Draw a roar of bricks

A purple crimson hat
a white sash
trailing
a scattering of pins

Witness the shade the hat's
brim casts on the weather,

the wearer tidying up,
modulating volume

winging free across
a spectrum of syllables

Draw a crumble of paisley

Watch wind turn into parchment,
corrosion birthing like moss

Rattle

"the sport or chance mutation of peace"

what roses do we have here?
see-saw of musical chants
bug-a-boos
slash

jewels of possibility
lie open in night's vault
sound of water boiling,
boiling, and yes,
a hyphen, *slash*

trigger-happy stars are
whistling pulses of light—
bobbing
up and
down

but in night
sky baubles of dreams
satisfying no one,

a scalp drumming
with the beat of haste
whipping away
shrouds of time

"we get it," "we get it,"
the singers sing
before a wind
changes their volume
and their song fades
to something more pastel,
blending with the night,
just as it is

can*py

whenever we leave for the night,
we turn into night itself

whenever we leave for the night,
we turn into night-germ

never to roam
along a side street or violin

food sometimes get stuck
with little warning,
our meal piping hot

the gem is *amen*,
scriveners bellow
below the moon

it can't hurt to pocket
what falls—

the road waits patiently

until asphalt blinds with starlight
passing past past past
flickers

say what? muted asunder
a canopy of text