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in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
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



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



in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
in the center there is  
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).

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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.

only □ □ □ □ ●

# 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 =



(BEINGS) suffer for want of ({}{}{}{}).

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  
omni but it's not the

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

Can you hear the  
Can you hear the  
Can you hear the  
Can you hear the  
Can you hear the  
Can you hear the  
Can you hear the

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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 them. 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).

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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.

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A femme steps out, writes herself 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).

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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  
g

goldfinch & warblers  
in branches

# POLYVOCAL

( { } } )

only world

& the center is kept away

because you just can't rea—