

From *Alameda*

Fragrance fills the woodland
and we bring our kitchen knives
out of our kitchens.

Does Hell have laws?
Oaths of blur purity?
Eternity is the tear in the garment of the beggar,
Strength a Deity in your Art. But this bread is stale, and so is
this ocean green:

Some kind of serious ambivalence
you feel like narcotic impressions
of the physical form

—We're talking about leisure
for everyone, no exceptions.
How much does that cost?

It seems as though the body never gives
to my imagined
consumption
every one of these hours reserved for
free time,
the rosy glow of dawn. . .