

AARON MCCULLOUGH

The Upper Peninsula

The entertainments of the inland sea wake around burnt out trunks in a bundle. Many slopes are just like this, eroding and *à corps perdu*. Asparagus logs lie blasted right on up over the top. Likelihood of fire: moderate. In all things moderate, so as the peculiar currents inhale, equestrians inhale, love melancholy dank as horse apples inhales and waits for the gap.

But not everyone who eats truly eats, and not everyone who sleeps truly sleeps, or loving you. Housekeeping. In these rooms with high ceilings, their covered mirrors being covered cannot be blamed for my twisting. My buggy whip bonds in my ratty trunk. The drawback. Good humor, even faked a little, can come into your life and become a mascot: being one form of numerous uncomplimentary dreams.

Badman Ballad

I am a flower of this country. Think of my stem as a silken cord as you think of what it means to be a flower of this country, when I shall consider leaving or turning traitor for the cause, the cause in the candlemaker's shop in the mountains of tennessee, which is candlemaking. Do you see the tears in my eyes?

Condensing in the horn of the loudspeaker: I am a flower of. What flowers die for is blights of nonchalance — I mean the nature of the blight, speaking classically; it's natural for all the beautiful ignorance of life in the sun to turn a conflagration. Hence the nag's head bruise, grandfather mountain, dogwood.

We who have kept on with an eye to neither nature to nether quarters to the arrays of orders hacking away at orders dress down. As a flower of this country god loves as the abyss or the cracks, I'm saying. Spreading. Who can I inform to and hang.

Some Latin Title

Inhabited by spirits inhabited by spirits expecting recoveries in rounds like: my power steering is bad, said the man from the car service, it either does too much or too little. We grew silent. Things are one way not another no matter what may appear to be the case: a fraction of an inch from the lip or brushing along the blemished skin at dawn, neither gold nor silver causes us to see. Though I have silver eyes, it is not an eye that causes us to see.

Something in the strings and the ladder of light gets people where they're going. Strong enough to warm the elements, it's strong enough in turn to warm the plates of the earth, the streets of your town.