
As One Put Drunk into the Packet-Boat 2

I tried the immortal thing—part of it was free.
Somewhere else, we're somewhere where we are
Filtered into light by the thinnest layer of glass,
Waiting for ourselves to return. Words can be mean
or meaningless. Green yellows in the maple trees...

So this is about everything, obscurely enough.
I feel these invisible winds starting to move again
In this pile of pages ripped from some catalogue.
The new seconds second every motion. Summer
Will be here for most of the summer again,
Half-full with fullness, half-emptied of itself
At the mid-point you can't wander away from.
The more bored you are, the more you listen in
To what's prepared to be about to happen.

A look of glass stops you
As you walk past: am I the seen thing
In the car-window? Is it really me
Who wandered through this door into representation?
What I thought was the original I have had to grow
Into this combination of processes of thought
Used to determine, subjectively, how everything
Isn't myself per se: just sort of. In the morning,
Meanwhile, everywhere, the children of the afternoon
Sleep in. The Sun determines this moment to be

Dawn and it its own sphinx, wishing one thing
After the next. There will be more rides through
The hay over the laplands. The new sentences
Wetten this book as some high-priestess recites
The thing about the will of a people let out only
To sound their complicated network of horns.
I thought I could almost hear my shadow here.
It was actually just you telling me to come back,
Sweetly—rewritten as the speech stillness makes

To everything. The night is as shiny as the moon
Which decided to move again—into Heaven.
All the small things of the Earth make a sound.
The business of time is experiencing a boom.
Our reservations are confirmed for the afterparty.
Steal the book, burn its contents, read it back to me
From memory. The sky that's cast over the whole world
Is flat underground. This second version of the idea
Means more to you, reticently, than was perceived again.

Worsening Situation 2

Like the way rain gets wet, he said, in its own storm,
The idea of color gets braided into this texture
Of thought, and the place had known it was
Only a matter of time until the target went ahead
And flew westward, or up, or off, or else just
Wherever it was to be shot at in the rural festival.
I keep seeing things in the carpet. Clouds are not
An abstraction or two of them. One is a succotash.
One bothers the nurse nearly constantly
To remove the flaneur from his post
And the monitor from your now-quite-rested body.
One part had been separated all of a sudden,
And the chef offered it to you. A hand can be
Thought of fondly, even if it continues to elude you
In the coat room. They stained their white laundry white
Before entering the modern infrastructure
Where they go every day despite an untenable preference
For race-tracks built in the desert, staying in
And up until the late hours make their bird-noises
Through the paper wall, everything left out returned
And ready to be re-programmed. Surely they'd already written,
But the telephone was invented for a reason, that being
To speak low.

Some man said, "You should be on the alert.
There are important events occurring
To everyone that should include you

If you are a self-respecting citizen.”
I am at a loss, and that allows me
To have not thought of the thing all at once
Like a convertible in the rain. They make clocks
In America that look at you. Fire still exists
Though it’s an obsolete technology. Prometheus
Is lost as a used lighter. Death’s
A film I accidentally saw twice.