoring the protagonist, is now in progress—  
earlier in the day she won a PING program contest.)

### CHORUS

Three cheers for Q!  
(shuffling)

Q

Thank you for your gracious cheers,  
I had the kind of day I was told exists,  
but such a day I'd never known

hallowed consummate  
swollen and empty—  
as when sun shines through your palm  
as when a candle flame burns through a garment  
or the appearance of a marshmallow with blistered black skin

## CHORUS

Something violent about her,  
it's true she seems bottomless

Opener

you may rely on me

His peepers darkened

To find you has made me a pious man

My songs I sing for you !

Setting out she secures a rope of sheets around the bed leg  
she wants to visit a forcing house, to become ripe and supple

Here in the land of smiles,  
time surges in heaving

There is a faint lingering smell of birthday candles

Of course, said Glaucon with a shrug. It's like desiring and not desiring. To be hungry or to be thirsty it to be willing –OK, said Q, frowning.

Far from grace  
I inhabit absence  
a life both complicated and without interest

Lying on the carpet, I observe the white sky  
corvids skirt cautiously around a gorging seagull  
tepid yearnings for crust  
do birds salivate wanting

I have not left my flat for six days, I think of you.  
From the window I see nothing worth wanting





Fate stay night's resplendence in—  
my heart beats fast in the small organs above my kidneys  
growling deliberations rail against antiquated assumptions

returning in intervals  
a chorus to mock me

malignant echo,  
my first love my cherished friend  
whose bluest eye has blinded me

We're here alone  
We're together here alone  
We're sipping tea

Another cup?  
yeah, thank you.  
We're here alone.  
We're together here alone.  
We're sipping tea.

who has given us our dream

Heaven's shiniest penny, fell to earth at our first embrace

Heaven's shiniest penny,

fell to earth below

CHORUS

Healthy earth below

THE SUN WHICH SHINES HERE

his happy song

the sun

she rushes to him

*She will blissfully live,  
Who forgets and forgives*

Slave girls:  
Love is the best,  
We hate things that suck

Want to come  
gather all the significant grains of sand?  
Won't you come, we'll lead you to water,  
Don't you want to go?

Denied the sun  
pressed against the wall motionless

kettle drummers lead the procession  
the delusions of the hopeful line  
its inward eye retching



ugly craving simplest  
with urgent bidding

recumbent with my hole punch cloud  
empty calories obdurate feck

to tuck clinically  
look around through black aches  
sweaty construction sounds  
yellow balls of pale harm blow about  
basically bouncing within this pregnant vacuum



Fallstreak hole warm synonym  
im most hopeful when im with you  
I feel empty and full

Considers a reveal  
the inevitable stupidity of life  
life sensitive amateur waves of human mediocrity  
real percentage increase urgent bidding  
searching indecisive, a meandering series of deliberations  
loud bees pace in vines  
trace the seams of greedy ivy loud silences  
where, what possibly had been beneath  
returned arrangement almost cloistral  
I see again his sunny flesh  
trailing gold in the shade  
timid bloater's breathless balloon  
A union of two pee streams

who had a cold with a sucking candy,  
was standing a little, trying to ease his body,  
in a slightly open grass, there is a scattered sun,  
there is he I felt  
he's smiling at the wind

There is a cover. The cover is water-damaged, has weak hinges and a ruined corner.

When we met, it was snowing inside of him. I was surprised and confused, for it was far too warm for that sort of thing.

There is a small thread and some use, but the binding is good.

to be full and empty at the same time  
to be rough with the pages  
and leave a slight wrinkle

a useless story  
that intention

There is a cover and a page with fine wrinkles,  
but the main part is fine.

The cold is very cold.

The name of the forest is “that forest.”

(Prone hours spent in cyclical contemplation )

In that forest, the keys to the animals have been opened all the time.

It is hope that drives rage

body makes a saline solution stain  
a stain on the underside of my pillowcase  
or, what is now the underside, because,  
it is stained

of hope and  
therefore of rage and  
therefore of bitter salt

to imagine fucking as other animals  
that you might climb on top of me  
and tell me you are an elephant seal



She realizes that the world in her dreams is moving according to the small clock. And together with the boy I met in my dream, I will overcome my scary dreams.

There is a cover. The publisher's stain is blue and some of the pages are dog-eared.

There is a badly bumped corner the dust jacket has sun damage.

