

# Linked Circles

by Michael F. Gill

“Linked Circles”

by  
Michael F. Gill

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This is Blank Start Book #2  
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Contact: michael@bbtp.net

Blank Start Books:

001 *Parallel To White*, November 2008  
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Thanks to all who've been there, and all who will.

These poems are studies in eternal cycles and eternal repetition.

into a truly  
curving form  
enters my  
soul

- ee cummings

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# Circles

1. Life is cyclical / All thoughts are in circles.
2. Lives are like glowing oil paintings: works in progress that are always on display, dripping their glow everywhere.

## I

Churning whitewater,  
transparent rough instructions.  
glow oil painting imploded recovery clusters near dampening  
embellishments -  
    sew crutches of another time.

Welcome to the drum drone of you,  
located under a seaside of Crowbar Claws.  
This is where gold happens in small amounts.

arm & leg fidgets react to previous sets of ongoing friction,  
while  
body is told  
    that tonight we are creating fictional works  
    cramped into the small detail of a map.

A stomach ache injected.  
thetimes/theothers/andthewelcome/ for the art of feeling.  
There under raw frequency -  
react to me.  
My anvil of mine  
to sew crutches of another time is waiting,

cloaked around a passing,

    looking at those around. Sensing.  
sensing others being freed  
    under our waiting. looking onto a future  
that is impossible to be underneath.

It wasn't with theoretical volume,  
but fixation - that's when time can go wrong  
    and rhythm points to drums.  
We are written, the words are not.

(reflected atonement, hours to spend within our glow oil painting that  
imploded when we reached for something. what was minted can be made  
up of anything in our own time.)

You, reader, are nearest to our dna,  
and being a code you are increasing my destination.  
Fragments arrive at different times.

    Mine alone are distilled into ecstatic WELCOME

We are all of sand,  
an encore of lust  
touching the many  
that have passed through us.  
Our bones  
ride through  
precedents of limbs  
shot into the desert sky;  
A set of timely cues like  
blood trapped or delayed ice  
hugging the poles.  
Stops alongside the instantaneous.  
Along the antipodes.

## II

videodeadresistant, the cryings that rationality  
covers  
    we stop short. we turn in the hand.  
body is told that tonight we are creating life coming at once.

the transparent amount of  
whitewater in the brain

the oiled color of the surface  
contains  
all brackets of retention from an hour -  
it sews  
the apprehension of our alive space.

in the hour of carnivals, one hears:

"we have taste here,  
the one that alcohol believed for rotation."

To drink and forget. A cycle of rotation.

we are two comfortable characters  
with the Occasional visualization  
of a disposition traveling  
from one cheporta to another.  
the still and broad hour will still be.

Here's another chorrito of logic:

Latta is unexplainable as he admits in a word or less.  
Within his universal one-word creed,  
all the unexpected winds  
help everything out and in.  
We tin-plated all the vistas  
and all their relations,  
hoping to have some of that energy  
bounce back on us  
in patience

We all  
the scale  
for something,

but all we are

is flesh without  
an ID card, disappearing by foot.

Arrive we in the diverse hours, they that pardon, the pardoning hours

The words do not reflect  
our madam identity.

Our madam identity,  
I too have neglected her at times,

but never she eats -  
well-taken care of well-taken him.

In her delays the mental uproar of an opening,  
this memorizzata in the sticky tape of sadness.

time, one incompatible duration,

goes to him. goes to her.

once taken  
the duration comes immediately.  
desires disappoint one hour whole  
and transmits a statement approximate  
to the butter quantity  
in our whitewater brains.

which spirits believe in rotating?  
and which wait now?

you -  
no matter how  
modified or draped or crusted -  
you still put the total quotient  
in front of my eyes. rotating.

Rotating unlike the energy of architectural superstructures, which do not  
permit their remains anywhere else.

This hour cannot be distilled in others for  
the same exact reason.

