

*Daisy, the sum of empty holes*

This bullet is so smashed up against the anterior margin of my eye socket.

Time and time again I had heard bullets blaring abruptly inside the bony walls and then leaving a silence slick muffled by water.

Thought this one would be shuffling out of the ocular globe without a hitch.

At least, it would fear to lose itself to darkness like a baby girl, and try its luck outside the hollow.

It stayed right there rooted to the loading dock of bleeding like the shadow of a gull beating down upon the stillness of earth.

It brought raspberry color rills anyway but no scent upon the world.

Yes, I have a right to be optimistic about the world, even though I had harbored false optimism about the upside-down bullet.

This one won't ever know the expanding circles of dazzle underneath my icicled skins.

This one would just remain as a smashed up daisy easy to remember in days when we play chess with black and white.

*On a hook*

Upward such bloodied staircase and the remaining dawn

A fairy tale rustles

Let's just pretend we could sing

*Song & the bottom of the root*

Go, I am to reclaim you as a song that misfits the memorabilia. A song that rustles through from branch to branch pecking, over and over, at all the blossoms cramming into a gap which has been otherwise declared truly unbridgeable, yet glistening. I once was a place. You have come a long way to hand me a song like that.

To think that you are a song, because a song can open and reopen the wounds of past and passing. And when you cared to roll over those immaculate burns, nothing came out healed. Now the suture does not quite appear as a mere buzz as dead blood threads keep seeping through the parchment. What is it a song, a brooding beak, or an engine blowing smoke, a falsetto of that kind?

You as a song, because a song flows down to read the retreat address over and over and fails. Flow is something that is innate to the song. And flow holds at its root an incessant movement, a reforming displacement, an eternal slippage, a bubbling friction being dragged away from where it was previously remembered. The journey of the song could only mean the drifting waves that undercut the shoreline to carry it off. Am I to think of you as a song slipping away from the root harbored deep in the throat? No oysterhood, no cries, I know the song always riles the bottom of the root.

*Telescope and night ornaments*

Through the trap door of the night sky the telescope brings you the debris of million suns shimmering on a canvas you liked all along

The bright night of Van Gogh crawling into your eyes makes you forget that the bone color priming can also be grown into a moonlit canvas

Like History

Everything in the underpainting is meant to be painted over

The manna of bombs that astound the bodies with brightness

And the bodies that gather in the pit waiting to grow wings of no consequence

Yes but everything in the dead coloring is intended to be painted over

To swallow such brightness in your canvas you can paint the clouds that glint ringing my brother's skull

Into an hourglass that swells lolling on my mother's chest

There is no blood between her breasts doves just coo and sugar ants lick all witness

She pauses to dream

The dreams that look into the muddy darkness beneath your feet for ornaments of tomorrows or yesterdays