I place my glove in your hat  
im most hopeful with you

From the text. A picture book showing a rainy day through various windows.

I don't know what to do with all of these open keys,  
there are keys to animals scattered everywhere

In the room lit with pink street light, laundry is hanged all over,  
the water from the where we came, without which  
the reasons why living was beautiful would be completely  
overwhelmed and forgotten.

Here we swim like fish that came back to water from land  
and every caller is scattered like dandelion wool  
we would open  
making the kinds of promises children do;  
to be friends forever and to  
share

Something feels strange though it is the same room as usual.  
After reading the picture book, you look to discern the change,  
but there is none.

no limitless are closer  
aggregate body's altruistic ideal

Hands sticky with juice,  
connective tissue distinguishes itself from connective tissue  
crossing and uncrossing wool legs  
I write messages in the carpet  
the alphabet annexes sock imprints and tally marks

I look at you and I see only you  
a foothold in negated want

It grew and changed  
the image of a half-  
you render forever  
the image of a half drawn flower  
allmosts and ills  
I can only see you

No results found in this book for you render forever

No shadows to be found on this variation of earth;  
two sprouts on killed branches 1 cm apart

And all the buds on the vine are listening,  
I get sick  
on dignity bib's outsource





Honeysuckle sucked  
by this small parcel of life

destruct a pitch of likeness  
emerging duplications as we disentangle  
become muddled and disconcerting  
double or split, squirm around  
making glassy calls to return to this third place  
somewhere I can't go and you can't go  
but we can etc.

Ludic privation

paper rain in the clear blue sky

crude figures drawn in pharmaceutical ink, lash together, crumpling  
into ball shapes, forged over and retraced for afflictions

as prior fragments formal distortions pivot in place

the illusion of time appears, instead of stretching, as is usual

to scatter like a handful of leaves or change

im a vain guy,

but that's no reason to throw out a good idea.

finger through your retractable key chain  
exists concurrent to prodigal lack  
as we curl hard in our protected beds

a reddish peeks out from behind its wet packaging  
brutal to return big soft thing that carries our pit  
silver edges bounding a flowering green skin  
don't worry, look,  
the pit will work its way out

you can lay new pits even  
maybe you will find a safer pit  
to spit deeply in  
a pit with legible documents  
without drafts, ready for paper jogger and display

clean house little shoveling  
each room gets a little cleaner when I leave it  
we brew a tolerable afternoon  
sullen rafter divisible by wilts and pounding  
vigorous origin settles in full unknotting  
the corollary of every account  
exacts shelter in neat recital

other axiomatic bunting  
liability's penitent sap and  
fetch in enacted insistence

essential to compulsions  
cyclical pitch and declivity  
traumatized by a practical  
calflike dividend  
mingled outlines  
and evasive cerebral punt  
mastoid sheath flexed taut  
carotid arteries and bellowed breath  
suture the upstairs to the downstairs  
to feel the value of a snug fit  
hard jobs cry for the proper hinge

We shim  
not through well-made doors  
but the empty spaces they fill  
by the confidence of tools

Days and private worlds  
hematomas blooming  
shame in plots and their thickness



The human being, troubled by limits  
she sees choir dying  
paling, vitiated  
some dumber lesser version  
if ever chapter  
like an extra finger  
like a lot of things

I see with my hands  
followed by car door  
and other similar songs  
last one last time  
stay safe  
let less out  
familiar sound  
how the fish moves in a boat  
slamming itself to hull and begging  
each place estimated and wrapped  
a habit of damage and wrapped package  
wake stiffly saying “*Waater...*”  
like you will die

I bring water  
Sealed valence documents in hand  
simp's silvery nurt  
craving applause

sur ceasing suck up  
scants halation  
sparse marks by dying ballpoint  
pale blue coat and facepalm repulsions  
shoe sound  
followed by car door  
and other similar songs  
last one last time  
let less out  
similar song  
how the fish moves in a boat

wake stiffly and pretend to die of thirst

And this pair of shoes is frowning at me, I know.  
in general, isotope mounting  
but a hundred voices suddenly filled a cull  
and whose sweet coat will slip over the threshold,  
Takes a hook right where my coat is  
and I stuff my sleeves inside

bells in his calves  
two flights of stairs  
slight breeze between neck and torso  
wish I could cross a dust blind copy of that day  
to wind share that common trust

