

I walk in circular squares. Whenever there is a round, I come upon an angle. I dreamed today of taking your hands behind the back without ever having a sentence, as if you needed one. I had my lips binding yours because that was the only way to see you see. And you threw me a wad of grounding dirt because it was all a dream of course; nothing was nearly as insignificant.

I think reciprocate differences repeat themselves much too often for me to mistake them for a new crack in my old London cup or perhaps even the marble park bench I have slept on only to wake up to talk of radius with an Indian accent, which was to me at that point far more new news than a sleep fable (and might I add the latter was also incredibly lacking - ) I pretended to sleep in the car too that night but was disturbed by concerned Asians and hence drove off onto the frivolous westbound. That's when I was in bed. I close my eyes now and think how (I could) nothing ever happened; I don't control what Freud speculated on.

Perhaps by leaving in the details, I supply yourself with flighters gory. And maybe when you turn away once again, my lips will deaf out a blanket sentence with little bearing. I quit smoking at just four past four the day before the day of two; it was the day of one, just one of us to slowly pendant from the top of the cathedral; unlike your marble park bench of a simpleton. I waited; ask me for you to tell. For now, sit in the chair.

***I am not a Danaid.***

My key is a matchstick  
On a petal chain,  
Floating on the downside  
To your singing village.  
In the auburn ether -  
light up the pinetops;  
And I watch from the edge  
Of my reluctant raft.

Flaky hands unravelling  
From your glance,  
Mirrored in the water-lilly.  
When my tearless smile  
Crowds the pages of our letters.

We talked upon the dew,  
Comparing it to the daisies inside,  
and when our conversation reduced  
To directorial onlookers, my sister  
and you walked to the house.  
Let us quarrel like squirrels for  
walnuts, for my sister and I,  
carrying a bottomless jar  
with our pious lips.