

My watch

Eileen Myles

is back
but I
don't
look at
it any
more

The kitten
in the
dream
is probably
dead

the writing
so cool:
Eileen
is motion

one thought
floated
to the next

swarms
of it

if I were
recording

go home
to the place

it is
possible

replaceable

one word
butter

they moved
with the
seasons

I don't
I thought

the leverage
of their
desire

could be
mine:
get out

the child
in here

wants lawns
and furniture

big window &
a dog.

books she loves
rooms to
wander

& then
sit

Write
a lot. Throw

yr apple
in the trash