construction part five

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seattle, wa

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creative commons

attribution 4.0

4/7

It happens.

It is happening.

It has happened.

It will happen.

The precipices

are littered

with photographs.

The phantoms

are filled

with bleeding.

4/8

Filled with phantoms.
My palms are filled
with screaming
phantoms.

My construction is this:
a tongue of a phantom
withering on a palm
beginning to begin
constructing to begin.

The end a flailing,
a seeping like a card
pushed into the mud.
Muddied into the wail.

The wail a cast
or a cast iron pan
sizzling with transparency
mouthing curses and hissing.

4/9

We are the builders and the keepers.

We are the keepers and the builders.

Sunsets to dawn and sunrises to dusk.

There is penance in our eyeball graze.

The landscape of the impossibilities.

Lead and lead and lead and lead!

The ritualist moments of all peoples.

Convergence is shy of the splicing crow.

We hurry and hurry and hurry forward.

Crows on their talons moving, inching.

Literary funerals peopled by garbage.

The stepping through the slough of innards

to reach the blinking flank of tomorrow.

Because we are the builders bloodied.

The keepers tied to our own chairs.

Bondaged in broken collected twine.

Buried beneath the recency of action.

A blood red throat clutching us tight.

We are swallowed within molten fever.

4/11

But it's in their fury.

But it's in their eyes.

But it's in their corners.

Gum packets on the corner.

The floor is a quasar of dust.

The light is anything but empty.

We have three cheers for no hammers.

And three cheers for grunts.

The masculinity of the masculinity

saves us from our deepest recesses.

Nothing profound but in purchases.

The perplexity of what has been given us.

Yawning into castrated night.

The language of the hunt.

The language of the peace.

We piece together serendipity

like puzzles before a mirror

before we are tested and can move.

Forward or backward becoming equivalencies

through the arrowing of time.

4/12

We've got the crystal freckles and the inequality

and the lanes and the lands and the new speedbumps for the house-husbands and house-wives.

Long lines in a poem that add up to everything,

and the building looks anti-construction today.

It looks haggard.

Looks shambled.

Go back to the woods, building.

Go back and live with that Tyvek beard in that plywood tent

for a lil while longer.

4/14

Could it be, it could be.

It could believe like a tomb.

Like a totem or an altar.

Pray through the vacuum.

Pray through the legends

emitted in this temporary bust.

A bust of lightning

in muted rainforest.

Rain and forestry collective.

The folks that walk past.

The folks that aren't me.

I sit staring.

I sit storing.

We could jump into place.

If we could just jump.

Learn how to expedite

an increase in elevation.

Stumbling way too fast.

Currents through Seattle.

Currents through whiteness.

Urges through mountains.

Imagining a different space.

A landscape of greater degrees.

Ecstasy of the Green Temples.

Mania of the Green Palace.

Logs, camelias, slugs.

Causing the origination

before the tipping of the now.

Before the lights come back on.

Before the ground gets dry.

Before the boots hit the floor.

(I just want to trust this one

this building that's been forward

in motion, momentum, monument for us

again, the repetition, again

and let the people kiss and fight

beneath the ugliest walls possible.)

Defining the borders of beauty

while seldom exhibiting confidence

and asleep go the ducks and their young.

4/14

Folded into epilepsy

the void is neutral.

Beams against Beacon.

Gorgeous solidity.

An intrusive blueness.

We go forward again.

To places of exception.

Rules breaking to limits.

Those who sold us off

become most admired.

They live there,

across the street,

in the psychic homes.

We live in cold tombs.

We branch off together.

The foremost branches

have been weighted.

Memories of furs.

Memories of Seward Park.

The longing for ritual

and to be together

in one clasped opening.

One exasperation

clouding depths of eyes.

It is where we've drawn.

Where we've drowned.

To be interiors

the slow knotting alive.

Clotting a truce.

4/17

Inertias

Slice through the bellow of a haunted foot

as though it were the changeling's gaze

captured within the temporary thick of skin

along the causeway for imagery and brutal touch.

The screaming rage of the millions whose tongues have been cut out before us.

Reaching into holes behind their emblematic, their components, their blood.

It is the blood we've invisibly met with our thirst for pure waters, rains,

that coat the slick shells, the moist husks, we've carried as our armors.

