

(t)ravel

Intentions pave the road, but I clatter within a pothole. The bellybutton connoisseur scratches a new portal. Remote and screened, your laundry is lent. We borrow enough tire to go.

Water well enough to buck and does until dawn. Handles echo in my hands.

Plaid is a plain of perpendicular grass. Obtuse geese fan the sky.

The honk hunk between your hands in the metal animal, alloy ally of migration. Three-hundred-sixty degrees of antlers is too hot. GPS the melting point. Position the hood while riding in weather that is a constant.

Let t be the option I take as the second given. Clocks populate the apartment and I can hear them digesting. If your lizard breeds her eggs will have numbers.

neces(sit)ies

You tell me how the excrement of owls is oral. You blink slowly and your eyes rephrase themselves.

Mosquitoes hum in your living room until I tell you. You shut the door as I pin one in hand. We don't let them eat.

I make my leg acute on a chair at the café, asking if this is your method for double knots. One adult touching another adult's shoelaces, the turn and turn and enter. Shoe stay.

Soups or solids. Salads with goat cheese hoofsteps. My lactiferous ducts near the plate.

Whatever I am, you trace me, testing the cartilage of my nose with a press. We refuse stencils. We say that will be all.

Fry-piles make a half-moon on your plate while you continue a life of starch and iron. Those things I take off of you. One by one button. Meet and potato.

(sw)um

When you walk into the cold pool your face looks like it took a bad taste. I wait with dead bug surface tension at 4 ft.

My dark long hair infests your rugs. Egg-drop soup crossing the placemats.

Later, pandas on appropriated tables in a Mexican restaurant. If bamboo were onomatopoeia.

When you hear me, think of the phonetics of hunger. Shake crickets from a box for an orange fat-tailed cold blood.

We polylingual spoon nutrients, crave and carve and cave of deepening morphemes. You paint an inside without representation. Presentation. The climate ax swoosh, but I regain my temperature.

The real trees bark outside the window, but for now one language is enough.