Here come the zeppelins distance. Whales that leapt and stayed—
becomes dirigible. Reverse thrust maneuver for
and there is a floor. Stepping out on it I press in
with the equivocation of a neonate pony
curled by placenta, by the trauma of birth
as I am now with motion. With
will-I-or-will-I-not the am-I-and the eucharist. I will not dress yet but inspect
between my eyes as the primary purpose of
drawing is to facilitate the study of the human

Through the wall someone is

Through the wall someone is watching
It is anime—I think—asymptotic legs bloody
from a fall from a tower with
I become drawn and falling. Adopt
someone is saying. Search now for a missing cat.
crevasse for nose, and I forget the cat.

A man with anamorphic
He looks sideways into my caves looks
line of dots in mineral pigment. None of us
I suspect him a clone framed into body.
Slip hand into shirtsleeve. Find throwing blades.
flamethrower and this flame, too, is a hand.
to have this world unhanded us.
the incomputable, the lethal

The lethal mutation, forgetting before
forget. The legal rotation. Angle of Proserpina’s
with Tamar and Dinah
and Leda and Philomela
the Sabine women—
that says what skin is left
their shapes shadow
as forecast as all
mooring
with my sock
hair matted and
stained already
the hurry-fetch-it-now the
late-to-touch or the amorous
the space
gesture
in motion.
watching.
a show.
but unscratched
featureless, swift action.
the mission,
I have caves for eyes,
Find a man.
memory.
for dun horses aurochs
have names here.
He suspects mine.
A tactical
What is it
The alethic,
and lethargic?
there is anything to
wrist upturned
for Rindr and Cassandra
Medusa, Lucretia,
this is the hand
on my shoulder
cat. The none-of-us-have-names-here. did-I-get-here. The joint crack of who-has-been-the figure in the convolution of the curtain watching me? The figure presses I falter a step and step into a cave. handle stacks of medallions, chips for the round. paintings lurid by lichens, crystals, and mold someone has tried and failed to treat. my face folded in half and my two eyes met. are not one cave. Motionless inside this kiss

The calisthenic how-here. Was it I notice now the small of my back. The hands of men In this cave see white Two caves as the time Two caves meeting kiss me this figure says play.