A long scream in the harsh black foreground.

The longest we've seen shatter into entity.

Like the poisonous lights of diamonds and prisms

causing the wretches to grow in thick fronds

we speak in cold moments and bruised whispers

hoping to gather in the warmth of the shiver.

A dream through visions of suffering.

Outlasted spur of cataclysmic glee.

An elevated limb forms the enticing connection.

The writ at large a beam's face and a nail's brow.

The brown rust pools the crevasse and I can taste it

swirling in an anger or as dumbwraith of negligence.

The melodrama through the haunting flystick

keeping our abilities hulked and split.

Red blood is the spike of pain in the sole pressed.

Pressing into the palm are drills and other tools.

Cruelties bellowing, belowing our landscape of notice.

The rules are like hawks darting between trillium

through the golden hour of a rainwashed forest

drowning and decaying amongst bathings of light.

Numbness in the repositioning of phoenix grit made of ash and our spring.

No more conversations but in the idiomatic awareness of our decay and delay.

The slanted creep of the crooked smile that is bent before solidification.

Mournfuss and rotmelt tryptic when triangulated within a perch.

It is in the basements of these fortitudes

among the damaged, the spastic, the ruinous rise.

That the frail is the signal bewitches cycles

and gives the rise toward an inverted tower.

Strolls

4/17

Where does walking those paths lead me?
To you. And your upkeep within the single day.

I remember requesting a single board of wood
and a single nail and a single hammer to hit with.

I remember the striking and I remember time.
And that was when you were present and true.

Now there is only the truth of fading space.
And I remember your face before it faded.

Do I emulate you in this own solitude I carry?
I think of the smells I don't remember. Yours.

I remember the deer dead right beyond the back porch.
The snow caused the bloodied intestines to steam.

A small creature larger than me and I could be shot.
Hunters look for orange before the rest of the spectrum.

Dear every building ever built, thanks to you.

And the captivation with which I have felt this space.

In Philadelphia there was the old Macy's warehouse.

Climbing to the roof the city felt beneath my feet.

Southern Maine the abandoned sanitarium with lights on.

We climbed in through the window landing in the laundry.

How many vomit-stained moments we've lived collectively.

How many more to come as we perish to disease, other perils.

The rabbits that circle the buildings on the LWTech campus.

The mountain lion sticking its face out from blackberry scrub.

Where does walking those paths lead me? I'm reminded.

The wooded paths with little unflattening structure.

My apartment where I enter to be silent and mad with life.

My car where the armor is plastic and could always just crumple.

4/20

And now here flaying my tongue
while the flaying flaps outside,
flaps through the darkened hop,
a city's night the night flop.

Reflected! Be it damned or damning,
cursed or cursing, alive or lived,
livid placement of money's placemat
cold and calculated or calculatable.

Insinuations unlock the keys
and yet the doors continue to remain open.
They have not yet turned on the power.
But there are lights of illumination.

Rooms. Beckonings. The precious core.
The final secret to last and last.
The grinning before the flickery flame.
And the many hours that have come and gone.

And the many moons that have filled us.

We as creatured space with moons within.

Looming. Roomy. The spell of magic.

Knuckled reddened with reaction again.

I might as well splice open bellyful.

I might as well engorge and enjoy.

I might as well balloon myself

like the hulk of yesterday's emptiness.

Forgetfulness the ringing before and after.

The rustle of paper and the pursuit of wind.

A melancholy melody of the room's noise.

Those flaps rip this conscious apart.

4/22

Today it looks like skin.

The building becomes human!

In the light we discover these things.

In our own light we know them.

4/25

I have held back and I am alert now.
The alertness a shallow bridge
like the swift sand before the current
or the current swift by the sand.

The sour space of the creator's swell
and the swollen divinity of a shell
melting smooth in the mouth's mouth.
Melting moving the mountain's trough.

Quadraphonic and poignant isn't stark.
The mutual Fish Company and the cop.
The copy of the blue plasticette
and the ribbon we tie around the finger.

Finding dust in fictional construction.
An apron and a bloody fingernail dusty.
I could eat the truisms all night while
balloon cities hold themselves in the dark.

We hold ourselves while the dark decides.
Intrepid shadowed shells of automobiles.
The corrected lenses of this forward view.
The window carrying enticing additionals.

