

Any place will burn.
Drive around the West any September
there's a million acres burning.
That September it was different. It burned
from the sky. To the ground.
And the yard is more important than ever.
And everything that stands
stands for everything more than ever.

And the too many broken the not being
there when that didn't just
fall.

Ali moved to Canada after deluded
patriots saw a Syrian. No one came
to his club anymore except federal agents.
One last night we played eight-ball on the balcony.
He told me about the place on Vancouver Island.
The photo. The feeling he could already feel
of breathing there, like a cool steam.

Later that week I'd repo the tables
instead of dousing and sparking them
which I considered.

SEMI-AUTOMATIC

us on the coast: in the mountains:
outside the appointed chapel

the child whose job is to draw the bodies also
draws the bodies' crumbling monument

machine replaces one with zero:
functions diminish: the pleasant occurs

<dorothy> what if she keeps him tied up?
he's good with gentle people

behind this wall: human turmoil:
john take us up to camera two

<dorothy> we must be going up in the cyclone
<witch, on bicycle> wee! heh-heh-heh

pointillism: polysemy: polystyrene:
less objects than events, excited particles shiver

at the canyon: every year three people fall:
at the doctor: this is our year

abstract orbit to plot imaginary center:
an overpass shrine is just such a circle

out <to black> tomorrow, ninety:
despite early disturbances the heartland is dry

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