

There were never any directions to the construction

Loving is a dance of 10000 followers
Countdown to a New Year
Married to the throat of an
Youth intolerable
Instil-lectual made of brick and
Maybes and martyrdom.

Talks and
Make fractured light
From space dust

True life

Under shutter lenses
Licensed by our 4 children
Daddy never blushes and
Every time the moon wakes up
On the side of the night
Silence among the kissing stars

The scars of our fathers.

I will have to open the windows
To the side walls of minds
Empty space.