

**Carol Mirakove**

so not, "They were in love. Fuck the war."  
but "They were in love and they would level the war  
mongers."

***from WALL***

**roughometer**

gentle pending [you] angel lady  
stocking officials in their separate  
test tubes  
cross-tied my legs to maintain  
mediocrity straight-pressed by priest-tongues  
they plow perfect yield signs  
still her [slash] blessed paradigm  
strip her of tumbleweed she  
doesn't want to lay a lovely  
groan / scratch in the unifying

**roundness**

## **lead-**

based presents in the killing jar  
lustless and won't ing  
turbo towards the center line  
& ejaculates wiping the music  
score making the worldsafe  
etched in the refrained /  
masturbation un  
paralleled in  
prodigy who is  
mani fested  
& heaving in targetless

## **leanings**

## **red-letter the lounge**

getting off the draft  
table  
gridded by exceedingly pretty  
traffic &  
salvage her  
from becoming the common  
ass by stanzas in  
voice-overs hurdled & pleading  
for a comma store & a sale on rest

or macrame at least  
in the form of a shawl  
with no shame attached  
I am lazy and good  
at crocheting the again  
of nothing to do  
but think about lovewars  
& pronouns  
in their felt-lined

**redundancy**

**presents**

man down the block breaks down  
scared that man  
stayed inside the radio  
scared that  
plastic  
and everything else  
scared  
that the time to be scared is past  
and everything else including that

red  
illuminating living rooms volumes

thick a throat clutter  
tends to comfort

except when too  
close or uncontrolled  
then go around the block and  
wait for a big gap

the city

telling me  
there's more than one body here

telling me to flesh it out  
and that the imperative is passé

as if a mouth could do anything but

windscreen

the violence of speech  
and everything else

springing dreams of  
self as silly  
putty  
over a mattress

and everything else in between

cardboard

ties jacket up the

man's back

little bows

tautribbons

## **barrette**

for the TV mantis

placing her neck on the guillotine

shudder the sidebones and

rest

thumbing

fuck you I pray

for a big soundtrack

roundspecs

I buy into all this

suede & shifty cameras

schoolkids hoop the gap

dully hop the tar & not-tar

hugging the drapes

that could be a sound barrier

kicking

on purpose

## **bricklayer**

lay me synthetic  
sick and reactive  
makes two tautological  
authors more profound  
or just as false--  
animals a perfect  
disposable  
brute fact  
of contingency  
burns them away like  
slag  
spit hips and  
the primary obvious  
as sloppy apparatus