

## *The Teaser of a Full Year of Yesterday's Life*

Douglas Piccinnini

Music. Order. Tenderness. Without brutality yet instructed by an emptying cause for a word like “love” unrefined

Unrefined, where I too fit approximately so. Who made you simple—pure as an organ that way

In a crisis, in a vision, in an act of desperation to foment the banal—to say “love” like a word so coarsely defined—

Or the pattern-making of how do you go on without a “story”—to hit return, rethink and again begin to cancel a sound

The exercise in sleep—in a day the pattern makes—less the story of how to mine a kind of pre-war-time belief in “life”—

What the project is made you begin to focus the sun in a mirror to light the corners of the room—

And in green output, a bloom beneath the blinking of *I too want to feel* a void reversed—in you: think over an inheritance—of elections, of convictions, of evictions and victims

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Laying in bed, blind and playing the feel-up of out there—you: “*you*” *somewhere*—I turn—I keep turning facts of unmade shapes

So, the problems of industrialized civilization drop you suffering—in existence and in suffering beget a kind of “dismissal”—

Green to add you and green to leave you let-down-feelings in the national ring—in a pastime of absence

If you can't hear, listen: that's *my sexuality*: how I lean over me in my own way, in my own embrace: I kiss you. You kiss me. You is me.

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Obsessed with slaughter, preoccupied by crime—I am as masculine as you think I am—I turn off a signal, I pivot toward you like a weight put down

My songbird begins and the plain material of pre-shame spells a shadow on the trees and the trees are bright green trees full of no shade the same

What future then to disarm the senses—to unharm this texture, as in every face is a face of discovery and every face: a face of past—

A song redoubling, receding into weather and a song chalking out the apple-colored sun, drying in the horizon

A mute song for the headless statue and a squint song for false “release” and a queen song for my spinal column

Notes for the coming catastrophe and auctions of emotions of what could be done for doing something “wrong” and what part of “right” play is paid for

In adoration the display makes an arrangement as light and pink and wet and tongue-colored as any tongue

Some necessity for the shoreless song of difficult sun that lights the waves of the black-green sea

“Unreasonable” in love—to be like “music” in anyone else’s song—is everyone together, diamond cutter? am I only fingering singularity

Just to over-make a day in an outpouring of silence and just to single-handedly command oneself

By the bywords of a generation—by a sequence of beginnings—to telephone oneself is to find oneself in a meme of wind sounds

Life and times. Life and death. Life in debt. And the bloodgold crowns of the past pushing back

The back road of my commuter’s sentence. The footsore carry-me-further from-my-own-body-thoughts—I think between parallel wants

Poor thought for one “seeing” or one single “waking”—night and dawn and the prow around self-exacted discord, looking in on you, “you”—

Rose-colored, overexposed feeling: the mouth is ready: I am ready: secrete this slowed-down moan

In the bug-house of authority, in the can of attachment, in my turbulent drink—I can’t think

A crowd of people. An anxious crowd trying to talk me down, trying to feel me up

And all the phone-glow wash in your eyes, and your mind full of your own tackle, stuffing your own tackle into your palm like hot silk

Requisition. Medication. Saving myself the teaser of a full year of  
yesterday's life

To order the tiny gold hairs for broadcast in get-off fuel and time out  
a single gesture: to bring love that type of petition

Brown hair. Blonde Hair. Black Hair. Green light beneath the skin  
builds the analog show

I'd write a chapter and you'd write a chapter. Inhaler practice. Sleeping it  
off. Getting healthy and moving on—

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Cautious of the late, huh, I sat down: time. I stood up: star—a star as  
deadbright as any star

And yet, no show. No ist, no ism. I loved watching you. Crushed by a  
moving car, ramped into each new day. I left space to unroll myself, the original  
scroll—

In affectionate frustrations: remember me negative acceptance,  
remember me crisis, remember me consequence

The bridge I feel in the sheets shortened. Young defenseless, young  
touchlings—young vibrations

I haven't been home tipping "mutiny." I've not been burning old  
notebooks, "suffering" "visions"—

When they were young, I was young and too hush to report to this world,  
"truly." You could "feel" it:

Their "freedom" standing over my "freedom" to define it, though I defy a  
word to define it

