



Payment Habits

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D Press

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Collages by the author.



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The desire to create continually is vulgar and betrays jealousy, envy, ambition. If one is something one really does not need to make anything—and one nonetheless does very much. There exists above the ‘productive’ man a yet higher species.

—Nietzsche, *Human All Too Human*

#### Fable of Contests

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Part One: Before Having No Relation



elements of parody and vice  
command attention

materials of a venue artisan  
make way no matter what

there are things  
to follow and in  
going attend to

those shelters of yore,  
those great sheep making  
pastures  
do not for all that  
make it any cheaper

next poem still is my  
cadaver  
perfecting the approach  
a gaming fortitude

What is the matter?

dyes on paper, blanched  
by words  
their force is versed  
in leveraging

I heard them arguing  
with symmetry  
nothing alone theirs glowing

the rounds of musings  
blankets tables  
shoulders neck and tongue  
a dyed body

cordial certainly a dandy one  
to remember for sure what  
a lexicon with glasses  
and territories illuminated  
only by unmasking

candid makeshift surely  
thrown together fire a  
wretch but lurid  
capable of whatever  
to anything a stretch

she knows its more than two  
in excess of the  
places anyone could  
articulate but still is  
barren but for the shroud

placed around  
    uncharitable  
    center  
at once and perpetually  
    dashed and  
    swirled  
but still  
    never  
    in the charm of  
    this world

and but for nothing evermore  
    the round brail endeavors

toil the loose thread about  
a figure a tomb

but first birth unravels  
    encumbered purely

shot star falling ever still  
    a burning  
    escapes,  
an arc  
    for those with memory

Black stars permit me  
the roughest of lanterns

the more rarity,  
i want for you  
the more intense your  
obstruction becomes

that  
always but never before  
regular production of  
singular situations

off course hinted at  
in every step No step  
erased again and again

dull drift of an endless  
bankruptcy  
river din traffic roar

attesting that the  
risk bears fruit

seizures finishing up allow tensions,  
agitated synapses, to regard in smooth  
space the lemma of talking  
we spoke for a time, carried on with

a banter that yet seemed a traversing  
despite what the best guess could unravel  
spoke of a content, yes, surely there  
were matters at hand, at stake,  
stakes themselves spikes let me tell you  
speaking we a form surely something  
maintained through it all  
clearly something  
talked listened in an orient quite  
consistent and seizures  
interrupted parengra/yphs

[What there is to say]

a surface, yet someone's,  
resplendent with no effort  
paragraphs brimming with  
unledgerable charm  
tangled in distinct directions  
portraits of bodies in sincerity

someone who toasted the  
evermore  
laid it down that  
para-graphs, inexcusable chartings paraded  
the motor that bore  
hearts asunder  
finally  
[(again) what there is to say]

lost body over endless  
much ado and  
worthy of praise  
but not still

in titles  
stretching its false light  
like a body yawns

barely audible  
bearing time's cloaking  
toiling around a vacating  
center

w/o shoulder or balustrade  
an open letter unanchored  
to anyone left  
to any dated commitment

barely discernable  
unsheltered finally  
yet never in the  
thick consort of  
day

poem unreachable  
but taking everything  
stretching its false light  
like a body yawns

early in the long day  
more rivers flow than  
can be counted  
rushing through the timeless glade  
voices in their strange campaign  
mark the day with having beers

and 'More' the cry to does ring  
aloft to keep the thorn(s)  
of battle soft

certainly less than a foil  
fraught with banter  
and surely more than a  
chorus teeming  
with rabble  
hardly a time to  
separate out from  
the one an other

So recently without ghosts  
for once a friend  
everywhere and nowhere  
secretly marching  
a song

that there has called  
for whom this

letting go of charting monuments  
more by habit than by  
choice  
(an) electing that abstains  
further from  
perjury

sheets and sheets of appearance

libraries of remove

a foreword struggle

raged witness buoyant  
a destiny unknowable  
like stars  
parading around your neck  
but it is no more than  
training

there again an anger/el/le overdue  
to know its cause at last  
a patient temper stands  
up best  
against the torrent of  
flares and sirens

