Afternoon of the Ducks

Slack in that red hammock me the bloom of your sway in the world when a V of ducks with red eyes flaps by pats of late sunshine on their heads Very neat ducks that write a casual hand revising the grand scribbled bird the little birds scrabbling to mark the freezer-white figure of salvation with the letter of love as concentration of ducks hey grebes "south?" "again?" "south" "i love the south" "why don't you marry it?" without stopping for me in the red hammock Frantic machinery of the imperative bursting into room on room like a princess leading her paramour a merry chase and dismantling the Versailles of flight on the long road to Pensacola the V and racket of the grebes leaving me a long time pink in the flesh of the day the feathers of leaves and leaving grebes elongating such languorous thighs

With that prowling sashay go back to the mailbox the braggart fugitive sunlight and the lazy air unwrap the peacock mantle of regard and send me a letter like the promise of yoga pants I won't open it slender as a potted cosmo plucked up the milky taproot surprised at being famous but in its important digging having suspected it is stunning as when your pants come off gathering another mantle of dreams your note multiplies and winds inside the ark of the home but not bric-a-brac a penelope of envelopes that bides on my mantle braiding its ferns and civets a gauze of minutes that I wear under my uniform

The Anti-Zombie Defense Manual Vol. 2

snow farmer

benjamin gantcher

There's not a tree on this snowy page so what's casting the undulant shadows we wrap or shiver out of like a robe

the air comes back all flattery and we fall for it calling it grace like the elderly the lindens prayerful in the mention of sunshine sloshing around in the film of reverie on the big glass beckoning for grace to rise in us birdsong with its airlift and frittering away in us birdsong with its airlift and frittering away

floating in this clear humor it must be a sign is opalescence on herringbone wavelets that shifts under froth bandages the smaller glee of a harbor in green light when sails licked with phosphorus are heading home

let us be voicemail in a cloudman's fancy hands of the waves loosening his greaves of eczema with kukui and ambergris

let us go sliding out of the dream the audio lashed to a small raft inghtfall filling the ears of the times

in the throes of their holiday with some foolishness and the sycamores the dogwoods leaning over the fence to slime on your toe Reread rain turn the lime flowers bodies come to the windows dark peel away from the glass of smoke Before the silver the alphabet and the weight back to see my kids and be confused through its furnishings Bring me The world has been resurrected IIsM notlu7 sht no smod to closet The dollar vans are singing with a tweed lid in a cedar absence of giant Nightingale of flourish or giant insensible to the provenance legible in the rorschach ape sin need even l signatures of such and such trotting through the wrestling but didn't speak to it terried the sunlight on his shoulder The preppy hombre

On the sota the kiss you plant on me is Tulsa precisely an Olds with fins drawling forward in the sparegrass Tulsa glare a shellacked Instamatic of hot grill shot from the hip the hip one freshly sprinkled shout of impatiens one freshly sprinkled shout of impatiens

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