The Oasis of My Nation

A pink is dying

A pink is dying – I am reaching through a hand
full of trees. My saw is poorly hailed
as faces crying, quote, I form
or was lifting morning unto what they
live (if we interpret that who will and firstly, clap. I)
could render a silent offering that
does not anticipate its fate, a certain concoction of poise inflated
by shoes and closure. The richest history was poured into
your footprint, ‘let there be

if there is sound.’ A spoken man is original,
forgets her impossible life. We sat unto been, called a light
or called

away our weaponry of naming who
by forgetting the last retrieval.

Did she lofty a move? First a terrible
impersonation of sound evoked me to say to a word, you –
as if you’re not spoken unto its own resolve. Noisily, there
can be a letter
lowering itself

to fend a last speech, Always she talks where she walks and
leaves
sadly; unsaying ‘(you are my) offering –

She is eaten by flies

Raisins move and
embed their heads in bread
like dead eyes and do not eat. From where
I peak the plate it moves – a sofa sitting around the nervous
wall. The flies are playful and will bury their faceless
faces in yellow bread, and will not eat now.

Who is you, me, that? I can't revert though I feel the greed
for a new beginning. (Your poetry was swallowed
by a rubber band who still will not fit into her body. She,
too
is always open-mouthed. A mountain)

throbs in my hands – a heartbeat at best nervous
of our distance. The sand signals more shore, the her
of clean dirt no one has seen
or slaughtered. Under the little gold mountains, there is
a purse of brown skulls, three nightmares, one childhood
slipping from harm. Are you crying? at the fly, body so
small it will not be murdered or killed, just die

relentlessly. The clouds are flustered, numbered and
arresting – a rest to see
you are not that far. The raisins

left footprints I ate as oxygen. (Run, the ocean and me are
the same

Press

Never, the reason for purpose.
Was I wrong?
in case you speak in perfect sentences
with a good mouth that could evolve a word

or a similar pressing towards a
sanctuary, some mountain that quietly
laughs, (I am crying) You will not find me, but might form

a destination
with your furthest mouthing. You are

the truth. If not, a stone buried long ago
from planetary uncertainty.

Think, so are the opinions?

The grass cries when you defecate
your heart away, it frustrates the moon? You are
the moon? I know you are that, those
meaningful words made me write a dictionary
in kindergarten, pressing my hand hot to the desk

angry in faint philosophies,
generations who rebelled
against the alphabet.

My teacher laughed when she
cried, said she might be gifted.

The ball of her toe almost broke through her
shoe when she walked past me. Figures,
affirmed. This poetic language might have
contributed us to your journey, sad teacher, educator
to the alive masses who look, then diminish and
diminish -

I smell the wind
you left when you past. It was something gentle
and knowing

Have

I reached you to haste and call – do not come, if you were
to hear. I talked a word who deferred herself to you

and upon love a totality of kindness: a
sun undoing its wealth and leaning toward
my kite

A deaf mouse crawls from the floor

A deaf mouse crawls onto the green
and yearly floor. A pool of light is the bulb
turning autonomously home. I'm gray and white. (She
leaves because, and the child appeared.
There is yellow living
but over here is just a giant lesson for being the same).

A bark from the refrigerator opens me, bigger – a
smile drifts on top the floor – the jump
happened. A
square shifted; it is the square. Its place on my face

is left lying, I was a name. On the group's thought
of letters, I suggest something

Nicodemus

Feeling or falling into fright
about certain darkness, we walk by, observing
our paths. My angry will undo me,
his upcoming teachings I leave for the
purpose of blood and two comings of a mystery. You
mention birds will
leave a message if we ponder the message; we will ponder
more
and devote the laughter to what sails. My friend the
mantle, a poet, has big flight and little smallness,
a voice that fights the meaning of his voice.
I reek of answers, the smoke and a denotation of
desire, the pretension called force if we undo ourselves –

I touch you, and reek of answers that don't possible
you, but him – to know gold is only
the question of holding myself
to your light. My mother prayed for me and the lady
sat down and held me, too. I reek of answers
and unleash the horse, the working of a mystery I lay down
with, uncross my legs and call it forth. Was I ever that?
What
was told to me in the bathroom from the mirror
as my mother put the iron on my chest, or her
hand. It was not me. The altar is waiting, the big flight,
a big smallness to who really first summons
the feet. (I touch you to know

Eulogy

To worship the
sky who is sagging into a tree

and exhausted branches that will worship
my hands or

something we often smiled at
then shunned –

I think not
about heaven often at night –

who does not affect, yet wrecks
our worship
calling out tree so long after light died.

The last opening folds
around wet stones, eyes
a small tree that could look

human, or something like hands
and hands lifting their form

She is a soft bone

Understand what is not as is
not. Maybe the morrow is
dead

the marrow shall be dead, a
tooth broken by persistent stone
is the survivor.

Who spoke?

a troubled slumber and swam

I saw the boy who digs in his eyes
and swam

Your sad makes me song

I can’t travel very far without hearing
here, bound for casual night.
You sing about hurt, into it with every
word (bodiless invention) and the deepest
worth I can fight your poetry for.

Tonight, I look from my sofa
at a simple window into a
continual deference of night, lighted buildings
and cars with big eyes, reminding me of
this want to search for our meanings–

a voice referring to itself, firstly
and deeper,

a pretentious hesitation of light. The ear, it is itself
or a translation watching god
watching grass, and then the message of your origin. (You
are yourself
over again. I search for, without spending
a sound