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Fugue

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FUGUE

How enter fence from this precise angle.
Feathers tilted and controlled.
Corymb of flower. The doctor
drives father's Corolla.

If a face approximates,
does a flock of birds bend the fence.
A fence in syllable and bird.
A bird, bending.
Do I bird, bending. Feather
combing the air of its texture your hair freezes
painless needles.

All angles at which the birds are tilted.
Tied to tiles, the birds fly.
Over the margin, occur. To lick the gap
of the wound. What remains.
Light strains carefully over the metal roof
and squints at us. Active in tongue
petrified listen. A helping bird, a bird buttressing.
The fence I make freezes. What garbage
could be made of if it were garble
over the radio in fragments

Certain tinctures.
Become a bird a syllable,
mold on the garden's wall.
A hole I look through
your face.
Suffuse saffron over the grass.

Light, grind the bones.
I am always looking over your shoulder I am your pale head.
The aperture of wound the sun induces.
I am tending toward. A bent flower sugarcoat
and glaze the frozen flower
which I wore.

Suddenly the color
of the tongue
smeared over the flower or
suddenly the color
smeared over the flower
a crème blood
a soft and crème blood.
Sting in bone sing loam
the flower's core.
A center stamen.