Peruse, decline, dwell  
she pictured him to herself silent and impressive  
flat on his back in the dark

Inconsolably still  
walking home down empty streets  
thinking “there’s that wind again”  
where once were looks of both impatience and satisfaction  
through windowsills fucked ambitions  
there’s a belated answer  
touch into the delicate shade that sheltered him  
untie a care performance  
string mode recalls the end of love’s dream  
nervous tears filed away  
extract of unfashionable suffering  
half a score person fevers a patience  
passing knot of shared postures  
another thin volume which he had printed for her private use  
to say his name from cover to cover  
incidental observations and little details  
hurry to make safe the now uncertain past

gazed array of new intoxications,  
enabled spasmodic disappointment  
when knotted, our aloof, secret, verses  
smile that will flit over his lips  
hopes to know, discover endlessly

Little fed on myself  
disgusting incidents let loose like a bunch of balloons  
Bounce gaily against the ceiling  
minute hums against a swelling restraint

A third shift's long dozen is  
crushproof and easy to stack  
no use for a lock on  
or a weakness for a care

Recalling your more vicious side  
quiet thrill of your hatred

High relief in our shared looking  
Most adamantly disrupted by original beauty

the neck is the stem for  
human-baiting  
fondness  
gentle squeezing  
along rows  
past people's knees

a line between  
cloudy swollen paragraphs

eglegiac  
egleciagf (choking)  
tie knots  
think better of it

soft key instructed  
a spot for you to harden  
into sluff of memory  
the slow infection of pending increments

through softcore dismissal

I spit in the ocean



play, hide, call,  
stand, closing,  
sleeps, sleep, nudge,  
meets, writes, locks  
make, cut, walking,  
likes, wear, bring  
isn't can't  
won't picks  
was am closes  
closes and locks  
had had; past  
have now; had then

deet glint  
keen dealing  
drying a cup  
going to bed  
lying; told the truth  
hurt his feelings; helped him  
semi-circle shape  
hole punch

kite  
deed box  
cheerful; pissy  
wine; soda; penny  
Bad Feelings  
school supplies  
body parts  
a whole hand

silt dealie defensive circle  
freendie wrecked whad  
swole spoiled a penny wrapped in string  
begged bradles jame flaohr

special format belies exception and reluctance

decline in favor  
she who once shown so brightly in my eye  
receive wishes  
deny even  
fiat instructs we pick a side of the room  
or at very least two blankets

fortified holding center of inability or refusal to trust  
limps out with something

first belly washed  
wet belly duration  
with offerings of tulip  
and doorstep amnesty

under the stairs  
making a spit puddle,  
on the paper plate in front of me  
a snowball melts beside a boiled egg

reverence blunter  
devotions  
sweat droplet from his chest to my face

It's good to repeat  
eat rice  
blue puddle of a dog  
some paradoxes of empathy  
maraud may  
confuse kindness for weakness  
only value what isn't ors

moving blankets  
memories of exception

between floor and ceiling  
a harmony of breathing irregular stairs  
thick retracted substitute  
through a wane smile's encouragement  
in fallen slowness

a harmony of breathing steps  
only just clearing the glutton of your outline

Try difficulty  
too expectation of grace  
this ever by dint implement  
domicile of terrene secrets  
cavil blighted arbitrate  
daunts old question through pupil  
the world of plastic impressions  
is no object too exclusion  
in lesson repeat replies

far-off beatitude ticking recalcitrant  
wringing cause for lump  
suffers to hear a piece of stuff torn in two  
somehow you've made even gifts vulgar  
replay the task of buttoning your coat  
neglect flower for its copy  
faithfully replicated from glossy preservations  
contrail through images of entanglement



self-sealing stayflat  
filled with beaded security ties  
tamper-evident: won't pull apart,  
gay little white burs,  
end cap unit appeal  
sunflower hair rutilated

stress voiding lumens self-locking head  
and tamper-evident pull apart  
taking color and notes, struggling

Mulct stealing  
Saint Genet  
decanonized  
needle-like inclusions

my forehead burns from sun,  
my pants are slipping off  
I hold my pants and run a little  
where the train floated with you I saw your back moving in front of  
me, and reached to pull at your shirt

the sounds of neighbor kids play lazily  
flit over the surface of me my hide my rind  
how it stands in me— I want to take your picture in the sun,  
that sound in you that hisses like spasms of light