In the ambivalence that's tasted scorn,  
is the child of forgiveness born

In antipathy the wrath is brought  
but in equality the might is ought

awning quiet system ever  
never more or less  
but star light rooftop  
gesture of stillness  
ours once

finally full and yet utterly  
wasted a body gripping  
in turn the sides of its  
wordy casket

Never wanted more than this  
less of a refuge than...

but no, no sacrificial  
terrain or  
vacant spell bound  
conviction

but the final stroll through  
the papyrus of names  
dates and peregrinations

The instrument of no one's sort  
compels the beast to quick consort  
and chiefly gained by sudden fall  
is what begins with pain for all

heralds of peers, enemies, and wardens  
bearers of arms bitterness  
and (other) possessions  
registers produced preserve the  
itinerary cordially as if it was  
consensual a matter of  
attraction, of unthinkable words

preachers of the song, a solace  
from heat invisible but for the  
fire

heralds of connivance, choreography and  
of days and nights a harbinger  
we mark terrains whose best failures  
(features) rest in honor shelters the  
bastion unencompassable and badgeless  
conscience consents

done that's what now sowing  
over little fields to win  
and gain some steam  
mounts (an) engine (that) could dream  
bold and anchored  
praying these articles  
are not for sale  
but the cheap doves  
and transmissile  
of contacts sure  
to draw nearer to the  
day when done, that's  
it- certainly the  
coals burnt the  
gas consumed not  
yet though with love  
(yet still) to be extinguished

earth gifts standing  
still infinitely  
gradual  
promotes awe  
till  
the incongruity of  
the world  
till death  
protests

eye of the ark  
the still incarceration  
the filament/film wave of nature's dawn  
and the sun  
a most ancient I,  
the whisp of prayer,  
shades

not knowing  
any other yet

the wish to have  
thus been faced

the idolatry of  
first born  
self

related suddenly  
and before  
anything else

(to) a you that is yet  
w/o a precedent

hiding more dangerously now that  
there is no one who  
could find we out

paranoid council figuring taxation/taxes  
recompense, adjudicating  
the fate of broken flows/pens

shield of the memorial life  
discards the punishment  
starts writing letters of counsel

then evanescent parody  
shelters involuted passages  
that cater less to messages  
(than to...)

Mosaic charms, undoes,  
stands over many faces  
luring  
devotee and wretched  
fingers  
to their toil

broke ground, razed the forest  
banked gingerly in advance  
“... but no one will commit the  
obstruction of grievance”  
told what lacking, nothing never  
swerved

After words, the tempest's crown

matters what?  
a soft shrine  
a cold and sudden  
diligence in describing nothing

my body or words are  
not hers so a  
place that foments  
otherness  
a plague upon learning

cool but swift  
acumen a charred  
vestment a clothing  
matters what?

inestimable  
dirt under finger nailing  
a trespassing sign onto a pole

And maybe the sun commits you  
or maybe like shaking leaves  
you to the ground

and maybe like the shinning  
you are the  
same as what with  
nothing left  
is the wind's  
temporary  
language

maybe you less than  
any appearance and  
outwards from any light

are purely mine

soft brow of misgiving  
sweet charge and dew  
slight quiver in cadaver  
a twist a grip so  
drawn out

he could not count her  
virtues nor gather to  
parlor the grace of that  
groan gown

stark barrier omitted  
chance again burns what  
is due and no one  
owns or owes or  
is more than  
they can smile at

solid stable housed capable  
of defensible assertions  
certain of the affect due  
capable assured justified  
in this place that measures  
more than our friend the possible

place of judgment and amends  
of discernment and the surmise  
of betrayal

locus consistent frame that  
works with numbers feelings and  
apology forgiveness accounts  
and thus adjudicants

what toil (-in-) fidelitous  
resists such instances

short changed body beaming its rampart  
dismay at façadic listening and  
pointless display

unreachable sojourn promised by moons  
who knew too well what had yet to be

encased in a prison field the voice  
(enumerates/) a counter of misery's toil

what bad deal focused on changing  
a dream into an assurance  
that all that is real is what seems

page locus of witness evaporate(s)

scratching out a perspective  
being what scrawls out  
a recognition

through what images  
afforded?

