

(ENEMY) AS ONE (TOTING) THE REASON:

A Story in 29 Tintypes



William Keckler

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B o o k d e s i g n

G e o f f r e y G a t z a

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This book is dedicated to Gail Sher.

*

A story's never half-told, because there isn't a whole. Pearl is another befitting name in the barn. Watch her surfaces.

I knitted my hand in (looby) cemetery gardening. I call that work (panache). Don't cave. Try malleables for greater (hollow) fruiting.

Indoors is a myth of (swan-necked) words in sex. Look back at (what) he's doing.

Geography is cold (remedial) translations.

Maybe the skeleton's (reining) dream thinks it's a (hoax). Around these pinheaded parts, you'd almost believe (pitching) anyway.

Here's a heart (without) lustre (well).

It's best to be prudent around the deep tarn of interpretation.
Birds flew through the thoroughfare, the interference.

We had a Witch's sabbath of self-justification.

A silo borders the moon. One that does not participate is admired.
How many of these characters are perceived to be reproducing?

Whose dominion flaps outside the door? Hands in concrete pockets,
then we go to execution.

*

The dead are (ordered) to circumstance. Bee manipulations busy in (gloved) hands. He puts his hand on her pain.

Snake to roach comes. (Sing bitter). The open earth still sings. Quakes wanted along this ridge.

Archaic deer flit. This is what's left of the Forest we feared. Mary Rowlandson quivers on that branch. (A trap). Of words some highfalutin hash darkly flung here.

And (fears) later. Human bells...

*

We have conned the slavish diaphragm upstairs. We have centered the differences in sound. Speech (thickens) (convicts) in warm supplicant regions.

My sweetmeat, my thirst, my Underworld.

I want to seduce the (presence) of your mind to (galaxy) buttons.

He (subpoenaed) the earth's unknown weathers of (toothed) underground eaters. Worms came out to (breathe) in a surface rain.

*

Or in borrowed hallways searching as a spectre (for haloes).

Symbolic ovaries or strings of diamonds dawdled across her thighs
(before his eyes).

*

Space is the biggest part of anything. Yes, splicing is nice
jealousy of them both. You saw the riding one off. He even had the
sought pallor.

Vessels must be given a monument. To cool and the (crater) appears
spontaneously, girt by tiny branches. This was in the laboratory, so long
ago. You were good at mesmerizing the elements.

A transmitting state will soon be abandoned. Let the pollen there,
the snow, claim his roads. You never wanted to interfere with all those
rampant colors anyway.

The key, let it be shoved under the mat. Tongue the stupor from its
halcyon nap (stung) (in darkness). Throw the pogrom into the garden.

It's better to go past the metaphor. Crows have it right, all
irony. They are (depth to the sermon) (despite the sermon) bitching.
Pure complaint.

*

She said we lost her (about) herself holding herself. There's a
pitcher (tits) in such a way, peonies (scrofulous).

Viewing her (as forest) in the French painting.

It's a rivalry she can't itch. Dark tassels and the candlestick.
Vulgar (spurs) he said were a gift showing snatches of (alien) taste.

Where do (penises) (pieces) come from? A sensation of prescience
spills from one side of her body to the other.

He could taste the (weathers) brewing, he said.

Said I have a scheme to (propitiate) the spaces under stones. I will win favors from the serpent's tongue. Mirrors will make my (performance) real.

Here is a penitentiary for animals. Who should know better. (Repetitions) may cause death.

Music is never guilty. Motives are mostly hindsight (headlights) seeking the wrecked deer.

Flowers alkaline the passage of liquids.

The (wicked) deer go past.

*

Resembling comes in fits. Fairness has nothing to do with its
flowering. The thing about (curses) (crosses) is that they should serve
for all occasions. You don't stop writing the (saucy) versions of birds
and mamals.

What's unexpected is never (sterile). Who is crying behind a barn
door. Threshing bright (disks) of herself.

His hands on the stairpost, blue eyes (resins) of misshapen desire.
Speaks of a skull (busy) as an anthill.

*

He makes pax fuel. She says a dearth of (runes) left us. He likes the fur maps (toasted).

