

Biarritz

“We talk about the river’s violence flooding the shores. Never about the shore’s violence containing the river.”	Not yours, they’re calmer. “Locomotives aligned with life,” lights delicate when lighted beside of if.	time—and time again. MAKING A LIVING A man under radar, under way to be corrected.
COVER YOUR PALE HANDS To my other voice, I add silence, the tone that gets what it wants. “A tropical draft dreamed through a doorway”... Chased the symphony from the song booklet to distracted takes—on waiting. Absolute directions I knew not. Mourned no more, listed differences, without a single word from other natives.	SABRE FENCING “Exacting eyes don’t talk much”... I was mostly a copy leaving the dream. Hands of fire looking for freedom. Then, stalled minds startled the synonym. We flew on similar ego, back before we’d even gotten there.	The face of a boy, wandering from shore to depression, never quite wished for. Quotes as fear, worn ladylike, looked at my land. The man who shat himself sneezed at the sight of your belly. Crowds came off as bodies, builders building moments.
LET’S RUSH PAST Working in the mine without clues, I saw her urges getting a seat. The oracle had no eyes, it was fortunate we had gotten older. “Where were all the chants staying once they’d been detached from the word?”... SLIVERS “The ceremony was definitely stolen.” There was a saint standing between you and the image. Your body’s scent, <i>Fragmented Fatigue</i> .	REDUCED Say we’re forgivers, and now is the time to feel this. “Hoping for and walking out into the similar”... Bodies left behind to tear to pieces your old numbers, talk to your past selves.	“Yearners”... More running away to be late again.
PLANT A SEED A moving still, broken lights in the library. The diaspora unhurried. I talk about you just outside of where you end. “What hears the re–worder?”... Things stay the same, unreviewed, and everything tastes of what it takes. “Breaks your fabric, the desire to engage”... THERE’S TWO OF THEM Sad sacks don’t work no more. It always seemed words, to most—like a gesture—shaved off intent.	THE SEAMSTRESS There, she had a sentence. “Nudity was suspected of helping itself, when facts did not actually sleep.” A spiritual insinuation: the state of the future was what was at stake. “They exposed their dreams”... Sometimes bleak, she possessed him. Perhaps condemned for social appetite.	THE BORDERS We’re forgivers, remember? Elsewhere, scraps seen on an empty boat. “It looks messy.” “Don’t want my sorries to steer me”... I never said you’re hired. THE PLOT Departed that day, delivered a walk. Planes begged. The minute I began, I believed it. On my left, my wife. And I left.
	EXCEPT THE RATIO All at once, intention to worry. The fire has no clue of direction or place. “Contours of a future in a fail-safe”... “Distorted interval.”	DING A DING DANG Written in the dark, the parlando a routine. Anemic murmur itself. The words decided which form would freeze in her mind.
	OF HOPE All types of blue, unusual story. “You had to make these judgments yourself?”... “If you keep washing, you’ll see a rhythm”... Like tides, your own lies, of divided selves, of one-sided goals.	HIS WIFE, THE COMRADE Bush aside, the kiss cleaner. “Thirty, oh boy”... Maybe no questions could be lied.
	FOLKLORE He’s soft, but they’re all the same. The other man explains it matters. “That’s one way to see it, but what a bully”... Historically unreliable, he picked out your lips. “If anything changes to the situation,” the midwife spoke, “you’ll be the first to find out.”	POURING SALT ON THE FLOOR Not unlike myself, the bread was toasted by

