

REM IN RE

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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 self-
hooded, 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. Dim-
spent 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, templo-
turrified 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 rhodo-
dendron

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 snow-
globe's incomplicant
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—*keoi*
keoi

& 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.

