

From *Tomorrowland*

Lisa Samuels

Our stakes are in ebullient humiliation all except
The skins we're filling out
The bands rewoven in some really
Voice-encapsulating trees
Engaged in both the offending child and its
completely non-tragic
(because so answering back the birds and houses
Conjugations of persons building each other so continuously
Prisons nor their elite obscurity adventures taking risks
They can be socialized nay government and business somewhat species
In given-up heart histories whose clement cultural metaphors
Will trespass a chain and rush the explanation
With their tongues transition secret
Deciders giving each other the nation state
Whose wrong recurrence writes the past
Against available feathers stones leaves
bones words spiders
Cut and paste more than anything we know
About someone else's) life because
If you're part of wholes then only fully destructed
Stuff be tragical exemplars
never stripped of their belonging
Don't forget nothing is betrayed in an indicative mood

Examples are not arguments: in an unbroken
Series of declarations he convinced us that responsibilities
were not our fault. A mood swing was set up
on the trans-coded playground, I notice, and the fire corn
seed laid out its fire corn seedlings while the government
administered the fields. Don't think of alpha particles
don't suck old rocks in magnet snows
the warm and gentle schools will mostly
hold you, the backward wash of culture unprepare
your inborn stealth. Pause here over the symmetry
and your little corn collapses while the sea puts up its head
wild flowers in the forest carve you there
inscripted history and an interrupted corkscrew
opening the first new bottle of wine not being yourself.

But take the lesson you were given and throw it over
your shoulder: it pays to be kind to ideas, for they
will never desert you never take your hand
and throw it over their shoulder because you have collapsed
never take your body and throw it over the hillside one fine day
when you become aware of objections to the turmoil in which
your circumstances have desired you in accordance with
a new (obscure) modern mythology of a theory of needs
or romantic press of circumstance or the serial way in which
you dip your legs into your class just testing.

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One day without horizon our green jackets might well chorus afternoon
A man a woman singing children in their milks arising
Out behind a crystal globe murked with colored water
That we lit at night when warmth degenerates in the streets.
The full moon on his face he walks by beaches untranspired
Thin lips set against ideas of permission nor
More alley rushes disallowed here streaming.

The garden faces by a crack uneasily in its palm
We groove the red flowers rushing deep path flight
Our eyes most tender clip. The brown locks of the husbandry
Are puckish in their rust, we draw our index figure-eight
Nor touched it not a hot diurnal brand. Each day the furthest
Rustling of the ivory liked to call a dog a dog had brought
To soften all your green whips into ours. A cautious spider
Afternoon eventfully in clay molded a hand in band
Convulsed disturbed, he builds the little ship we fly up
Rose petals entrailing. One afternoon he cut the pages
Of his only book and found began to truly love.

This smacks of tom-tom mumbo jumbo permeable routine
So clean the flesh unrecognized, of pencil sheets more
Ravishments top down to down and follow.
Which are what interests us: asylum we have had
The meantime primal well remote and even physical objects
Interest us extreme. This city is of biscuit picture

Troped for brave response and dizzying beer is anamorphic
When it gets into his belly and unfurls. The initial
Hand-to-hand was well assaulted pictures of idea
Played out headlong in a dishy history—his metamorphing
Fauna could disturb us with their drawn incredula
Had we not firmly mastered middle distance.
Today the sidewalk spins with our remote
capacities and in the kitchen years are never
studied by Max Planck though we have written him
in firmly with a swaggard oath
technopolis gently follow.

What then of social being? Bodies gesture Western fleshy
Left-right orient, a transcendental island soft erasure
That is totally mental, dear, you see how filtered ambiance
Has left us here dynamic, while we occupy and highlight
Each respondent: you have a form prognostically bereft
(Before that is you even learn to take) of flesh and bone
To mortar acts and build. In a world you've left
Your feet behind you pretty agile drifted reverie
As though the maps were soft bread tread exploiting
The mundane. Look moss on slopes, look asphalt that
Suspiciously transfixes, the hall slapped out like wrappers
On the brevery domain. Your helmet is a kind of mushy
Pate with which you ruin the tranquility of texture:
Ohmygosh trees, flagrant birds in plangent urban oomph.
I mark you with my little x and you go all amen
Through new life durable as the salt whereby you heat
Your common use, a matter of space, a total fix
Inside the heretofore dubiously infiltrated corridors
Of water rather than toil or encounter with the
Widest sense—a caveat, a square, a built-up instability
We give each other several times a year exchanging
Physicality for idea every time.