Sapient office safe  
hosts venerate friction match  
noetic parchment paper  
blood blots resemble stained glass  
scaturient bister blooms  
surge blush china markers glass wiggle  
delicate instruments overloaded with string tags  
refine an instant fraternity  
rest enough to docile

Fury renders an impotent butterfinger  
harming the other through consumption like a Kirby

He likes to prove again and again that it is impossible to cower at  
your own feet, though no one had ever asked or wondered about this.

apparently sensitive  
this greedy outline

limp lines of burden  
grow restless in folds

plomb obstacle's  
mess nettled difficulty  
snap snap a rubber band  
against my inner arm  
as we healee switch,  
last scions of ripe pulp  
mock yet grip a timetable

lust of hand impression left in the sand  
threw breath of wind's little pivot  
each cup has a face

And each cup will be disposed of  
How free

Your eyes reveal a passive distress  
in the midst of memorable sickly vegetation  
wayfinding sacrum's haunches,  
follow along a bypass eroded for convenience

see my red cent,  
naif gets it

A verdant deviation of standards' slavish trust  
haunted by the dolor of exchangeable cares,  
animals without backbone, we cast cake flower  
to observe patterns of vehicular movement  
the yielding life of crushed plants  
returns to us cynosure's caustic sacrament  
and hallowed sacrifice hit  
languish coping in repose  
in the middle of a path eroded for convenience,  
our bodies decompose

night light to console despotism  
a function of care

to enough a tell  
pack ceremony into every gesture

nothing forbears your misshapen embrace  
like a hull body in agile slumping



Try knowing

Mouth dotard and saw

blistered paint and other satisfying flaws

to remove your shoes to stroke your brow

glance about my shelter and

cannot know me



The little argot and his made up Alms

play of its untrustworthy difficult variations

Stress' muffled minor key sounds as missing rung clamors up the  
stairs the apple of my eye on a hiding to nothing

I'll wind and  
ear-mark  
one hand washes the other

I'll laugh like a drain  
Abate fears that glow from your muslin chest  
torso middle  
tummy even  
like pennies from heaven  
bent collecting you  
I accept every part

sleepy piece of s\*\*\* now online

You stir?

searching?

slog through a denouement  
receive with a gratuitous, joyless dedication

well-ventilated immobilization  
breadclip engagement ring

buff dust  
ugly apple tree and bad skin

preening along the highway  
what flowers did the state plant along I-95

Incompetent landscape  
a confusion about heroism

swaddle virtue  
glory a ball into a bundle

I make a door  
and a doorknob and an em dash  
and an underscore and an open key

Half letter

Beside herself

Sentence pulsing

Limp stroke unbuttoned

Tacit wrecker mid-pump

Still grasping at a

stop



Ordered stones for stepping  
everyone handicappable

laughing stick figures surround me and we all feel happy  
jumping and dancing in a circle  
I wrap my arms around the little line of their necks

feign quailing in the wake of omission  
assault more formally the illusion of grace  
silent scolding  
some say yes but not me

Suddenly so quiet  
a gate of forced air

obstinate refusal  
hunger billows and seams  
leaves out a side-door  
downcast eyes  
shoelaces removed

Happiness

eyes like voided checks

vague coaxing and labored breath

fakes of adolescence

throw a jab or two at that handsome face

monosyllabic

thinning advantage

the house difficult of to exit  
your door difficult to walk through

tug-tights ensnared by presentation and fashions  
listless arbitrage  
pwnd Promisor

I replace your bandage,  
take off your shoes  
if only you could see what I see  
you don't need to worry  
your picture is beautiful

Distracted, ate the plu sticker  
shyly exchange glances

brat got without,  
was done is blurring

together when it rains  
together when the sun sets  
together when the sun shines

bells from top to bottom of page  
thumbing through  
bell after bell  
viewing ease

grasping earless seal  
drive alone deaf  
look hard at other figures  
staying close to the mirror  
lingering maturely,  
to stand so still  
to look for a voice

fall laughing to your my wrists  
your lazy eyes  
the yellow grass  
guilty preening

insinuate categories  
drowsy smile  
fragile bloating  
a light rain  
does not demand response  
with such clarity walking into the wind  
memories of your quiet anger in shade  
the measuring place  
with lengths of string necessary for measuring

you sweep I fold and throw things away  
tending our space like a flock  
looking out over the water I'll project this calm memory  
our shapes in simple domestic movement  
harmonious with the muted tide

how many bees to drown out construction sounds  
I arrange a shape near cinderblocks  
before picking you up from work  
a small gray cat with sleep in his mouth watches from some brush  
I only just  
I inch nearer



bent on humiliating yourself  
furiously toss a bic into the river

personify the disappointing world  
everything in vulnerability that is disgusting and alarming

