

Six Poems from ***Flow state***

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Write a music. Write a music more of with more no world, with things arranged. Things rearranged in no.
World with no question (past, as night) in the mode of your fog. So that the fog was suited for your music
and you made it with. Not owned. That's your sense of this world, that music (past, suited for night).
Vague fog. Which we find trampled with familiar music. Feeling this form in the sky, the question

of the sky. Sky music.

Any day waking is a new poet and clearly rendered. People on the street and in thought (of different colors but in the same light) seduce each other with movement. And in movement, and with countermovement. Weft. Any day waking is rendered and starts again immediately. Rendered daily begun. Formerly mound. More than color. And movement, or underlight or within it, but writing any day is made in remembering. Long unwaking universe, where once stood longer days in others depths (but illumined depths, still bright). The prose of the memory on the street. Anyway I do feel somewhat ruined by the colors rendered in light

waking and not somehow by people.

Often with denier vision you must be margin advocate. Supervised nomenclatures. Elections. A grace extends whimper to live in the tongue

of it. Speech.

Serene. Many types of interdark, in silence and and in microexpanding noise, textured. Serene becomes an argument of arrangement. Wind reads the gaze of trajectory. Trajectory as gauze of some wind. Trajectory (as in writing, sitting in movement). Greening. Flung surface the shadowargument as a prescription

for dark. For pre-dark.

Fragment includes how to make scored for music but helix laughter assembled labor. Figment made ergot tongue. Germinate. Or sacred they watch from an argument in bleached topaz. The wind chops the hair of the earth at this place and hour. Cops called on a sunrise for being everywhere and inescapable. Spilling. To run in long. Longing as synonym for filling. Gasoline flowers nostril bloom symptoms. Improvise everything. Black angus. Pearls semiclutched but clouds so impossible leavened under. Unleaded. Sun hits it all. Sun hits every roymbiv motherfucker. Western as if by finger, caught in the ringing urballad of the overpass. As if

a grip tightens on our oil.

Compassplant. Milk. Tisane. Letting so much more or edges. Witnessing. A common name held vertically. Wondered aloud. Winds on pin handed to us an expanding translation of heaven words sharing the light in front of the sun. A superplace from starry which rose. Studies indicate twisting orientation. North or. To western. Eidetic taxonomy or senses. Which can't alone. "Early settlers on the Great Plains could make their way in the dark by feeling." "Of the leaves." Terror movement of "no verdure." Sextant as terror. To west is to harm. Having been riding capacity burrow against the negativesun. Too much machine. Which shut its doors. Many native groups burned the dried root as a charm. During lightning. Chewed resin. Of the sun, the reverse

is true. Companion plant. "Narrow whorled leaves."

