wall

to keep the peace

we need a wall to fall to our knees before

to all things an architecture each body its own boundary the air
deliberate so many moves between one opening careful to keep the wall
clear of camouflage clear in its threat

so many patterns have holes a hand an arm a child netting

a wall will not allow less than enough guard per prisoner

head down & hungry your skin I remember as

against not over the wall in place of the blood

the wall after all made of water the gulf

a blue we could touch on both ends
given clearance to return what’s left of the body now

bridge simple arch geometry of the circle spanning come

cool my tongue this light-well opening internal space to
the space that opens into it wind eye the flood
made our bodies a levee earthen gnawed away

something there is that does not once but it
no longer holds the tongue of
the fire roars for water but boundaries now
are made instead of oil the fire spits & splits
why set the self aflame when we can do it together
the whole world hanging in the air in all directions
the direction to go straight on at the end of a movement without pause the wall
so simple in war enough dirt to go over the top singing finish me first

a wall to run along your fingers to let bear the weight
of execution on one side stilled now the other a garden
interior courtyard more insects than fruit both segmented
sugar does not obey the wall it wants a thousand mouths

yours mine from inside the fruit the strain release me the strain
deserter the wall black juice only skin

around every corner we met the nameless
wall sometimes with head sometimes with spit too
beautiful to be
left alone some dead prefer stone to sea we
imagined snow here & there the wall less
erasure a thing only the living desire
rest in ownership property
according to water is rhythmic

trust the wall it is not a window
hole in the stone you cannot go
through the view from the wall is the wall

rope slipping around rope a new knot

each time the rope goes through

light is not out the window here it is heat

glass is domesticated two private dwellings separated by

a bad mouth


an earlobe a sparrow sunshine the only way out a big fat bombglow

there’s a lesson for everything you’d ever want

to make or destroy a lesson in placement a lesson in timing a lesson in pressure a lesson in too much a lesson in longing to be let be ignition what was it anyway

the wall so light now so much sand

you’d think no it can’t go on

& on an on & on like that no blue at the tip of it

no blue to undo nothing to see no other side so far as the eye can see