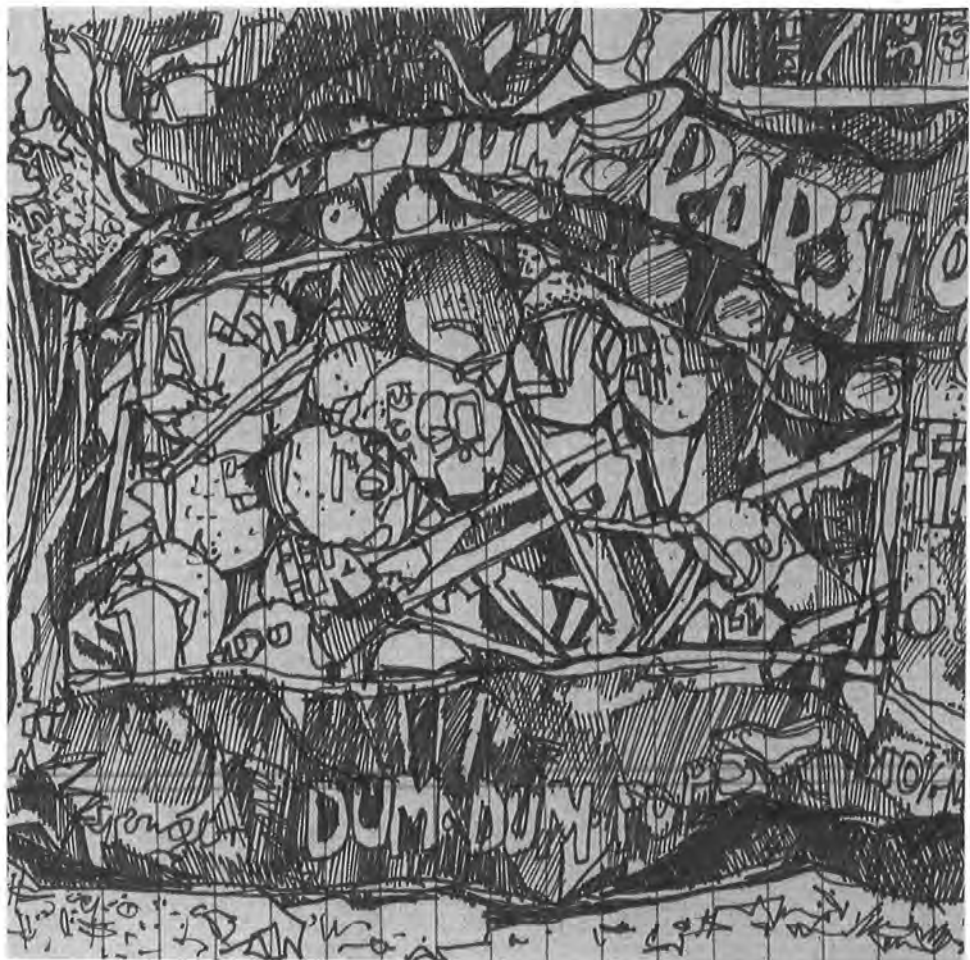


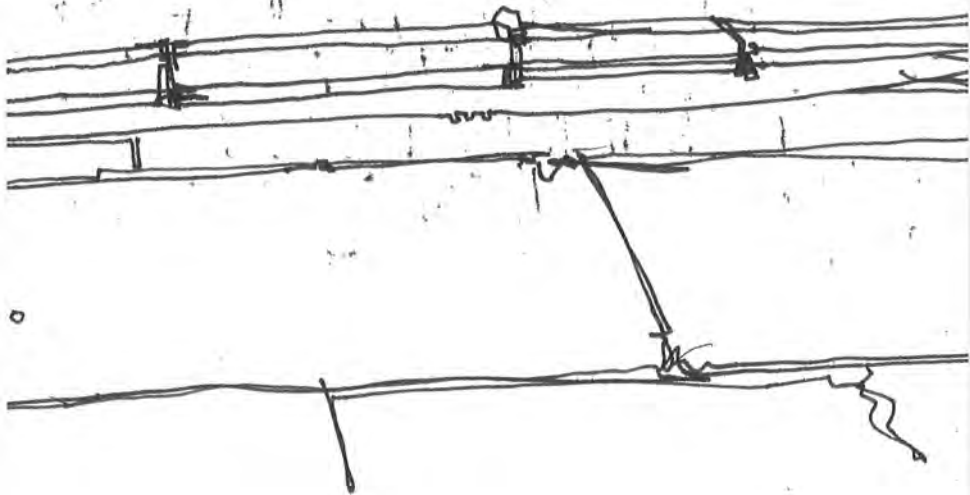
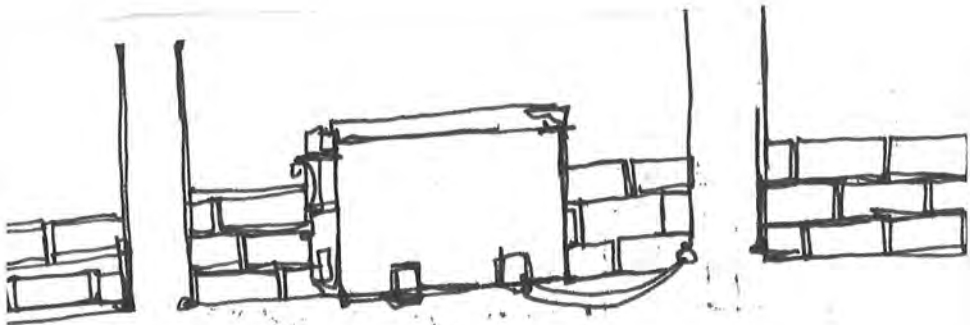
OH! BUT MAN IS STUCK
IN THE FIRMAMENT OF
TIME

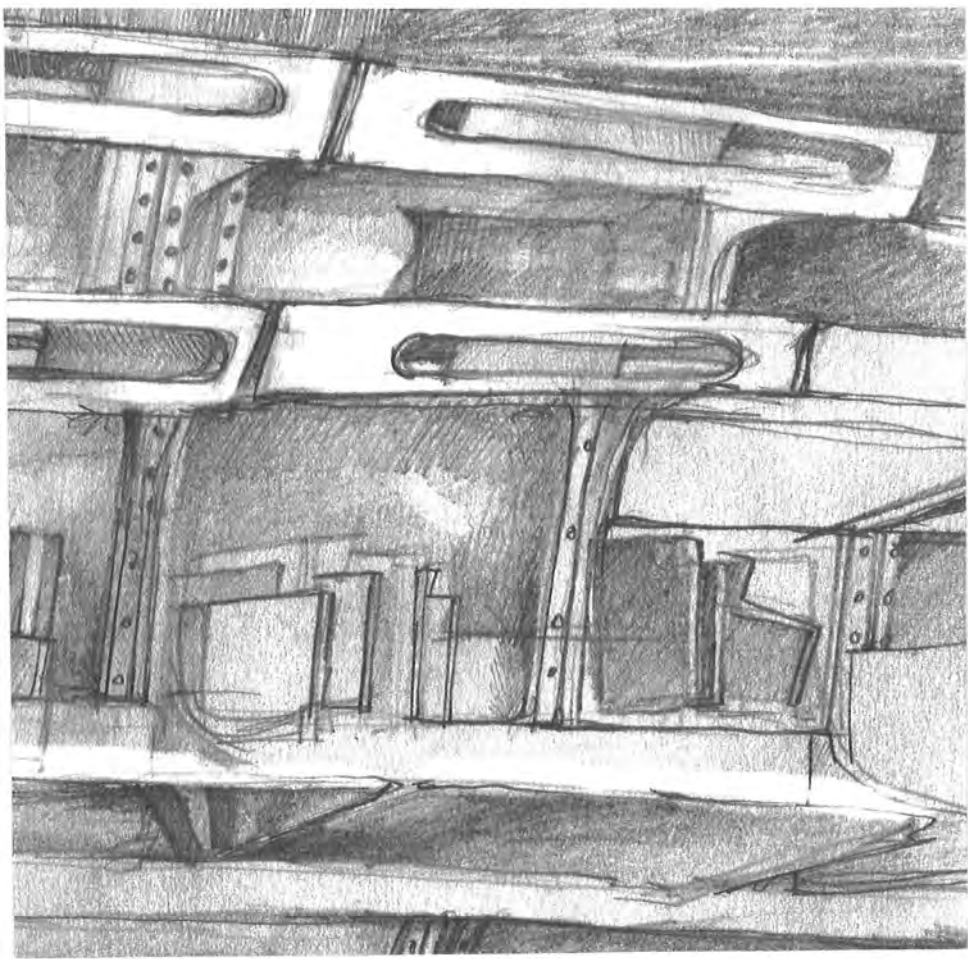
img017



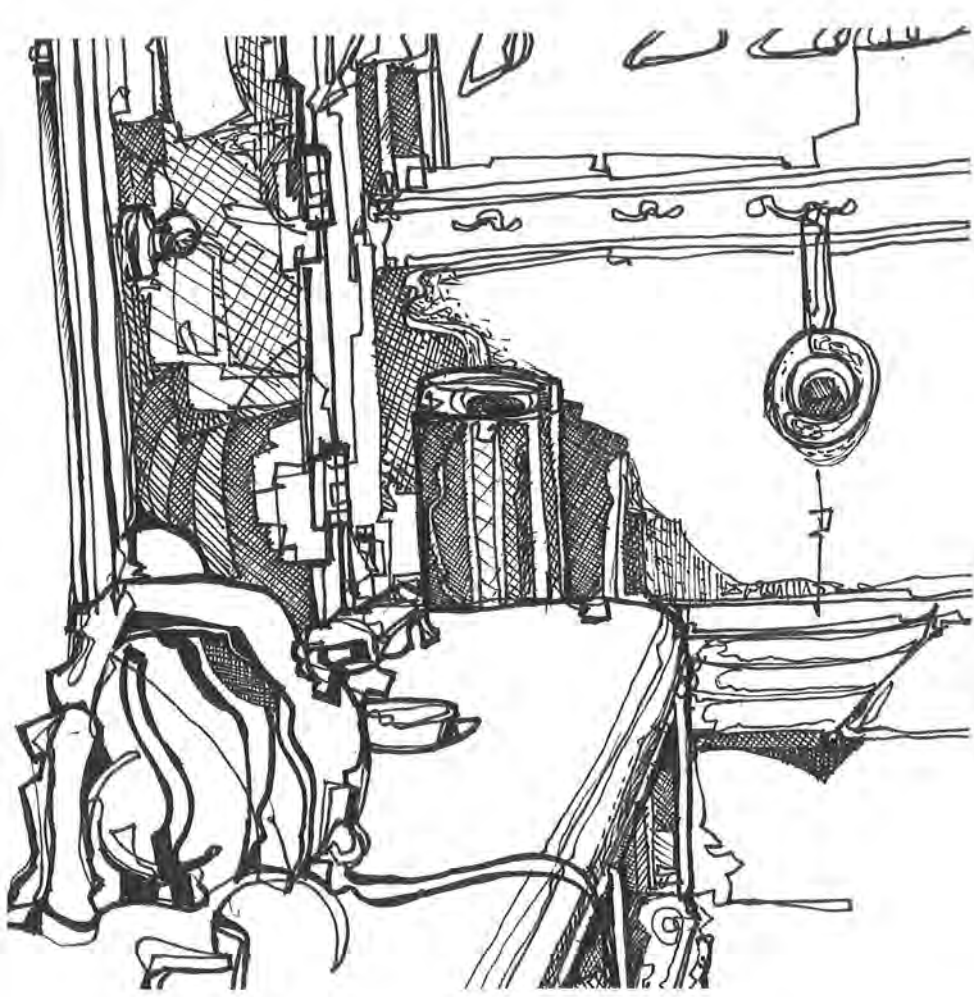


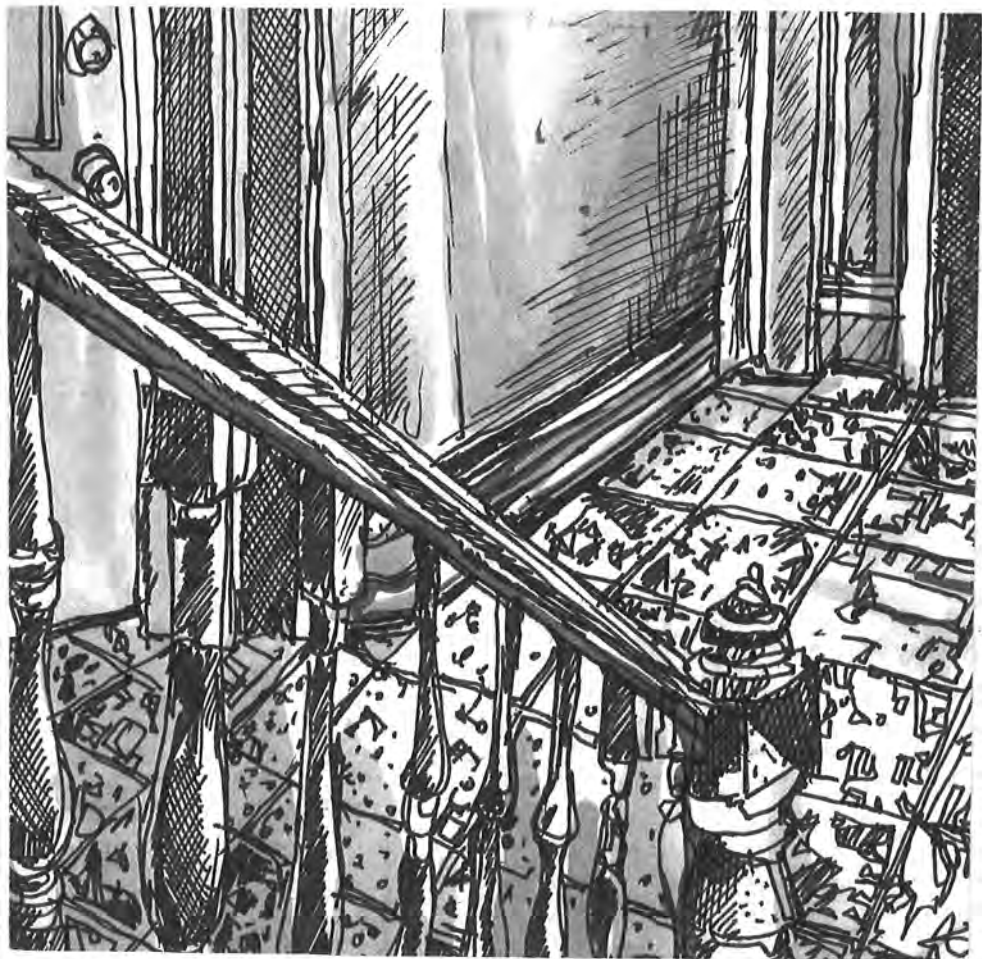




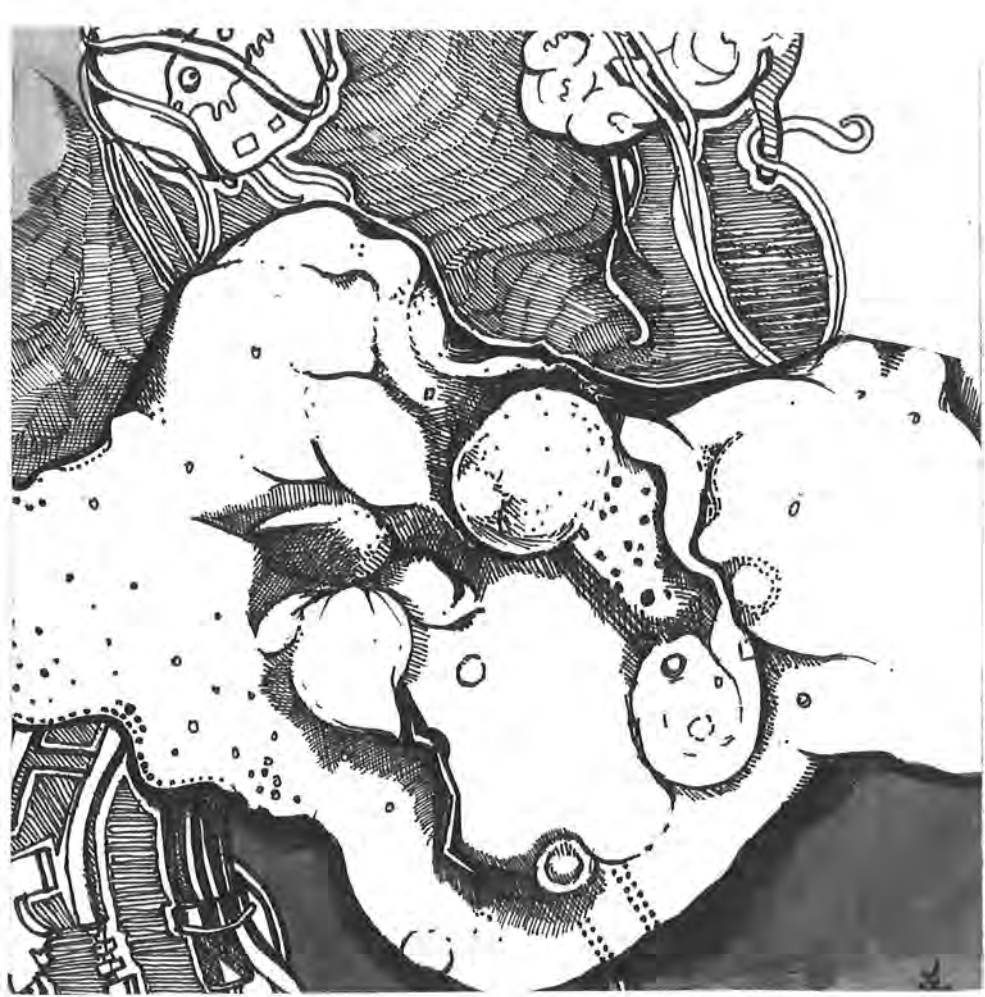












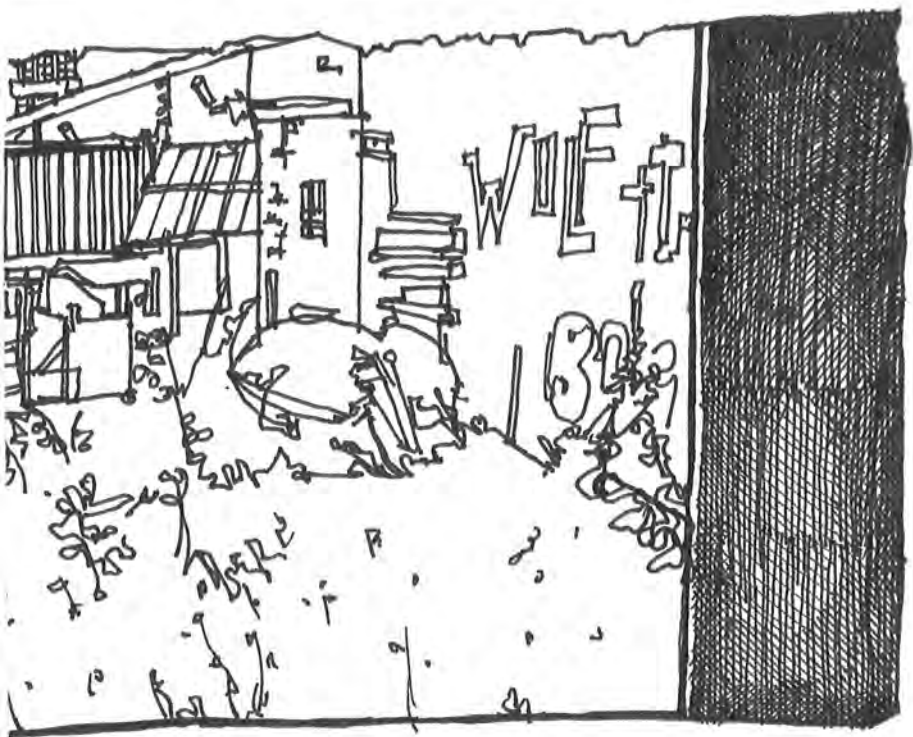
I've only ever taken the train to Buffalo to Albany
to Hackensack to Levittown

so many cities with grace
where you would be your graceless self
you wouldn't see any charm in them:
I like that

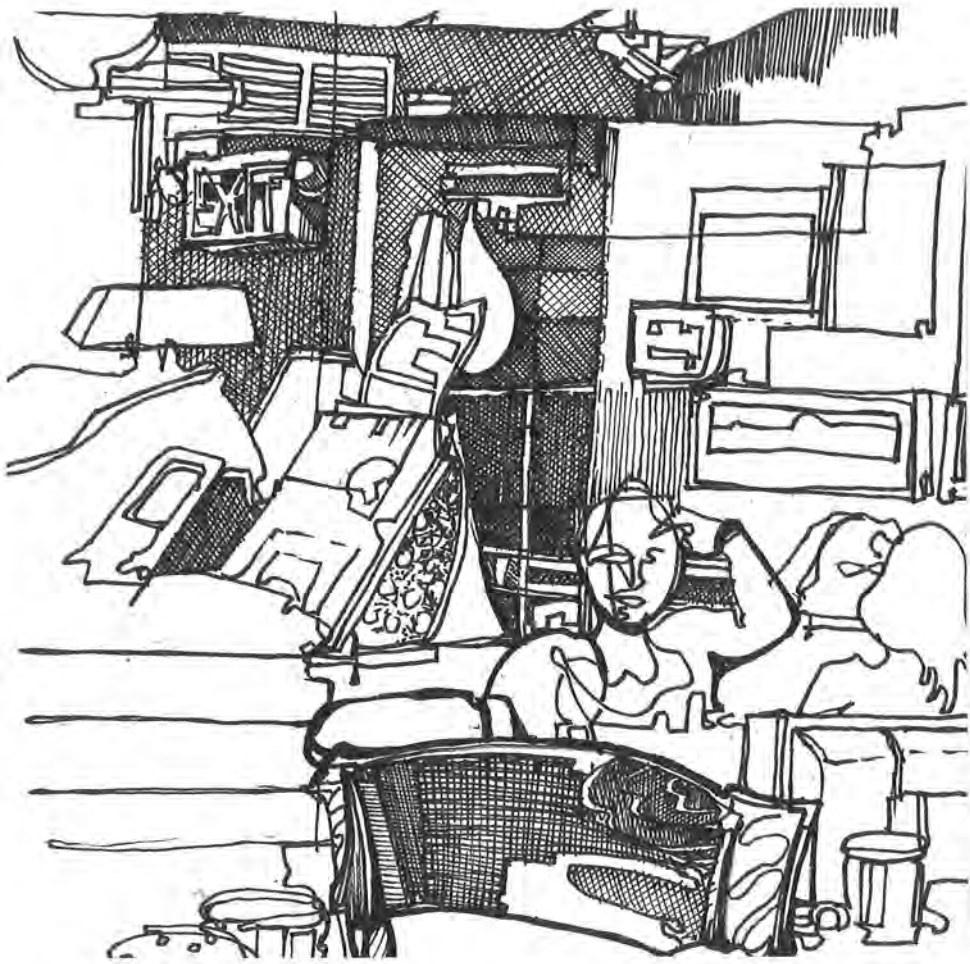
the roads are bad, the marshland beside the road,
stripped trees grown up in slagged ivy,
snapped cattails. You can eat their heads,
I learned in Michigan from a woman
who lived alone. Deanne:
she let an apple orchard grow thin and
crowded around her,
the trees split-ending into each other,
the fruit getting harder by the year.
She lived in a shed behind her house
& let the house go to dust and passersby

we've all spent a night there -
Deanne in the wild garden with the moonlight,
collecting sorrel, in blighted mourning
over something not yet dead.
We root through her cupboards.
We turn on every light.
fruit flies leave the grains,
black walnuts sour,
the suburb where her acreage
touched marsh and sandbed
is slowly enclosed
by a million farmhouses out of treated wood,

and still, the dreams in which the highways
are closed in five lanes
and we slide frictionless through the sixth
those are the dreams we maintain



