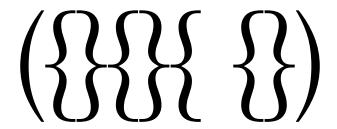
# // /(}}}///<\*\*\*\*\*>\\\}})\\\ ///(}}})

in the center there is in the center there is

> - silence root wriggle ghost plant pentatonic baleen buoyancy leather cunt headstone dark branche bull jug humming sneering plastic kinsmoke greendark ass forever

voicing(s)



we're here together humanimal (Bhanu Kapil)

## offcenter

### & holding

tenderbodytenderslapbodyslappainslutprivilegemaimedmiss -edconnectedestrangement

temporal :::::: presence

notice

notice nicotine sutures

tensions of endearment notice

notice white sneakers turned

unconditional love notice

notice how the beat drops

& you let yrself release notice

notice glittering dapples

bottoms a' pucker notice

notice tongue orange zest

how i need you need you to notice

notice my hormonal areolas

years of stale breast notice

notice harvest cum

fluting notice

notice held tight

do the twist the watusi notice

notice boombox symphony

ppl at the edges notice

### changeling [] [] [] ●

The feel of the word Valkyrie leaving my lips in a vomit stream of stones. Love as action means constant tension btwn belief & emotional capacity. Anyone wants a less dutiful Penelope & here at 40 i'm still confused re how to ask or give fully a problem for the living gaping w() ole in my center(s).

the Chorus

chameleonic twinkgirls & bimbos broad daylight Hi

-storical schlock like this is this & that is that & never shall the twain

converge—man as notgod, gods as not men men as in not women & women can't be w( )ole can't be fucked up or plain empty wordbreath & whatever chromosomes sub -text & authorial leanings.

A cantos is a bulb pleasantly dependable cyclic

in the center there is in the center there is

hope.
Word like
a placeholder
neither this or that
fillable w anything
a form
a power
a name
a definition
a placement
a context
a vibe
intention
a recklessness
desires—

(}}}})

A self presupposes everything that ever—

& thereby repudiates it -self. The center is

it's hard to witness another in the fullness of life.

From here you (humananimal) name it—something like tragedy every fucking time.

From here we (humananimal) stand all our neediness, avoidance, attach

-ments gathered for the feeding—breath

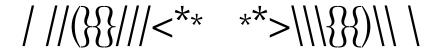
on breath, bread of being synthesis, skip octaves &

clang clang clang—
caught making eyes, opening

the godbox, counter melody raw & dragging

the beat of stupid joy.

# Fair = foul, foul = fair & here's another thicker than first (Shakespeare).



We (humananimals) suffer for want of example—

such are the limits of a normy kinda love.

There's other visions where ppl

thrive—as in have rice & something tender

zilch rent & no cost water a leaf thru fencehole pressed

to balm. i can almost see me my loves & lovers

blooming smashing the menagerie.

### sh am e

is a person's center analogous to THE center

idk idk idk idfk idk

pass through needle's e e w ease of camel—all things possible
y a future / a none
a queer belief sys
-tem beyond
legible state stan
-dards embrace
the key
hole daddy
i dare 'ya
am i
enuf?

idk meet you there
idk meet you there
idk see you there
idfk am i a survivor
idk is it possible for heart + conviction to =

Such are the limits of relationship theory the need to feel non -disposable pattern recognition spewed amidst chaos partitioned center(s) deranged planet set loose w abandon flaying itself to greet selves mirrorside in a conflagration of warp -ed love, the suffering but it's not the omni

- silence wriggle
leather
baleen
dark branche
labia
testes
blood vessels
hues of
buoyant
syncopation
mudclay
feline gestures
kinsmoke
in blissed out dark

Can you hear the Can you hear the

On the via dolorosa of love & fuckery one carries the relative / ubiquitous cross. The stomach works overtime, digesting. Skin, stretched to breaking, soaks up touch, fluid, long nights minus SUN. A person seeks connection, the center that is just beyond reach imagination angstriddle tears.

Here i am—vellum. Poet in & amongst all thems. A fortune in tableau, romping paths thru tanglebranch & gothwood, torching the fields btwn unconditional love & the essentiality of suffering. Thank you animals, human & non-, yr tympanic footfalls of pleasurepain. We blaze them together, communication contra inarticulables, the boon being an edging from despair to weird connection(s).

Graciously i open, gaping, breath like excrement (Noah Ross), this stuff of living. i need a snuff version of the block lest laces go limp & trip me down, my all-knowing nervous system cocky yet low on juice.

 $(\{\}\{\}\{\}\}\})$ 

A femme steps out, writes themself thru walking, exchanges gestures, buys the flowers, takes to lo(u)nging (Nicole Brossard), the SUN receding shards of soot, girt w smogbeams, colorations of the industrial sort (Virginia Woolf).

i am a fleeting. Don't i want belonging? Don't i want a new language w which to say RELATION? THE CENTER? Such is the vacuum brim w being, the tongues lust speaks among the dwelling (Alive & Dead)—ancestors, memories, boneborn love cold as glass on the botanicun. Warmth is ppl—learning colour to rupture colour, clocking melody counter melody in prep for

Morning glory blisswake vine body dendron & wisteria

out the window
edge buildingside

a
l
e
n
c
e
i
n

goldfinch & warblers in branches

# **POLYVOCAL**

({ {} })

only world

& the center is kept away

because you just can't rea—