Nearby the scroll is locked on sets of trees
and the sky is the color of infection.
Wound-lapse and wounded looks pierce me
pinned to the corner and penned into evening.

4/26

I think I dreamed

about you

your door

open to my body

measured

points

absolute closure

kindness

aching

into perspective

4/26

Keep
going
don't
forget
the
goal
of
the
Sun

5/7

I apologize

to you

your transformation

a consistency

unforgettable.

5/8

In light of everything I have done,

I reveal more to those walls as they are these,

reveal my own ridiculous murmuring.

5/10

Skin of a ghost.

Schema of electricity.

Time is paused.

The land is rough.

Made to be smooth.

5/11

For once in months

I am awake before

their zone expands.

5/13

Actually, I do have something to say
and it looks like the plot to plot land
like hands covering eyes in a vast field.

5/15

Beyond the gentle hum of the grinders and blenders
there's the gentle hum of the engines and the streets.
A distant siren, or am I hallucinating among rhododendron,
crow dance, the monotone of the breeze that hits my hair.
As orange as the painjob of the lift, my face is aflame.
Desire dances between street corners and traffic circles,
just beyond but intelligibly noticeable in this cocoon.
How many typos does it take to get a building finished?
How many days of heat and overcast to see it through,
and where is the end, anyway, all the long while lasting?

5/16

Before meditation,

bowing to the moon palace,

asking the question:

where do images come from?

Where does identity come from?

The moon palace in daylight

becomes more regal.

The writer in daylight

more impermeable.

Skin the color of allergies

and thorns and blood.

5/17

They have attached

a new layer of inspection.

My blood pops out

eyes the landscape

sees the blinds

returns and returns.

My hesitation is their safety.

5/18

Remembering the dissatisfaction of
another stroll by the building.
The building remembering me not
stepping in not calling its name
not giving it the intimacy though
we struggle with the potential
through surplus always always
the surplus and whether it's time
to go slink around, go slump around,
not really knowing what's what,
who's there, where we really are.

5/19

Oh god, the breathing

through the building

and the witnessing of plastic

ends that hand like sighs

from the bottlenecks of our throats

spittle spastic in this weather

encouragement in this weather

the building doing nothing

the building being everything

and I am alongside it

and I am staring into it

and I am licking it now, licking

and rubbing and nibbling

the plastic and the wood and metal

dripping down my chin

pure image of waterfall and bath house

of a building of a place we could just build.

5/20

This writ
this ramp
into land
the stellar
incline
falling
is the falls
and bubbles
of the drool
and the space
we call home.
Do we call
it home do we
mind gaps
properties
filling
properly?
I see white
and whiteness
and slowly
inside I

cloak I

wrap and up

I delve

develop

I respool.

5/23

Another layer.

Flay of layer.

The coolery.

With each breath

and each inch

and waving cords

the lord's gold

fist of cable

watching white

breaths still

watch white men

plowed down

beneath furor

iron lock

mouth of bid

this mouth of

a single

tattooed arm

breathing in

again and

crossed again.

5/24

What's this

and another crunch

of satisfaction

another siren

another crisis

another hiss

my mouth

construction

iterative

privileged

acknowledge

simulae

sly spiriting

and the arrest

prescience of numb

numb of lessons

and lessening

and the ache

the throb

pauses before

deep thrust bombs

mimicking roots

rotations

older mirrors

and dried throats.

"It's happened

before and

longlasting and

it's happening

now and now too."

5/24

Sublime phantoms

auditory blocks

while waiting

to leaving & let go.

5/25

Ben LaMar Gay.

Hammer backs.

The slight red

of the reddest.

Jubilation makes

the ground shake.

In the purpose

of the city

of the language

of hidden cruelties.

Weaves and spurts.

The golden-covers.

The memories of

static distraction.

Dynamo, he said.

The shackles too.

The singeing and

the burning scalp.

A continuation

somnambulant decay

urges and emerges.

6/2/18

The world continues.

In its own floating way.

We seek while floating.

Our motions are ours only.

The breath of the floors

as the breadth of movement.

Stillness in the sun.

Preparation and moods.

6/3

Please

don't stop

me. End

the quotes

where they stand.

Where begin—

what these—

stay benign—

don't stop me,

please.