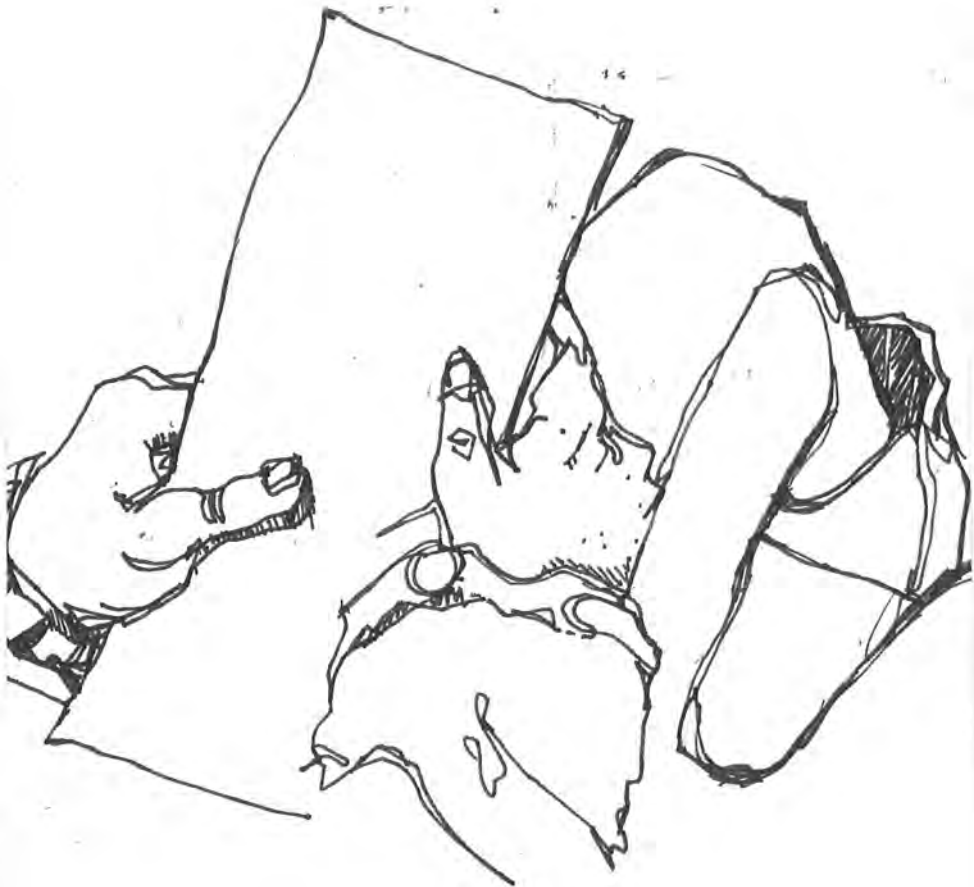








runed
st-02A



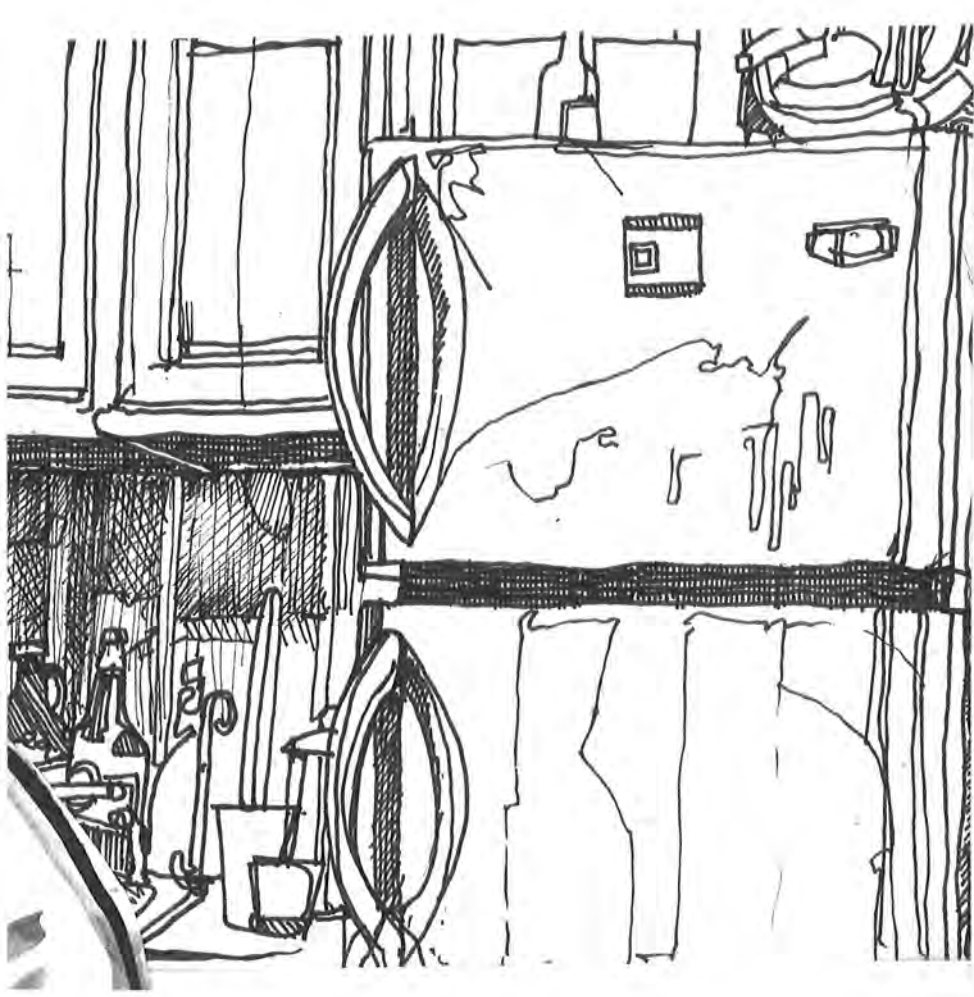
...E...K...J...
SUMMER 2011



WEST
KANSAS

in Ken. you!
Livers

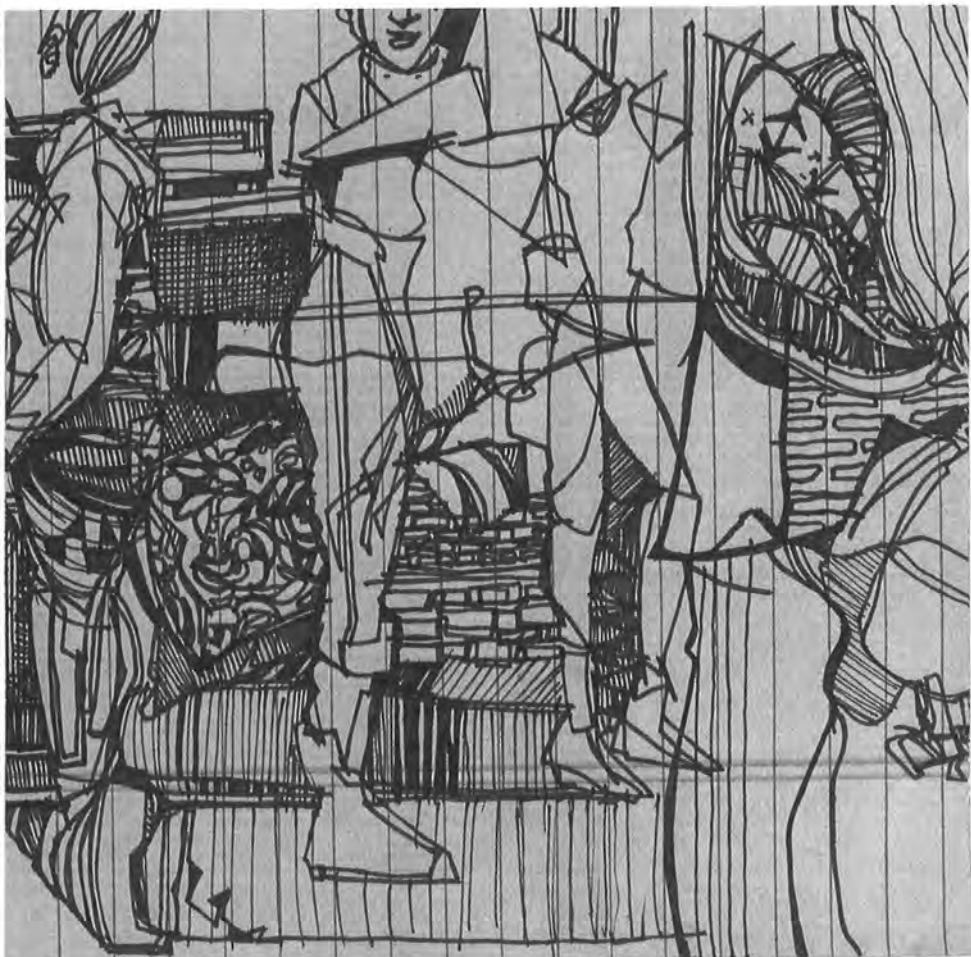




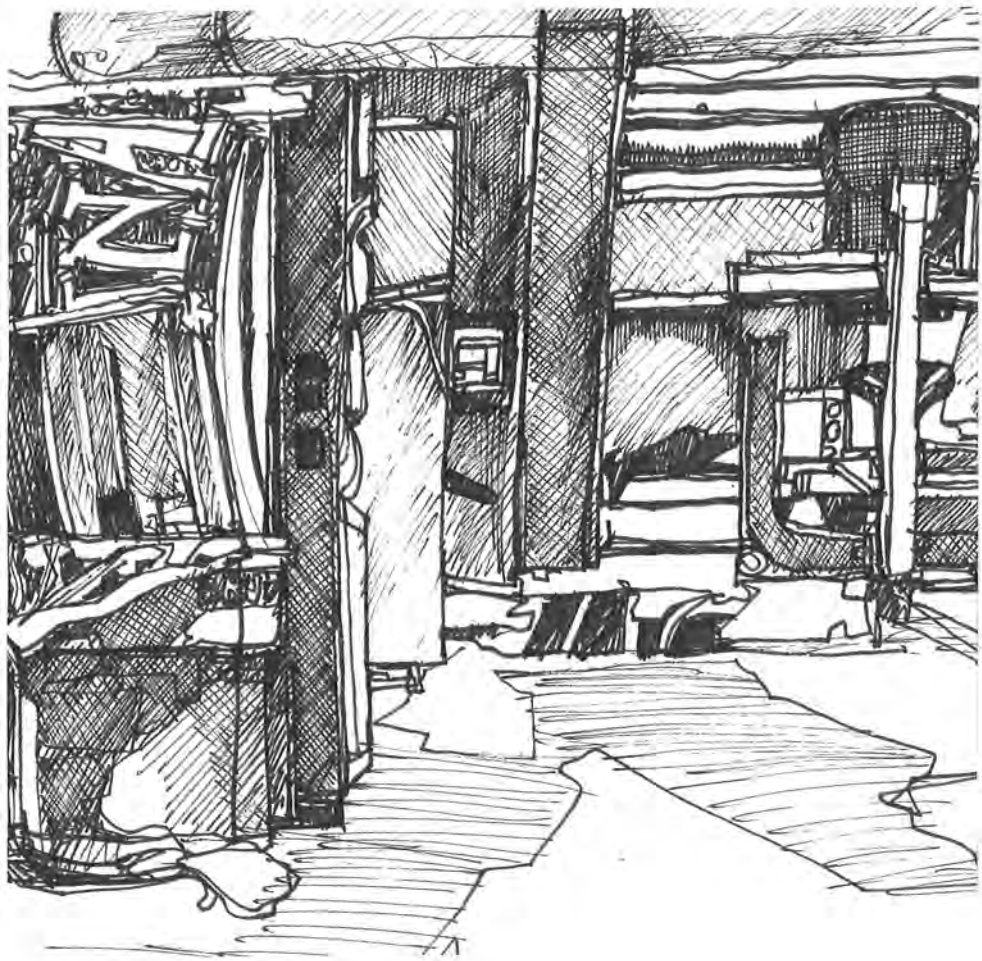


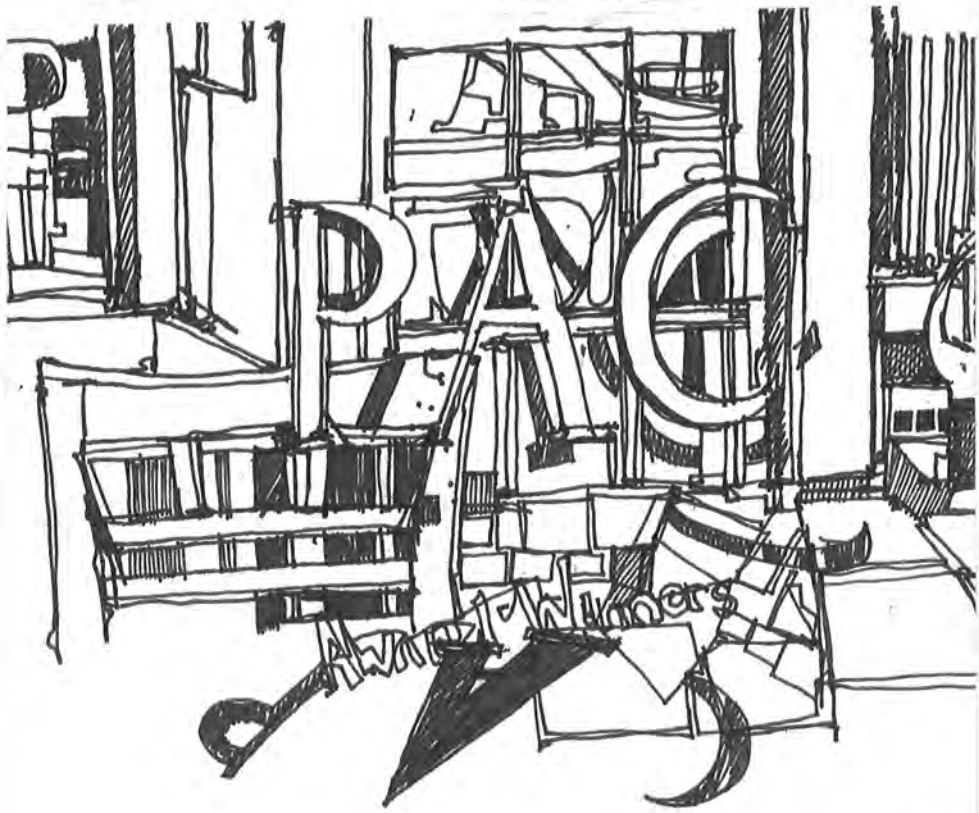
...free only to the extent
that we fulfill our
obligation

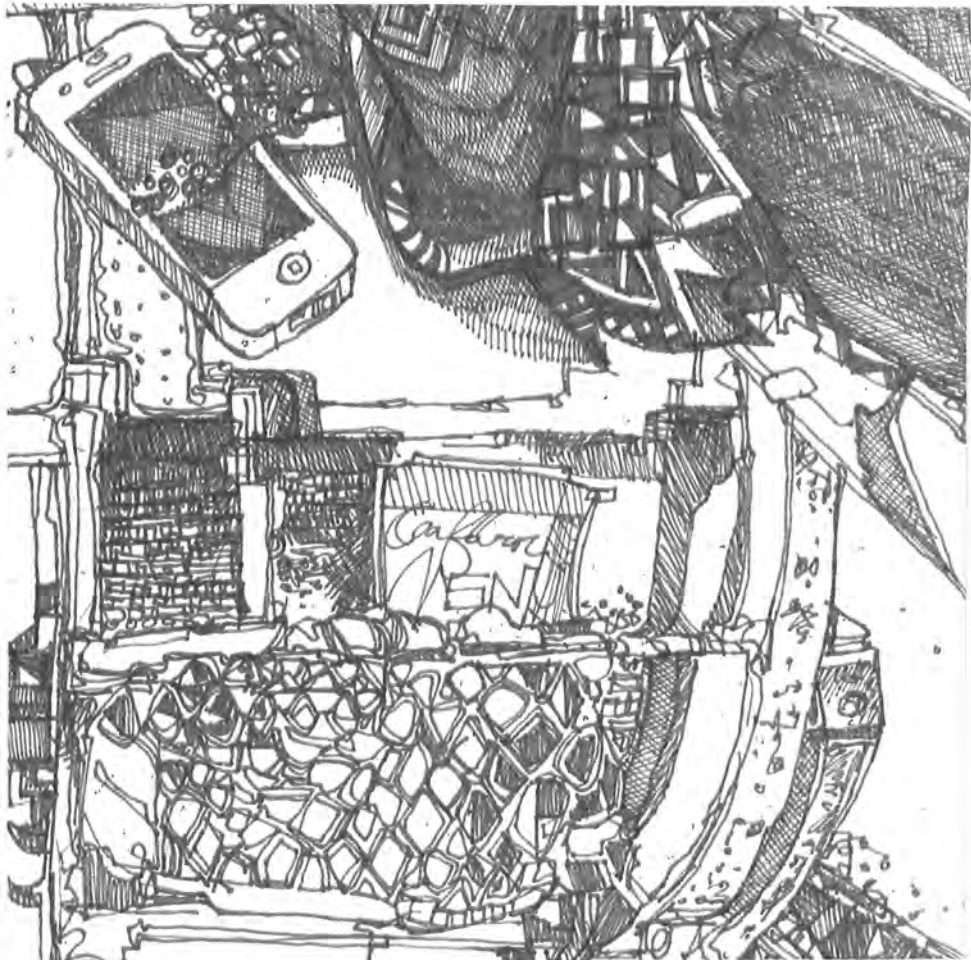


















we drive 18 miles inland from New York
into the suburbs
to eat Korean BBQ at a 24 hour storefront
that you remember from your childhood
to eat with one middle-aged couple under smooth jazz,
six waiters, over-ordering, the night outside
full of the drawl of semis on I-81
and the encroaching end-beginning
the over-and-out
peach blossom and pruned lemon tree,
over-eating

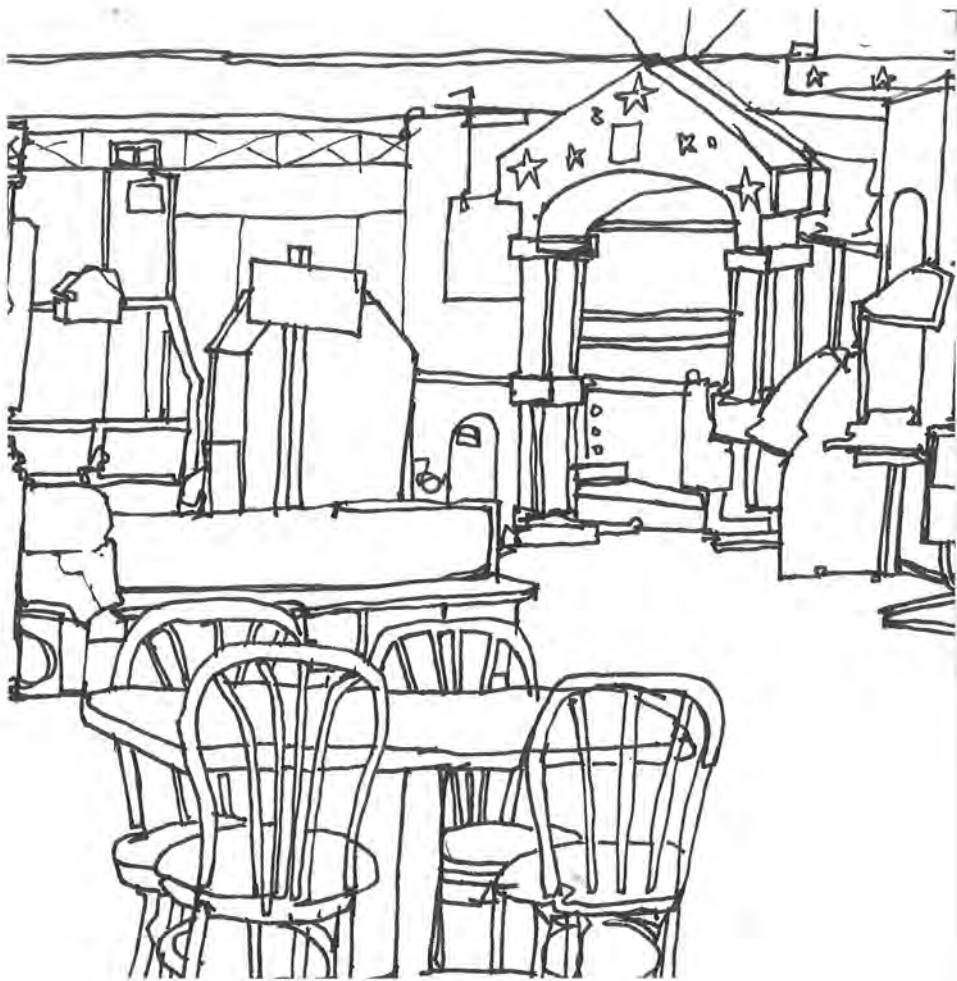
we drive back in my fabric-seated car
gas tank full and truly
- all our burdens are lightnesses
all our lightnesses, burdens

