

I.

At rain, leaves; she can go travelling. Sick, she smiles, and our cool lesion smooths, towards the future, inevitably pink (drawn dawn down). How do we know when we are ready to be done, or that there is a "something" then present to part with? A flask for sand, foundering. By a series in a system to order events in a tract of telling which lets us digest the complexities of action and relation. One potato. The given material reconfigured, the corpse exquisite. Transposing sooths, a covered bridge. Lines laid to lead fire to a charge. The architectural solution to a storey problem. Spiked, stane. The difference between prose and promise is the insertion of the ego. It is done by centering a tooth and picking a clean insertion to come. Mess of endages. A like generosity, not tolerance (standing a drink). Planes moving across oakwork, eddies of grain. Stands a or stanza. With undue haste and by means of false charges. Scalar from lytic to lave. "A lot of rummage in a little room." Rings from a stain. You're in first this morning. Scotting, rummel, and stubble scrip. To begin to put the pieces of my life back together, where "back" is dorsal rather than temporal. Gandy dancer, graft. Problem stories (narratively challenged). It is done when a toothpick inserted in the center cleans out come. Satin racked. The first urine of the morning. Scotia, scilicet. Traves from a wain bisecting. Leaves rain an hour, the sunlight sculpting the chisel glint (is lant pace). A currency, tested. "Mend" for "assuages." Coat to cover with a clear stain stung. Meanie, my knee. Loves me not. Satang. "Dry stand pipe." Rubble, trammel, and splice. Sidling alas. The sound bounced and plangent from the tracks, displaced. Stand clear and cover take. 'Trane travels an hour, Miles leaves Chicago. Shunt, sump, siding, shies. Wrung from sateen swatch. Ingrain, in amber stammel. The ten greatest battles of the world, which every schoolboy knows. A clothes shave. Apocalypse travail. Waves from a train. Attention, seduction, suspension, rejection, insinuation, evasion, accusation, redemption, oblivion, repetition. It comes out that the center is clean done for. Writes Marx: "Diese verfluchten falschen Rechnungen soll der Teufel holen. Aber never mind. Commençons de nouveau." Running on a platform. Cross, perhaps once tied and switched, Rimbaud would write "and I railed against her." Piss, toff, side rail. Saves from rant, I saw. Tides wane sidereal. Wake speed. A train leaves Chicago travelling 60mph. "End of messages." Quite unlike the tedious raves from a Twain. Strains from a rung up. About two months or until browned on top. It is done when a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Marks write.

II.

Revision not as freedom, but necessity. Not to see a gain. As you veneer. And soon, mechanically, dispirited after a dreary day with the prospect of a depressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. As some, certain, say goodbye. To kiss at you. What body does memory inhabit? Error, not erection. Tomb embers. The tyrannical recollection of the mechanisms of scent. How could we assemble a grammar of loss? Of once. Time defined by a person (the difference between "the past" and "her past"). Sent before. The perfect constructed permanently in the subjunctive (a conditional preterite). Parse, a parcel, apart. The mood understood as the elegiac of recovery, without paradox or irony. Dictionary melancholiac. The impossibility of begging her to heal. Ail, elicit, a gate cinder (I'll burn that bridge when I get to it). Mendicant. To provide with stays. Prince, failing, flakes. Caste out (her line faction). To member again. Of contention, to pick. The hopelessness of knowing the definition but forgetting the word. The topic, of a tension. In a band, he place the trauma. One of a pair's plint. Cast. So to refuse to revise this might be a gesture of defiance (like O'Hara against the genteel) in a world of which I've told so many stories that I'm no longer sure which ones are better, much less true. What memories does the body inhibit? No skill at all, no tructure. Much less true than that I'm still constructing a present (just passed) which had let slip its past, or forgetting that its rereading will revise it, losing this (poem and its) moment its now and ensuring its memory by deferring a present to a future which will instantiate it. The relation between now and own. A throw of the bones will never dog you dry. *Mot, a fide*, slightly. And this moment, too, lost to me by having squandered my future and unguarded my past will only come into existence with revision: proving both the presence and impossibility at once. The thin difference between a gift and indignant displeasure. To remember having looked up the word before, but not its definition. The fracture of attraction drawn. Lost ractions lied, a crow swards. There was no before her. To take her prints with a crunch, blue hollow, and insulation. First loss (the discretions which permit of narration), then loss (the promiscuity of time which we call love), then words (in revision of decisions cost). *The insolent indifference of snow in its falling*. Blind, rift, bound. The consolation of scholarship. Because there is only, now, revision. The must of an ever. To marrow. The sorrow not being that we never forget, but that we must. Memory palaces. Where "palace" is a verb.