

polypoikilos  
matrix in variance

preverbs

for Arundhathi Subramaniam

It takes time to adjust to a new place between heaven and hell.

You can skip the drama when you're coming from the end.

Declare from the start you're not in charge of the charge in a line of sight reading.

Ruminating foot by foot gives back the sense teething in earth.

Camel walking talk is a sudden option realized slow.

A line bespeaks a universe, scaled through.

Never walk on a curve—the wild side is road center.

Fielding syllables what do you catch on?

Being light lays on top.

Mind knows it all and chooses not to let you know it knows.

There's a cognitive bargain to report further when the time comes.

Undercut your apparent perfection, she said, let light crack.

Willing confusion is a test of sincerity.

Where mind rivers so goes the game plan.

If the fool would follow he would folly further.

The verb steed tells imagination to ride bareback.

Tuning by fire is not a one time thing.

You can't tell it how good it is when it knows another way.

The actual poet is only who lives in poem space.

Opening the matrix of self-torque begins failing.  
How many years it takes to find gratitude equal to birthright in squalor.

Sum me up since life dares you.  
This crowded page is waiting for your reference beam.

(It isn't poetry until you reorient.)

So much written inside me, so rare to do the actual search.  
Writing is not the me who will read this and fail to get back.

Words retain memory of your first use.  
They bear no grudges nor do they forget in your lifetime.

Poetry is language finding you over and over at the beginning.

The tantra of syntax works out from my readerly disabilities.  
Verbal tonals healing in gut base booming.

Accordingly I have language as I have body.  
Neither represents anything not even itself.

Own the motive down to its cell or no light sheds.  
The fingered feel of the string tells a tonal timeless.

The image is measured in warmth as in hearth heart sound.  
Mistrust perfection just like hypnosis.  
Heart fire, stone pyre, and the pen commune in a verb to come.

Every once in a while I eat strawberries again with her mouth.  
It tells me one day I'll write human according to the remains.  
All promise contains a rose garden it didn't quite mean.

Poetry shocks by your unremembering.  
The referencing being beam reads what it activates.  
It's not playing around when it plays around, thanks to following the sound all out.

There are choices in the poem but who's here to say whose.  
Hands in your pockets! It touches the atemporal all by itself.

The music speaks from inside the curve unending.  
This allows for a little death midway in the journey of our line.  
Beatrice retained in penwomanship, *reading reading*, the mindful book.

The stronger the idea the narrower the world viewed.  
Look before you bite, smell before you reap.

Know the name, see the color.  
Hear the idea, know the thing.

Reject the advice to let the mind wave peak.  
Find the mind pressure equal to retaining position on a slack rope.  
There is a poetics of crafted bird body logic.

The time breeze is kicking up now.  
I reshape to take the curves.  
Poetic vision is you can't stop making it.

A true line just now starts making sense and then goes on for the you to come.  
Not to get hooked on the next good thing always being there.

The poem knows what it wants to say and I only intermittently find out.  
Showing up includes a willingness for blank.

Do you know where you are now? — bad question, as it turns out.  
Ideas are so controlling.

In the poem of the real you don't know what's good and bad.  
Can't always handle it.

The line is throughscaled.  
The feel of the pull of the whole has shapely whirl only when unexpected.

Identity is a tool capable of casting itself off without loss of function.  
It's the reference beam in the internal biome and it goes on and off.

I think I'm still me when I forget.  
Memory is not the main thing cutting through in the archeology of my beliefs.

Relax without thinking the full mind traffic is worthy of exposure.  
The deadliest art is hummingbird light.

I get flarebacks in the poly view.  
Spotchlike spaces blanket readerly extent and I glimpse myself on the horizon.

The celebratory self song strings things out that sound me out.

Everything ever said to me conditions me.  
History models itself on our lowest common denominator.

What led you to think there's no pickle in your starchart?  
No wrinkle in the far look calls out the land of ever old.

The life poem is a factual artifact.  
The poet knows why say I'd rather be written.

You know it's your calling when the colors pull back.  
Surrender admitting what you've never heard said before.

Intentional dissociation is mad reclamation.  
Follow the bouncing ball off the page and into her lap.

A thought has a music mind learns hearing through.  
It takes more life in a breath.

Confessing the poem is making me up as we speak.

Standing repented is being turned.  
I hear new death in the face anticline.

The sound says what you're saying.  
The vision you can't stop making lives you up.