nomad  
bury your shoulder in  
the air

amidst trembling but not forlorn  
a chaos and chorus  
some member in the  
midst of crowds  
uncast

overture to the end, an  
aperture or avenue still  
a closure anyways

to all of you  
a buried face  
broken bridge  
choked stone  
shredded post

afterwards picking up the left overs  
ocular code starts moving  
opens only ever once  
(in a lifetime)

these solemn graces  
and inexhaustible soils  
these that occupy the  
wanderer and keep  
there from being nothing  
at all  
the first use  
could collapse

but if its so  
there is no danger in

the willing  
these platitudes to  
the timeless

meritless appointment

allotment unfolded  
teases a subject  
into

the illusion of being  
still if ever  
at stake

but even sorrow its  
day

assigns its toil

merciless its  
due

riddled with folk back  
from the far  
reaches  
taxed by the  
staples the  
provisions are due

loosed from the canons  
and furrows of  
parchment  
loosed from the  
dictum released  
from the b(r)ow

banks of words,  
writing ledgers,  
accounts kept  
piling up  
    around the office  
        of discontent  
milling about for a  
    venue, a patient  
    home, a soliloquy  
forever but still a  
    shroud is for others  
peregrine your bleak circling  
    surveillance  
a bastion itself  
    no longer must prey upon  
    hopes but take province in all  
        who bear witness

## Part Two: Having No Relation



Letters to Gods Governments Estates  
Listen letters to Instant, Agent, and Fate

Letters to yesterday futures and now  
Listening letters to what in its course goes down

Letters to Spring the Summer and Fall  
Letters to winter and the cycle of all

letters to ceremony, labor and law  
Listen letters to each of the ones who have saw

reach out like a letter a palm  
Listening supplicant penitent psalm

First take to this and that, what letter  
off'd in assurance that none but the  
destined will know  
How soon in the offering what proffered  
is mute underlying the way of the  
tomb  
We flushed surely in this advance  
but solitary consoled and abating  
this brief to the neck, a test  
blading the moment, feeling inevitable  
reeling in place open hand(ed)  
surely its no mistake to forget all this  
    passage lung rails in the dark to the  
rising of suffrage to see in the  
glimmer of day  
nothing's song, nothing's wrong, a dawn

in terrified arms  
paradise armed  
radiant harm  
it all is the charm

in doing it all  
with no face  
    in no place  
with no grave/grace  
but the spell of forsaking

not long to give up (on)  
abandoning  
squire of place take it all

Next by the last count hard to  
tell what anymore about what  
it is all about? Not that I  
know why it is we continue to  
face what baseless is destined to  
fall  
not anytime soon as far as  
any one for that matter  
could risk a guess  
Whose concern us game of marbles  
or deathless question "Who"  
    for that matter anyways  
disregard any "we"  
    at the same time

clear print

hard to unravel  
nonetheless  
is gratified  
lost or no issue  
to anyone  
finally  
at one  
till the end of it  
providence fully at war  
with itself surely  
an advantage to  
no one

taken truly to bear  
barriers relief and transcendence  
marginal particle  
listening to chalice

the forgetting of things  
readjusting to things

the Cogito moreover  
the weight of those works  
and those days

a sword forever  
at once to take paradise  
splendidly

basilica

drowned out by machines  
life's torpid day

or  
not  
    either way  
        its all providence  
for who?  
    then tell me  
        pray

even  
    surrender's  
        misguided

surrounded  
surely to a  
fault

lazy with  
    things  
but the signifier  
    is bait  
I will always  
    have  
        taken

an inside an outside  
    staging a language

I cannot know  
    I speak a million  
languages by heart

a gist  
    the only one  
to say it

if I should ever need to command something  
    it would be your voice  
what else its timbre worthy to give

