

your thoughtful hopeless history--
you fell for the price and you priced yourself--
cheap and searching--you sit
on leather and fish for words
perching over earth's stew
demanding everyone's attendance

colognes
in large vats beneath the blue sky
gulls debate the prestige
of flight--more and more
switching places and diving
into the pacific residues of salt
fall into open novels

a list of wants
turns optimistic as the ocean
is green the ocean is a green eye
I reflect myself in the middle
photos of the machinery--
indulgences of holy mary's

our father sits in space--
workers protest raids--in empty buildings
resets latitude behind history--the earth is still here