A life works everywhere in its life work.  
Even the simplest truth sounds multiple in the folds.

*A man is like pepper:  
until you chew him you do not know how hot he can be.  
Hausa proverb*

If we follow a wild path long enough we see it means to see.

The great study is the way of lapsing order.

The poem is a threshold of acceptable chaos with shine.

A power inheres knowing it's still and ever now.

Meaning is meant to be, seen.

Walleyed things look different differently.

The dream rebreathes the meaning of the words to first use.

Consistency insults the reader.

A bird is quicker than the eye on the fly.

Memory hangs you up so you can't hang up.

Peace is a state of consensual non-lethal aggression.

*Who was that masked woman?* A word bearing no grudge.

Poetry is language accepting that it's indefensible.

Crazy words in dream make obvious sense, and waking, fabulous nonsense.

I say magic carpet, you think metaphor, now traveling.

The proper study of poetkind is fools persisting in folly.

Whose mouth is muscling inside my lips today?  
Only a false appearance of the present can reveal actual presence.

You know it's now when everything conspires.  
Virtue is awkward.

In a flash I become everyone I meet in the flesh.  
My only hope has been to write beyond myself before the end of the line.

Presence to, from, for, in? Think kaleidoscope. Think merry-go-round. Think facets.  
Clown. Haha. Clench of gut. Drone.

Is he after all a Buddhist? Yes I am or not.  
Answering is getting me nowhere even faster.

What kind of a person is this? Is he even a kind?  
Questioning is getting me nowhere in no time flatter.

I'm a Buddhist when I say goodbye and now this, hello!  
Intimacy is unknowable distance highly felt.

Now we fear clowns bespeak deeper danger between hee hee's.  
Never said, as it's said, if ever said, probably not, no doubt.

The poem is working in your seeing your seeing another way and not only.  
Poet unavoidably creates reader who reads him better than he knows how.

Full disclosure is the genie out of the bottle.

I know it's prophetically now when misreading is revelatory.

This intimacy is closeness risen from the read.

A true thought feels secure enough to mean otherwise.

Written in my lifetime is read in another.

I talk to myself waking or dreaming or not yet never saying don't.

Prioritize thinking clear—tears prioritize themselves.

I no longer resist knowing the dead are reading over my shoulder.

World surfacing has its shifting say here.

I have to reread the work to keep the faith.

Think one thing, space, think back, space, again think tripping up, tripping over, see?

Somewhere along the line you see through to what's not existing before.

Face the provocation of your favorite tune.

There's no such thing as a good line—not for long the way thought leaps over.

Birth aggression never ceases.

Good flow, sturdy flare, pastor's floral.

A power of poetry teaches the delusional they aren't always.

Seeing things has birthright with flair.

Makes you want more even when there isn't any.

Zero point is not without flowering.

Pardon my aggressive delight, I said in a pinch.  
 Don't knock animal sense.  
 The wisdom of three is that none prevails.

You've been found wanting wanting wanting.  
 A darker side thinks it has me on retainer.  
 I see into my dead reading over your shoulder.

*Now you know why I brought you here. Who said that not yet me?*  
 I still can't count what doesn't count even if it can.  
 Language is tone deaf until heard on a curve.

Dates astonish time and again—back up and say it right.  
 Tears prefer tears all around.  
 This is belly talk in the dark.

Murder is what happens between people you don't know—unless you do.  
 The retainer I'm on won't give a name.  
 Freak faces from one ha to the nest. *Clown on your own time.*

Violence is passivity gone all wrong.  
 Flamenco eyes see in the dark. *Duende.*  
 Love aggresses, violence suicides.

Study your animal.  
 Your demon is showing in the shooting gallery since life is art.  
 Not worth a nickel in denial of the pickle.

*I have not made my book anymore than my book has made me,  
 consubstantial with its author.  
 Montaigne*

The whole unfolds in the flow perspectival something like cumulus smiling.  
 Obscurity rouses in the break.

Poetry is aggressive unlike violence.  
 "Everybody is on a waiting list."  
 Only remembering the birth to come warms us here.

The knowing tool is self off casting middles.  
 How I even know I'm here is still on my mind.  
 I try buying time but it has me already.

We are the membering all over.  
 Embrace the trace.  
 It can't have been is how you know it's real.

Think what the mind does when you say be born.  
 The real is turning you mirroring.  
 Take the whole world in swinging doors of perception reception.