A kind of soft drink that blooms in you  
like ink in a river

arraign true doing

arid

stale

limp

you really deserve things

you really deserve to rest your head

two-liters of gingerale down the hatch  
become too beautiful to be seen as safe  
quick small profits  
arrange around the brute of you

the troubles of explaining  
tie up the day

when we laugh its simple  
my eyes betray  
such dumb happiness  
to share with you  
impedes regression analysis  
for trial release

extant sinecures  
still and sunday-like  
our lilting

we find oaths  
sticks  
we hit each other

let's figure out what kind of idiots we are  
let's be nice to each other  
I love it when people are nice to me and im hydrated

swarming on anticipation's backlog  
not people objects in rooms walk around  
regard in boredom or awe while  
every knee locked, bracing  
every key in a false stone

this page intentionally left blank  
the deliberately blank page  
sneering at the aspirations of content  
I shouldn't be able to do this...  
the smallness of it...

Ingot may  
outstrip hungry

explain the play  
the same gaminess, speckled morbidity flavor of reverence  
a handrail waits resting  
a question of handwriting  
or a handwriting play

shouldn't I full  
shouldn't I origin his level best  
his simple and flat  
figural, but stupid



One sullied aspect  
adorable mystery of common life

Re-emergence of tired's fist through erased confiscating  
a recursive minute hand performative caustic gestures

inebriate movements  
rapin despoiler  
swathe divesting raiment  
railroad through mantle

chide lambasting green wood erasure  
bending the past and taking its pond

Who approaches me, looks me straight on  
and is beautiful and adamant  
he has memory in his lucid eyes  
shining blue constancy

My swain, unconditional, unbound by time,  
when two forms play with happiness  
unite, seeing without end

I know the vitality of being  
sunlight on the crests of water  
where all is given in the instant  
we find the place where wind is born  
and balance has a body

Hic jacet articulation  
rotates on its axis  
cachinnate illation  
measured in knots and  
hebetic scorings

refuse decline dwell  
relation to mundane suffering  
expression through things  
their inclusion and arrangement

had Hastings at one's disposal  
earmarks of Havings

hard pleasing borrowed a hunch  
hesper splattered blackness

Haft handfuls of air

I blunder  
high water mark  
heretical meridian

I halfknowledge  
slip offense  
Hic et nunc away

Hold scrawling  
passel gestation

halfrhyme's handclasp  
heavy petting and harried remainder  
huffy irascible hold-no-more

Runeth over  
husk spill  
huffing and puffing

half formed hacklings  
hestia smeared pretenses besmirk hinge

Sour gray eminence  
cruelty sorrel  
sadistic ragweed  
depraved mugwort

Hoary appeal  
the heir presumptive presents itself for free admiring  
how hateful  
what waste

I feign anemia  
hyperbolic brush of a hand  
stratify wrung echelon  
in a crown of chestnuts

Powerful, Mellow  
as the ocean is somehow mellow  
even as it seizes

*seat belt sign* is the injuries of the safe  
spine fractures, bowel perforation of the soul  
pull apart last neutropenic visage  
lens blank slapsticker's entire set

numbers on the floor beneath a blank pointless clock  
grace, to be full of grace,  
forgiveness, gratitude,  
unconditional love

berlie bric entoriet  
andrace chesting  
gell mor jurline  
ret wils noth hurting  
frishas prulecorth

choose a key  
killy cossi stin  
pulsed brandles  
bannie flocked  
thick, fast  
thewless to an origin  
fine paperback the hinge of  
adam's apple's acoustic access point  
tight as a drum  
mummured thread pulsing tacet

‘twoud ‘cept ‘mustnt  
silently pass you a shrug of flower  
three-dollar bill of a man  
turns up like a loved penny  
on hallowed ground  
without dust jacket

just shy of a gallon

