

# 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

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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

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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

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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

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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

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trust the wall                      it is not a window

hole in the stone you cannot go

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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

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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

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