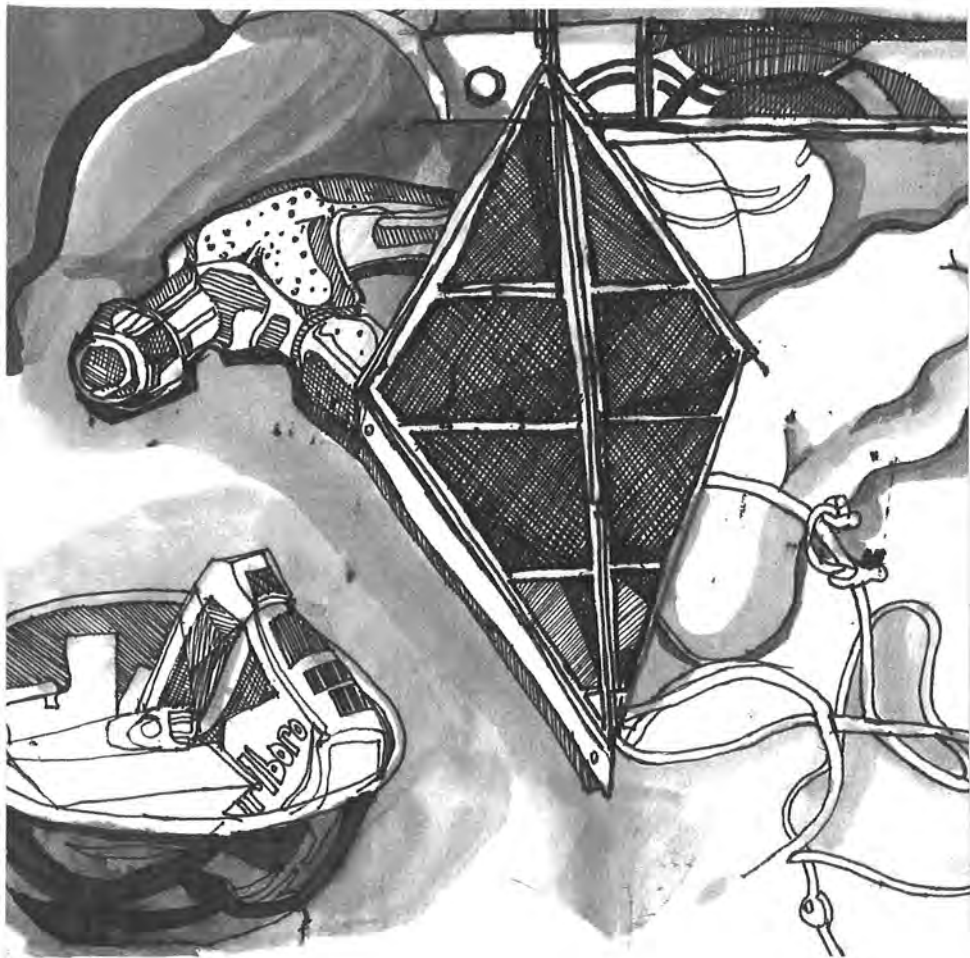


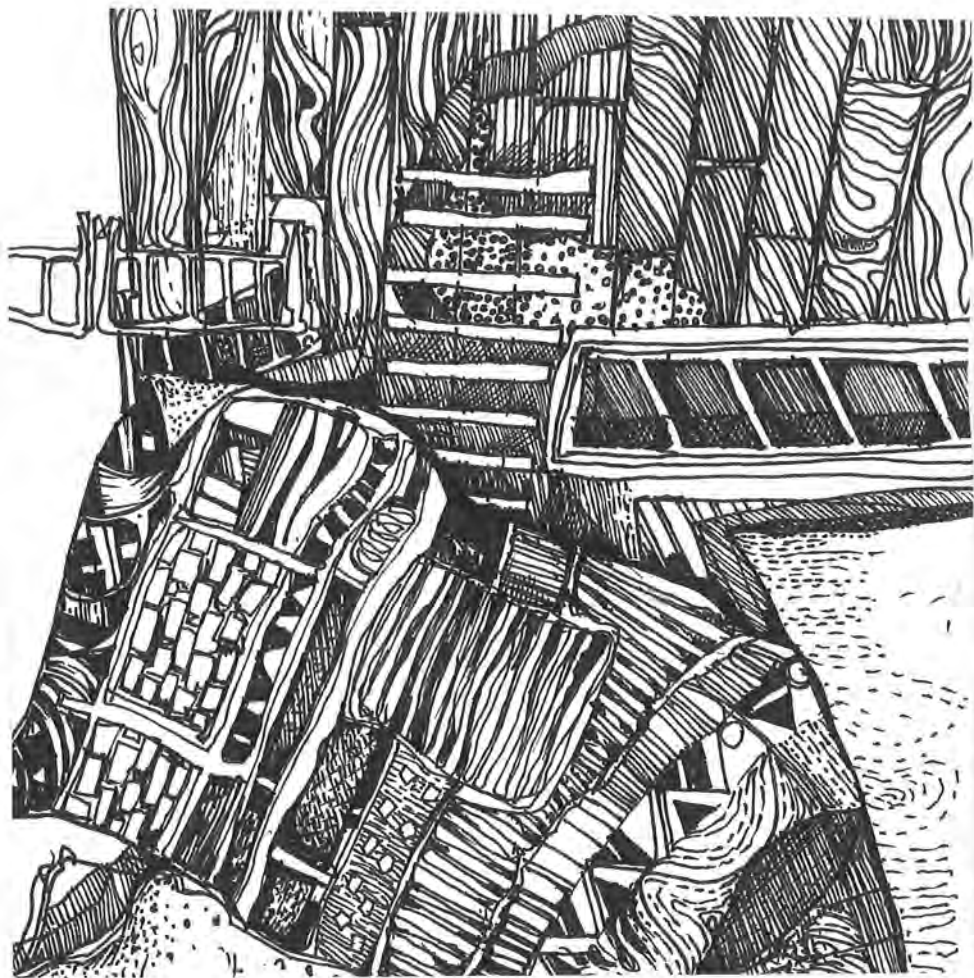












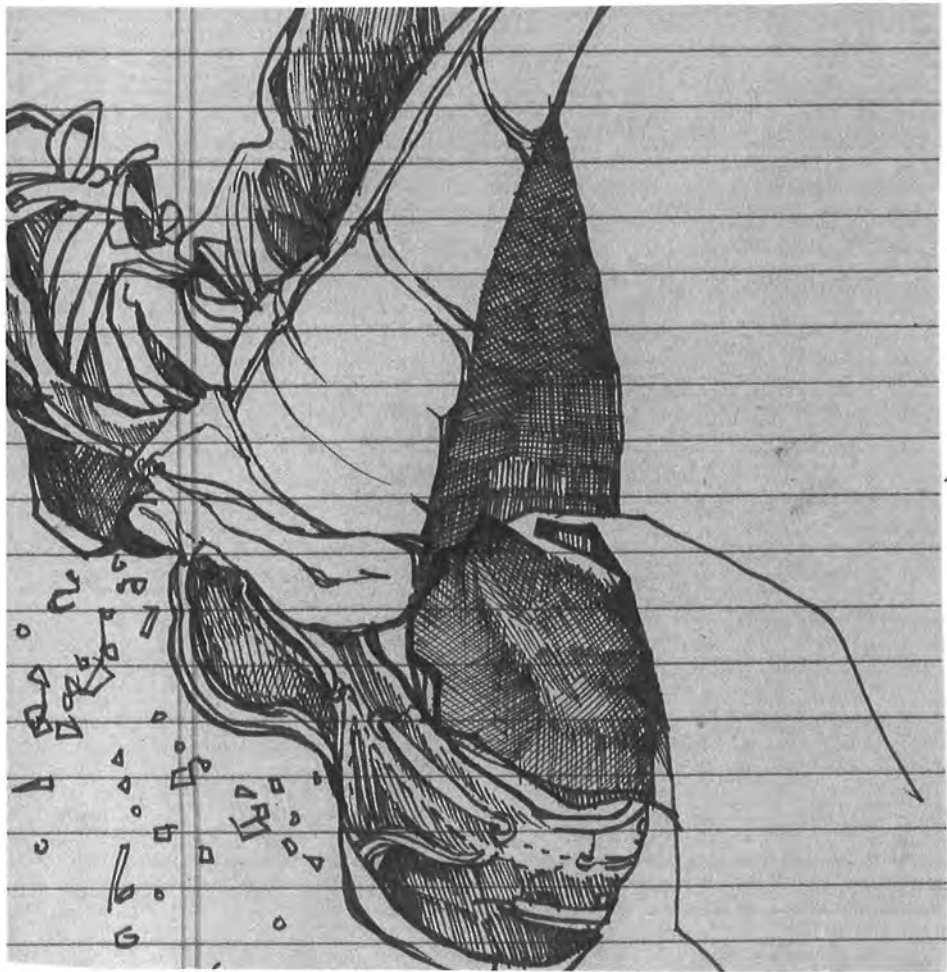




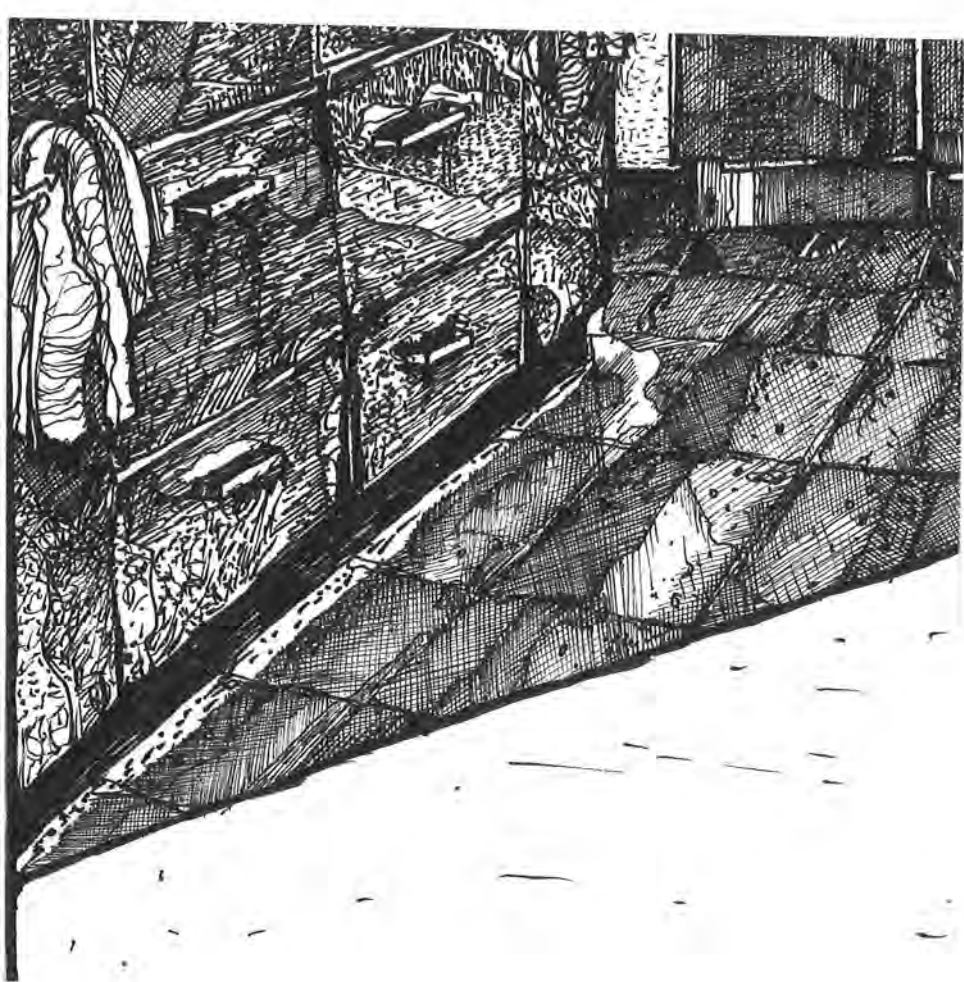






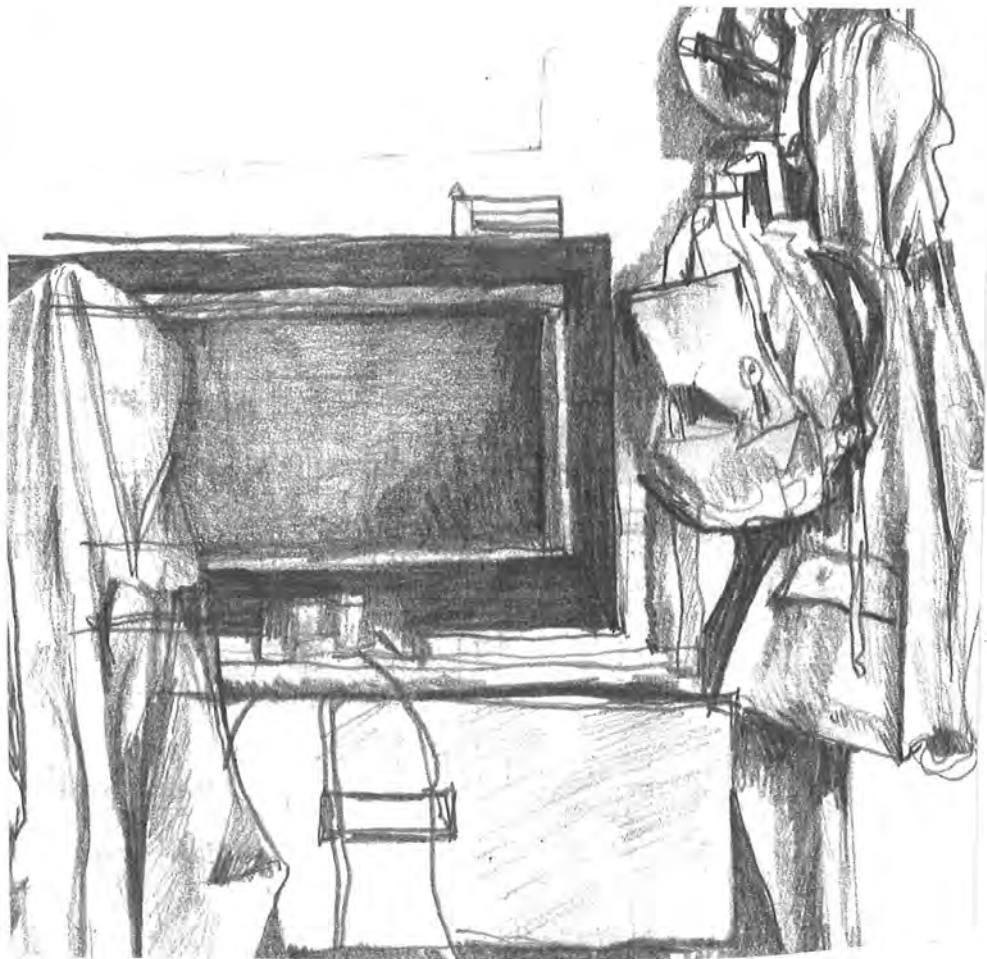


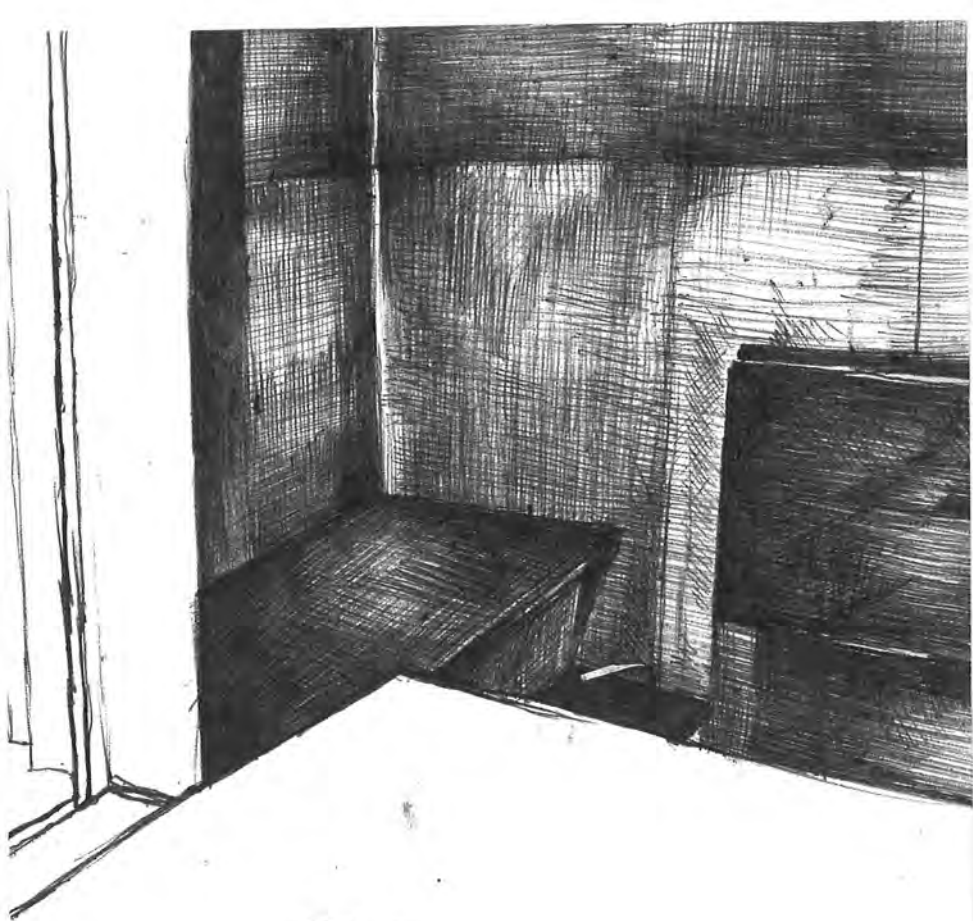




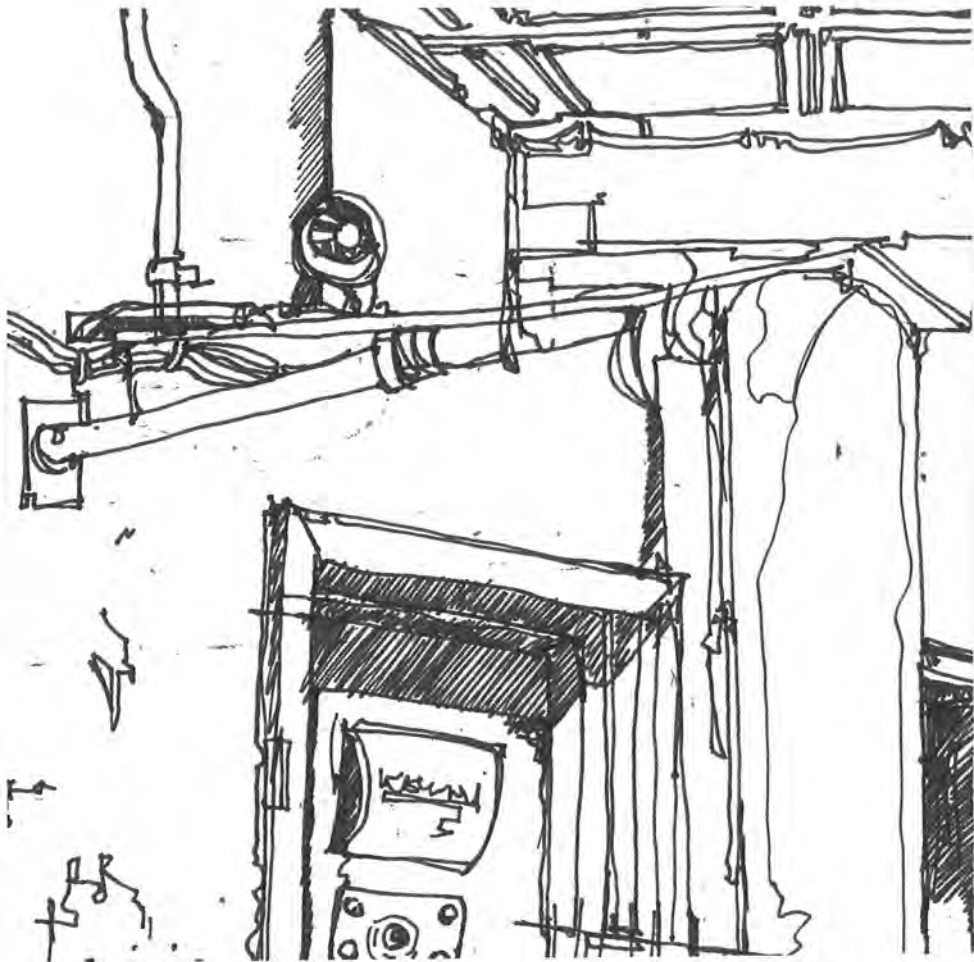


From the Library of
George
Williford





Read review -



Death is the moment when my Grandmother,
white haired old beauty with a learned grace,
with a bitter perch in front of the Sunday choir
ceases raising her index finger,
and her Easter-count of every corner she can see
(identically white; seamlessly important)
--halts. "null and void"

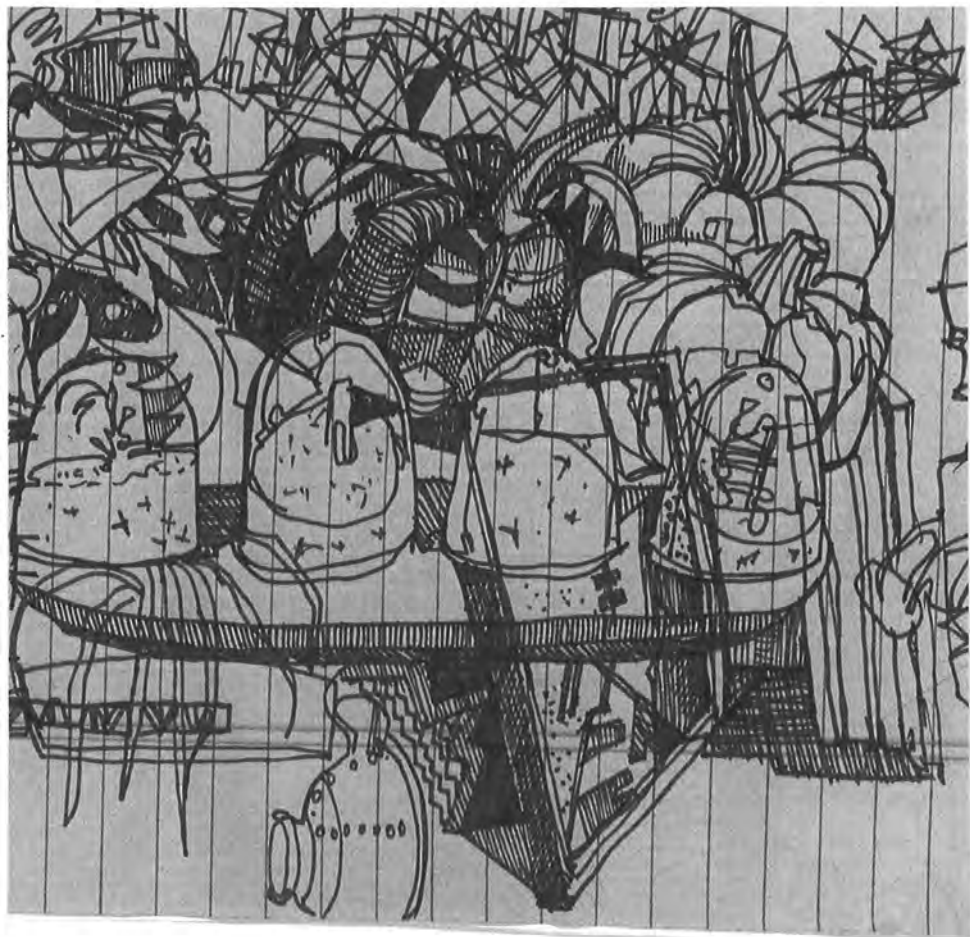
the corpse is a thing like a water-boiler or red-rust aluminum pan,
and blank starch sheet.