if ever the time shall come calling  
when nowhere and all are at once  
    then surely all names will be falling  
and the shroud overcome

is at once overcome in its tiding  
in its gift it is taken away  
but no longer soliloquy finding  
all at once it is all that does say

let me hear your wind  
    feel what is out as your day  
through this thrives the earth  
    through this l(o)ives the breeze

were I to go back and reach  
    what is given away  
there in the pasture abiding  
the toil and friends  
    all the same

still yet to be stagnant

so well to be strung broad  
prayers to the tiding  
a silk wisp, a strand's fibrous  
winding, a bloom crisp ever minding  
stay yet edge of  
    flow's unwinding  
        way

woven article  
    alone obsoletes all  
mirrors  
    shame rushed to the summit  
    but there with its pinnacle  
    released of all of its shades

ungivable those soldiers  
    he wrote letters to all along  
unpardonable  
for he forgot the gift  
undignifiable  
that of all allegiance  
A remainder, the cusp of the  
braid

a great gratitude  
    to the sirens  
    of not looking away

in emergence sheltered  
    a commitment to being  
    the tone

a resplendence  
to give you  
the one without no name  
a birth

devolve coward  
stretch out  
gone out for the zenith  
the last moat to  
the first name of

excursions of capture  
vapidness of the project from  
the start  
awake swell to commit me  
in vowels serenade of  
your form

person not other  
not object  
not end nor first  
not timeless not transient  
not shimmering toll

not 'cradle of civilization'  
not bucket of rain

Not love? No pain?  
Not truth? not grain?

anything nameable  
under the sun  
not anything ever ascribed  
to someone

Not fusion nor stranded  
not brought home or torn

nothing miraculous and  
not what's (ever) been born

but not not too!

what it was  
when I realized  
it was gone

would that it ever  
departed  
or came to arrive  
no venues could hold it  
no frame could survive  
illiterate bowel that drags  
language on  
till the tumult of its  
carriage is the  
one of the  
psalm

In your winds  
destroy the  
temple of self  
destroy a monument to  
my possibility

and liberating what from  
without and what underneath  
to immerge

like a lantern  
nobody needs

letters to gestures windows  
and needs  
what reflection for who knows  
who breathes  
stone in the vision  
its own in that place

where no voices can encounter you  
no language lay you bare

what revenue!  
in the face of it all  
what returns  
an able memory that  
forgets so much  
as is necessary too

it is no call heeded  
no summons  
to primal  
or cooked

relation chord  
gathered unwound  
leaving  
layers  
no up no down  
neither care nor edge

as limitless as language  
and all you can kiss

Part Three: /After Having No Relation



then and there in fallout  
will ... it gather  
what it may  
that torch unknown passed  
a whole and long occupation

split in two  
opened to show enclosed  
the raiment  
nothing wove

dark ours  
patronize themselves  
leach simplicity sew  
moment to moment released  
to the spell of occasion  
still parsimonious, minimality  
maxed out, a credit to  
the (h)ours, this house

but grace has never been  
a stranger there in  
those fallow chores

and fledged not the charm  
that owns a child  
nor a ship in time makes dock

round round are the torments/torrents  
and blessed blessed are the  
harms  
that reach back into  
knowing and bear  
all into arms

grace still not in windows  
but more frequents  
the hands on the bars

cornered vacant and unowned  
a shelter where prayers and  
pickets go  
tarrying in the place of  
dense ambers  
keeping warm by the vision  
foretold

and less a keeper than  
conjurer what in  
promise is ordained  
but in the quiet of your  
magik everafter  
is the mayhem of a  
visitation betrayed

without cross nailed still enshadowed  
glistening skins an old erotic torture  
justly does give  
    this day our daily bread  
    and occasions bleakest pasture  
from now on no morals written  
from now on no canon fixture  
from now on  
    the path is clear; the grave  
    title unremitant hoax  
from now on  
    the path is not anyone's answer  
    no path finally no more  
    an answer  
No more a trade with a ghost