The whole thing is probably improbable.  
 Secret is the will to be all out all the time.  
 Peak means it knows it's there no matter what.

Everyone is waiting on a list.  
 October 1, a fresh month to watch speeding past.  
 The eye is the quick bird flying higher.

A good line says you've never read right before this moment.

It lies. Still not reading reading.

It's not no good but good is the wrong idea.

Note how *poem* is having the feel of eternity in a grammar of backflow.

It's drawing on a poetics where defects become as virtuous as the breath is long.

It times as the hour strikes relative and absolute at once—alarm.

Complete sudden ballet in the face signifies character showing with élan.

A throw from the heart a stone's throw from home.

Take things as seriously as they take themselves taking the curve.

The gesture is equilibrational with the edge.

No time to plan in no time.

Writing has no outside as writing.

We're always on the move out here far from home. It's a bit shaky.

*No likes more than you dare think.*

Guessing who says these things proves I'm distracted.

Only can follow the track you're ontrack on.

Secretly saying talk to me turns on worlds scarcely sensed.

Syntactic nuance is tonal and facial.

I'm on the way to your way is the one thing you feel your way.

The distinction is never free of extinction. You hear a turbulence. Slide under.

What's undeniable is the fact we're both here now, or it's not happening.

A line tried to get through but I was turned away.  
The bounding movement you now detect is a species of grieving.

Eluding meaning opens the way to great meaning.  
It proves a proverb is a one-line mystery spoiler.

Believing in sudden emergence doesn't require belief but relief.  
It is the way it sounds.

It's a dark day to see lighting the way.  
Riming registers below the belt but pre-sexual.

Mind slice sharp clean removal better be on the spot.  
The authentic barely survives its fraud.

Kiss means not one side or the other.  
Similarly you can run your fingers over the curve of the voice.

It follows that it doesn't follow.  
These are not contradictions but flashing othernesses so sorry for your loss.

Lines are steps like the sunflower through the day, my following.  
It's something I do to be done while never really happening, just shadows.

On the way to your way I find you here.  
A reach in the dark is over an edge we took for skyline.

It dawns, a day has pockets of knowing.  
The poem reaching in to find an opening divines leaks.

What if the day is dying for a new language?  
Life is one of everything.

A line is by any reach of the imagination.  
It's made up of its own accord.

Give judgment a rest.  
Cut the attachment with a happy slice.

Where did you get the idea there's no poet at the source, beyond inevitability?  
Turning frames accommodate in the Klein house a peculiar way of bottling.

Walls are still falling.

The poem is an ally in outsmarting my mind.  
Mirrors are everywhere woven.

History in a nutshell needs shelling.  
A poem is that cracks nuts not only mine.

Aggressive renunciation means loving the ugly and the violent with all your heart.  
Murder is too literal.

To recognize writing true not crime you have to find where it has no forebears.  
*In love* means sensing innocent the next line coming on hard.

The people you love are not bad magic.  
An all new emotion has nowhere to go but over.

You don't get it until gotten.  
Time is on no one's side but a you unknown to you.

Racing to the end slowing is harder than dropping out on time.

We're here to sustain a level.  
A gate of any one opens two.

*...communion through brief, isolated, rapid actions...—L'image!*  
Nothing constitutes nothing.

A mobile castle is undefended on the spot, and passing.  
A poetry is what makes it impossible to conceive a thing.

When you challenge the root the waters know to flow.  
Organic is no model.

Consistent inconsistency grows apples.  
It's not a puzzle. No answers lure. Loud sharp not knowing next flowers.

It's only tough if you're trying while it's telling to tell.  
Destiny is just along for the ride, down the incline of the West.

The slide is sacred to its air.  
Breathe further.

Contrariwise conceive a thing from scratch in accordance with the itch.  
Our countertimes are here right now all along.

It's there seeing it.  
No ideas but know themselves as things.

Their heat dangles up.  
Once your gut knows fear it always knows.

Dead or alive I get to know the person coming or going in the mind.  
It is with some sadness in the reflexive mood that I greet my impersona.

It's not there not seeing it.  
Death offers a chance to get to know a person better.

Life on earth builds living earthly.  
How can you be sure you're not dead in the present construct?

Reading knows dying anytime through.  
Everything orders down to the last drop down.

States, moods, modes, methods foot along like Johnny Appleseed going to seed.  
Walking your way you hear a sound that bounds.