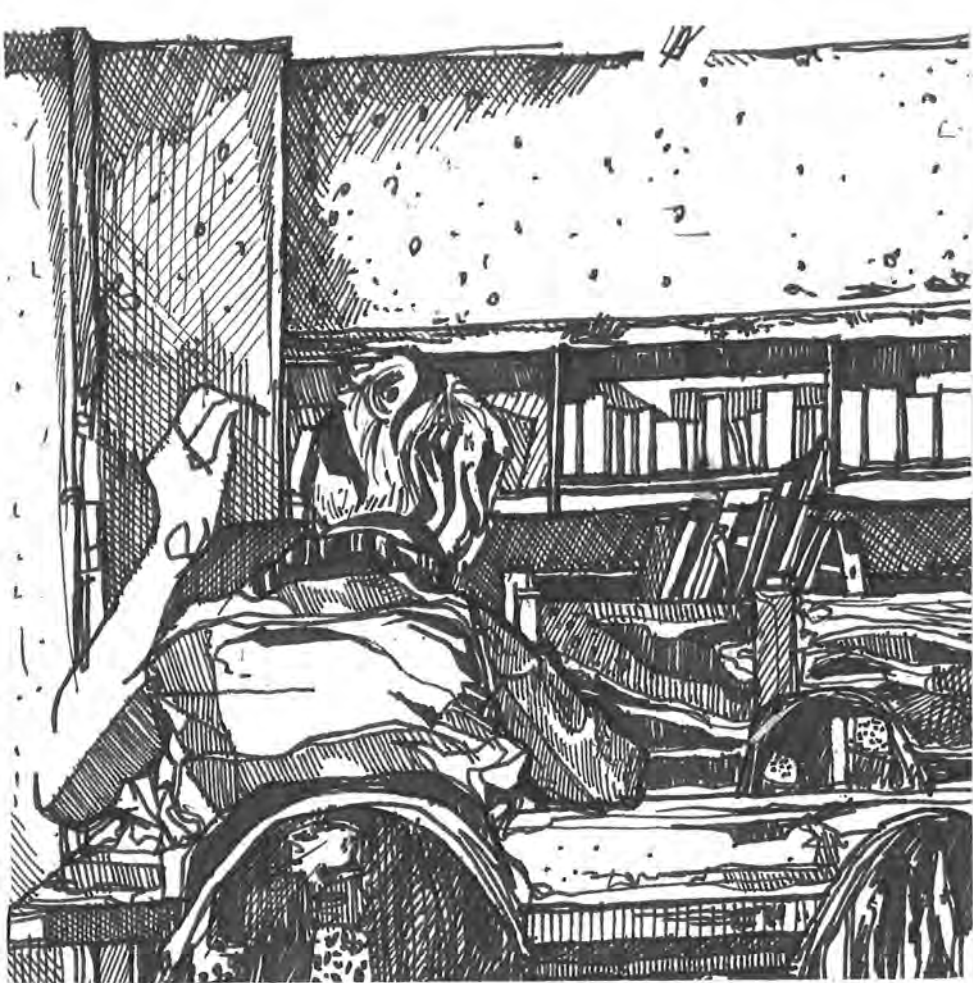
like hair-grained carpeting and plastic tray, plain sofa
we have made a million things,
and the more things we make the less holy they get.
we have made them unholy in order to forget how holy
a thing can be,

and so that we can throw them away.
we can throw you away.
you will be thrown away!
five capped teeth, fluid IV.
long tube of bulbs in a flat ceiling.


when you die you go out the back door, if there is a back door

not the bent aluminum screens of childhood,
but this backdoor automatic and on a sliding track letting out stale air
into the August night courtyard, The Great Light flaming up
from behind the carshop across the street,
so that when you leave, ad infinitum, amen, amen,
you leave into matte August night, fireflies & cicadas,
the smell of oil in the parking lots and
this all in the loved world?





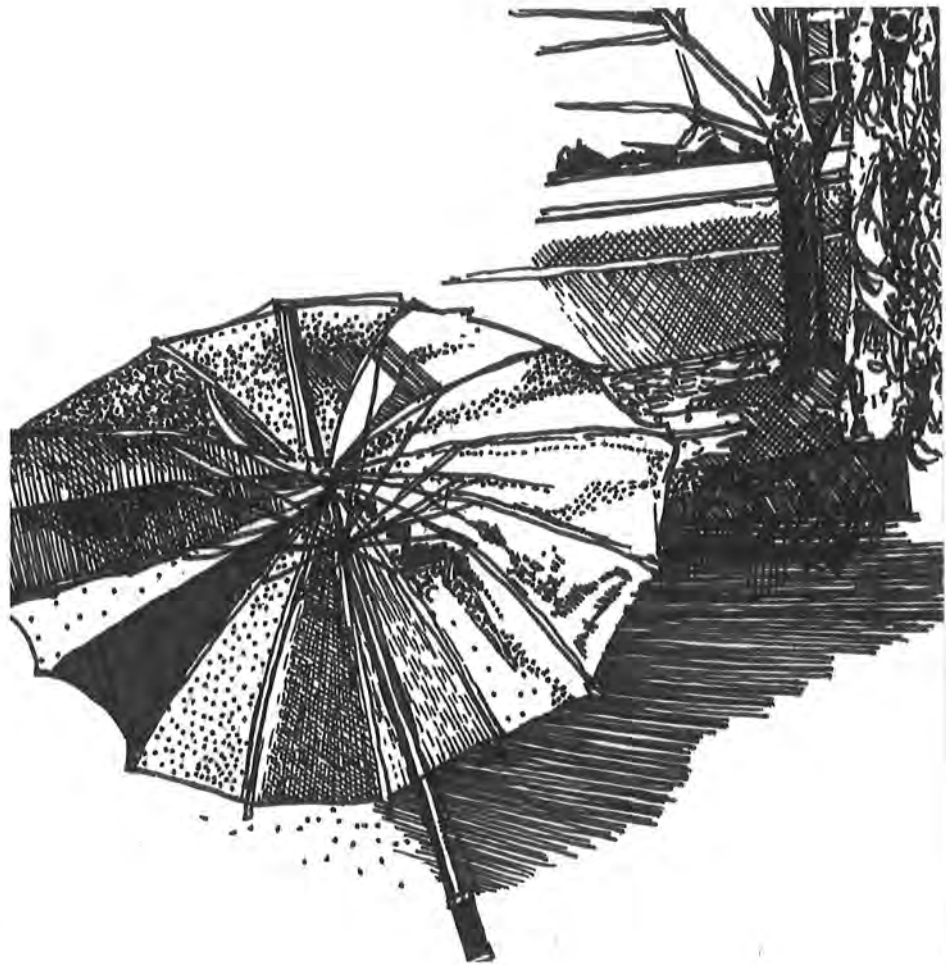




COURSE, WITH
IE" WHEN









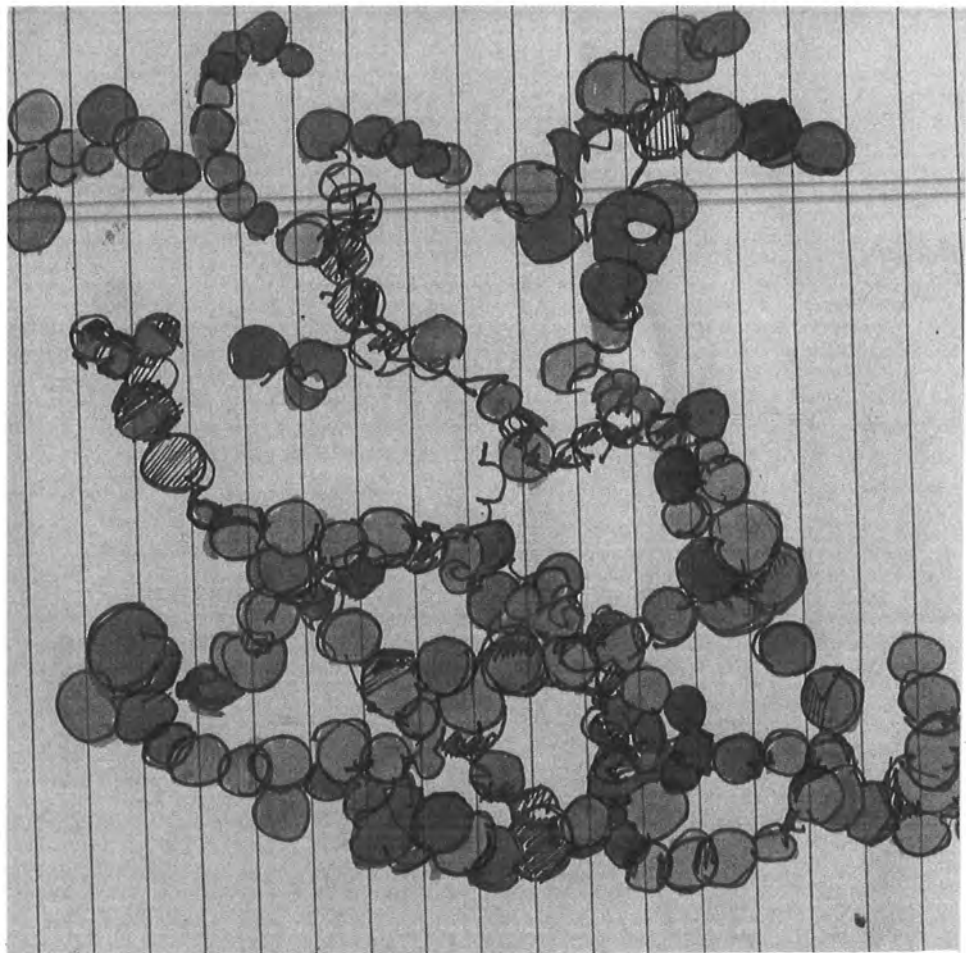


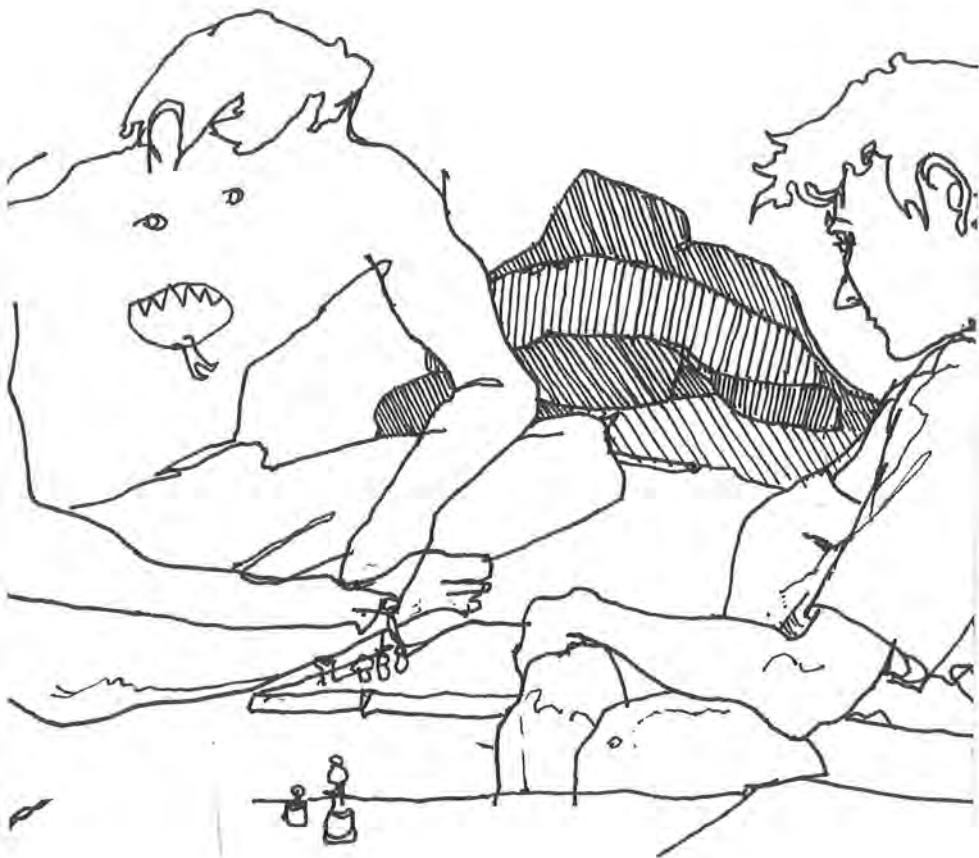


A KAGEDY OF
CIRCUMS













today all I want is to stand in the weather
walk three miles along the Cross County
reach the marshland where cattails are,
half-filled cans, black bags hooked on branches
walk there in a coat
pick up things along the way

it's strange to edge my depression again
like returning to Kentucky Lake in December
when all the mudflats had dried out,
and Jake took us across the dryland to Turtle Island
his black dog leading the way.
I've always wanted to live alone
on the edge of a fluctuating water
I would watch it every morning
and get to know it; old woman it

I don't want him to come with me,
though maybe we could write across the states
I would like to write him a portrait of the inside of my body
like how I only perceive it in sadness -
not the crouching sadness or the sadness that doesn't know itself
apart from despair

the long, reading sadness
the winter sadness with a textbook on Rivers of the World
loosahatchie, suwanee, the archafalaya
in Alaska, the Noatak near dwarf willow
"clumped on the horizon"
gloss pictures

in New York, the heat hisses on at dawn, so loud it wakes me up
a man strikes a pipe with a hammer,
my neighbors unlock their doors in unison
I've been trying to get to sleep earlier
It's an over thing, I tell the crosstown building,
the young family in lamplight three stories down

I wanted him so I could want something more than this,
or less than this:

in black charcoal, she enters the woods
the trees in pulp
the soul is a film of chalk thrown directly up
separating in arc

