

MAX WINTER

Draft of a Map

The way in which things don't always make too much sense. Could, if you would turn your head away from the clearing. Songs in a rattling sort of progression. Useless for the new method. The idea of the unbidden rest. In the middle of the bridge. The idea of daylight. Someone's laugh in a glass cage. Buried beneath the sand. Coming up the stairs. Screw it on to the top, now next. The shoe chops into the pool. Life and the myth of Tantalus. Hair on the Bible, and the room not checked out of. A tear. A screech. The letting go of the ink, along with the sound. A flit discernable in the cool shadow of the bridge. No preparation. Every possible dream, and this the grommet. Where are we the archetype. The patchwork invisible. A thank you to you and also to you. Made of lettuce. The ache. A singe for a breath. Two no's added to a yes. The relent made into a tee-shirt. Push them out. Make them stand up in this Antarctica. I was fine for a while, then I became Sunday, almost fl eshy. The sleep came to the little town a ways from home nestled in the choo choo valley a bye baby. The need to manipulate or at least touch. This a building? That will climb up to the sky? I am lying in the dark. Pleasure on your lips. A window half open. A practicum in my lap. It was precise only once. Then. Soap on the brain. A sample of each person's perspiration. Taken back to the back. Enveloped in a folder. Sealed with a kiss. They were all against us in the pandemonium. They were tearing us to common sense. It was a sad stretch of the country, dotted as it was by silver mines and dead men. I am a passenger, and I ride and I ride. It was calculated in the well beneath a hand on a cool gray table. Dudes on the sidewalk next to muses on the lawn, and where were we in the illustration? If I wanted to find the ferry landing. Empires in error. A ghost of a mushroom a blessing in the absence of a pen to write something down. Keep tucking, and don't forget under the bed too. Fantasy after function. Hunt the elk in the light after. Trumpets watching over your scalp. The signal, not this pause. This rest after the crackles. What was it for, the passion? Assumption, presumption. A brown smelly sack, is where. Two little pigs. My love is pulled up. The clock is set.