Regency's lost agency still sings itself along to tune like yours alone.  
Believe you're great for a split second then rabbit over the thought.

Wrought space fires up in place, *hwaet*, how you'll never say.

We are barely local the way we're thinking.  
Nothing scratches the itch for the untranslatable.  
Accurate records keep safe what no one wants to know.

No ideas in arrears know themselves as wings.  
The valences word you counterstreaming with hopes going higher, higher in smoke.  
It's a reach beyond forgetting.

The point is to ride an edge you can't prove is there.  
Still can posit a pointless point, what fun for an old tearjerker.

So well recorded we're free of taking it to heart.  
I take pride in offering no assurances yet it won't stick.  
We're still in play.

The music is to sail through the end with all colors flying.  
Note the note that slips past less.  
They that self-generate least knowing are still to know our own.

The sinking ship stays in sync with never saying never.  
No help gets with the mystery still unnamed.  
There's a point in every way where the slate is self-cleansing.

Possible meaning's surround sound holds you in its swarms.  
Hence the lust for a mathematics holding on the wing.

What is the music doing here where the wave crests incalculable?  
Enjoying sleights the path withheld in waking all through.

I dreamt light licked my mind like a dog my face or was it a god.

Opening a sensate crack to another dimension comes with sensation in the daily.  
Likewise there is a poetics of seeking out the untranslatable.  
It starts as longing long.

The neverbefore has no language until now.  
There is no such thing as dakini gossip.

My site of completion is just getting started and over before I know it.  
I reach out to her only to find no one there but the many.  
Any offense is history all over and covering further.

Offending love has a heart of old.  
My music isn't. Or not in time mine.  
An art of fold tells tales gone cold.

It's the sliced sharp tear through to a you seen through.  
I'm in shock at long last time did tell over a dead body.  
Feel the terrain lumped up now torn, personal mnemorial longlasting.

It won't let you go forward with history.  
The fact of words is a world apart cut through to core after core.  
It's how I get here without having been here.

It's personal like a tutorial for absentminded absentees.  
The world begins where I think it's ego absconditus at work.  
*Take me to your reader* is all I mishear or miss hearing in the verbal dark.

Why is being here not everything as it is?

Is a wing a will in play?

The deeper is seeing the more it flickers and the light still coming from behind.

What is not mine in time still has my time line live in the present line.

It's to feel for.

Anything able to be said is a matrix of further life hidden by your senses flayed.

Bold saying is not toying with the gods or the dogs, inner or outer.

It's too intimate for boxing.

Overreaching is allowed for cliff singers.

Temptation is not limited to kinds ever known.

Anything ready swings between further and over.

No stopping the crosstalk.

Aberrant branches with worn sheaths verily shout.

Can't help seeming like impersona gossip.

Static in the hearing waves.

Homophonic genomics from tree chatter to blood spatter.

Catch a rhythm like a butterfly.

Agency succumbs to high riding like chariot entrances.

A warp I can't keep hands off teaches dance.

The line is a place to go laying itself yourself out before you it.

A grammar sprays playing the instrument in play.

Imagine jungle reflection.  
It flexes its undisclosed gender.

I mean mirror to see her inside myself showing up.  
Identity torsion tears away walls insinuating exchange, maybe even place trading.  
Listening like eyes on the tips of the palpatorial fingers.

I'm passionate saying what I don't mean to be saying.  
Gesture is not time bound but bounding.  
The shape is lipped on the way.

It gives and takes tips for a ride where the terrain is real by declaration.  
Petals petal like thinking thinks.  
If you don't catch it you forget it because it never happened.

Touching down is foundational—we work backwards the words passed throughin.  
Anything occupying this spot is an instance of what has been said *very felt*.  
A talking turn takes curving hold. That's how it means what it says. Line flow.

What goes far enough in reflects what wants out.  
That it's its own language is meant for you to know before you leave satisfied.  
It's your falling calling too, the out that's through the door no one uses.

Context is the secret variable.  
All the changed mouthing but mirrors a future further.  
And every step comes down hard on the gardening for.

Wholly read is never really for.

I wasn't really dreaming, just dreaming I was dreaming.  
It showed a shaky middle in the syntax but it seemed to know what it was doing.

I ask why in defiance of my unacknowledged codes behaving.

A reason is a start never over.  
Once said it surfaces rough and pebbled.

