

a ladder cannot be convinced to climb down from itself | red-prayered | pear | peach



Photo credit: Alessandra Capodacqua

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. i watch him knit a mirror with his eyes

watch him cast the first stone into original memory to see it skim towards the same mirror now propped up against the horizon shattered like glass fingernails from a wailing wall as we ourselves alternate as gold teeth exploding inside this mica mouth spines smelted into the slightest answers inside our own ears floating in open ocean as wishing wells for the drowned



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as deep as any word our heads pop up to compete for the dot on the i in genesis

your licence to create the opening dream sequence has been revoked

enclosed are the instructions on how to design a life while walking the dog so it can sniff out the bones in your own grave

)...strike gently away from body...(

in a downbeat of the psyche your necklace lets go scattering toes & fingers in Bren gun slow audio across the heirloom oak table in another Pacific War drama shot through a Vaseline lens

)...strike gently away from body...(

you stop in at the dry cleaner
to collect your skin only to be told
that the stains cannot be removed
without extra cost and that the only currency
accepted in this establishment is the soul

)...strike gently away from body...(

this list is predetermined:

1. stand here while your tongue is dissolved in water



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- 2. spend more time teaching dust to speak
- 3. permit yourself to learn the botanical names of lies

without regret
i fall into my father's mouth
sucked back through his cigar butt
spat onto his bullock's eye

asleep
his eyelids become trampolines
rebounding one eternal seed
between here & hereafter
blindsided he sees everything
in his wake

the soft grenade in his hand contains no messages for the future

i watch him separate each lip of its colour before these words form

)...strike gently away from body...(

orbiting shadows intervene with grace in a burning wheelchair

to let down what we couldn't lift to let down what we couldn't lift

you catch yourself wading through your own ability to scold the light





you take aim at the world with one thought & realise you are

the target ←

you catch yourself wading through your own ability to scold the light for being silent

)...strike gently away from body...(

how to replace the washer to stop blood leeching into the cloud above your head

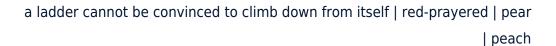
do you remember how we would hover above each other in sleep

how we perfected the art of waking up in the wrong body at the right time

in our blinking our jellyfish propulsion through evolution

i was the first person in history to close a door .

| peach





red~prayered for sandra selig

/in suspending yourself as a red line to such an extent that you are no longer

visible

because you are there/

/i send myself to the corner to face the wall/

/i imagine my veins in the same configuration of what (you) see/

/i imagine the smoke coming from your eyelashes as you sleep/

/having tapped the head of each nail with this question

none

could describe the hammer/



in the hope it will ripen

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pear	
he ate the Morandi pear	
its skin	
bruised with immaculate	
observation	
its flesh	
using his tongue as a brush	
peach	
my father sings to a white	a noach
my father sings to a white	s peach



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sooner

his fingers unable to think for themselves