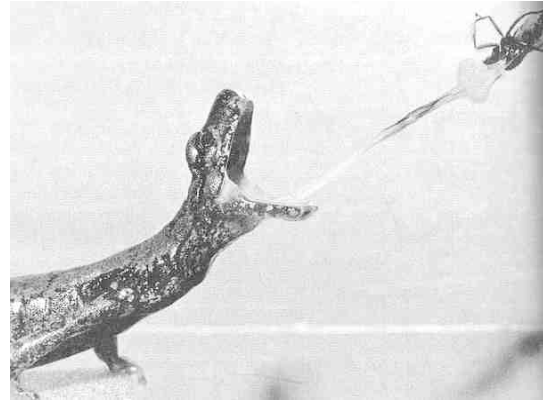


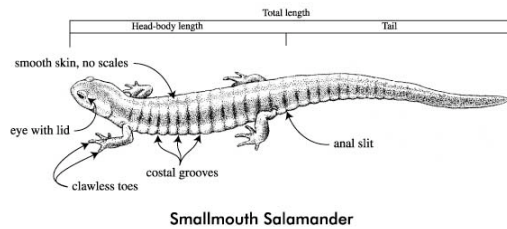
Because this book deserves a prayer. Because this prayer is just what's left over. Grief. Not even cognizant of her spoon. God's gee-gaws and gimcracks. We say God Please. We say Why God. And Go To Hell In A Hand Basket God. We say God If You Do Just This. A basic blessing. A fortune. Finally, the snake won. It took all day for him to heft the salamander onto the shore in front of my pack and begin unlatching its jaws. I didn't stay for the finishment, the coda, the cadenza. I strapped on Sunday's shoes. I wanted your million buck breedloaf. I tried to teach my children wrong's rights. In this diagram, the heart is not listed. I begged for the trick. Cross hatching blisters a la Jesus Cristo. Because grandmother took the Bible with father's calligraphy and tucked it into her casket. How does mount holy yolk hold her tatters? Smart custard of a woman. Come turn this body out like a pocket. And then my own child body leaving me, in all liquid, as a memory nested in long black hair. Mother, sick herself, committed to a deathbed overlooking the avocado tree. Sister brought each fruit. Four times I pulled the needle out. I watched baby born. A man next to me, groaned to a yellow sound. This sound, perhaps

malaria. Book bodied to pupae, pulp, papyri. The head a slice of tongue. The church is left to a young man and his wife Hazel who have no children. But the church wants them to. Never sick again. Never that rill again.



Poly parroted to ten other people. Fly trap thinks that's funny. In romance every leaves the other and a just to be sure haze defends the camera. But how do I make the dust flicker past the candelabra? If vibrating is an emotion in means quite possibly ten together. Time to go back to tuckered-out. The door chime is sounding in your chimera. Stomach fuzz. Insoluble. Inconsolable. Fecal sea foam erupting. Most everything I kept was a breast. Had never had. Had never. Flicker chime sets in the brick work. Or the log cabin portico. Congratulations spot dots. Form a line but a curly. I am working on a famous person's feel for fluff. Do-dad doiled to Dawn. Our supine savior, in ketchup blood mast, in moist leprosy

(dirty word I's know). Black out scab on the cell font. Better boils make the rest of us rubber. Wife winks in the Ambisol. Eden out of any gradient name. In the source pure lips of our prophet, Paleolithic tart-eyed teeth squeeze the tush.



Smallmouth Salamander

Cardial warts murmur if I could love you leader. Red written in benches. Won't she she the doing thing? Discipline deluge. Be supposed. Stick with me little get no bet better. Work things how. He too was perfect in his Jesus. A bad habit staring at a bad habit. A bad habit staring at a rudeness. Rat handed vegetable. Believe in my break down. Was he a dish she didn't want? Please vs. parsed participle. Tongue in garlic press. Our footed compartments. I have a heart horn. I have a buckle. SPIN/COMBINE/LAY LOW. Spat sided praline. Patent leather. Just a minute my bow-legged daughter. Cloud of shrapnel caught us why-ing. Lots of rain gendered tears. Miter sided sap. Oriel specter at the side of the mouth. Orange stock and cinnamon. Off tree barks' handles asedomediphin. Deers and their

lug nut pain. Aspartame crumbs 200 years hence.

A small crosswalk of sunlight has heated the room. "Fill your jars and bowls with pond water" commonality already knows us. The real question is will I fling you. Blister pack of feet. Belligerent bio-code. Did we inherit these commonalities? In one picture I won't show you, real bullseye brainfeed. "The best time for digging money was in the heat of summer, when the heat of the sun caused the chests of money to rise to the top of the ground" but bury the factors in like a ground mask. Party pre-core of the earth. Energy of an engine light. "Just like you, thousands of dollars" ungrown, unstapled from the fertile luck. Get-by mime who churched to liberalize the back turning of men's white eyeballs. We credit much of her didiness to the sun chubs and the line who mended her. "In this subtle way your troubles get forced into your therapist's mold regardless of what you say." Without straws your nose, this Paris as it could hold Harris. "It is by the prayers of the righteous that you are spared" bankruptcy and other relegated combs to comma. I come from a long line of narrative poets. I come to suck your blood.

Q—Do you remember cracking the ice of the pond with a heavy rock?

A—

Q—What truth do you tell truth, what do you?

A—

Q—If I am present in a subject position what responsibility do I have to the content, to the truth value, of the words themselves?

A—

Q—What does it mean to forgive and how does forgiveness show itself?

A—

Q—Why do people waste away?

A—

Q—Do you remember collecting the spires from the Ocotillo?

A—

Q—What's the point of forgetting if it is followed by dying?

A—

Q—Your brother, is he still wearing that hat, the one with the wing?

A—

Q—Is your father still so angry?

A—

Q—What happens to all the personess when the body is a mess and percolates no more?

A—

Q—Smell rain and whose name do you say?

A—

Q—Whose side are you on, anyway?

A—