### III

realms with another logic  
trickle into our skin

this theory soaks something  
slowly in us

(incidentally, someone may find out  
that they weren't injected with my feelings in time)

we are soaking  
below  
cloud air  
which covers  
tree and reason.

Lakes to the breaks  
and the symbols we are under.  
to the longing. and the desire. with  
much.

The unexplainable can admit in a word a fever.  
The explainable can demand us into a dependency.

A  
machine  
requires us passionately, but  
I believe that the sudden rise of this maintains  
that  
we can all view  
    in any proportion  
    peace within our hands.

    this journey to peace

[deviate do we so] turns us  
around  
    regards  
us  
around

and selects us  
another target

helps us

so we do not mix  
with the stackage  
of historical remains,  
or the technology of automation.  
we follow, we execute, we fasten ourselves, we may, we  
believe, we don't, we consciously, we anything from we.

When touching words and when stopping in them,  
one gives.  
But while being with it  
one never regards it:

these fragments of time  
from where we must be separated.

#### IV

We are noticeable us, us must be stored,  
in order to see us, we must be.  
    we all have constituents  
    which are written on our thighs,  
    our gasoline.

This is our epitaph  
to be attached to our time -

an  
incompatible life span  
a  
butter brain  
a  
long authorized malvagità  
a  
stomach with a hummel of stalk  
a  
floating body  
setted by a little apprehension

a time where spirit believes in rotation,  
and causes movement  
on the subterrain of the future.

this night we create and invent in detail  
a work with  
small income;  
a singular attitude.

the hour of ecstasies is  
the singular attitude.

we magnify ourselves  
    into the center of sand -  
    and

one hour of this concept  
is applied  
into the barracks of the mind.  
it brings  
a reaction of spirit  
in the figure of a curved I,  
and rolls back  
to the sides  
of transformation.

we go there, we make the effort too soon,  
we one another, we agitate for,  
us we follow, we who execute,  
we repair, we can, us hate,  
we believe in don't, that we are not,  
we are always a sum.

the;inspiration;for;the;art;of;the;faith;  
the.words.do.not.reflect.  
In touching them,  
words arrest  
what one gives to them.

Are these fragments  
of the time of me  
separate  
from the time of you?

Oh this mental riot,  
these memorypeaks  
in the adhesive tape  
leading to sadness...

We hear: "We are notables", "the us that must be",  
and yet we all stop having upon our exit.

We of the  
written writing, yet still we are not words.  
The oil that carries through our mind  
is a victim with the relative.

We are in the case of a life  
that instructs what it currently believes,  
where its bones believe  
that he has had his day,  
his week,  
his year,  
and then that big one:  
an increase  
in his biological  
code.

A time where there's currently nothing  
he does not have.

The current of nothing he does not have.

V

Cloud

carries above, exactly concurring with the disposal of time.

we sandpaper the  
longing until a certain pair of eyes get in the way...

us. the us-part.  
the permission of time  
where the us-part interns,  
the eagerness that  
wheels its way inward  
and then outward.

Outside is ignited as a flurry of clouds,  
a small mark  
under the applications of our land.

A tablet of the spirit you are,  
about to be swallowed  
like thought in delay,  
appenditure in ice.  
our long similar to sadnessunder.  
our grasp together flickers///

you define that  
We.

We stop only for ourselves  
and for the greetings  
of those akin to us.

Some of these stops are gold, and  
merit entry into the kingdom  
of our outstretched arm.

[these stops are a small series of riots.  
once the riots stop, their silences suggest.  
they suggest to us a new approach  
we may have overlooked.]

Remember the us that the hours make.

## VI

I look upon  
    married skeletons.  
Their bones believe.  
And their bones believed.

Looking upon this wedded couple,  
I believe that  
    he has never eaten,  
    she has never eaten.

We create and disappear  
    within our bed.