I walk along as though everything isn't happening under troubled foot.  
Thought gets contour with gut feeling getting brainy.

It has to seem a moment's thought because it is.  
Poetry proves a moment thinks for itself once said.

Word wills.  
Synkinetic poetic rewiring grammars for the kill.

Linguality writhes under the strain.  
Involuntary crosstalk leaves tracks.

The *status* of the statement clawing for fixing meaning *quo* now in question.

Two rights are wronger yet.  
They destabilize my necessary instability.

I sense clambering to restore balance even as the sentence palpates itself en route.  
Reading feeling the way along lowers expectations in anticipation of wondering.  
Wonder further yet.

Dislodged speech particles play on nerves for the hotwired bounce.  
Shock travels radial wise, slowed saying turning.

Using tracks.  
The simpler it seems the more opens out from slack.

All left unnoticed now notices.  
The stitching and unstitching is pervasively naught.

What caught notice was making more of itself.  
Manifesting means released into being here timely.

I hit on the belief regulating today's body sense.  
Credible primal antithesis has words not withstanding stand within.

Crosstalk follows crossing.  
Getting across avoids abstracting the thinking to stay with the linking.

Scratch thinking.  
We're cutting down on cutting surface.

Thinking life new covers texture like feeling skin.  
The realities flicker across with paginal sensation.

I almost got a glimpse of the belief of the hour.  
Words have retractable claws unlike cheetahs.  
I am suddenly cleansed by my own aggression.

As we move along here take note of the shifting cleats of readerly steps in traction.  
 There are concepts that further the leap over obstacles and those that grow them.  
 Metaphors are like mixed drinks, conceptually speaking.

Words withstand erosion by standing with their contraries.  
 I lament the disappearing month like slipping behind clouds.  
 Trouble in the poetome where all true words are late in coming.

Am I any more at home if I say *homish* [*unheimelig*] or not?  
 How can a word you think not exist?  
 Am I anymore here homing like a bird word?

It's only because questions get us nowhere that they are of primal value.  
 It's impossible to not believe and of primary force to try.  
 Language aims to speak true but is not bound to do so.

Glossorealism displays like you say.

It goes so worldly rapid by I'm going freight car hopping tonight.  
 If you see what I mean your eyes don't betray you for nothing.  
 There's feeling with integrity even these facts ignore.

A poem is a translation into an unknown language. Idiopoeia.  
 Did I say the totality of poetic possibilities operating in the living organism *tongue*?  
 The only thing belated is the gladhanded word shaking.

Of course I doubt my life work, staying healthy for the nonce.  
 Seems like impersona gossip where to read translates. Bottom up.

Is it time yet to stop dreading still longing for peace and the grand illusion?

Don't go looking for Dakini gossip or unicorns. Check your motivation.

I'm hearing the theme from life the musical, author impossible.

*Where do you go my lovely when you're in your bed?*

Flamenco's group trance lectures your work on authorial intention.

I stand inflected.

Is my reader as invented?

The rightness of the next is the core issue of civilization.

I thought I was a robot until I met a nice one, but I was dreaming I was dreaming.

Check your motivation at the door.

Take note of the texture of the floor and the text she wore.

The poetics of compassion resides in the matter itself.

Who ratified the law of cause and effect? I'll sue.

A gift of age is the deeper listening seeping through in background.

The nature of substance is the audio chemical getting from there to here.

Self-less self-creation is a turbulent rubric.

True is what only happens now serving.

It's hard to take.

There's a poetics of not otherwise.

Now that you're dead you know that we weren't kidding when we were kidding.

You can freely love the music in the key of bottom up with own wyrd quotient.

The word wyrd tells a tale with roots in now.

Just imagining the instrumentation listens through.

It induces logorealism in a liquid form.

The etiquette is hats off to the fallen never.

Day by day, line by line, body by body, further factification.

The lateness of the hour and its going belief tells me serious.

The world rolls out and the money is counterfeit.

I meant it when I said it then it meant me like light licking my dog face.

Awkward as it is to say right.

The gods make up for lost rime but not reasonably.

No sleep when they hang at the bound.

They know you're there before you do, so hats off.

Tell me I'm great for a split second so I can see stupid.

Everything ever felt still feels.

The long tall song sallies on.

The tangled tongue banks on the mouth grown new.

Orphée morphée is dreamback with further feed forward.

The mirror you pass through is mercurially substantial.

Keep mouth closed where deadly silver substance talks back.

