REM IN RE

Michael D. Snediker

Goad credo. Whether quaver or my larynx's season of wilt.

Our cleverness hard & unkind sinks into your parable, he said. I am disposed

straightway, a continuous body resigned to outward travel as

an artery arrayed in edgrow.

*

Shaken twice selfhooded, so soon

the jewel's smallest arm hung up in a dark space.

Upright this irregular frontier a little dinghy thrown under the bay.

*

Lemon series. Dimspent dispatch of pilots

crimped to the merry ship. Refuted, by which

I was impelled & afraid nonetheless.

Having so long delayed.

*

Mr. Cocking did not fall out of the wicker but with the machine, the hole in the middle

had it not collapsed his parachute of cloud.

At length a theory a tarn of plunder stirring devotional crosshatch.

a jam in wicker trussed oblong.

Confinity exhausts the balloon itself, our dew in the valve's ensuing number.

*

Preamble

the place where time was rope or feeling mizened with yesterday's

implicit rain, how the slurry vertex

hardened nobody nightly.

Bulwark a gaunt sanity in chrysanthemum the instrument

tripping downward, pooling—

a self grown round.

*

His studded Byzantine scrivening

the grime, sliding into each other.

The architrave we, twice devoured.

*

This is what celadon deserves, this,

the rumor of

my favorite mother on the subway narrative dissolving—

an amorous detour sent further astream.

More sculptural. More hole.

A pretext for one last meeting indefinitely frilled along.

*

It's hard living down the tempers without improvising a grammar's loose diplomacy of sleep.

I was so inside the other sentence once emerged from the girding of

the breaking up machine & miles of string.

Somehow this clarifies my body's axis within a pulp.

Elaborately.

Rotting where we crept back to the gouache.

*

Go back her.

The victim detail, a seahorse keepsake sown with burrs in the wrong manner.

Dreg song on the outside

of its own hasty body on the outs as the script

predicted.

*

Sooner run from the bargain we think to ourselves.

Alloyed whereabouts unknown, pedant jetty jawing

its image, temploturrified in bloodhound chalk.

*

A brisk formalism eats the lakes out of iris. A bit dark.

A little blue-scribbled battle

with the conduit.

The trouble wasn't loneliness alone, my secret emergency

mode enough coaxed back from the begging day.

*

Three red stars fossilize in the schoolyard a rhododendron

insomnia tinting the very sweet of pursuit.

We have no brick nor garnish, daddy:

how we address each other in the liquefying room in the worsening snowglobe's incompliant worry.

If timber's easy kernel.

The huntsman vexed was also stone defensively spoiling the root-meat.

*

I shall cede, I cede.

The plague to the pippin,

some scalding theft staining the bristle from the trough of a late morning tub.

*

The marrying whip-quote

cut from your water-hedge:

a school of realism descending one last time—*koi koi* & anniversary flint for smoothing over the deluge or whatever this mirror warning answering

in fluke echo was.

*

Selling the cypress handles & privately, flabbergast, what we dangled over.

*

The absorption I'd always wanted. Sparingly. The coping

of his noddled head.

Trample lunge chant & forge owl cabbage

where the door

kept ajar, tussie mussie cosmos & easel dwindle.

*

Monoliths in the midst winter a spasm of fraying purpose.

The swimmer in love swims under, removed from

the pain scale for good behavior.

*

Afloat in permission, silver mar

of sleep in its chain.

A suspension of salts bored through cork.

*

Aisles of bronze in a wooden cloud & then

a settlement

of goldenrod spread far across these hills

turns gray.

Pestle thistle, a bruise in ormolu to soften lacquer.

Shell lac still the split-light twig.

*

He seemed to be describing the very underpass.

Our clinkered bird's inharmonium.

The dockyard's roving prayer & knotted as a sailor's child.

*

The yarrow & tansy of it all.

Longer lawed the leaves of azure meander

reciting burgundy burgundy maroon.

To the miniature herd astonishment pulled furrowing from the well.

*

Should the last pressingness approach with its autocrine of downcast questions. Isinglass,

ego in escrow—where my dune hollowed friend roughly

speaking countersigned—just think on the lull. Pocketed, the four of them. Terribly, I loved them all.