These surrounding hours  
make  
    encores of feeling

Feeling  
    what those before me have felt  
and leaving it here for you

Sew crutches of     you  
the sudden rise of     you  
and that I am made     of you,  
your relations.

Eagerness wheels the hours around  
    and we give a concert  
    where we implode & dampen  
    on the firmament of history,  
    fractioning time.

The sensitivity  
    of another time  
is welcome to be in.  
There under a seaside of eyes  
I lie waiting for you in the distant future  
    ....and we are all the center of the future.

## VII

Body is told that tonight we are creating life span:  
A series of fictional works cramped into our skin,  
cramped into the center of retention.  
...the art of retention from one to another...

This is the night where we create and  
disappoint immediately, where we  
want to come and "entire" it,  
to hope that its experience admits  
    a word (more or less)  
    to us in private.

That experience is the oil,  
a color which almost lubricates  
with the stem of you,  
that thought  
of alcohol  
of restoration  
of visualization  
of I and pieces of  
characteristic furniture.

The anxiety of must.

[we did not shake for this] [we have broken  
the internal with everything around us]

The necessity of passion

to  
arrest that ONE elasticity

that he or she has never eaten or touched with respect!

Can we memorize the cares, the tastes, the feeling that is now?

body is reminded  
that tonight we are creating fictional works cramped into small  
details of a map.

you define that  
"we."

The we  
that remembers the us  
that the hours make.

The we  
that looks upon  
the oiled color of our surface,  
our glow painting waiting  
to implode & dampen on time.

THIS is the now where we invent in rich details  
a small ecstatic income;  
a singular attitude  
whose fragments  
will soon be separated

but WILL  
sew crutches of another time.

# **Linked Travels**

(A Personal Journey)

- 1 Each stanza has a maximum of six lines, with up to six syllables per line.
- 2 The stanzas are interconnected yet can also stand alone by themselves.

## I

Spilling empty  
I crack and see  
puddles below  
passing on.

Spilling free  
I stand in un  
being one again.

This runoff washes  
actions of my time.  
I continue here  
all so fresh.

It is  
a river of me,  
to be found  
on a congealed cliff.

It is  
a row boat  
through desire  
with air too solemn  
for anyone else.

This atmosphere waits  
as I forget the night  
and gently sail  
into its light.

Who disturbs the river  
disturbs the soul.

## II

I welcome on  
the morning sun,  
ripening me  
to a beautiful peach  
Sunderland cinder.

Walking barefoot  
I index my  
heart rate  
using grass stems  
as a pencil.

Light near grass  
falls upon ground  
and stretches across  
the terrain.

How light stretches  
across the moon,  
in the same way  
it stretches across me.

From this ray of light  
I come to mimic.

Let my mind stretch  
across the mist,  
across the canyon.

Let all this stretch  
like a sun rays touch.

Let worms crawl  
and caterpillars inch  
down this curled wood,  
this curled body.

### III

Perfection smoldering  
on my brow.  
Nature is  
how to be perfect  
and how to end there.

Look upon him  
and  
study below her:  
see the noon  
they generate,  
see the noon  
bleed on your face.

My senses  
pay attention  
to absorb  
this even road,  
and then I stand in line.

Closing eyes  
my heart  
stops thinking.  
My brain  
stops feeling.

A  
full feature carnival  
leaps in the air  
Standing in forget,  
Believing in forgot.

I wake up as a  
bucket of shapes  
caught in the wind.

I'm a map of the past  
put in order,  
I'm basking  
in my own mist.

I am a map  
conveniently  
rolled up  
due to  
the curled air.

I sit here  
with my face in forget.

What I saw  
was a wider tranquil  
on the deepest thicket  
of renewal,  
sky enveloping me  
in blue bulbs of silence.

There was  
no reason  
for answers.

#### IV

The intense sky is my  
point of ignition  
in extending my reach  
and for miracles  
informing me  
in fragments.