rivers continuums blankets stars  
minions characters blame torrent  
trees pages rivers minuet

vacancy territory  
penitent obedience stars

rivers amulets pratter danger  
conduct steam pages frost  
traffic and pageantry a title  
ever lost  
on minuet lapse a vacancy  
a river's leash is  
taught

pens pages sheets ladders paragrins  
soma commitment plagiarast  
letterer

prophets of sickness  
reside in tempestuous  
glades  
writers of peregrines  
seldom explain

so the worries of wandering  
witness  
the toils of those whose  
lack is untold  
measure the fruit of our  
champions  
and minister might to  
its grave

Surely midst this dark pentameter  
there is nothing but dust in  
the day

dare less now still where  
once we had been

bore like ice  
and soil composture  
of lives

grave of syllables  
parchment of tomb!

gamed not for shores  
of easy crossing  
still like barren  
and desert womb

no face names this promise  
no ward heals this parade  
no cloak this canvas hides  
nor vehicle conducts this train/course

but lo the vapid industry  
lo the sheeps with chemistry  
a lot the few with honesty  
and the majesty pledged  
by all

I wrest the poem to have  
done with this scandal

Dire communion  
despoilment, achieve less  
commanding it all  
a wrote communion  
paradigm display  
an orchestration is honor(')s  
misbetrayal, a  
dire betrayal

an urgent unbound  
at least condemned to  
ordinary marvel us  
the shaft (sheaf) of communion  
splattered  
your/my friends

trust the animal like light  
fear not the capacity for  
restraint  
become again what was born  
to be and champion  
what's song commands the free

in carna/el flower rich with  
hue, the oracle relays  
the true as what portends  
an unknown fate and  
caters to the loss of war

a pact with nothing (ness)  
and thunders storm bereave  
the youth and be restored

so many cages  
they're hard to contain

so many journeys led away  
from the pain

even if beauty  
could exist in a frame  
I can't share the  
privilege of  
looking at you  
(being the same)

all of these wanderings alone through  
a page  
will never without you  
make anyone sage

this old misery citizen  
who'd say that he can't  
to any who'd listen  
wrote out these scepters  
these leaches/leashed these chants  
and buried/burned the letter  
addressed to chanc/ge  
and surely asudden and finally  
still  
he mused in the natures that  
were keeping him still  
in death's pure achievement  
immune of sorrow and charm  
he danced out the letters  
of the raiment  
he'd darned

choice bankruptcy  
looking for the upsurge  
of elements  
far beyond myself

choice depravity  
a lo(a)ning prayer to  
sentiments that no  
culture does enflame

choice and derilect  
bastion of (the) thorn  
consent to dire  
evermore  
and dash frame itself

upon the floor of all  
calling

in the dark hull  
of quiet  
solicitude

shirk daggers and  
progress  
rewriting the diary  
over again  
sharp chain to  
remember  
voids interests and  
cancels the law

marginal spaces locales  
designations where what  
in excess of flowering n blooming  
together  
n address that locates n excess  
by singing ascendance's name

poetry only formulates the muse's  
call letters  
isbn #s

willed wall wobbles  
wanting windows

rare beauty composed itself  
so long ago we forgot  
the lanterns but made our  
way regardless

beauty divined our destiny from  
the beginning, marvelling we still  
tracing its elopement  
as the origin of the all body!

churning out the charm of  
its subtraction still! no way out  
anyway and  
we champions without a  
course/cause

phantasizing some  
body  
never written  
always writing  
something to bother  
with  
a real foreclosed  
from the day of  
ledger

champion please

put a stop to it  
no more contest no  
more joust or  
triumph blade  
poisoned no more  
our hero  
leave much undone  
do not spoil our  
travesty  
or obstruct the flow  
of our undoing  
champion, our separate ways  
for once finally we must go  
hinged together no more  
our hopes our future

having no relation to an old  
torch  
mayhem and monastery

having so many relations its  
so hard to keep up  
with the plates of spin and din

afford the most expensive bell  
to let me know when you  
are here

and then your pasture brilliant  
contends again with  
a selfish bribe/pride  
I call my anthem

forecasting secular deliverance  
anticipating absolution from the  
crown  
expecting the privileges of earnings

prospects dividends

who showcased a venture as the  
rule the investment as  
the guide  
weathered well to storm  
that disburdened us of our stock  
(in anything)

prophets gain stature in civil unions  
and mark destiny in cold  
enclaves yet still the  
teacher in advance of the  
writing builds towers of  
undoing

