Landscape for a Sudden Other

Morgan Lucas Schuldt
Unfended, I’m one for the heights. A swoonhead
of prettylease going- going-
gone hunched. Unpaced anyway
mygodding waywardly. In way-words
mygoshing the ice-plants, as in —
their red-tipped halts of water grappled the dunes.

As in — I oooed and eyed them from behind a shook of red scarf.
Their little wherebys

having it vast in the heart,
that mimic-muscle —
the softer said of said,

how mattering is up to us. From say to be,
& as fears do their suck-a-thumb.
Because lungs lost are light,

and we tally this makeshift pact with span.
How is often is. A dumbshow

of aught having a beg:
that these are the days that must happen to us:
days with the potency of aspect,
the tactile O
of differences.
Of shooks of the clothesline & sheets

hardened by breeze, by shivelight, which
suntimes on beds done on

lasts better to the whether-sensing hand.
Laughternoons. The strange untrieds,

& the further of all that's -wards.
The astral, the black, the tumble-studded

night. The dimming out. The there-there
that's the thou thou.