

once established in alcoves                      as wave as                      small light                      as large embrace  
    ever-becoming                      the doubling has always been  
    after all                      the only regret in pathos                      this much I  
    know                      I said                      because                      to choose a self from  
    all the selves                      and persistently and gently                      each time                      to  
    land on this mere one                      that is the only recurring labour                      that  
    meshes a matter englobed                      restively

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you don't like                      hearing the riders  
 who segment so well                      the instability of                      being one thing                      of having  
    the face                      the amusing proof                      the combination of                      saw  
 body and                      bark

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don't choose it like                      you choose words                      that say  
 sky                      bottom                      pane                      ornithology  
 you said                      pick instead                      the serene course                      that swings to restrain  
 the weather                      from endlessly trashing                      autumn                      no  
 obviously                      it must go farther                      and coarser                      like pity reflected in face  
    like the carbon-fiber-insistence of winter over all those who endure it  
 like the time                      which dozes off                      when                      you look for it

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the transition the                      mutation                      and the unruliness of landscape  
    the nature of artifice                      the fizzy sunlight                      in which we linger  
    smile on and remain enlarged                      is pushed in                      the dark air  
    tiny                      and swinging across                      already old and muted  
    the yard sees                      the ghost too                      thinking                      life is the profitable  
 whole                      but you know what my thing is  
 looking goddamn alive  
 semi-conscious in doldrums                      watching a darkness                      with candles

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clearly birth is more certain                      than death  
    something that everyone knows how to do  
 you may not know                      but there are stomach parasites                      in rain  
    they're all air                      they are all learning                      that epiphytes                      grow from  
 nourishment                      which makes the autumn                      only a gesture of wind                      longing to  
 surface a soul                      the high places in the world  
 like a puzzle                      learning                      from you                      and teaching you something about  
 stones                      woods                      in this and every yard                      trees find masters  
    from breathed beings                      from which the primordial have all the                      life  
 hegemony                      probably all you ever inferred was                      this winding way  
    long enough to be nectary                      with every moth there  
    all twelve of them                      looming                      in a relationship                      with particular  
 interest                      insects                      humping flowers                      it's spring                      like every thousand springs  
    simple and                      in pain                      it suddenly turns into a show  
    a terrible accident deep in colour                      and life isn't plain to years  
    it's long and wide                      and tall                      swampy years aged from the date  
    they were found wet                      grass density                      flapping plume  
    hunters are                      the apparition of a place                      and what was wild once  
    and now cut like grass                      is wild again  
 and that's why any and all of it                      the all of                      here and now                      seemed for  
 a moment like                      here you always                      are