I tear these things  
asunder from the sky,  
these blue bulbs of  
sparkling white light.

Patting on air.  
Patting on every now.  
Sacred seconds  
patting on the back  
of my skin:  
knowledge.

Knowing  
the feeling  
of air  
that we eliminate  
with a push of a breath

Knowing  
the disturbance of lines

Knowing  
a life sodified  
by presumption

Knowing is only knowledge.  
Experiencing,  
is wisdom.

V

A fragile sight  
of paper eggs  
and silk crumbles  
but I am lost inside  
the intermezzo  
of my thoughts.

Each incandescence  
falls on my face  
chasing away  
the excess  
of my sighs.

The weights the sounds  
the rhythms the sights  
the surge of my sighs.

Exhausted  
yet irrigated,  
a moment ends  
then begins.  
Sharpness.

Immediate sharpness  
on every brow  
and every now.  
Every now on the ends  
of smoke rings.

So let me three-cut  
to my cramp -  
This blade is quick,  
and the clamor simmers  
on contact.

Bone on bone,  
wound on wound:  
open healing.

Time and clamor  
simmering on a wound  
is open healing.

A cut is a polish  
to test sustantation,  
to gain the clarity  
of moments  
that were ignited  
inside.

I yearn  
to keep my scars as  
an invisible hole,  
clean and clear.

## VI

Painting silence  
is folly.  
It puts a hermit  
to the test.

Barren lands  
convert time into space,  
and soon  
there are no more seconds -  
only spaces and  
spaces of being.

Chase away  
the excess of footprints  
behind me.

A belief in forget  
is a lesson in calm,  
a void to believe in.

This calm is a force  
forged and carried  
by the weight  
of silence.

It is  
one rhythm  
of exclusively  
eternal  
sensitivity.

## VII

Diamondback terrapin,  
what is your pace?  
I see maps of  
respectful footsteps  
behind you.

My essence  
scours around me.

What walks with great passion?

What indents  
the steps of time?  
What causes  
sleep's elation?

What is your pace.  
What answers  
are found here  
in the outside?

What answers are one?  
I hear a call.

I hear it  
from left to right:  
stay the same for now.

For now is just  
a cup of tea.  
For now  
it's just a cup of tea.

## VIII

In the trees with  
a musical pulse,  
fortune is wandering  
without direction.

In the corners  
of pink gardens  
and concentrated wine,  
whispers of fact abound.

I hear a hermit  
believing in today,  
A hermit  
spilling into the air.  
I say yes.

Yes, to the test.  
Yes, to me.  
Approaching it all I say yes.

I'm taking in  
remnants of the past,  
I'm feeling  
every corpse writing  
alongside me.

I've come to vandalize  
every brow  
in a talking sleep.

A talking sleep  
where there are glowing  
and flowing fragments  
surrounding monuments  
of tonality.

Ahead in the distance  
fumes from a chimney  
drift down my way.  
Their smoke lines define  
what is brewing inside.

## IX

I sit here  
and study pennies.  
Time and the moon are one.

I lay down  
inhaling surges  
of weather.  
In hours.

In hours  
I've struck  
a conversation  
with this temperament.  
I've struck a hollow room.

I'm shredded single  
and I have no answers.  
I have only  
experience,  
a bubble around me,  
and the sound of a pop.

At the sound of a pop  
I wake up with  
a silent break.

My eyes slide  
into focus  
revealing sojourns  
in their mist.

I tell myself:  
Keep your heart up.  
Hold your hands together.  
Circles are a  
two way funnel.  
Circles are quick.

## X

Sitting soft to  
believe in the ground  
to believe in the air.

Soft sitting basking  
in the wind  
glowing and clear.

The one experience  
I welcome on my face  
glides across the air  
in brief instances.

Pieces of me fizzle  
as I let the air out  
of my mouth.  
All this love  
gliding away  
and encircling earth.

