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The Kingdom

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THE KINGDOM

the kingdom. PART I.

ancient gamma
once theirs to lay
shrouded in oh no the centuries
that left her here. to doctors
who stray in this perfect loop
they glare. for even to shake
with perhaps her dress has
perhaps gone once
and gone out of
the spiritual.

[con ono vis ospit
er gamma moo say
her loo blie dogon
her keith bliar fock]

a frock : the fur of tiny living
and
the moose : of our open
escaping.

[to der stool ella
glay fer ley
a dig blie innig
fer dat kampling
vay]

the kingdom. PART 2.

who can lay in the ghost stays old. say no. say
a longer beyond may be possible.

and twins get cold with animal things.
so fuse us not. we are unique.

one face exposes miles. say ash
is to ashes and uncoupled dust.

these sleeping islands.
theyll give the pitch.

one beat is cross one
song is acid one
horse is running
its distance
lost.

the kingdom. PART 3.

it was a life coming up from a gap in the floor. it came up a twisted
and quiet. then backed itself down. and she thought my self against
something is emptying me into the room. but take me through
the motions. what do you think is
my face is for.

the light that got through the mask hit her forehead. burning the holes
just above her eyelids. now things moved out and not into
all the right places. it made the desire for scratching. for
having tongues at the tips of the fingers in the place
of the nail with razor sharp edges that could
rip through the seams and take all the
foreign bodies out.

i would never
she kept telling herself over and over
i would never throw away
the core.

the place it took place in was like
an alpine tree. [con ono vis ospit.]

and yet still the hospital was burning in the background.
the hose pit. the toll booth. the hot potato. open fire scream.
a very precise ratio of surface to speed. the desire
for an entry. for all of a sudden please now please
let me leave.