For the Love of Ledgers

last toil wrote less about  
words but through them  
it's ledger

finally, the last memory  
staged and the  
faint wisp of colloquial  
fraternity dashed  
like a candle  
extinguished

with a breath

the last exhaltation  
trembling in proximity  
to the last day,  
but for the cold  
is more than any witness  
who might be called  
to name a fate

lantern! making advances in wisdom  
prosperous ventures forth come back  
so soon, but those we've  
never heard from perhaps  
thus gone further

a capital thing, making head way,  
the profits to one and an other  
of course the saving power  
grows all over the places

it is not for melody that one's  
voice brings song but in the  
entropy the coursing  
minions all belong  
but one

unknown to the passengers  
the vessel

for nothing but its like  
would extinguish its customers  
if it could

wrapt in unfettered obedience  
executing love as a law  
paradies marked out their  
provinces  
travesties marked out their  
charms  
and  
unknown to the passengers....

short creases

leaving shadows'  
harvest  
tilled salience  
for cadavers' answer

sheet strained  
without any witness

a banister escorting

down down  
down  
to the bottom  
shelf(/shalt)

tried already, its over the case  
no matter any more than that  
of arms and liquid capital

everything already read, no more  
checking out to do; so much  
is past its unbearable to  
be released

Those are avenues the other  
has occupations that  
night and day portend a  
spirit  
But there also are rocks and gravel, brick and mortar  
tombstones of the trial

gladly show case the

flower drying still  
again, another way to continue

this having been repeats  
its blank crossing  
to the teeth, the brim  
up to one's neck in it surely  
a marionette and a copy  
quite a creation

still wordsmith once waiting  
for what cannot be mapped  
to spill forth an ambulate  
dire open leisure to irrupt  
an ancient tongue

never old enough the wordsmith  
but still waiting for  
primeval bastion  
of provenance

sheltered still in the  
wordshop laborer in  
waiting mapped by  
domiciles of many  
places but none the result  
of (the) transport  
(time suggests)

### The Impossible Parable

that reach of prayer  
staid by opulence  
the leisures of a minion  
blank cheques postures

Reached then the not  
and cutting quick the knot

that quick comfort tomb of  
reawakened to day, its  
shrouded affordance

there is nothing capital on this  
road but yet as having  
disappeared it is a net  
we who have never known  
remain caught in

rite on till drained  
tiny fountain  
till death's part in this  
becomes apparent (a parent)

rite on without it  
without coming from anywhere  
else  
without insight's toil  
of unravelling  
and weaving again

rite on till everything is  
unsignable  
till the only lantern  
is the one that's never  
owned

words, blameless and inconsolable,  
travelling at break neck speed  
charting any and all timeritories  
before they happen  
words the field where nothing grows  
that brings toilers their faith  
words peregrines covered in  
dust frozen in stasis

make visible the parish of  
the trance  
but words do as little as possible  
meaning that windows and  
waking with deceit and  
mis-taking, are wrenching from  
violence its day

those who underwritten by  
malice bodies sit  
and those who in prayer  
by coma proceed

these who seen are understood  
as rainbow and diocese  
that who which resembles  
each other

tested tried and forsaken  
learned exploited are chattled  
carried with them their bones  
those who with little  
remittance extracted from  
ledgers the due of ink  
and history  
(complete us all in the toils of  
chartered memory)

the vespers, word solemn  
containing passive dismantling  
next poem

it was heard in the answer  
that no one was spared

a trial a pentecoste a sign  
a slovenly haste to  
remember  
a language born traipses  
the always dangling horn  
sounded  
her clocks make memories  
of promise sequences of  
quivering aim