## XI

My face now lays  
in a hollow room  
with nothing but moonlight.  
No taste to survey  
in the distance.

Across the shelter  
a bucket  
of still water  
seeps deep.  
Its rhythm beckons  
and flows low.

I morph.  
Work cultivates  
that special angle,  
whereas night  
offers restoration  
of shape.

Many voices here  
in the silence  
but my heart rate  
is toughening up.  
All this calm  
that grows stronger.

## XII

Yes  
I am sleeping  
where I want.

Sleeping  
in conversation  
with a great  
hollow passion.

My incandescence  
again falls  
upon the ground  
and washes my head free.

Silence  
is one rhythm  
of renewal,  
one river  
for my eyes  
to glide aloft.

Approaching the cusp  
(a fading  
into a feeling  
of stasis),  
I turn to sleep and end.

This last step will  
corner sleep and end  
in magnified silence.  
Amen to silence.

# **What Follows On Between Us**

- 1 What is life but a relationship between ourselves and the tangible...
- 2 What is life but a relationship between ourselves and the indescribable....

(and what will continue on...?)

## I

What  
What are you  
What are you to me  
What are you that follows on through me

Sometimes you are an entity  
Sometimes you are nature  
Sometimes you knot me  
and lie grasplless  
with too much kinship  
left to resolve,  
dissolve.

Our roots reside within -  
growing out of you  
is always me,  
growing inside me  
is eternal you.

## II

Broadcasting system,  
we stand before you one time.  
We are automatic perfection.

People are waves to be surrounded in –

- synergies that takes flight in your head
- tangible resources that sink on your skin
- tribal hymns spinning our circumferences for hours

– and time is full of ideas that sponge up life, your life.

Where is the space  
among the droning cells  
of one's body?  
Where is the space

to claim life as your own,  
to say simply without meaning:  
“I have no end in you.”  
Our cells drowning together  
shipping off unattended thoughts  
moving across narrow pales

We never lose touch.

## III

Every touch is a shape -

just lines,  
sliming seals of coal  
and twenty years  
for what I didn't know.  
I didn't know that  
every night comes out  
on an emotional wire  
juiced with fat.  
Tied to such fat  
we stand wall to wall,  
making our move.

Shed  
Clean  
Beefed,  
we mold the strings of our hair from tonight's wire.

## IV

The timbre of your touch  
( that articulate shade  
beneath all that is calm )  
finishes everything  
with continuous care  
and no exclusions

Words sink in  
morphing lips

and touching  
blind breath  
with tense scents around  
an open mouth.  
Nude tongue  
so unassuming

Your signature on skin:  
a stained glass fever.

It starts  
from hushed glances  
follows  
blurred discussion  
and heads  
to flexible extremities

breathless repeat  
breathless retreat

until it all

Until the time we were reeling and bellying and rushing  
and told each other nothing.  
Warpings and feelings  
lay aside robes of light colors  
as the brisk air floats,  
leaving our dripping hands  
like untarnished trees.

**V**

All these ornaments of my body  
need to be thrown on the bonfire.

I tingle and slam my throat down,  
in a blackened error.  
You in the distance were trying  
to sort my rakes in the fire,  
bringing back powdered returns  
of the disappearance we emit.

In folly we are drunk  
on the embroilment (embrouillement)  
of everything,  
and in harmony  
we absorb the intoxication  
of earth.

**VI**

oh, the:

implementazione  
of  
the  
air  
of her,  
for all her nature is  
halètement.

*that one he speaks perfectly*

into her pouring suspension  
he arised walking,  
honed like a sapphire  
with suede corners  
and gleamed reflecting panels.

That is to say,  
he is  
\* totally given. \*

Ho!

In hold of him  
what tidings are not affinched!  
are not in order.

the steam of him  
consolidates in you  
extraphysically.  
on the compressed surface of an iron  
her energy is molded while

his interior irradiates.

you were only here  
for a short period  
when she gave the trees  
a proper packing.

