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## Landscape for a Sudden Other

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# MORGAN LUCAS SCHULDT

## *Landscape for a Sudden Other*

...last form and final thing, the O.

— Charles Wright

Unfended, I'm one for the heights. A swoonhead  
of prettyplease 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.