

Bleep

Please do nothing to me but slowly."

—Rosemarie Trockel

Speed of inflection

to light upon

a paper tire

mixed up

in heaven's gloat

The question arises
where if surface exists

a how-to mechanics
in the normal sway a form

of expectation, defeated

Pavanes explode in markets of gland
Social skills regally decline
King Kong cure-alls cut deep, aspiring

You are running down a country lane
perpetually stubbing
your big toe

on a water biscuit

subject only to

to itself

that door skin
whose dueling scars have healed
many times over

There you have it
the toxic element
an oblivion protrudes
weariness aside
banana slugs know better how
assembling the radicality during which purification
as an option came and went
Non-greasy lotions might have helped
the daily bleeps suffered from
and staved off

Run your fingers along the edge
the constellations dispense their wares nice and easy
lift your arm so I can see