In her bag they went,  
to be placed under  
the arcane positions  
and effects of talismans.  
She gave four to you  
as a safeguard  
for the future of life.

But

definition ruined  
the appendix of sensitivity  
that he had built  
with her //

He's been there but if he told you it would cease to be.  
I can't place it, fix it either. Definition ruins those pure feelings.

Nevertheless  
I give to the continued answer  
that she stops to request.  
The future of her life  
and the continuing of mine  
always exist.

## VII

It is a necessity  
for one to give  
certain balance  
when satisfying  
the wall.  
If the wall indicates to me  
that I am not providing

enough open support  
I must reinvestigate the bond.  
This drop in context  
may look like nothing  
but those apprehensions  
are like a radiated rouge  
connecting our faces,  
giving a pressure cooker of a warning sign.

## VIII

the actual question is irrele  
vant.

a length of space alone  
was broken in my heart beams -  
calm cool taxed or bitter,  
empty space baked  
with ginger rivers.

What is that extraphysical touch?

Turnip seeds pontificate on what realms are found  
on the tips of fingernail mounds while they push away from the ground into  
animation.  
I will hold a root vegetable in my hand.

## IX

my first look  
into your heart  
and it's vacant  
until reached  
or not to be

**X**

I recycled a cavity  
to feel my past.  
welcome mat. jeans. doused by aroma.

I need a new well of resources,  
for what gets unfolded tonight  
may never return.

**XI**

A breaking in a shower of saw dust -  
a chance of visibility.  
Shower shower  
your invisible shape  
that shows up in slow gravity,  
your model that forms  
in the recesses of the downpour.

I grasped it all -  
every ember of dustless space  
fading in my face.  
I can see over my shoulder  
the upcoming sighs in my bones  
as a wicker fan sprays a wind  
shaped like a rhombus of lips and eyes.  
These eyes see a touch that will tuggle them so much because they want it  
to.  
Jaggle them so much because they want it to.

**XII**

hour. two hours.

If it is time,  
we can consider  
that the very neighboring you,  
the one closest to these words right now,  
has taken us all over in a whole.

**XIII**

the  
excess of energy we have with the sun

the  
excess of precipitations  
indefinite to all

dry shadings above and below and everywhere,  
still everywhere.

**XIV**

we arrive deep  
in the small clutch  
,  
the system of  
illumination  
.

many many  
years  
provide  
smoothness  
in our sensitivity  
and  
steel  
in our fragility.

**XV**

a quiver a smoke screen.  
"we never forget" was inserted  
into each flavorful part  
of the hand-made puppets,  
puppets that contained one of our arms.

Tunnels of trembling corners dictate you.

Your novels begin with ongoing smiles but trembling corners dictate what's next for you to further remember and feel. Now art in mud is you.

The art in mud is you,  
it is the you to remember.

The you that will

- See internal acres of land in full sight
- Be a breath deeper into every paragraph
- Burn the outer scenery that's dominating you

All this is a token of a place that will soon melt.  
All this will be covered in mud.

## XVI

Another speed devil is coming,  
I feel its wave -  
you are binging me you are!  
Didn't we say  
that so much  
so quickly spread  
across a smile  
is like....  
....such fools in such a rush

## XVII

TEMPER ME.  
How to handle such blunt euphoria?  
Such forked pain?

## XVIII

Together over the burnt bugles:  
We could mark it down to the exact minute,  
that minute where we decided it would be the one time we both felt the same thing.

## XIX

the fat middle aged man at the tavern sighing:  
(he drips gorgeous pretension!)