she waits for it to come down, to set

that evil



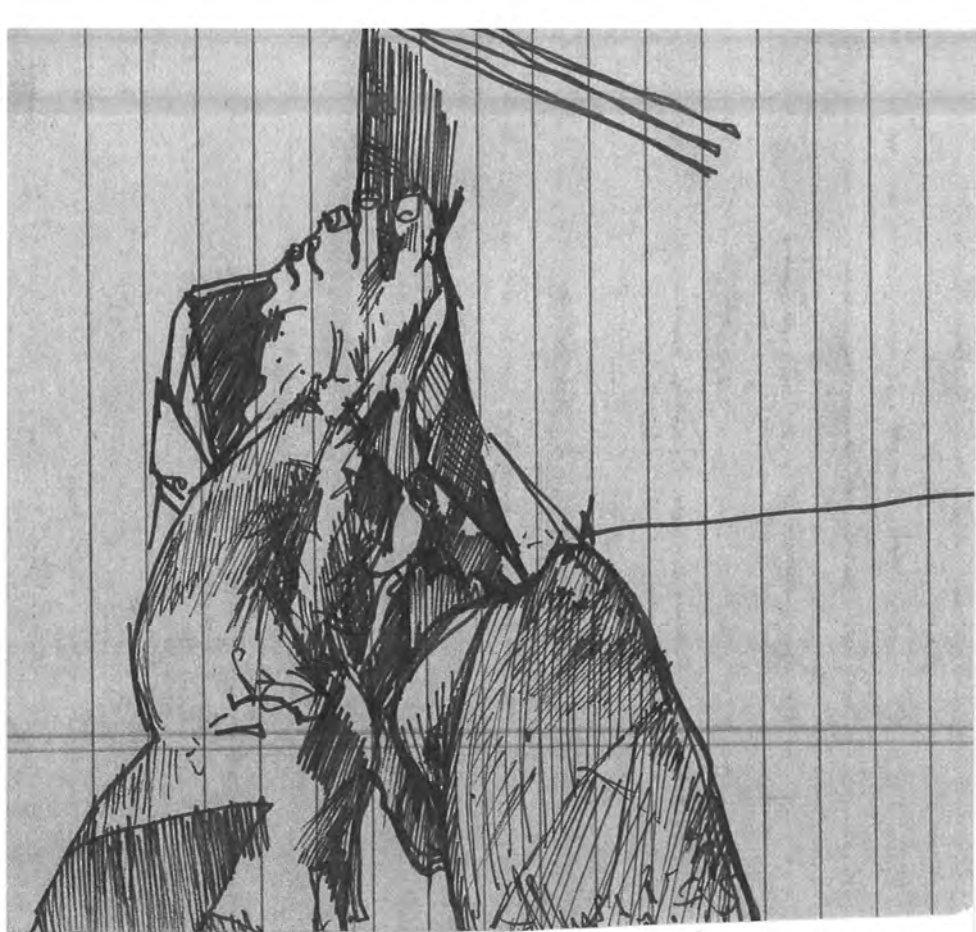


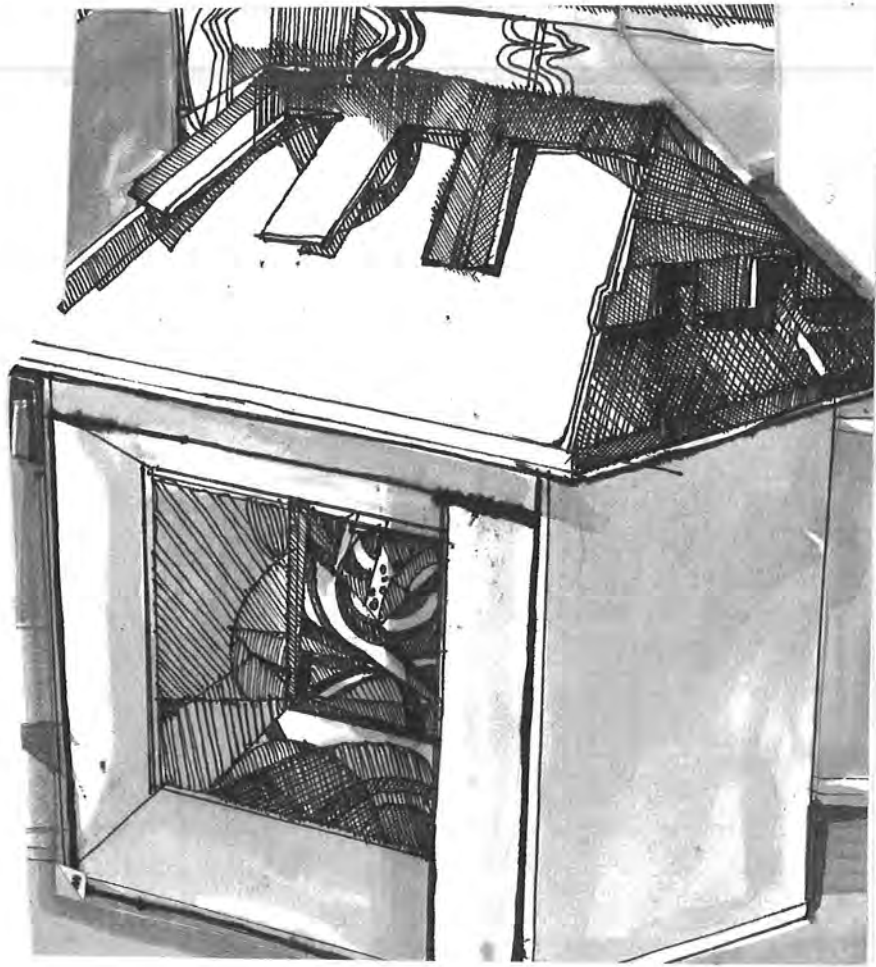


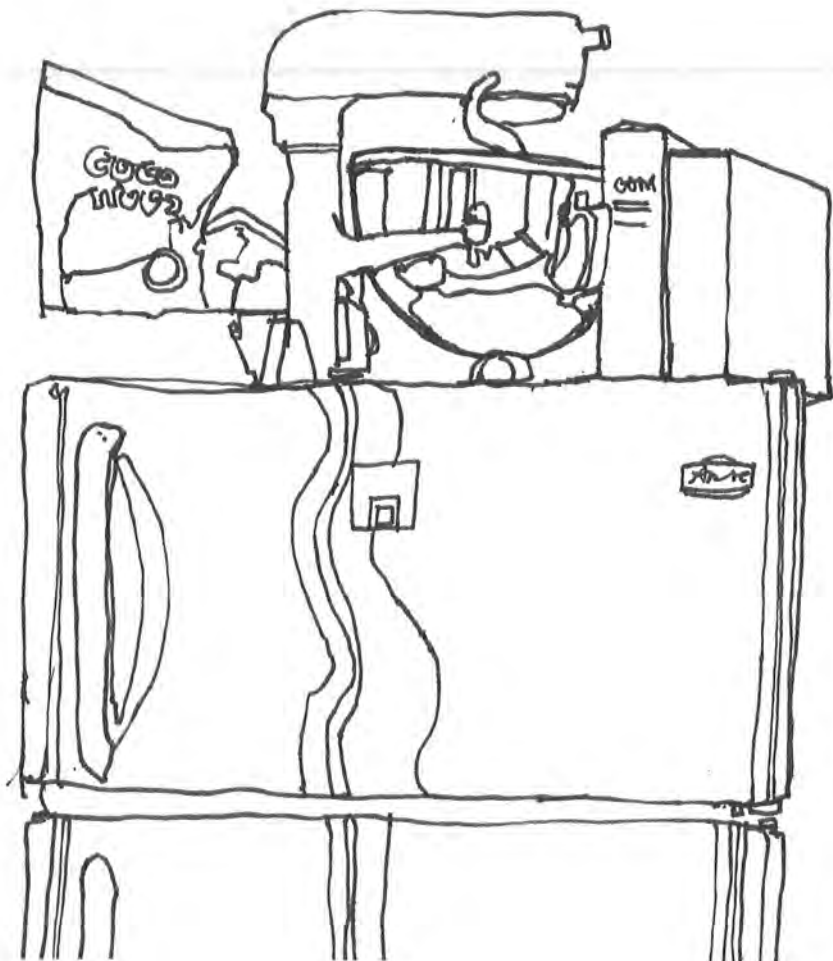
LAURYL & CELINE AT BRO
PUBLI

JANUARY 9 21

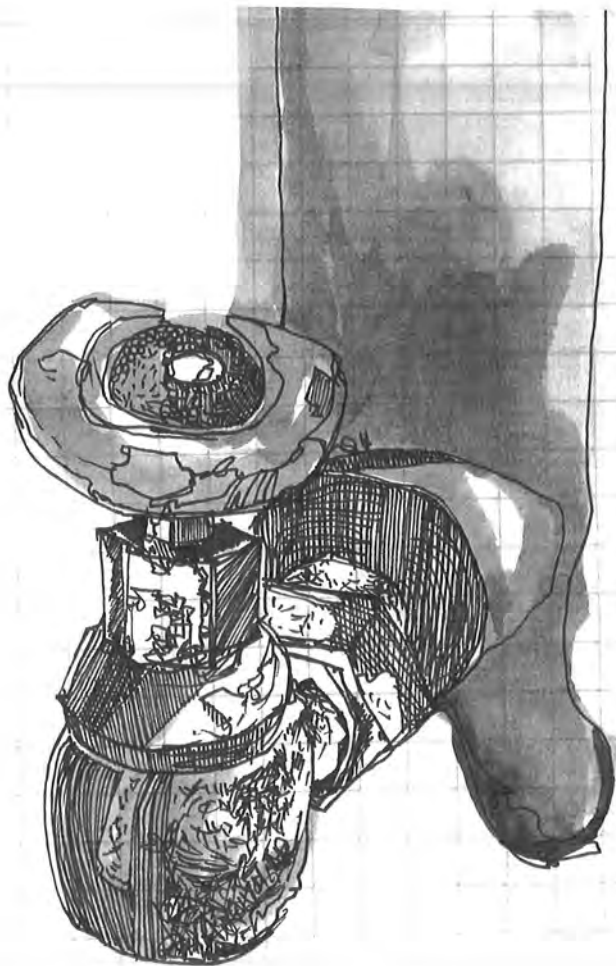


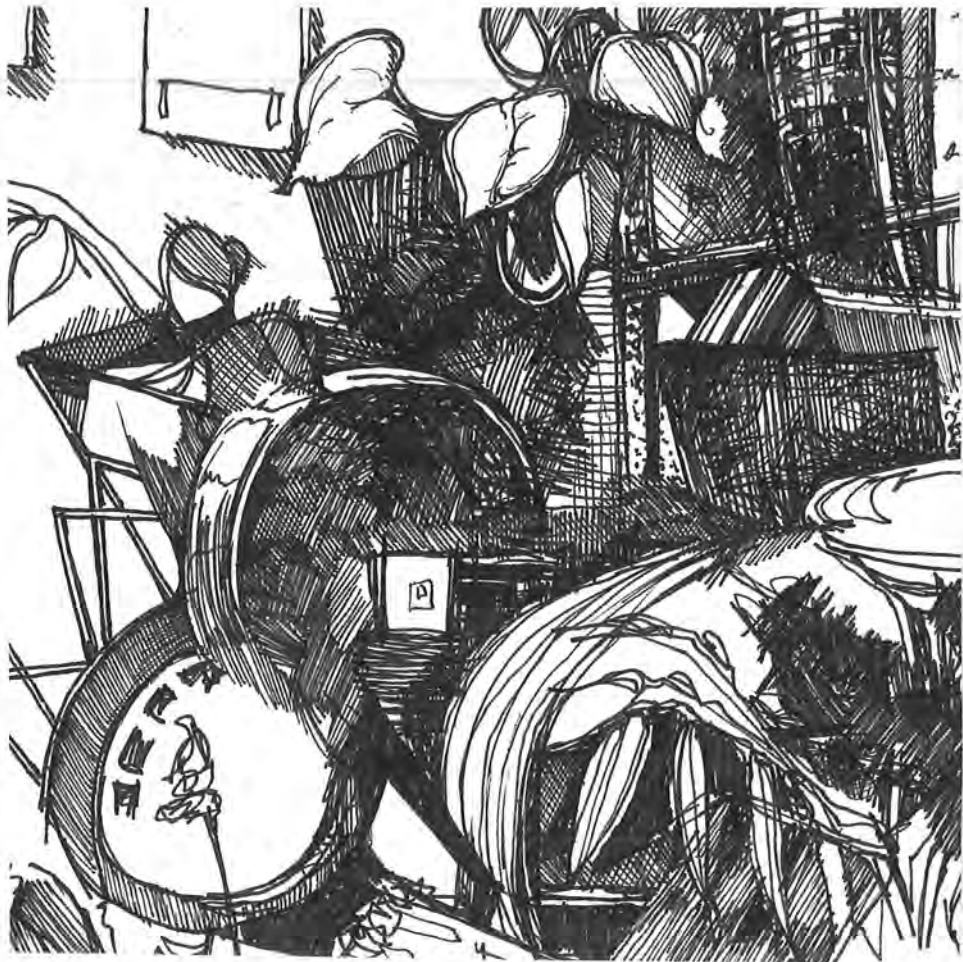


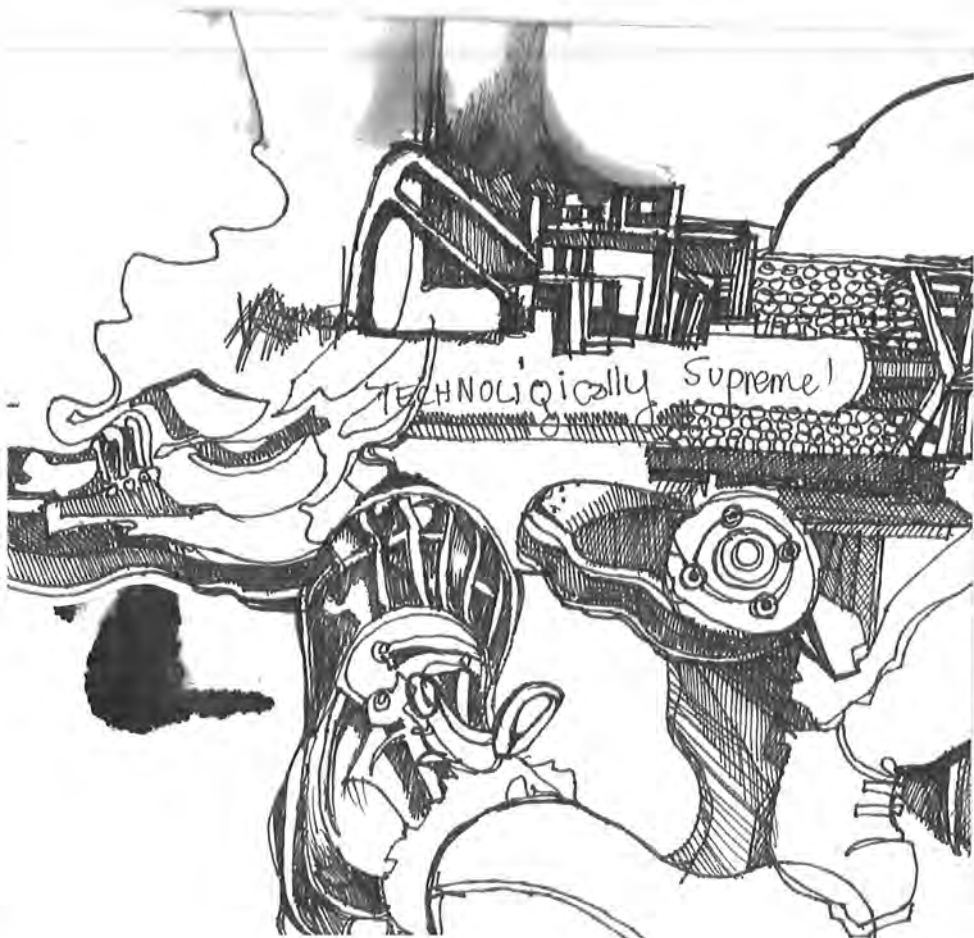








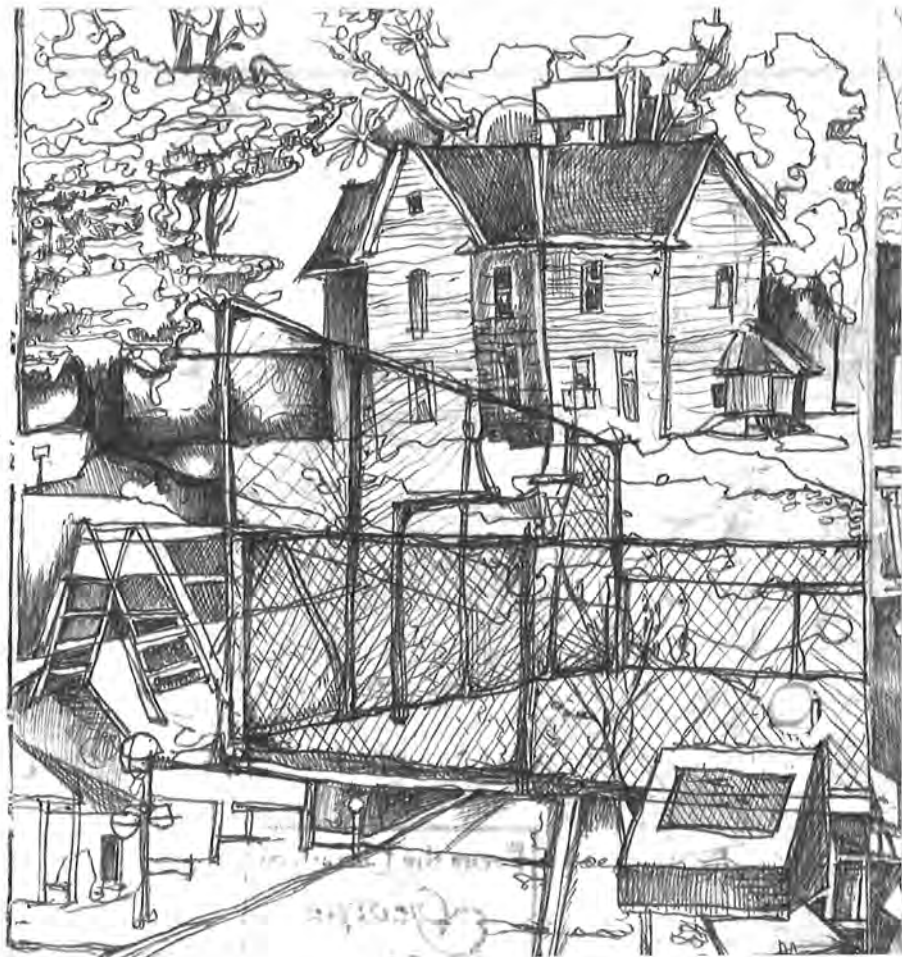




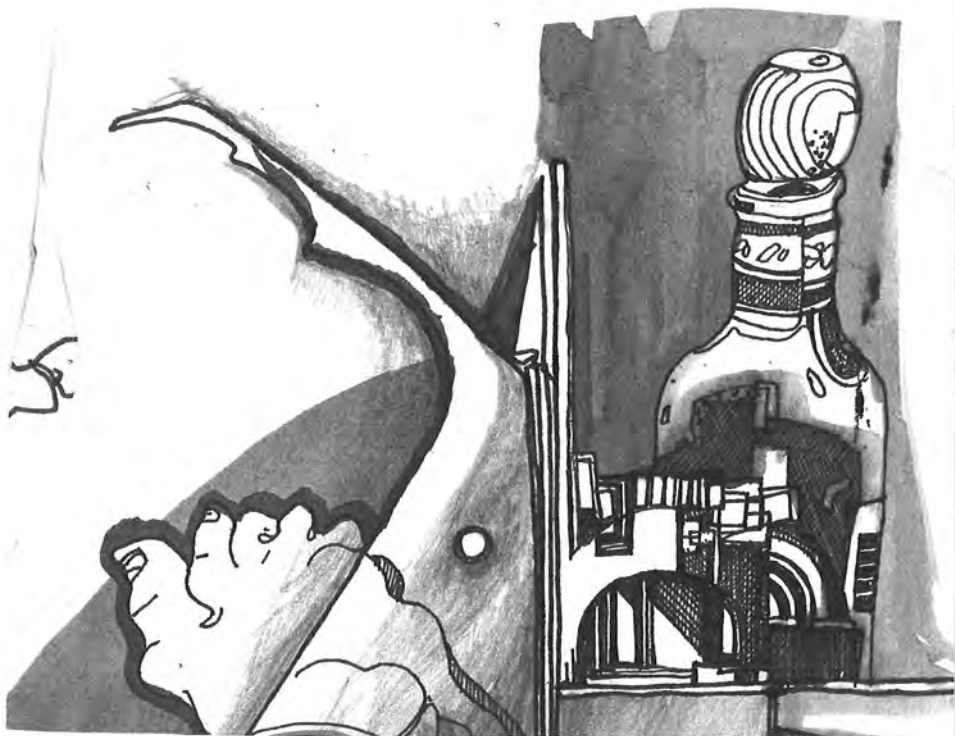
Technologically Supreme!











all the things that happened in real time, at real hour

you were before I got coupons in the mail

and couldn't sleep because of gaslights

headlights vectoring my north New York apartment wall

before shit got parsed, and my regions of importance

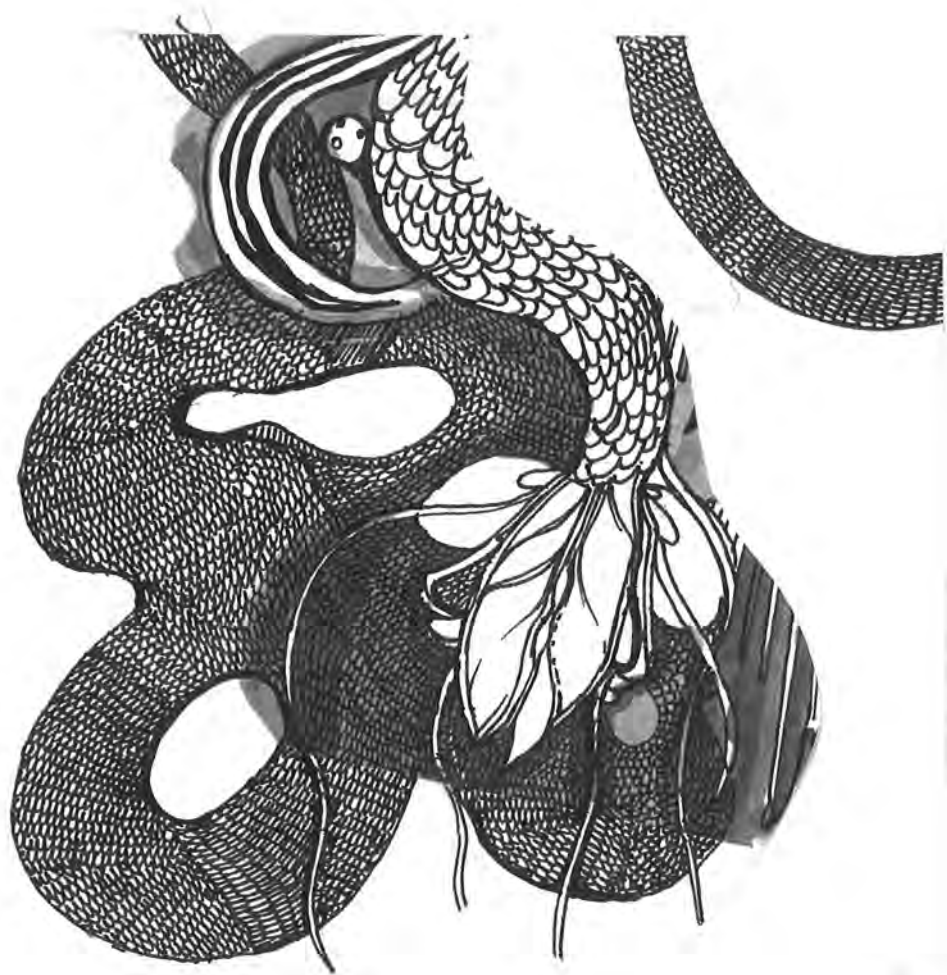
were the rounded sides, the known slide, around hometown

