

SNAP

FRED

WAH

for Hannike Buch

1.

Some body parts of the move into the world
show up as replacement parts
Is there a finger or is there a tongue
to be recognized later
perhaps Is like walking
cameraed through the European woods
and peripheralled out to Paris *bois* by bus on Sundays
lean gap as if creek stone or hand over mouth
how do we watch for logs and other dendrita
there curled (check weather report)
layered along the banks so that part flows/makes sense

2.

Fiction's window for example
my neighbor and the prairie sun shifted
single ridge-pole into two tip-to-butt cedars
who now knows what news when she opens the roof
closer to paradise and strapped to her door each morning
such fashion for today tests for sky's emptiness the
figment and dance of any (finger) pigeonhole aperture

3.

Tree the word

becomes eye-pegged business *virtu*

all Jack O'Lantern realism just a piece of cheese cake

snap to lock title page careens out of tilt

or should if the virago would just cry out the curious

but doesn't this plastic sign need (doesn't need)

either tight gut silence or stony story

4.

To evanesce is possible

in just over two thousand feet

such separations today silk our covers to touch

just to mull over the marred surface of thought

glazed with snow — silhouette visible

no need to look up even breathe

5.

Who told stomach how

as if to depend on sigh signing

enough to blight the plan-hole

now just try this one out okay

walk in on the true dark

that same blue

no catastrophe but only so many nights ever

6.

Straight 4/4 time but just a little

clouded over the ridges

just a little eye in the sky little riff for the skiff

even what gaze set off toward first rock

until hackled in white somehow *'istory*

all our farm clocks telling

get that package to the edge of the river

where it waits for the pickup while out on the bridge

how does the page gel root at the same time how does

the double tongue ripple the noon day pond

7.

An assumed name and voice thinking

hum can look so scared shitless with edges

is that a problem the north follows around

meanwhile period

pencil finger thumb rubbers the 'story of the book

and post-place

is that the point or dipper of the American drum

or is that coke

8.

A quick blink

but just because the first page turned quiet

doesn't mean we'll forget
in fact nothing cellular about time
the supper bell'll ring
whenever belling's needed

9.

Sometimes leaning shows
but after that architecture churches
a picture of the perfect ridgepole as a nautilus transit
mere yawing on the backside of the planet
saved as virtual in the promise of belief
only one before belief two
then how did she know it was all
tight ripple-grain around the knot now a ladder

10.

No secret tidal
dialogue moving in
on the almost
open Persian Gulf
from under such
cradled rhythms
anima hemmed in
by all eight mountains
counting

11.

Being born grammatically correct
isn't technically season
just wordless options for genre
until good luck's red paper's peeled greeting
severed scrap sewage new year's
year of the yet named
time starts tale varooming page
to spine page to spin

12.

gut cut
but touch
still stirs
slight all-American gung
straight-arrow sign
language plays
in the cards

13.

Unthawed tongue
talk talk talk
telling the wind names
found in foreign currents

the sound of quivering rudder
biblio'd at the heels
but just local
locally twisted

14.

Then what kind of pattern can you back into
when lake and river surface eclipse in that
diagonal sparrow of global day-to-night which
becomes then the other story known as the
Norwegian surface until someone from inside
Quebec quizzes how deep's the paper in that
official manner meant to determine bona fide
spic-and-span krino-sift

15.

How to get the lyric to emerge
where the paraph boils
is that the purpose
 of the combing process volte-face
 of a tripartite world's stiff calibration
 of enlisted tactics to get home or even around town
but to arrive at the stem of a new world all portrait
or how else undice the lustre of the line

16.

From late afternoon almost to dusk by the time they
get maybe seven nibbles at America and then

Art formatting rosy-fingered paradise when who else
but animus tries on the Massachusetts slaver forgetting
that the hook was baited in favour of hunger even
though they've practiced can you tell the chubby cooks
their reputation's not left untouched

17.