“Patterns, blades, bladders, install mates”... “All fine, fine scores”... “Modest, as well.” Every two years, a language dies. A love affair doubled by silence, with man-child running the spectacle.	the law when some of her senses dropped. Two closed bodies and both were his, she meant. So far, the story was one of boredom, but there were other floors.	wonders, and why tape the memories to a vagabond?	Calming, the error, and different the moment I entered.
DREAM COUNSELLOR The manager? For a seminar quite white. Simultaneously, the twist of his mind. “There’s nothing sure, why not love that?”	GRACIOUS ACTS “Ice fog, a smoke curtain, smells of something needy”... She watched his deeds, saw women outdated. Wasn’t it the child that stole the seat, filled the prodigy’s surprise box, then flung it to the happy servant?	FUZZY WUZZY ANGEL While you snuck him in, nothing happened, but you could not relax. Plastic silence followed the idea. Eyelashes his mother bought in Milan, polished currency. “Science would bring nothing to this table.”	Remembered your worries, the first time we ever really met. “Thought forms, waffles, no allergy”... Had access to daydreams, parallel dimensions for every mood; both my own, mainly, and probably thrilling.
THE DRAWING BOARD Five ways of dusting off sleep. One: she left. Still, correcting the tables collectively.	THE VIRGIN ROCK “Please expand these shadows.”	THE INSTANT When he arrived too late, I noticed his scale. The dog was near. Cancer had gotten worse. Mommy went to church. Her average sense was “need for lust”.	THEORY, A CANNIBAL Nothing came closer, impossible if you’re in a prison. I kiss you, we’re awfully one. “Not a hanky in the desert”... Came early, time was time again, didn’t know when to stop.
EPHEMERA Whether to read a mind or transpose gifts into what’s actually happening, nearby is one fine part. “Let’s fix it with stamps”... “That same person stacked more verses than local analogies,” she said. Fascinating. Here’s the new standard: a stampede, a swan, a major selling point.	THE SURFER That boy. Not exactly the king of the underground. Few people shackled themselves to gloom so intrusively. Suddenly old everything. Slick, though. Smelled like deceit.	THE CARETAKER Last date at the lake, the making-of scraping off wings. “Are you clairvoyant?”... “He brought Lazarus into her head.” She tapped the old chin. “Are you alone?”... IT’S A GIFT “Yes”, I heard you say, aware of imperfections. The momentum cascaded into revisits and source material. “I’ll be meeting you, delicate balance of destructive ambiguity”...	AN OPEN FACE “Make yourself free? Oh, angel eyes, sounds expensive”... FAILURE TO APPEAR Constructed a memorial twice as small as every second chance. That was my aesthetic. “A goal without a plan is what you wish,” she said. Oh Lord. “Sorry, we are full of meaning.”
SIX FLAGS Failed to foresee that the radiance got painted into last chances. Threw them away this morning, not as always. “His balls, not mine, and he still has legs”... Troubled viewing, certainly, but written backwards.	GRANDE PLAGE His brain pronounced the phrase they had agreed on: “Nothing happened.” Terribly free. Horizons pale black, steamed pants an affront. Alive, but smelly; of ice of goodness of presence of mind. “Just do it,” he muttered quietly.	THE LIGHTHOUSE Time collapsed in viewing, intentional mismemories a political act. “This city has no past”... To place failures rich with soft-focused boredom in the pretty ABC, though. “Sturdy times”... VOICES Rich European families, the scenery turned on by remedy. “Witness this,” he said. “This day we have formed a partnership.”... The marked date shocked the modern composer. Fresh encounters undermined the repair.	BIARRITZ No man, no voice, no more. The rhythm of palaver spat out the dance, then a roll over. Too old to be folded, discovering thoughts underway again. “Stop”... “Be that, but, don’t stop”... Look at that fool. Be right.
THERE IS NO LIGHT Deliberately went out of my way. The better, the bigger. A sign I did not know about. One type, because in the word you possess everything. I, without a plan, washed off the old body. The light confirmed.	AN OVERWHELMING QUESTION Aching his spread remotely from close by. Just a hand, a simple scheme from the old toy box. “Strange mock ups”... “Sweet, but what is it?”... Looped legs. WHICH PART IS THE COURSE “It was intercourse, yes.” THEY’RE CALLED JOY DIVISION “Is there an editor for this?”... “Bladder burns around the iceberg”... “But what’s next?”... Shy dancer, guilty feet.	PICK YOUR BATTLES “What a grand day”... A shadow vest and no entry on the balcony. Arrested with in one hand the butter, in the other the boner. Manners on sale. “The ultimate sophistication expressed louder.”	DILEMMA WORKS Micromanaged impossibility, then just left. Ununited, howling in unison. DISAPPEARER Came home, made notes on you. Found fewer ways of doing nothing.
MORAL COMPASS Chambers of masturbating, evening gowns, soft patients. Trials, and he dies old and why not. “Orange eyes, rapid everydays, the aged eternal now”... “A basket of the same bread.” Everything taller, ‘cause made up.	HOW TO STAY Rural walls, another “no”. The seductress thanked	FLAIR The jacket was too big, but that’s not how it always was. Time asked for	