

"ENDLESS THE SERIES OF THINGS WITHOUT A NAME..."

*Ogunquit, 10/28/2016*

No willing how no willing how sandpipers

arranging

songs as if knowing

all along knowing that off-mind

plagal

solving car horn how this body

how words roaming which circumferences

till a flare into meaning how

between fingers the frock light as lash

foil

coming

to itself

only

inside lusts and stings

no willing no willing

how this crushglass allaliveness

pricking

flesh and eye suffused

holding all at once

unwilled brine birds rains i

how seaside

(sea heaps

blown-on flour) these two

i's on open sill this

oboe how

for this mess of

tones bartering breathwine