Is it really because the moon was tied to the pilings
with maybe five or six gamblers suggesting the next
move just because the lake we live on is a dog-leg lake
or did she strike out within ear-shot of the tin drum
chimes hazarding what old cliché on virtue
from the glossary of voices in novels and valleys basket
if so
then how can we believe the fiction of trips
will deter the determined nextness of story

18.

What good is it
if her ears heard gut

how lucky his rabbit
didn't doubt eyes
like periwinkle knives
or the binnacle housed rowboats
(and that was Belief One)
from earlier days deep
into the night

Noah couldn't think in words
except to mutter grammar plus,
that asphalt tongue had to be a tenor
so what good is it to involve artifice
just to come up with something

19.

Certainly up around Leduc
Alberta pressure-treated virgin duck
there before pure bush-whacking made maps literal
gills is what gets us up the hill of the genitive
appendix but breeched birth's anger no euphoria
no end of any story gingerly born
just more sons who can work
the final name shift but each daughter stuck
with a tongue to taste the frozen rail

20.

Some granite over her shoulder
into the wind, Toronto
balmy, almost sun through the haze.

This is her mediterranean eye:
crushed stone cement lamp-posts
stained with rust from the bolts.

Sneaks a quick flash of wood at home
determined to double her mirror

21.

What annex of names for northern Europe
not calendered
under a tripod of blackened driftwood
totemed upright on the beach
could guttural the night without blur
and craving infiltration charcoal gone
wild for alibi

22.

Is this ladder to decline the yoni
or to invert the horns of the ziggurat

to the clit of desiring night.

Whatever kind names
jazz at the Palladium,
same cross. No noodles.
Just steam our fish in black bean sauce
and something bitter.
Or why the main character
has a nose to job.

23.

How if why pirate the genre ship
when you can try stamping the body
with the flood of forty-eight
back then it was no secret
we would all share the same formula
for invisibility intended to clock (snow.)
(quells.) (sameness.) (time).
and time again

24.

To say says mouth
words story spicy news
or ciping the Green Door

for Shanghai noodles
she says they said pretend
but snuff with Hermes' stealth
no need to filter the action
why not atmosphere this form tonight
right under your nose
back into the menu

25.

At the Wildlife Centre is a "Turtle Crossing" sign
that the body story follows earth
that's what we could learn then
what the wall of sensation nurses
to avoid but revere the key
and then what the hand seeds,
all cards to guide the next bluff romance

26.

Shouldn't we begin with the sort out and deliver task
since that sets the pulse
and whatever the Sirs say
don't stop at the border to mime fragment
every true esthetic rifles her lied on Saturdays
those're those purple afternoons

27.

Some of these feathers washed up
draw out the local what.
Could that be science's sack of the positive?
So stomp!

28.

You can have a side-to-side door
a side door
a door that opens and closes
and if you want a door that disappears
then you'll get a real name allergy
but if you get tired of the code of theory
especially those cute rectified arts like the novel
plus the one that goes up and down
the one with stomach cramps

29.

What comes with all that temporal morphology
that endless propagation of the sub-father
that belt the son is left to shine
no sharp, no axe needed
for re-reading the rough opening
and now will animalism handle that hatch
to blaze our spin right outa there

30.

Isn't how she could plan keeping
dependant on Plato's spread
if the transitive purposing plot
comes all the way around
to repeat the solar stamp
you know, gets too singular
and repetitive almost plate-like
these charts of government

31.

Maybe we could strip
this ponderous ark of size
and sniff page,
right into the gutter
with the numbers
seeing as how humming's
flood's filled
no wash no meaning
but very clean no punctuation

32.

nine
nin

nie
the three *belle-lettres*

33.
No clear-cut logging on this property
if you think of the margin as a wing
how would you not contain story
or think of a menu of alignment
accidenting itself on the driver's side

34.
No
not a sigh in site
nor could I find
design in singing

35.
Housing always knows
we find out even
when we only understand
the lie