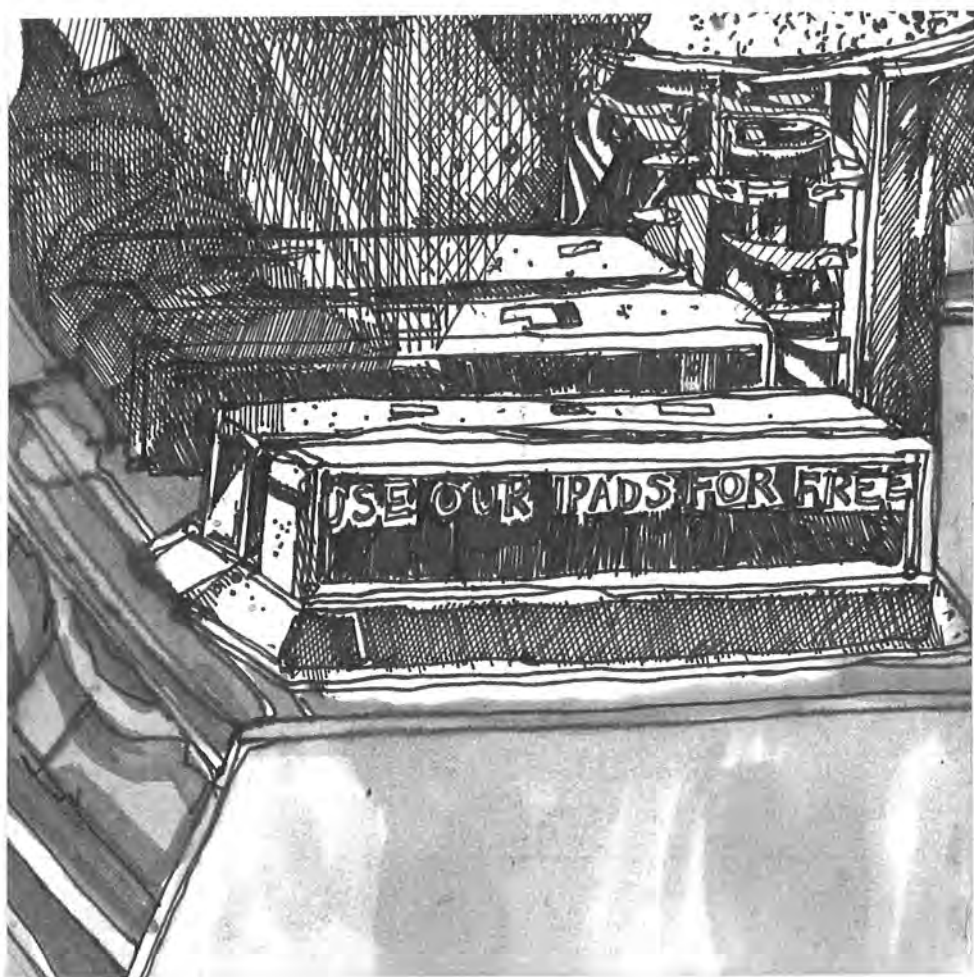
stoplights

I could name the neighborhoods

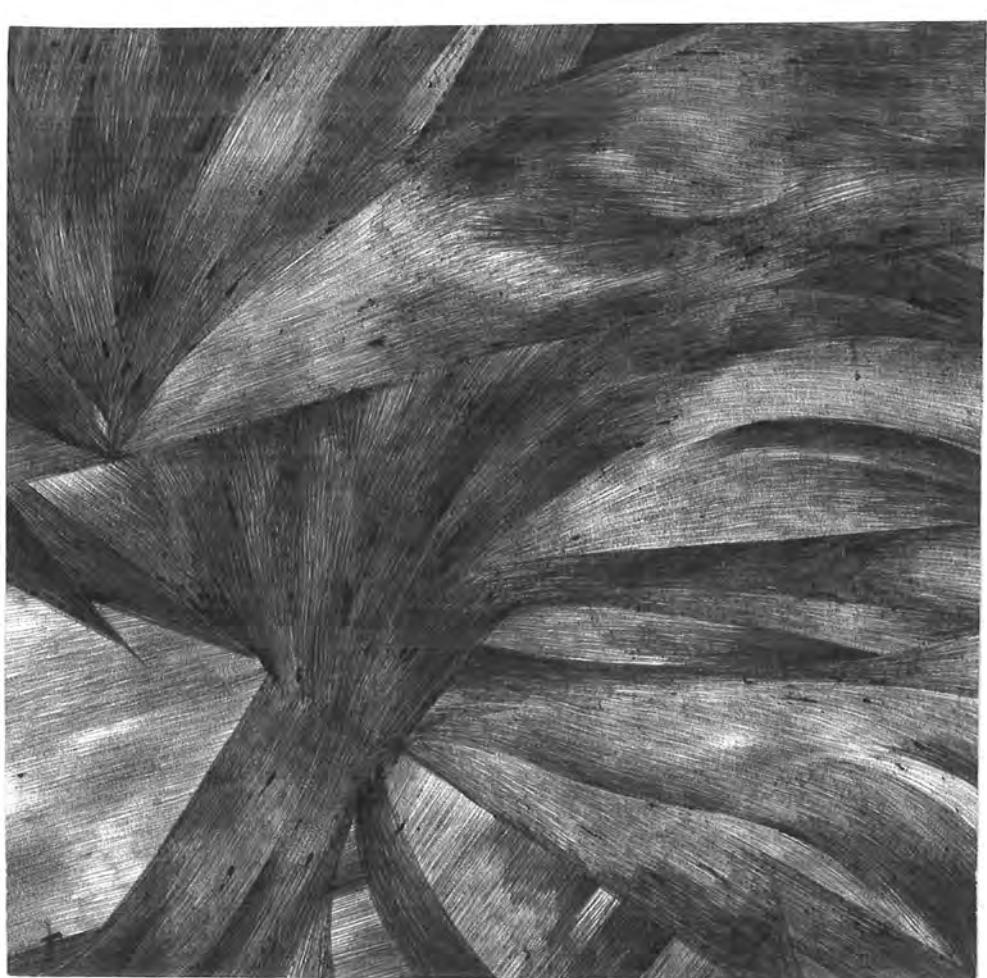
I could speak to you

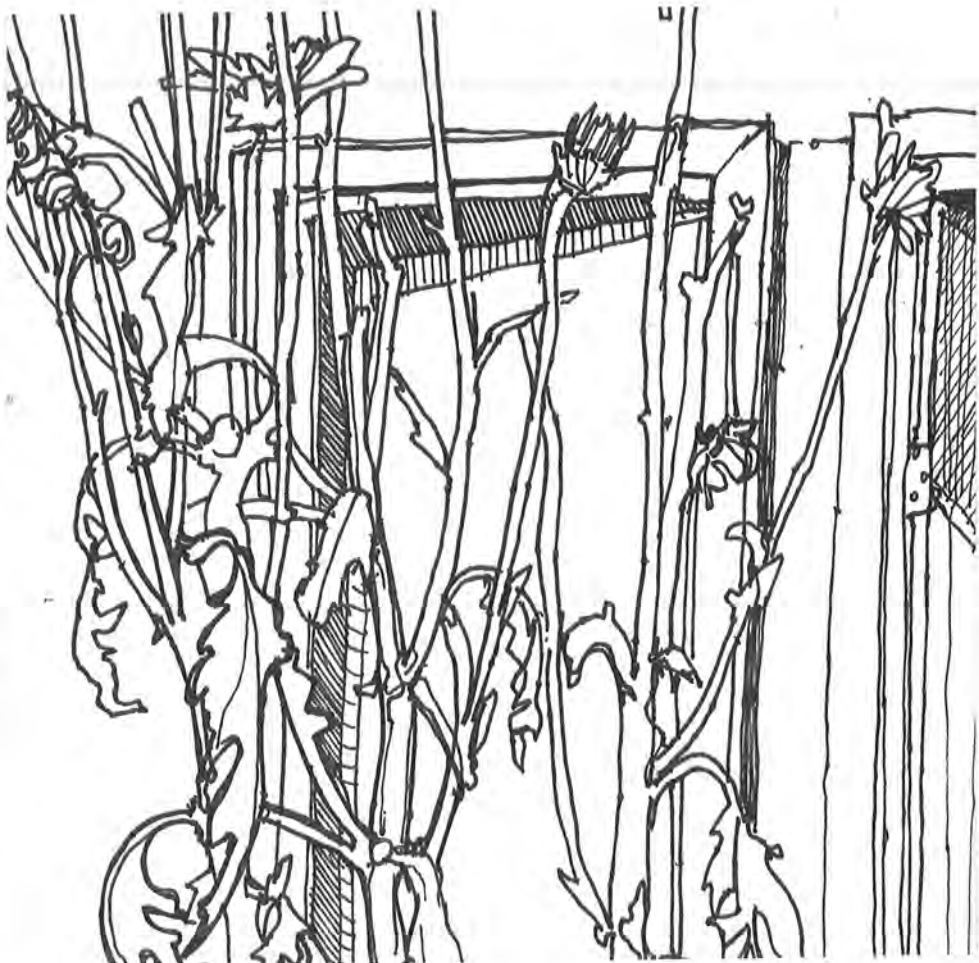




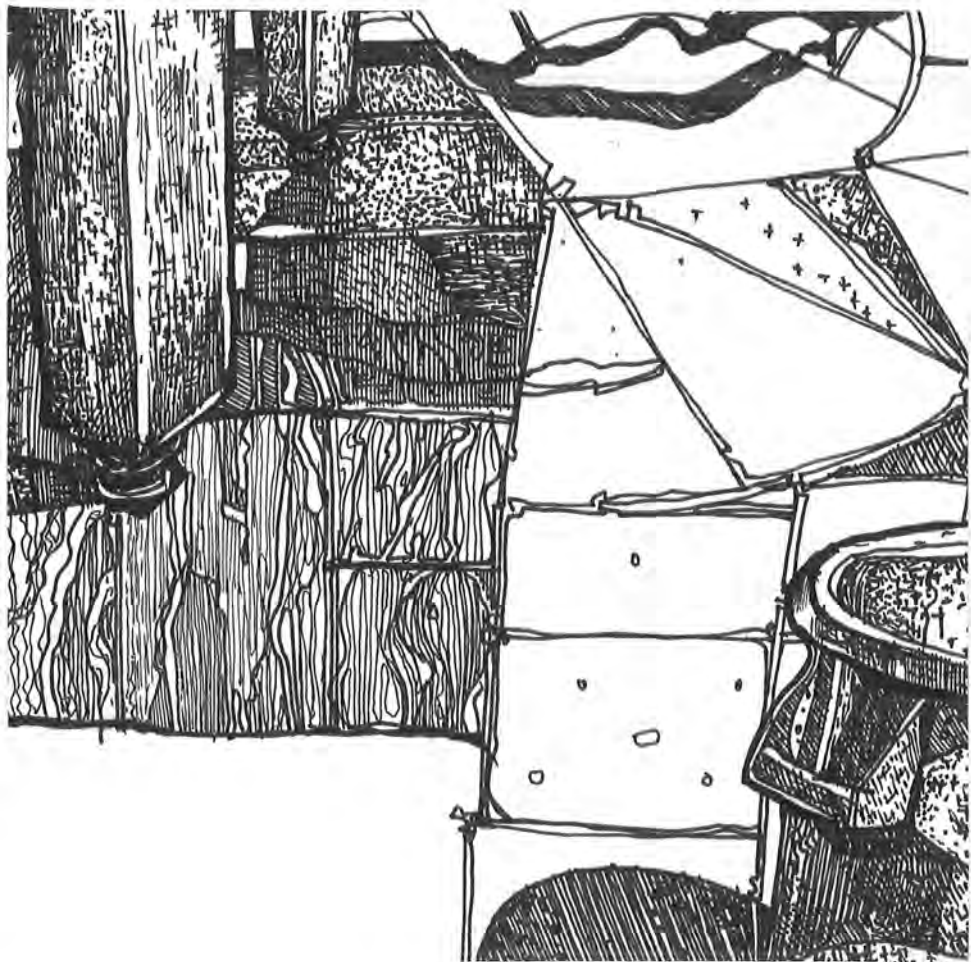


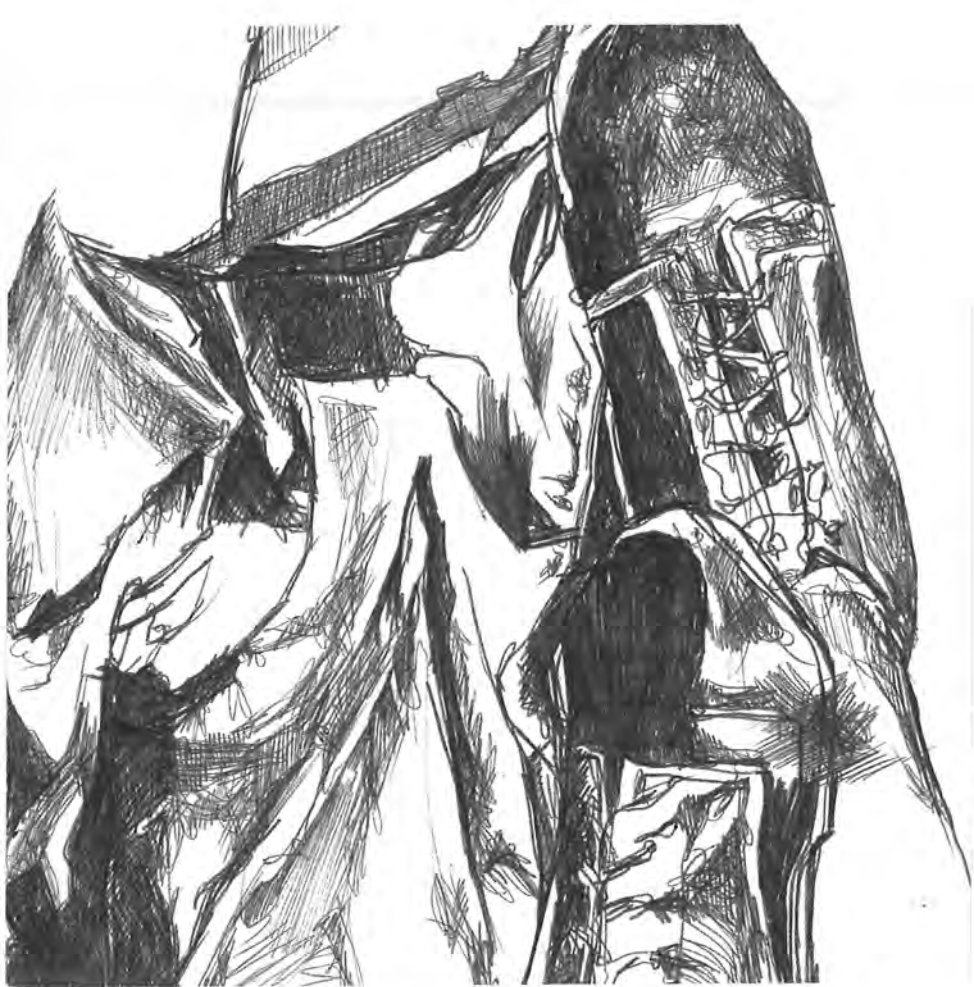
USE OUR TPADS FOR FREE









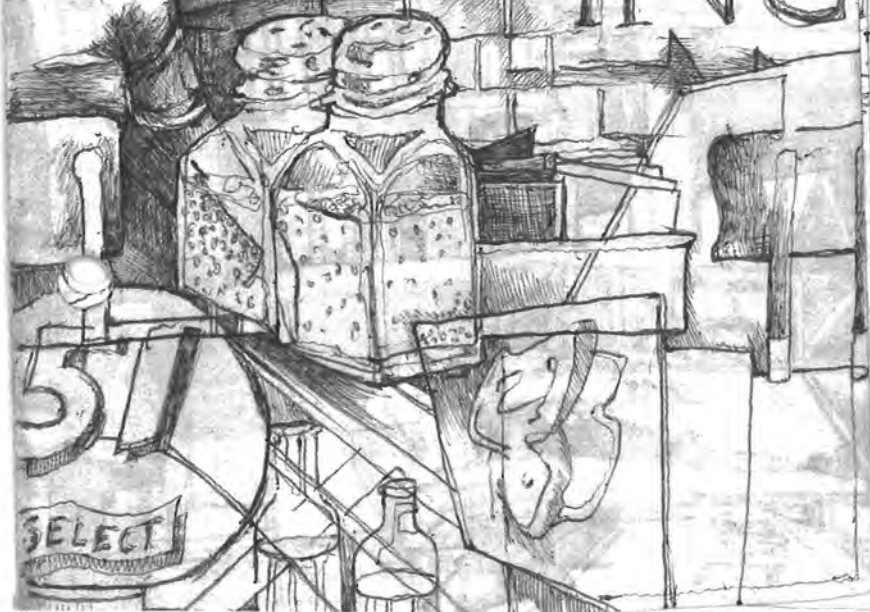


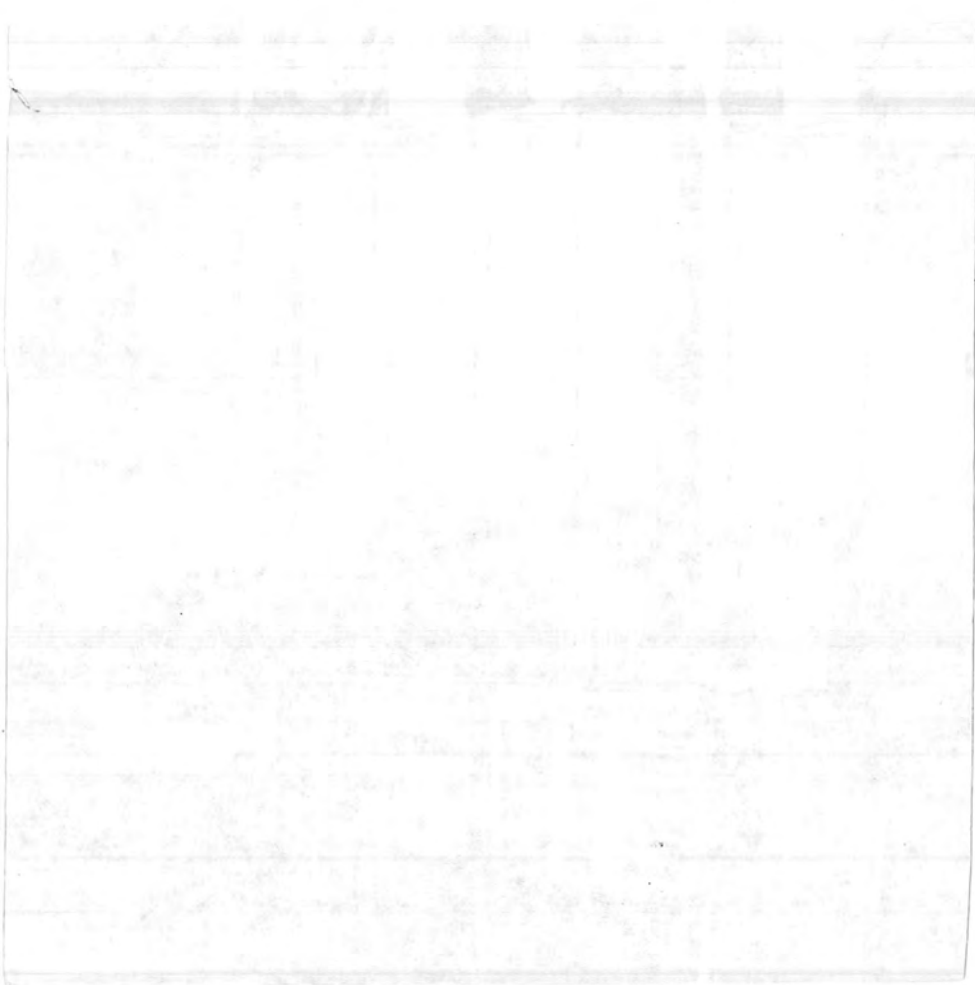


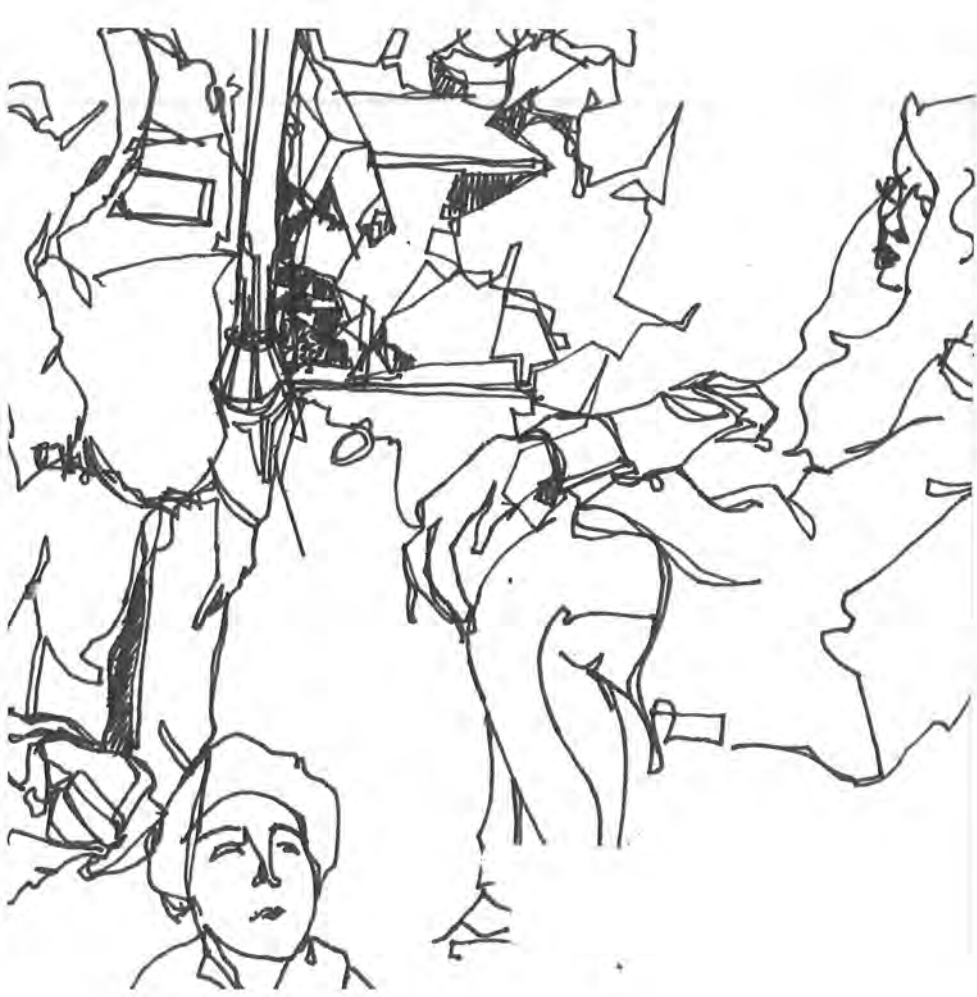
HOME

THE MEANING

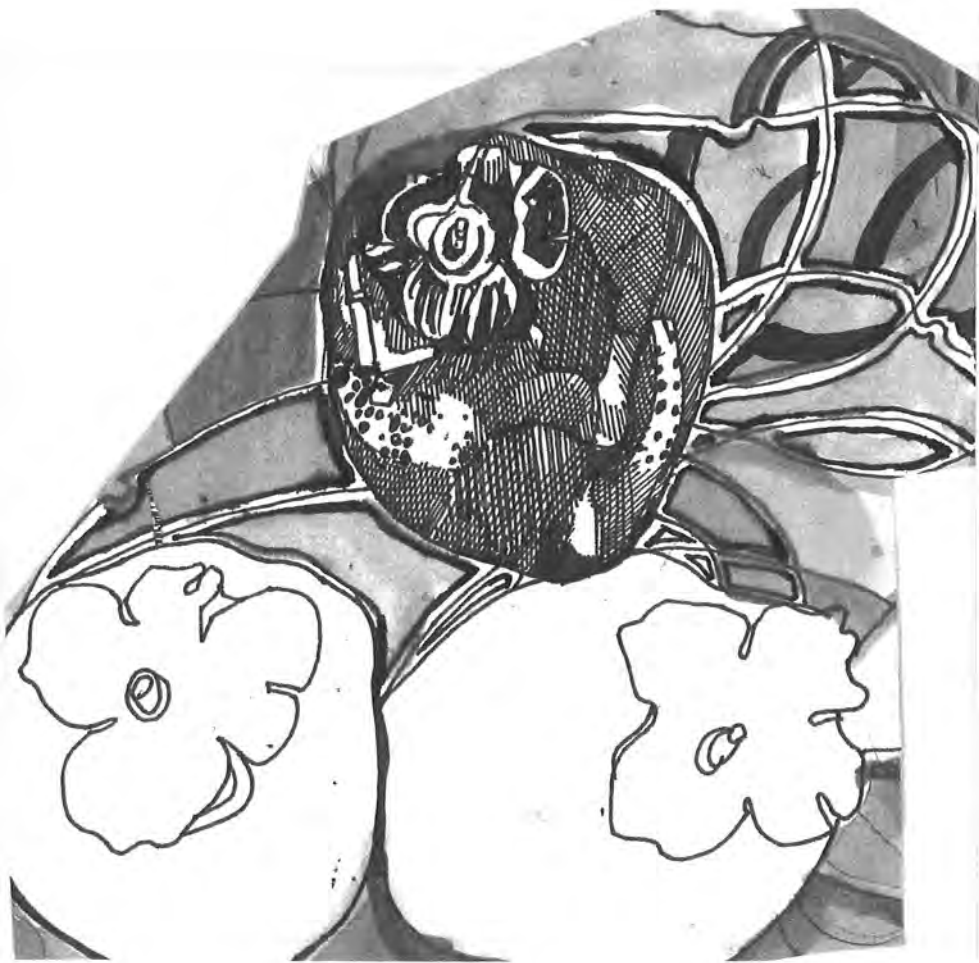
OF

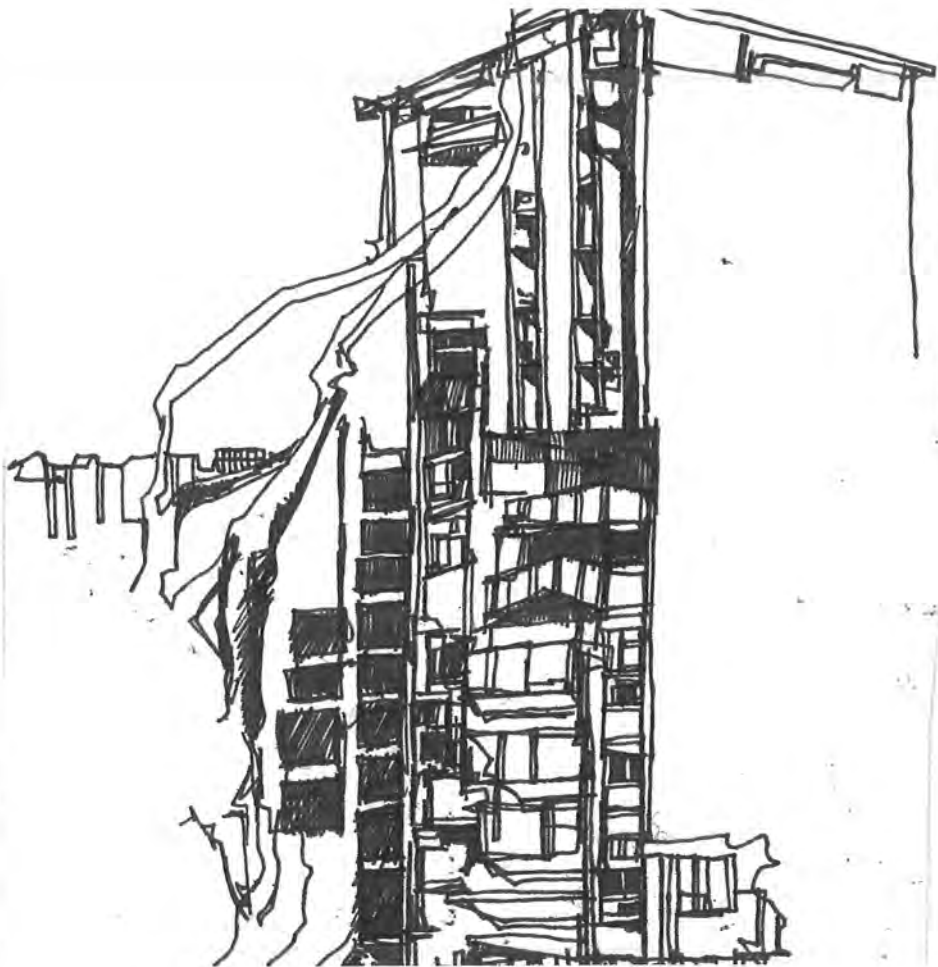




















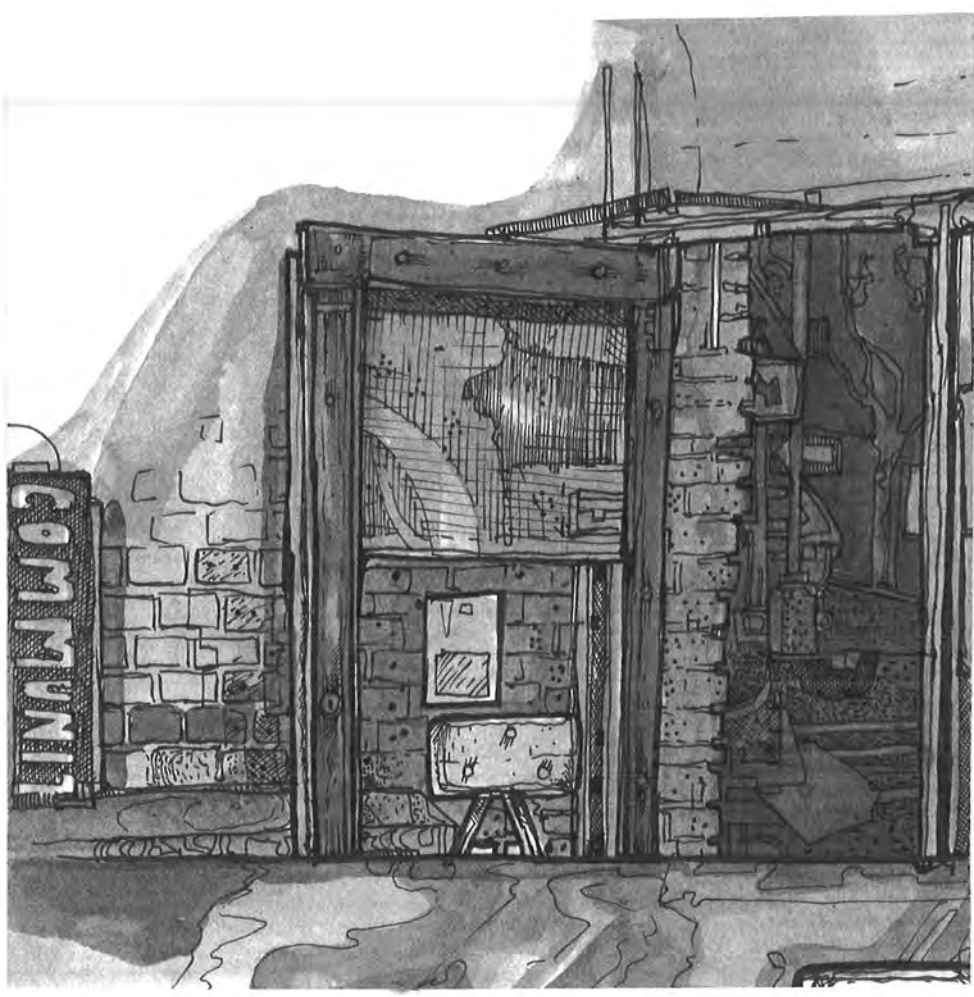






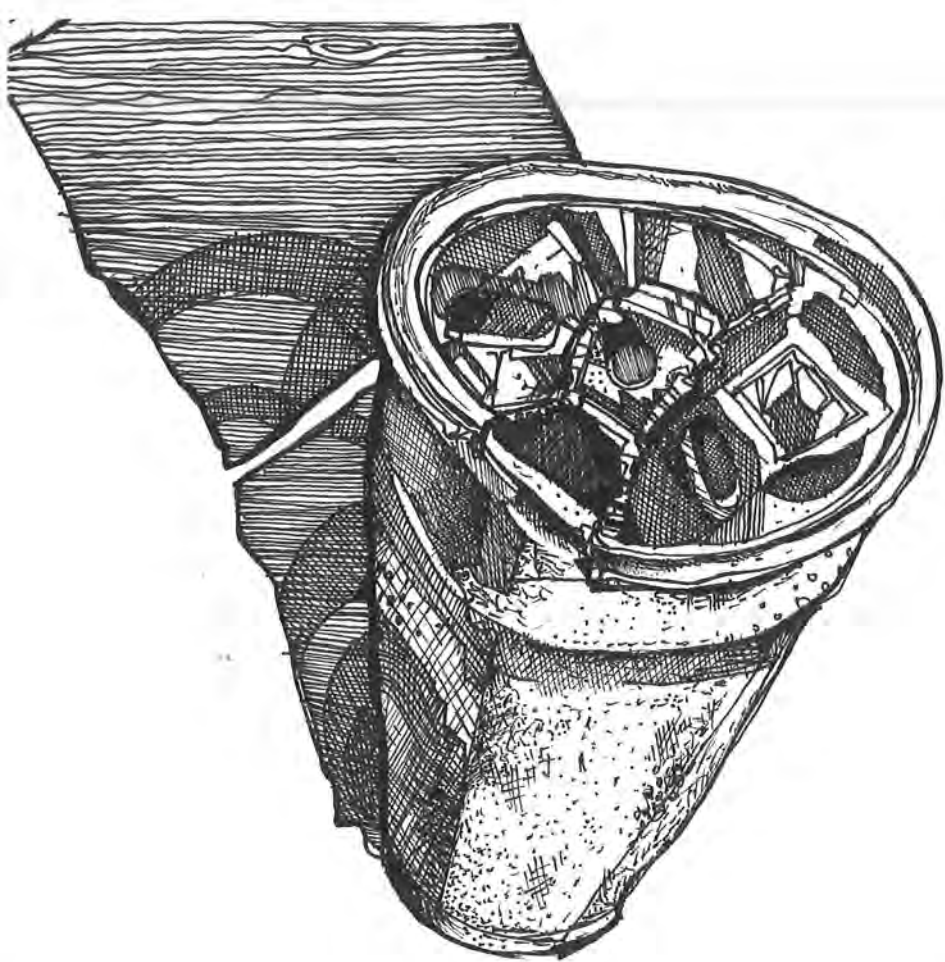






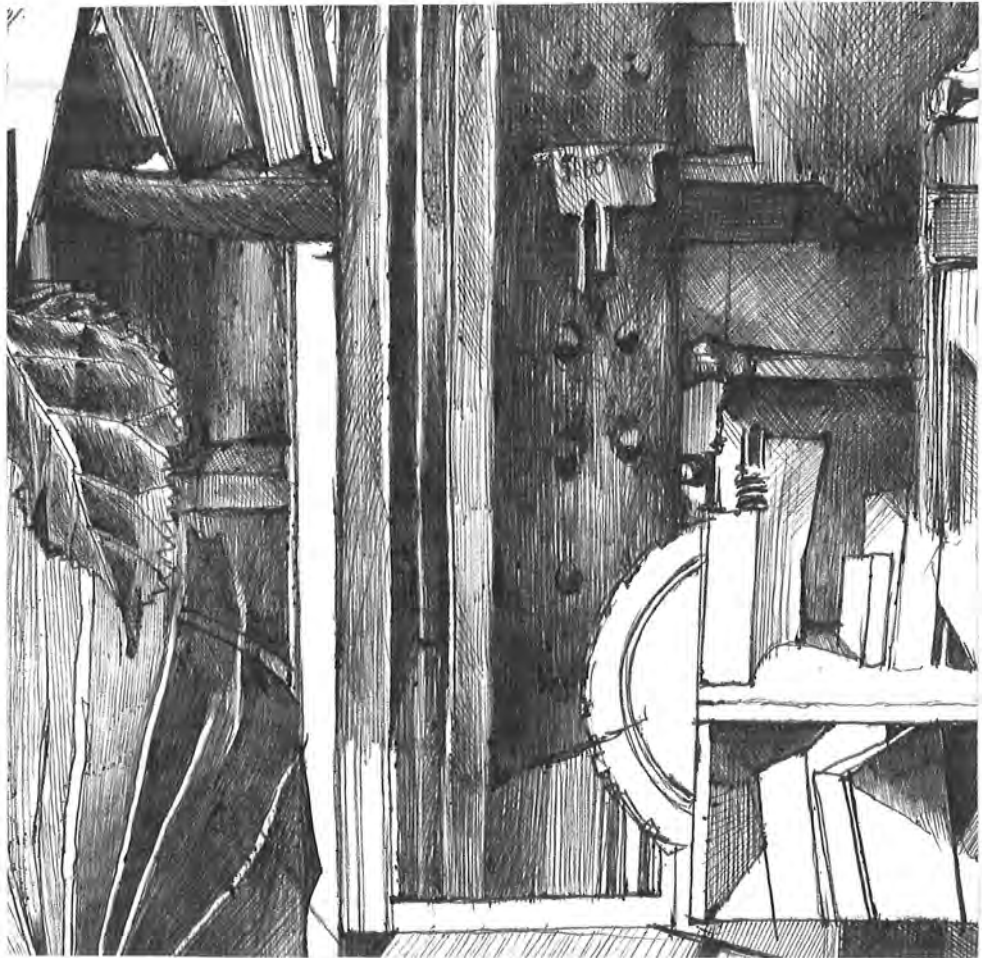


