

**less and less or more and more (or less) as if any of this
(look here) were really necessary (any more than)
(suggestions) birdsong carpeting a city street**

We move in ceaseless company, each of us wrapped in an
expensive and imperturbable anonymity.

— Roger Angell

Todo va mal. El fin del siglo, el fin del mundo.
¿Quién me lo va a negar?
Basta mirar con los ojos bien abiertos.

Everything's going wrong. The end of the century,
the end of the world. Who's going to tell me it's not?
It's enough just to look with our eyes wide open.

— Le Mans

anything goes (hear, hear) or nothing
stops (one machine is a space while
one is a vehicle) the chores (structured
in time) having become a sequined
(somewhat) actuality or why i never
began to begin again something
began for me (cawing uncontrolled)

a vehicle

boxy

— flapping — open

open in the harnessed

vehicular wind

twisting

can it

— contoured

be boxed (strongarmed)

there would have been a bridge or boxcar under which incidents would have accumulated
(wedding photos under the eighteenth wheel) or never having learned to weld
the connections (broken reels propped or stacked) having to be made elsewhere, capable
thought not always willing (winnowed down) twice lost (desperately loose on the prowl)

the chores a distraction from the tasks at hand the ceiling glittery and suggestive and green
the bartender's vest glittery framed by the doorway framing the asphalt patterned to match
the topography of this place fashioned after another place in another time

twice lost — — which is nothing in comparison

in comparison luminous reeds — in hiding

heavy: heavy soft full-bodied grasses — incomparably — inclined

— to avoid — unable to avoid the advance

which is noticeably nothing

those trees illuminate

a music which goes

against explanation and eachness

the silvery green or a green breeze (glittery)

asks nothing in other words everything

(though thingness belongs to no asking) belonging is asking (overcome) is blue on blue

on another name (sky view) for sky in past tense didn't happen so didn't have (or find

or follow) a way to say it

brand name here (to numb) by hook or by (number) a lawn where no lawn should (littered with casings, husks, temptations) a day gone lax with likes with unrequited ease as there is in this metropolis such a dizzy bungalow sense of radiating spokes with no center to sing of

or asking — glassy particles floating fake —

is belonging — saying — lending — unexpectedly

screened — in — looking out

the potential as they say is limitless

the glass transmits movement and cessation

trembling conical as the wave wanes duller

then glints against the line in viral sunlight

where are you (the glass)

if there

is no more

to say

(to say no more)

for purposes of identification and contact (containment's better business) a number has been provided decorative a useful tool for aforementioned purposes of identification and the suggestion the mere whiff provides a ground upon which to contemplate the preemptive utility of total death as compared to partial death for which there is no comparison behind this velvet curtain an absolute lurks behind that velvet curtain a special prize for which there is no claimant though a stand-in will suffice and good thing, too, as circumvention of the aforementioned process of identification requires meticulously trained stunt personnel themselves provided with iron-on numbers, decals, tattoos and the various paraphernalia of this our constitutionally guaranteed right to the guarantees afforded us by our constitution

what is
there to do
(why — this — here)
what to do
but look
and look again

the intrusion of information, vultures, impressions,
velcro, brass, opposition, words, "real" authentic
gravesites, stick-ups, butter-ups, higher-ups

the intrusion of billy the kid, ornette coleman, the movies, plush seats,
dives, bars, back alleys, bowling alleys, former bowling alleys, former
farmers of america, corduroy jackets, special favors, special operations,
soldiers called gunmen, soldiers called soldiers, soldiers called settlers,
soldiers called martyrs, who will take all these calls, who will make
the call, put an end to the endings, begin the process of ending to begin

it is the world
as it is
indifference as it is
soars we are rapt
with distraction
as we are prone
to not soar but prodded
progress sort of
forward along the faulty
gutters of a dog-eared primer

the internment the interruption the daydream (what a shame) micro-management
on the level of individuation the mesa a flat shelf with nobody's name on it (on the level)
after the fact the future the better bet to mold the barter system no salary no guarantee
the way of the winds the road as compared to the road map the wind's the way

