

I hold it towards you –

(after Keats)

– which is to say:

there is validity in these gestures,
no explanation but extrapolation via the limbs: by which I mean
or, think I mean – collectivity as a part of speech: *come again*.
The radio channeling an exaltation of larks: what it is
to be euphonious. In a dream I was an organ tuner knifing the pipes
to make the building run. This well tempering as the articulation
of the maladjustment of the details: I put my boots on
in order to stay awake, told daily oh – disobedient child, don't you know
that the moral of the story is no shirt no shoes no service. Come again:
come again. *Our sky is a landfill* prophetic chanteur, singing from
the dead – and I am moving with everyone and moving toward those doors:
hello. Heavy is the hold of the metal of the beating of the tourettic
good morning: honestly, *to hell with you people* sometimes – how that is,
for sublime beauty. Door that I hold – *hello, hello*: extrapolation of the limb:
by which – I mean – I mean – I remember when someone said *you*
are my reality in order to keep me awake and even then in the dream
that followed we were all in the same house together no one upset by
the facts. Suppose this hand were a living hand. Suppose this hand were
a warm hand, a capable hand: how some time ago might return linger
stay around for awhile. This hand, this revelator. This hand
an earnest hand: this hand a hard worker: all
the things I have built with it, all
the things it ever held dear. If I hold all
this towards you – which is to say: – which *is* to say – if the fire does
not burn through then what of the flame to the fingers –