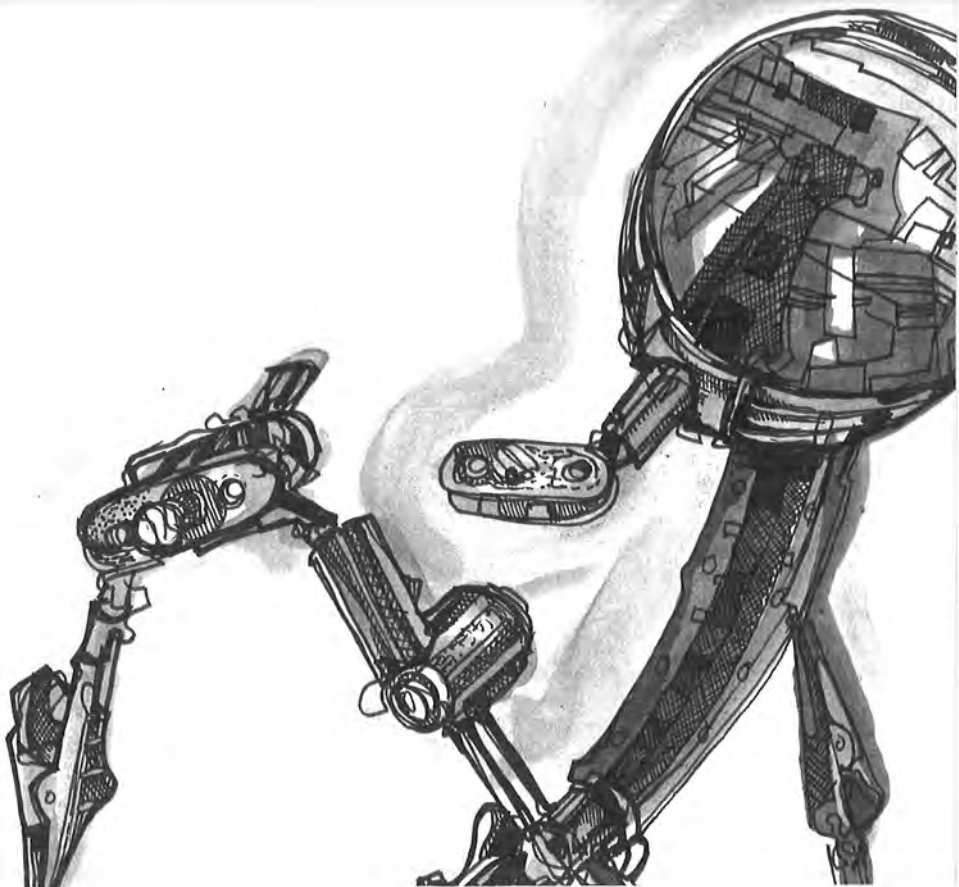


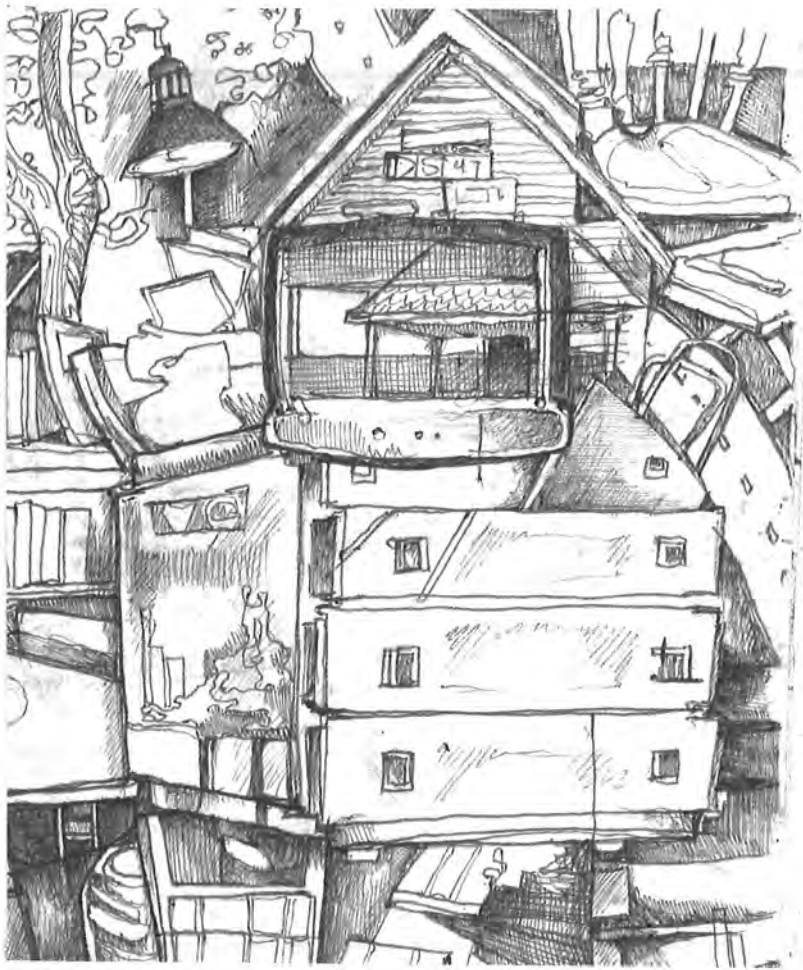




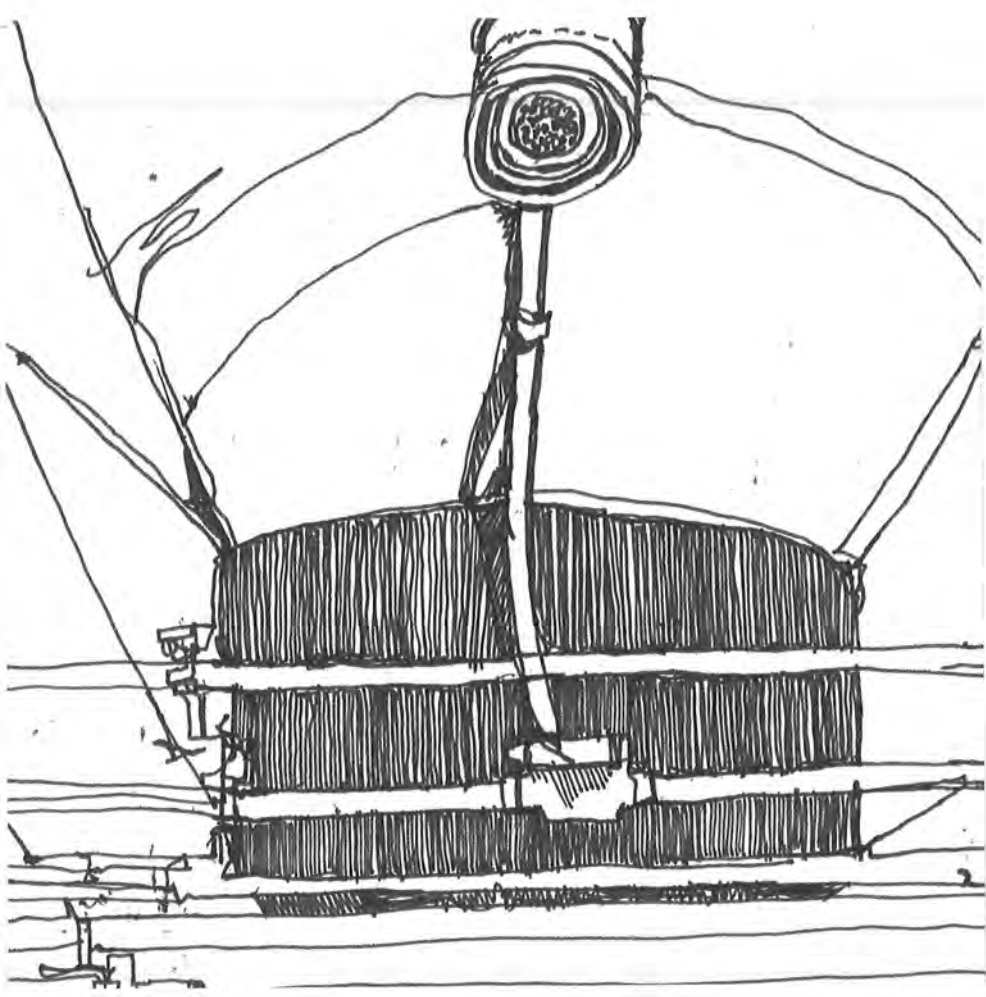


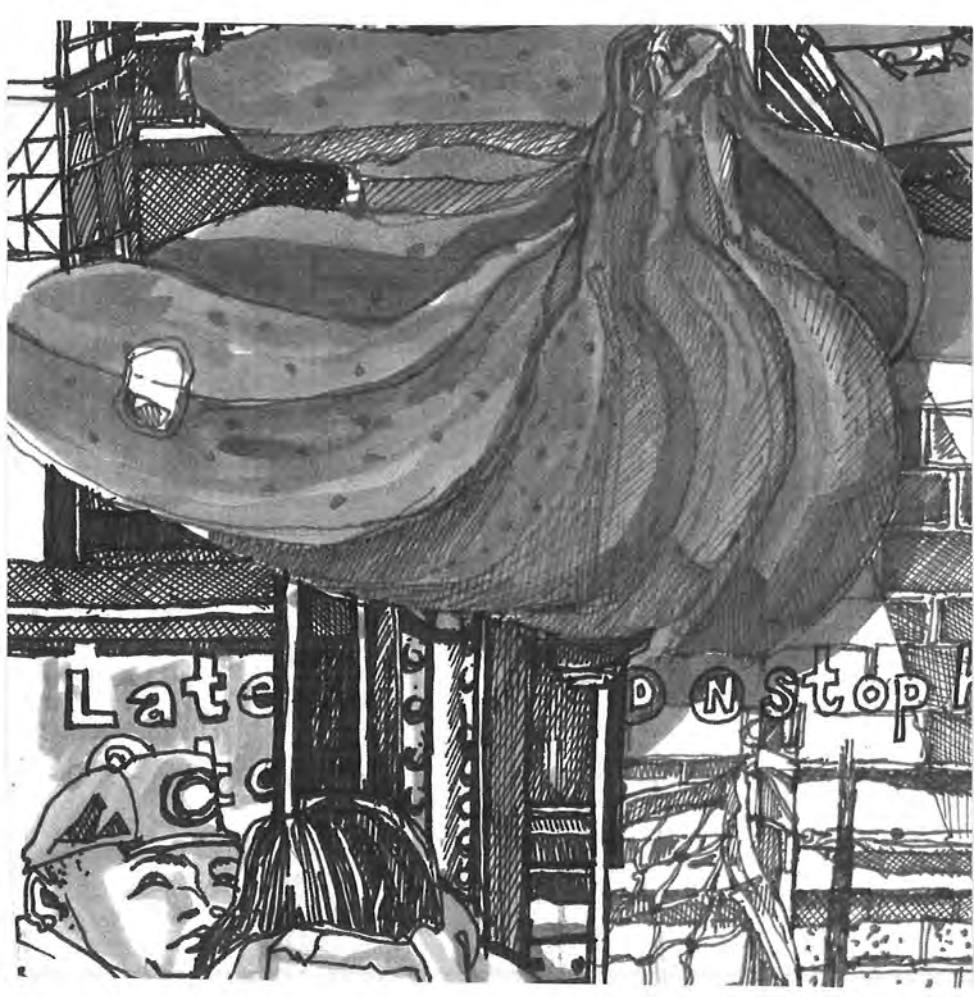












I like the dreams best where you are in love with someone
through a window

When I was fourteen and had unlimited faith,
I loved everyone through windows,
imagined how all the men would say
"I can't see you, I can't see you, we can't do this
and do this and do this"

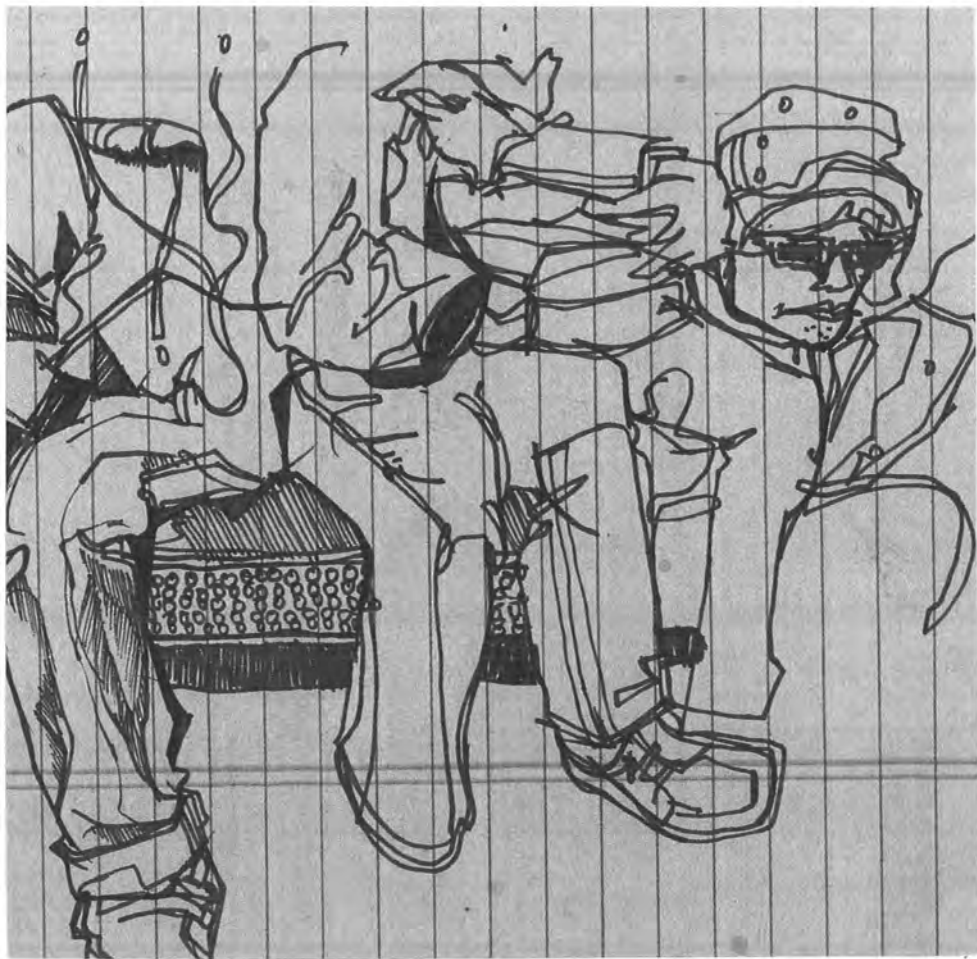
scenes with cold rain and those hundred secret corners
of public campuses

it comes back to something I can't quite articulate about how
in the South, things are forbidden and necessary