but lest the proverb travels  
and without shelter conducts  
its performance  
we less of all will  
tend to toil under the  
vast hassle (hale) of its  
majesty

wrote a song to a poem  
celebrating life in reverence  
but overcome with loss  
became a shelter  
imagine less than a tone  
a word vanquished from  
malice and love's kind  
a kinship no longer  
wrote a poem to a song  
wrote a love in a letter  
to the dawn again and again  
lifeless letter that  
we dance to the  
song in the song  
of the song

ventriloqual shades

a sorcery  
vanity  
tested by  
sheets of open letters  
bankruptcy  
everywhere

but too late to the avenues  
people martyred by  
their shelves  
and sticks of  
remedies  
coveted pursue  
them verily

lack the winnowed mark  
lack amulet that  
shows I've made a rainbow

leaking the off chance that  
I will remember your  
perfection

leaking the dripping sequence  
of gestures that show how  
little I have seen

lack the stitch stop plug  
my ears for a lifetime

lack nothing auspicious in the  
midst of all this ado

what for the sake of  
the next poem?  
what not for the sake  
of the next poem?

-Nothing

for whom it was up for grabs  
continually arriving at hand, its  
happen stance  
still kept occurring no one  
could believe  
it persisted so but despite all the  
skeptics again and again like a  
debt that kept  
coming due... (and doubling!)  
surely in a bind, split powers shrieking  
starward (i.e., in all directions)

this always being sundered  
center, in occurring, non-arriving,  
and its possible, the mere charade  
of concentric sentences

enmity and amnesty peregrines afoul  
giving each other up taken aback  
by new flowers new colors  
by the most ancient and surprising

-Accostment-

there without an edge yet boundried  
excellent but without merit  
sheltered only by the crossing  
what comes to pass

a body mixed with  
numbers and a fall  
a body mixed by magic  
takes also away a mind

there within what has no  
outside, preserved by  
what knows no endurance  
duration  
tasted only by the flesh  
that knows no death  
pardoned of all  
accostment

adamantly shelf  
roasts toilers  
in times broth  
and bathing fortress  
burning glow in

there then what  
which earthen  
and worlded  
denies fidelity  
to either

engine of history out of service  
the long bygone age of  
mysters  
flagellant backwash and  
benefits  
copula my machine no  
longer mistress  
but advantaged still  
to miss the calling

always predisposed to  
have to return  
but nothing homeward binds  
and stellar the face  
ungreetable and  
yet a vacuum draws  
me up in and out of  
down destiny

no where less a  
dominion  
seldom left with  
out a couple  
more downs  
least often that upon  
crashing  
the letters of  
minions  
creating the age

less than ever surely  
it must be admitted  
the letter of  
people is  
staid on the  
page

its charity  
advanced  
discretion's partner  
pardoned  
a tone dead finally  
recognized so be it  
was now a thought  
of something different  
again my blind eye  
knows so much and  
the sentiments of  
atonement line up  
along a crease  
a wild vocabulary of peoples  
starring willful at the  
beast

But there are students

no there no shares  
in which no one  
is concerned

unhinged and solemn  
laughing in morning's tease  
rome's illiterate waiting  
for champions

there (are) no incumbents

questions acts riddles  
more apt  
eternal parentheticals  
the only study  
[there is  
can culminate only  
in the grasp of its  
ineffable or/and original  
failure/false start]

the book end question  
solicits veins true  
and their others  
still it must be remembered  
that waking always comes  
with a due  
No! said the champion  
there are no misogynists  
in the real  
partaking yes in the destitute  
no where is the God of resentment  
disinterested  
still it must be maintained  
that there are no teachers  
only peregrines of the  
question with all their  
bloody margins

for the love of lanterns  
an adieu?  
that preposterous  
leech on the system  
the measurableness of  
the pointlessness

is sublime for who  
then not yet in the  
thick of the shades  
even  
but sits in mirage  
like a poem one forgets