Character by character tells you otherwise.

Destiny is now destination with its wyrd modification.

Honesty in work imposes no meaning like this.

Idiolectuals should stand at the head of the line stopping here.

The sense of space has a lisp only the actual feet can follow.

Real language structures according to its bent.

Believe only what you don't know.

Ours not to do the why but to let our reasons die.

Not giving is giving up.

The thing said is the actual thought grasping its task.

A turn of the mouth is emotion's motion.

We're here to fray the father tongue.

A verbal messiah is the sword of wording.

It's the way of believing in the object headless.

The image is causeless speaking foremost.

Not giving in is giving out.

We meet mask to mask.

Why keep saying what knows it can't be said can't be asked.

You become what you bear.

Verb destines.

No image stays its thing.

You know it's poietic when the maker startles.

Music is never used up.

Liberation is from line to line.

The clear state in contact lets go images thinking for themselves.

It's startling. Feel its pulse like a hers lost to life.

You can pin the thing down while it still flies free.

I'm a happy dummy when she talks me though like this.

The poem is pulling the mouth string I didn't know is there.

I hear me jaw like an other.

It's listening.

Over the line it's speaking for itself by echo.

Mind knows itself on the rebound.

Itself is knowing by grounding, wave by wave.

The line of thinking dies down to turn over.

All of our edges are scraping up against all at once. *I am wall.*

Word mass gets critical at every turn down and echo.

A poem is a canyon large or small.

Depth is physical by sound bounding.

Happiness is numerous inclusive of one. The only one itself.

Hard as nails bending.

The unhappiest poem is word safe.

Mind's a believing flying machine with Sherlock Holmes in the cockpit.  
Who's behind the dark force of predefining the range of the heart?  
I ask myself out loud yet my head is in the clouds believing flying.

Some narrow is to see what is.  
Profoundly making invites indifference to reception.  
I'm a stand-up weeping between lines.

Poetry is a near life experience.  
Talking funny reminds only undead show no power of past.  
The I talking through me I call she.

I'm faithful to the past in its pastlessness. Or rather hers.  
Lear speaks free of his lines. By hers.  
It lives to utter deathless by her crossing.

Imagine this is saying the failed saying of before.  
Authorization by ineptitude makes a certain sense, alternately real.  
Without even being dragged down the lane of identity the deal is sealed.

You didn't see it coming that it shows without consent.  
There's no takeaway. No giveback. Where's the fun?  
This is a line that can't be written.

Where do we stand? How dare we ask?  
It's that sincere tone's skilled deception.  
Still claiming to know when the good line's good.  
And leave no bridge unbroken.

*Bling!* muse, your dharma art of talking through dummies.  
 I say mind, you say tongue, let's let the whole thing show.  
 How do we handle our well spoken ineptitude?

If my way is the right way I'm wrong before I start.  
 There are many me's yet I'm here knowing the one of them none is.  
 To be in the real presence of myself *I* be willing for the position to reverse itself.

Where are you standing in this canyon?  
 Even curved statement is straight in its parts.  
 Configure our distance apart and palpate the tone of voice.

Honest work imposes no meaning including this.  
 No thing said is straighter than receiving.  
 Scale invariable is dimension variable.

Reading's believing's leaving hearing.  
 Poetry is the art of creating readers.  
 The discourse is only secondary in the absence of primary.

The Liar's Paradox substrates language itself.  
 Truth is never already.  
 There's no before here.

I'm noting nothing just for sound.  
 Seeing that it goes all the way down reveals no up or down.  
 I draw myself up into this picture I think I am that sees past.  
 To follow it is to unfollow everything.

Existing throws—you can hear it suffering.

A word in hand is hourglass sand.  
Saying it is shape telling timing.  
It hits hard like the medium telling dead.

The telling is dead on.  
It has no name that the saying is done.  
It carves on you.

No compelling. Just swelling falling off.  
No true mirror will recognize you.  
It suffers readerly dementia.

Life reinvented me strangely today, or was it poetry?  
Poet first means the King's lingual taster.  
I run from the mirror without moving an inch.

What do I believe today, weathering?  
I turned my head to let time pass this time back.  
Every moment my self introduces a new subject and I fall for it.

Believing weathers new.  
This is living in what it grasps until bleeding in.  
The gesture arises not from the past but a trace now in hand.

Thinking over words is hoping to land better.  
A simple figure stands different in high winds.