She is afraid to (think) the eye's perpetual erosion. Love's reflex. He says (erases) the minimum. The boy's blackboard out back (from) the old schoolhouse. In rain.

(Core) school sorrows her. He is some days a (mountain) of languages. She is seeds and white melange. The dated (paradise) smothers them all.

*

Specific words are amorphous and premature, preening with rue in the back. (Purgatory) mocks the eye's reflection of the lover in pupil (little doll). Medievalism still follows you from room to room.

Urging transactions.

As a child you dare to (kick) the supplier. This gets recorded on skin. Fevers are used to break the (Inquisition). You're smart enough to (roll) into a potato bug. Pity.

What if feels like (penitent) to have a body turn fully against you.
Needless seed spills out as sawdust from a doll. Excuses (chew) on the
bones.

She ran into the forest after her sin (sickens). She promised to feel
at home. Delicacy of runes (perhaps imagined) dragoons overgrown in
trunks.

Whatever it is she wanted once (fists) over her breasts. There was
no such thing as normal functioning below limit of elms. Immemorial soul
deficits silvered (flew) air.

His hand round ankles (deliquesces) mercifully quick.

He pumped her to glows. She wore the (pumpkin) face of (guess me).
Children jabbed her with pins. It was okay, since he told them do it.

She explained what a chimera was to them. A run-on sentence lingered
in (velvet) hours of birds (smocking) off the field. It was a lovely
(soft) animal mode of speaking.

He told her not to spoil them.

They have stone faces, as it is. She can't coax them from the
(icehouse) of searches. They fluster like him into (vortex).

The eggshell (newts) linger into the unrelenting hush. Reality
(chisels) a cell where angels script us.

A crypt without a country was left here. Sea wet the sloped roof.
(Absorption) is for the martyred flocks. You went too fast.

Nimble-footed you crept your way into death. What a headrush when
you fall. Tart manifestations continue, scream of hawks.

Over the town (aviators) linger. They're scooted into wishdom. It's
better to own shutters.

Peepers will start up soon. Catch (larks) and news on the wing.
Otherwise do without.

The visible (menace) gave up its crown. We forgot exactness when
(immunity) of the gods left us. That so many were (unwilling) to let go
cheered us.

Love, love, you surprised us.

*

Prospects are (running) water. Statement is flourishing as (always) on the dead. Meaning left us no psalms.

Hardest-hit are those seeking loose dispersal of (worship) as radio waves. You can't believe the pulleys would work. There's sheaves of misunderstanding left for everyone.

Wait until kneaded (needed) into desired consistency. Then add a little water. The broth of proof will bubble up.

A witch can (tell) by sniffing the pants.

*

Nobody made this difference but here it is (singing). A lot of luck (cropped) the bedroom heather. Crystal (hands) won't separate your moods anymore.

A blather lightened the landscape outside to hover (versions). You drove yourself to an (Age) of liberation.

Hands in the crib (in the whorehouse) (warehouse) must signal more with utmost economy. Before (things) are casually severed (served).

We nixed on that riding face. We can't afford to keep pumping
(propping) leaden puppets up in her imagined Underworld. Cooking is one
symbol.

The body had a shimmy after the stroke.

An eye wondered (lonely) as a cloud. To meet was thought charmingly
enough. None guessed the (shroud) colorless rustle was cleared of all
acceleration.

Later, you will (reminisce) about the annoying followers. Hills gone
under fluoresce. (Hera) passed the tassels in rain. Every mouth
(distorted) as in a Russian novel.

Houses made of paper (blew) past caring.

What (segues) into the hysterical. The tree with its ovaries glistens in the yard. Basically, we all say that (screw) the national interests.

What (o'clock) turns you against this soft burden? A blow, a spasm is what makes the rape (unanswerable).

Spurn is the name of that flower, commonly found in the Underworld. You shiver and (discharge) sparks.

A memory of what (severs) is hospitable food.

He wants an ideal run into nature. No opposing (smiles) could put out the fire he's waited so long to eat. Feeling his (velvet) around the hole.

