

ITS A STARVING
reflection

if he dies
in the night
listening
to the increase.

It cuts out
your likeness
in blood circulations
suspended
beneath a release.

A low volume
force feed,
lower
than pity
slips across
under the heart,

and your hostage
rewinding
from every
eclipse,
rolls in
the voltage

run-off rain
on his lips.

WE CHEW UP
the blackness
to some
high sleep,

travel,

a faster
silence.

One
to go long
again,

in the going-
-gone again.

Full stare passages
striking less face;
outside
on the move
a shattered heart
pace

greases the fade;

sinking
the blood back,

breaking to where loaded icons
wade.

EYESIDES catch
far awake
in a cold
sanctuary.

Pain sonics
eternities,

all through
the moves.

A first
communication

tears loose
undelivered,
and swims

unassigned

in your dimmed
latitudes.

And the heat
from the shore,
melts down
to receive us;

floodlit foreheads
howled open,
and so nearly
blessed,

as they soften
round dog-joys
of unfinished
strangers,

rubbed out
on a point

afterburning