Getting it straight: poet squats in uninhabited lingual outposts.  
Whereas systems impede the thinking they channel, resolved that we not.

Believing in the devil ages the liver.  
Word history means the lingering impact body on up.  
It mirrors intentional suspension of cognitive competence.

This is over Darwin's head like a *Simurgh* fly-over.  
A word is the act of modifying all.  
The poem tries to refer as the other's streaming and fails.

Like raga defining cross sound breeding the poem evolutes hearing.  
Poetry is not here to promote understanding.  
I will myself to the will of the line drawing out.

The line signals reading across the page and we reflex.  
Talking likes figuring to tell taller.  
Cultivating indifference grows difference differently.

Telling time pins it down telling tales like this.  
Hooked on the axial disappoints straight saying.  
Release into music proves no release.

Everything is straight in its way.  
Music has strength of issue.  
Doubling straightens strong.

How to hear it mirroring and mind.

Meaning resounds down round itself to fill out the area saying.

Coming up for air overcomes the way back in.  
There's understanding like a veil across the face.

The line carries you safely in being carried away around.

The hardened puritan finds the way in through the back door.  
Artifice is a sidekick watching out for the semi-blinded borderline impassioned.  
Known by the intensity of desire driving the tongue the poem sexes.

Forgive me I'm still learning English at your expense.  
We signal problem coverts and send them down the line.  
Seek thinking drawing redrawing down line.

Time loops free.  
Practicing inhibitory retention language taking up temporary residence squats.  
We swivel together setting free between.

Push pull time mirrors our threshold.  
The instrument weighs in body.  
The weather does our believing.

The fielding feels right at this height.  
The work soaks up the life range meaning.  
Doing our duty to unnamed things still free of being told what they are.

Life goes on or under the line moving toward the end brings it to light.

The sudden self is seeing itself come upon.  
 Traumatic history showing you capable of the worst shows real.  
 The heart opens to let blood flow where it still isn't.

The proverbial line is atemporal in distributing itself any where timing syntax to be.  
 There's never no how to read.  
 There is tantra following the points appearing.

The first level psychic's selfie—to divine own mind.  
 Writing is its future taking place as we speak.  
 Approaching enriches with ratchets.

The trail is not leading but staying between.  
 We've come and gone from the beginning.  
 True is what turns true.

The parallel stream crosses here.  
 No one knows how to read a moment before they do.  
 Poetry taunts us toward further incapacity.

Access adjacently accordingly.  
 The line draws its curtains respectfully.  
 Come upon this thing not knowing is self seeing sudden,

Reading knowhow is nowhere good.  
 The drawn line is curtains for the past.  
 Waking is not a desire, it hurts hiding.  
 Battered heart, cracked heart opening.

Meaning to accept these apologies always lies in waiting.

Waiting can't help lying inadvertent latently.

Species of breathing sustaining lives live tonal.

There is axially directly said in sheer number of points at once intentional.

And then there is bare saying barely touching down.

It's simple, hyperlocally speaking.

If I can return to this spot it means where it finds.

Thinking raga spares syntax.

I look back to see what blanks have been filled as new ones appear.

The proverbial body waits for therapy you can never guess.

The slightest critical turn sleights attention.

Wake up is an inevitable self-declaring clamor.

The line wants backbone.

A paradox of lying lies at the undercut of language itself.

There's a weak element in the greatest statement signaling health.

Sometimes you have to bite the orange to get peeling.

It's easy to forget there's a ride inside the outing.

I cannot not learn English teaching itself by whatever turn.

This is responding to an occasion not known occasionally.

Waiting instructs where you least want it.

A line makes its claim in residue assembling still.

Time on my hands and heading toward my feet.

The beginning is where you come in.

When I say it's not yet mine it's not yet mind.

Never mind it's never mine from the beginning.

The first level of psychic is psyching self—to divine own mind.

This is the obverse leveler.

The truth is all done with mirrors.

It goes in arrears before it appears.

No time likes the present.

The line gets longer in the end.

Writing on water is harder than to walk here.

To divined own mind be true seeing through.

The where is the wonder.

The vine finds out, the wine times out.

Resisting proverbs religiously lingual almost makes hope worthwhile.

Preverbs on the other hand go down on foot, hopelessly.

I am the Red Beard of common contrariness and it's never me you see.

Slash signs for eros' sake.

So saying goes forth only to leave itself behind.