6/4

My contributions
like the ruby of Rumi
no separated notches
on the necessary spine.

It harms to position myself
with the necessary outlook
staring up at the building
like it was a cool brother.

Cool air outside among rumbling
for it doesn't stop for weather
for it won't be stopped by time
my body warm, in the heat
of a reposition, a response.

6/5

Octopause

on the bike

I scent

Hollow Werld

or Hull-oh!

As if damnation

as if end

is here.

But it's not

hair on my legs

shivering

skin reddening.

The hard fact

that around 8

dot dot dot

their alarms brake

and we can get on

and we can get on

and we can get on.

Until alarms resume

like waspy images.

Like wispy moons

tidal to the heart

arterial shorelines.

6/6

Do I wait

for the breath

to take me

backwards

towards flame

where my whiteness

my skin and ego

flayed out

in corrupt judgement

can be called

language

and integration?

6/7

Rotten tambourines.

The shape of the monsters

that prowl to unwind.

The underside of the wind

glancing curious across streets.

Vacuous and viscous faces

appearing within doorways

the gelatin of their movement

a caress to the viewer.

More stops and more breaths.

The instantaneous voracity

calms the men and inspires them.

There is grit and grain

amidst the pressure of surfaces

within the many, too many, mouths.

6/8

Clasp this moment of silence
this Saturday phalanx
as it passes daylight to daylit
the churning of night machinery
post- and loss-leveling.
We're all thankful, Emil.
We're all grateful of skies
rightly or wrongly reflecting
the forever actions, harmony,
actions of a forever as adulthood.

6/10

What we're made of:

a water tinted red

and stories of churn.

Foul play of systems.

Eyes blood-clad and then—

sitting on the porch

moving through the dream.

Inching forward, aching.

Yawning, warring again.

And then the looks

as the machinery sits.

Stretches. Creaks.

The crates beyond tint.

The red beyond water.

Amalgam or analogical.

Trees tilt today

wind speaking restless.

6/11

Good day to you
with the tunes.
With the straps
reminding me
of becoming still.
Helmeted before
silent barricades.
We bring them noise.
We make them create.
"The thrill is gone."
Everything's a mess.
Or am I just getting,
just getting sick,
as we inch toward skies
complacent and calm,
conditional and clawing
to be seen by our eyes,
to be the scene
before bloodless shelters.

6/12

No alarm but in the poison of sleep.

In the ranting and raving of bedsheets.

In the devouring of standing up

to an amber pool of the collected urine

as I move away from one day into another.

As I strike conversations with myself.

Like matches once pocketed now in the air.

The real alarm is the motive now.

The alarm is really motivating now.

As is the thrust to be inserted

into the hollow crooked revelations of the day.

6/14

It persists. It arrives out of womb

and spirit trails carving seconds.

Gut wrack and ramp into passage.

Rampaging across instances.

Dirtied photos and speckled prints.

The occasion to brush with digits.

Smudge of thieves. The moot scenario.

Opening to be at once honored.

The awakening of the dreaming tongues.

Pursues the purses of the slaughter.

In other winks, laughter shimmying.

Down the pipelines, across plains.

The fingered fulcrum of emergency.

Synchronistic and anachronic

in little, engrained abodes.

Constructions of pain and perusal.

The storied towers cleanly edged.

Triumph of dust and spectacle.

Walking across a rooftop again

with sweating, degraded knuckles.

6/15

Carry the souls of the ripped and shredded,
carry the discarded gaze of midnight roads.
They all lead here to a crest in time
where the roads crumple and are sectioned off.
Like the howling gems buried in pockets,
there is a prison that unlashes its wounds.
Like the pursing lips that have been written,
etched time is the next golden sequence.
Of obliteration these laughters milk the moon
and this indifference breaks transit in half.
A landscape like a mine-sweep of an interior.
A morbidity of restless, iridescent domination.

6/16

We live in a beautiful world,
yes we do, with pyres and pikes.

However.

No ramparts on this fortification:
just the same, glorious reflection
of a white, endowed, entitled sky.

6/18

Peace to the realm of the stack on top.

Sip sip, then vanish, the right way.

We've been encrypted into being

and the whole world tricks itself.

Endless mélange coveted in hands of beauty.

Release and peace, peace, symbiose.

The law of this language's deeds undisturbed.