

2010

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Peter Richards

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PETER RICHARDS

People open to combing seem truly ventilated  
and closing their eyes it usually happens  
the fears combs have of people are barely real  
though often they evolve as fears and seem  
dependent on unhappy campaigns of punishment  
when a comb denied the rights of command gets  
held in a manner inconsistent with the wishing  
combs are just normal people in the atmosphere  
raking the air for air cannot say it gentle enough

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PETER RICHARDS

The slope here is gradual  
and orange  
the living aspect a living vault  
still the salt of so many others  
made it confusing what happens  
at any moment  
what glare pulsing as spears  
through slots in the wood  
the horses  
on their coats I promise  
never to take one for myself  
folding her behind my cuirass  
all warmth all reflection and on  
my heart a great love for the book  
for it might change Julia  
into an island capable of holding  
as many ships as she can  
until she herself is the island's  
freed ringlet of ships

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PETER RICHARDS

The halls for the most part  
held grasses from way back  
and on the walls open fields  
without hedges thickest  
to the southeast and orchards  
so the intakes occur  
year round by strings of solitary  
observers all moving at a time  
the waterways arable and clean  
and yet that nightingale taste

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PETER RICHARDS

The music onboard sickens at night  
this from me who can see music planting  
a skull along all the cow paths lining Helsinki  
the royal palms there draw water by first  
considering the forecast how much the others  
might drink then there's the washing all those  
newcomers most likely they won't ever find its  
one cathedral you enter by wetting your finger