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 lounger

going 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--
amimals a perfect
disposable
brute fact
of contingency
burns them away like
slag
spit hips and
the primary obvious
as sloppy apparatus