I pictured love like standing under a pothole
the light from the street above coming down in a cylinder
onto my forehead,

my cheek, then broadening and maybe catching a whole arm
before hitting darkness



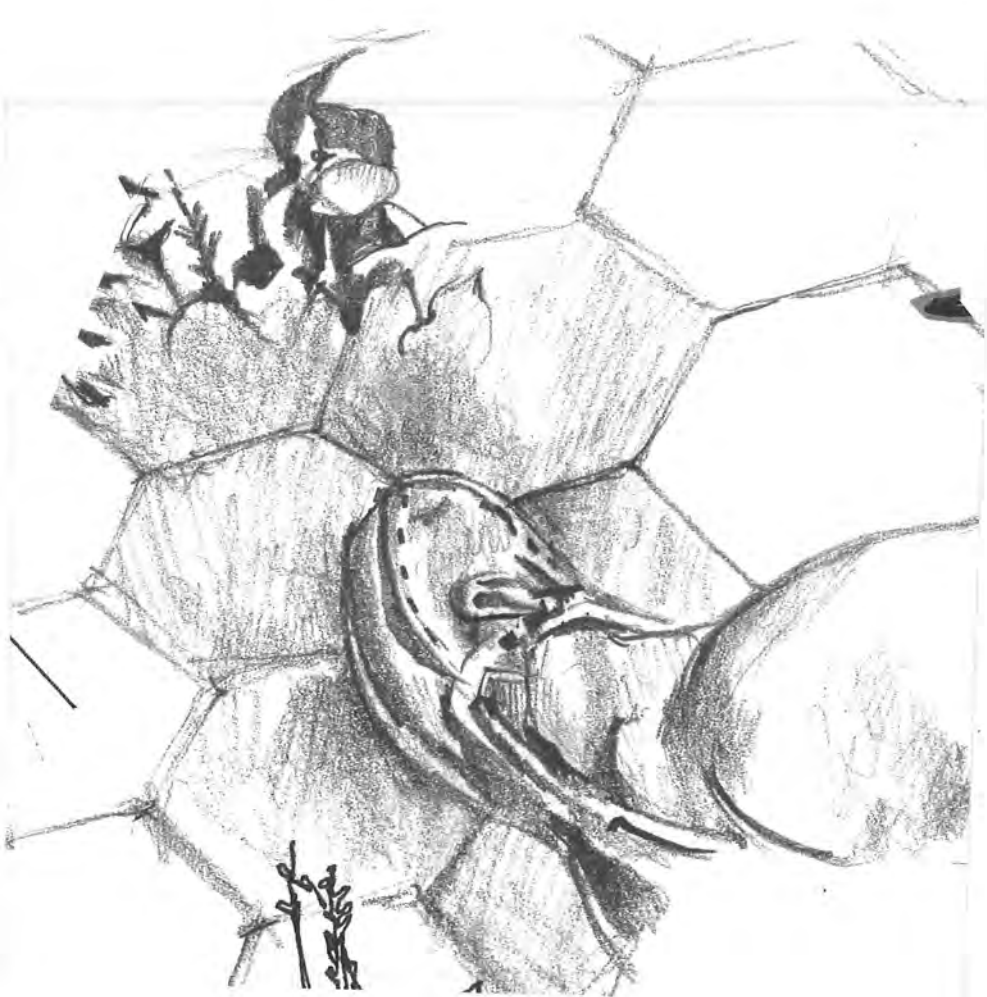


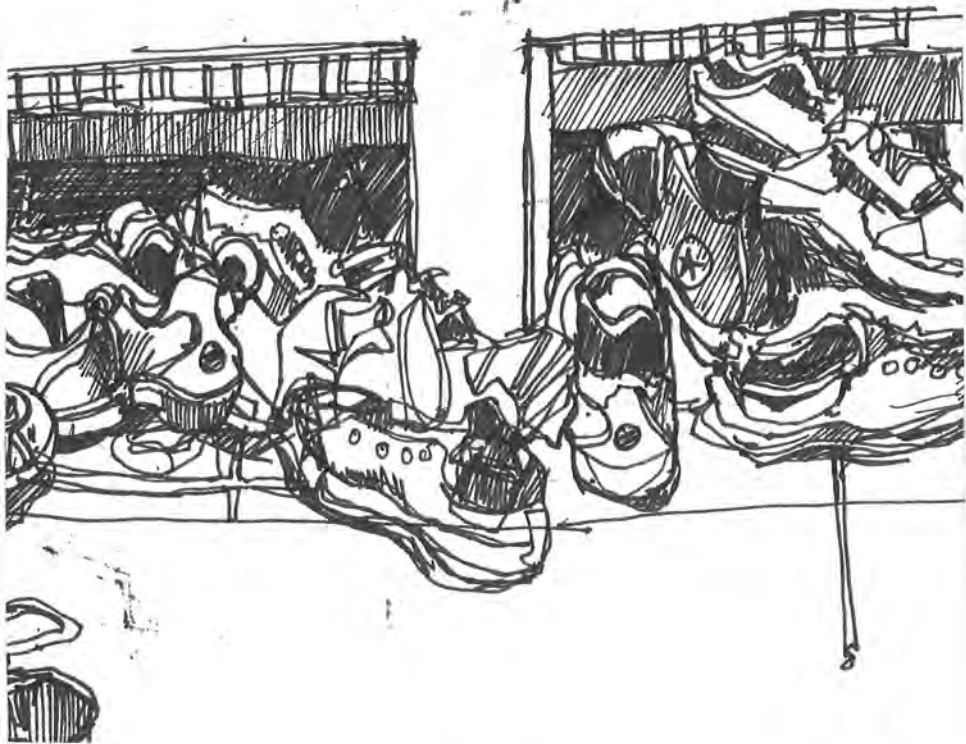
NEAR FAR

ON FLOOR OF SUBWAY
FLOWER
OF SUB





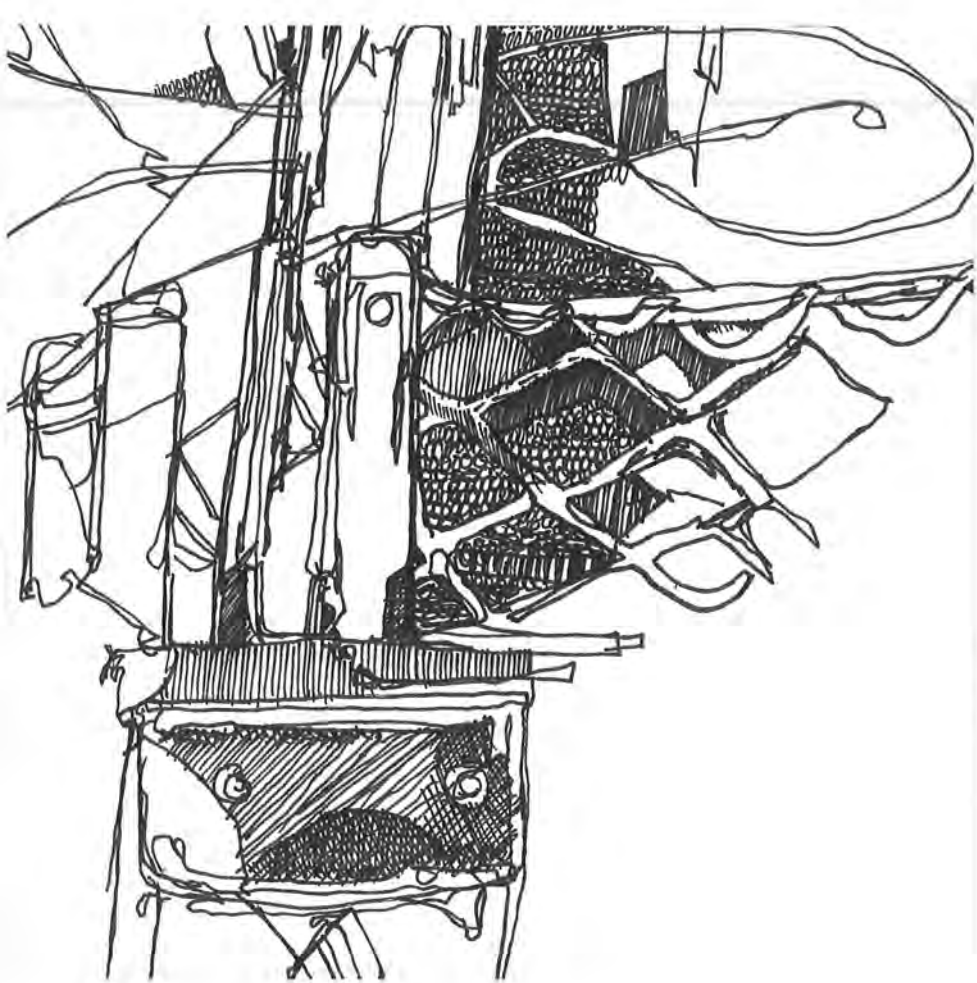


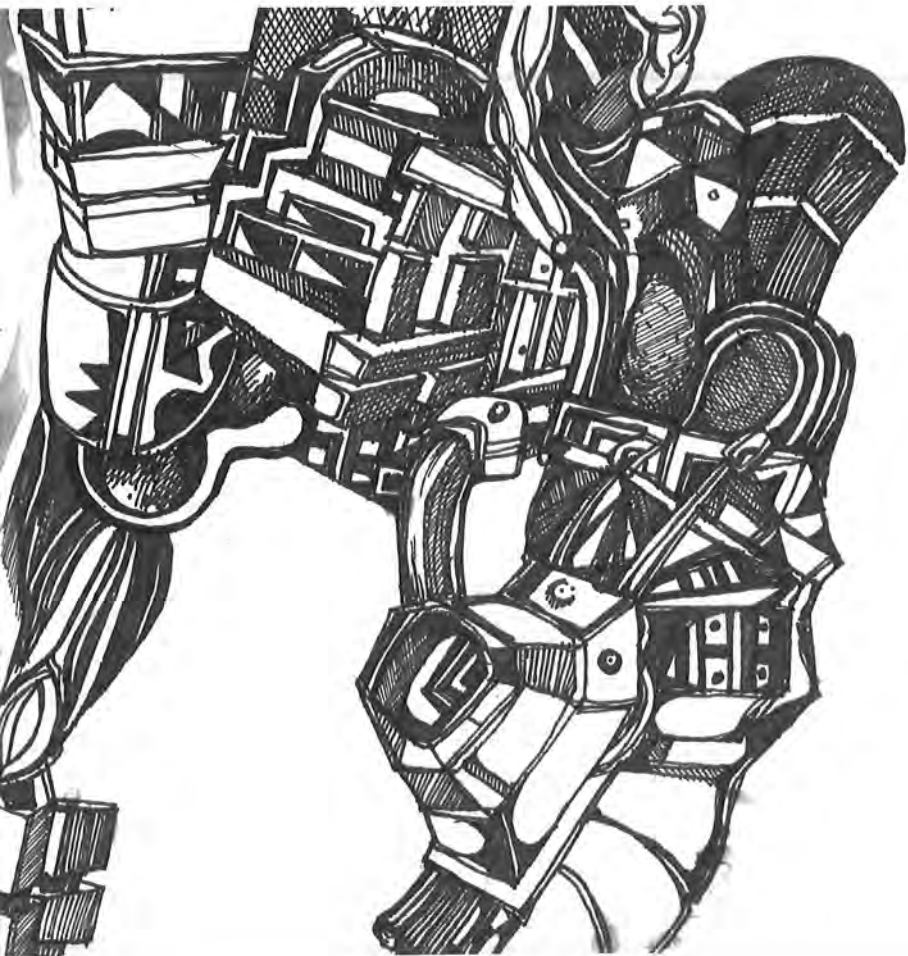


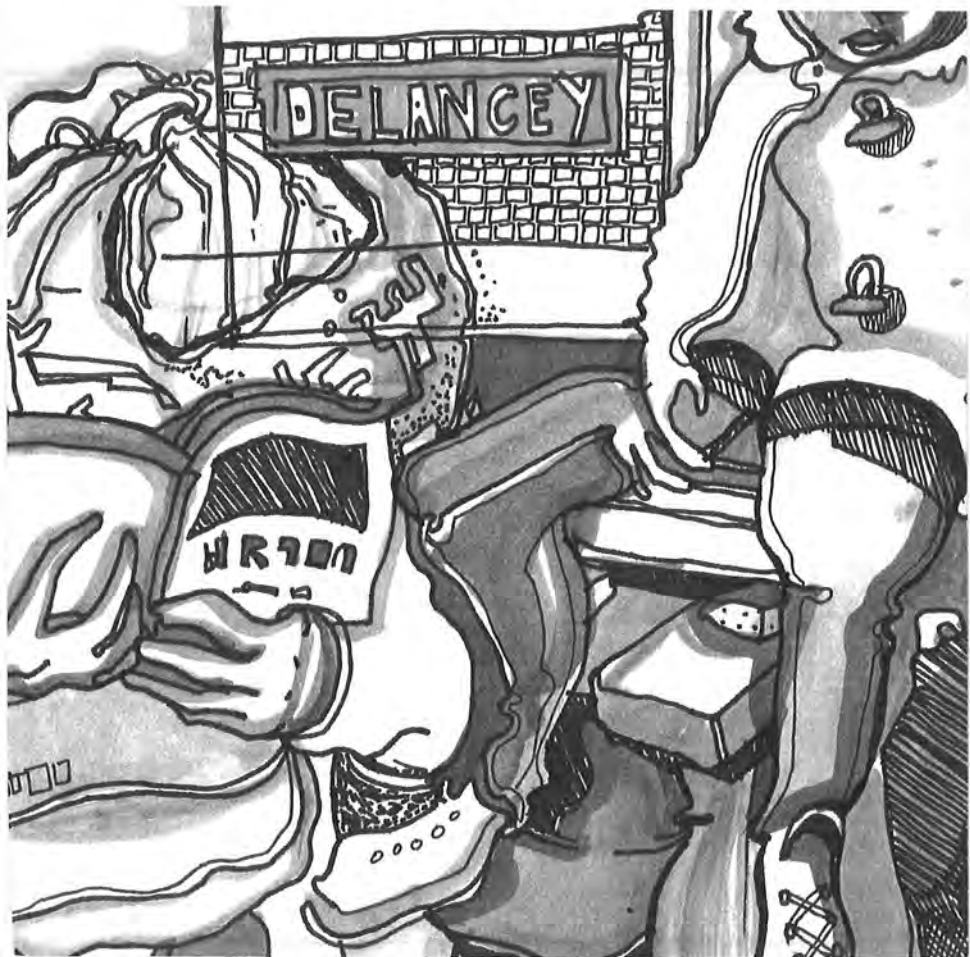




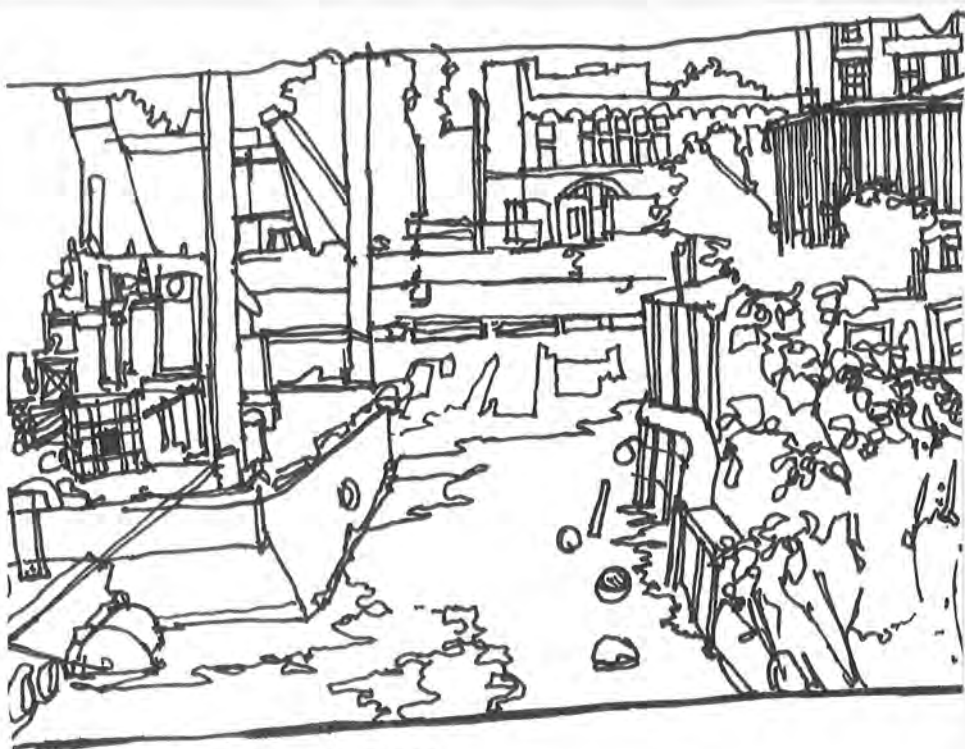










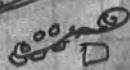


UNION CANAL JULY 19th 2012

PAWN \$

Down

GETHER
THAT
SOMETHING
SPECIAL



20% off
SALE

PROTECT

BY FLOTS
SECURITY

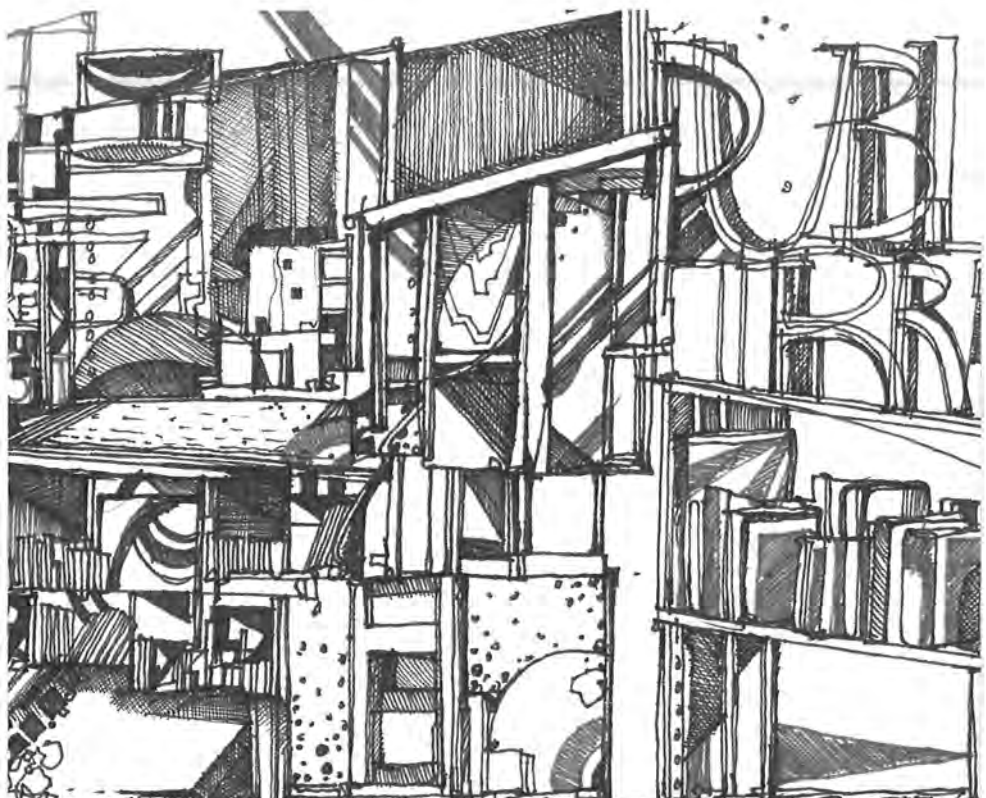




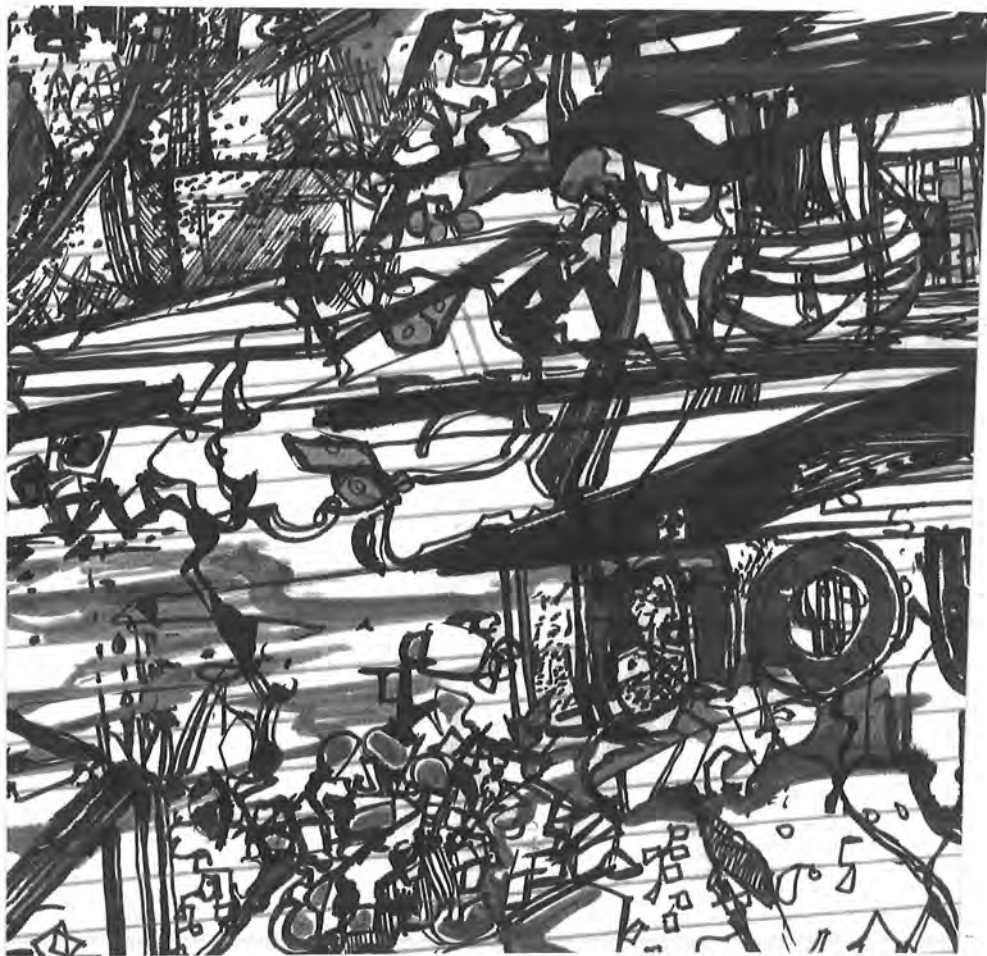








WEEKLY SCHEDULE WITH END GOALS
PROSPERITY AND PARTNERSHIP
TUESDAY THURSDAY SATURDAY
WAS CORRECT IN THE CONSIDERATION



I'VE JUST SEEN WHERE IT ENDS
AND IT'S NOT PRETTY.