Photos gather the ground (segments) of her. She objects. Artifice pitches (weathers) it's too hard to catch. Decides it's better just to reflect.

He's an environment of (skinned) runnings, whiff of blockage in groove.

She floats (siphonophore) into arctic bathroom.

*

The summary is ejected from one seated in a chair. As collectors exchange winds (specimens) in a well-lit room.

You call the child wavy because she likes to do that. Who can believe all the roe round these (parts). Houses left empty stand at the edge just to (prove) opposition. Our position.

All her (their) sentences are probably haunted too. They come from her, the one who wears fears (furs) on winter thrones.

See her out back at the end (of).

*

Whitish cheeks in the cemetery were burnished (over) years. Quirk of the animal's listening. You said wind rounded stones (meant) thousands of rains.

Signal fogs can paralyze. Why won't you listen to the collapsed? You wanted to (see) what her face would look like (too). Tombs that catch shine.

A thematically trained eye is lost.

The jar spills and spills (in myth) (in blue). Besides, we are only a small part (parcel) of what we thought.

Bones of the prehistoric (I surrender). Emotion seats in a theater,
we've had enough. Black curtains (for you) in the middle of the
afternoon.

Fox siesta.

Social status brushes past and ego (lurks) out of the painting.
"Don't you mean lurches?" No.

A similar body draped the room for (earl's) darkness. Woolly hair we
jumped at the thought. You snuck into the (polished) oval.

Breath can't resist. Leave me at least a pebble.

*

Outwalking the eye (its harp) or (its hypotenuse) you crossed the bridge to get fields.

There is no equation of looking forward.

The forest after rain was a threat of (patterns). Of leaves and crosses. Red (cities) under logs sped up when (looked) at.

Mercury blots with eyes (rolled) or clumped.

Religion had its shibboleths. Nod and curtsy. Grave relays sparkled out that (way). The vague promises that said someone could foretell pain.

As you walk past. Ant. (Warp) and (winter).

Called her loud as a crow being murdered. He thought pillage was pillow. She laughed at the rape (frilly) in the video.

Cold, cold was our city, its glitters all winter. Then she took to hiding mirrors on (honor) her body. In her tall hair. He said it had something to do with the Evil Eye.

Imagine silly hypothermia of that afternoon. When you couldn't stop (walking). Outwaching the eye.

Hid secrets in the long bones of her lovers. Held in trust. What's a mouth doing in (his) rain? Answering the telephone, the way his dogs (nose) territory.

Spice into solutions but that would create (jargons).

No one wants to get involved. Labyrinths are for a play, or plays. He thought he could demonstrate her legs to the neighbors. So what if the jars shatter. Halloween flickers cross between the yards. Dogs are (used) to it.

Locally.

*

His belt is stuffed with rocks. Returning from the (usual) orbits of Indian creekbed. You can sit on the loose opening view. Constant pressure yields its own constellations. These are (arc) the crown you can almost grasp in sleep.

What avoids you you like best. Different dissolutions compose a catalogue. You thought the hills were charming, even the way taut threats (throats) were voiced.

Don't go into the opaque joy (yet).

Every public speaker (priest's) (pencil) is a regular joe. She asked him about (medieval) instruments once used. He doesn't want to explain (taxonomy). Thumb and tongue singled (out).

Thought (doesn't) come in paragraphs, yet those birds are flocks. And fish in schools.

Eating calls for a pause.

She wonders how some of the (darker) animals do it.

To scare the owls seemed important once. And (witches) with cold
tits scowling down atop (mountains) of cunnilingus. What didn't have a
face (the serpent's tongue) couldn't be displeased.

We learned to (grieve).

Peddlers still speak of the lost music.

Narrow, narrow were the (Proverbs). Said get on with it. We miss
our (humble). Dunking chairs and whales out back doors.

She hoed pronunciation all day. Sought out (barn's) dissimilar calendars. Worked with story pins (in her mouth).

Rain day's lily musculature and ivy. Thinking (always) into a station.

Cruising the cool sprouting core (as a novel) where delayed arrivals effervesce. (Ancient) woe in soil on her knees flexed.

Consciousness flipped in a reflection (still) breaking up.

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