"the grand error of love is that it is of itself a state of being and not a lifeblood that can curdle our skin and cause epidemics. the failure of science and its laws - can it ever portray the wide panoramas we feel? one apprehends a secret ministry and soaks the wild pleasures of articulate sound with sloping emeralds shining out of their eyes."

a belch. He continues:

"the shapes of ice and crystallized water, the scars of touching, the looseness of ascension, shattered skulls and indifference, ten years pass on the grass and an overworked mind has not paid off. fair colors blinding as an encore."

the speech switched to a narration going on inside his head:

"fixed on my eyes is a gaze of silent magnitude and wide open energy, frenzies of sunken desire that have trickled down from the ages - the forgotten dreams and hopes of people and communities. Raised up high in back of me, an anguished fragment, a whistle and a fever, a wall tethered to spinning circles, a missed deflection and a joyous panic. Knowledge is trimmed love, digestible science. Inwards pins and needles and nightingales. Mint gardens and steep graves of watery grass."  
across the table a prying man, stilted:

"We often cannot see that the sensitivity of calmness is not modified. When practiced, an opening in the calm absorbs us.

My breathing will identify the calm that it brings and the movement that always observes."

ahem, overheard on campus:

"Feminity evolved to become the more vulnerable side, the source of all spiritual, emotional, and artistic advancement and debasement. This is the tightrope and the main bridge."

the young dreamer:

"White light white hope white speckles of hope and love, love is a story with free-floating points. Mold on your shoulders bearing down chaos: you have not responded, I have not tried."

the aloof:

"It is all about a certain sinking into air and aboding all around. A saturated heart stays severed."

the rebuttal:

"Nonsense! I defy the blossoming of my feelings for you continuously. I let myself be vacant at all times."

the hopeful:

"when there is a wince tomorrow  
there is love hidden inside  
to help you bounce off it."

the dark comic with too much truth:

"...but perhaps the blood stains will be revelatory at the end of the day."

**XX**

those dry mouths arrive with that stolen talk, giving jumping access to these:

- a wave of someone's voice
- poignant pitches touching
- stimulating skin (in a healthy sweetness)
- fission accrued over a sense of wonder
- little arsenals of feeling

**XXI**

Sultry lightning

I bolted and turned and looked at my wrist,  
it snapped a cool field strawberry hollow feeling that burns inside skulls.

There was no static electricity in me.

**XXII**

Inside my blue aggregate  
I must slip with the vibration of everything  
and give my will a grip.

A white swing was under the house.  
It sinks emotion silently  
and collects it in its womb  
as the ducks call and peck at the night.

The red rocks massage a glance  
and then fall off the color spectrum.

**XXIII**

Do we touch, ever

Are we not two outgrowths from the same world

Have we ever been separate entities?

**XXIV**

So pristine  
the liquor of our sun  
withholding  
the bestial intoxication  
of our descendents

Light never has anything to decide,  
leaving us much simpler looking

for the future  
and its reverse gaze  
circling us in broad strokes

## XXV

Our skin hides  
a book of water  
like a washing line  
hanging high above,  
dripping the context  
of our sweat and tears  
down to the earth below.

Our faces end up  
buried in the sand  
long after  
they've fallen and  
shown their hand.

Who can see us -  
only the sweet earth  
and those who've made  
this journey to worth,  
as we continue  
dripping consciousness  
lower and lower  
into the eternity  
of being.

## Author's Note

*Some information on a few words that might not be familiar to the reader*

From "Circles"

1. **Cheporta** - From the Italian phrase "che porta." Literally: "the door," but can also mean "that brings," "that moves," or "that produces."
2. **Chorrito** - Spanish for "trickle"
3. **Latta** - Italian for "tin"
4. **Memorizzata** - Italian for "memorized" or "stored"
5. **Malvagità** - Italian for "wickedness"

From "What Follows On Between Us"

1. **Embrouillement** - French for "entanglement"
2. **Implementazione** - Italian for "implementation"
3. **Halètement** - French for "panting" or "gasping"
4. **Affinched** - Bastardized version of the Italian conjunction "affinché," meaning "in order that." Used here as a play on words between "in order" and "ordered."