

first from nothing, from a cloud
and

2 a decision to apprehend

3 a city, a cloud and a city, the
distance between, its skin slit
open



7 in a particular courtyard you can
understand how rain is an
accumulation of elsewhere and
why ink bleeds the voices of
local of lonely radiators of
thought, the voice that is not the
voice but the vibration of lights
of the city at night

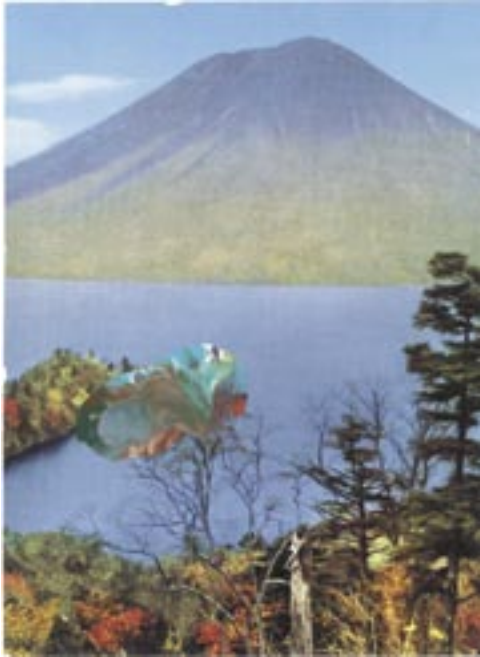
8 the sound of rain in another
language becoming the image that
is rain in that thought the
moment of blue letters waltzing
down the square of your back



- 4 here I watch you dip yourself in
earth cool powder of earth &
emerge a satellite on the patio of
satellites, cloud-tree in bloom
- 5 you say yes, a slow yes, to stain
the map's authority, this is
where a tyrant lived this the
same street the desert swallowed
this the moment I spilled milk
on the poet's chinese notebook
this the smoky room in which
we met now fire unfurling now a
cloud's pink dress lifted by my
finger,



- 9 there, flux that is logic that is
merging and also unbound, the
elastic distance between our
bodies passing on the highway
that circumnavigates the city, its
exits naming the nine singing
bridges, the slippery border and
the time that is always 10:10, the
weather according to an
unconvincing cloud and life
in the late victorian age

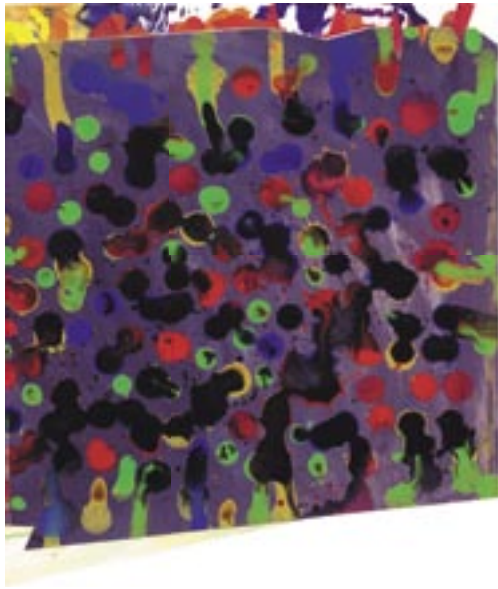


6 here, a choice that accumulates edges other choices, and with each choice chance, lost in the supermarket again, the erratic pattern of tenement balcony clotheslines, fluorescent world filled with flickering bodies, wayward stuff in search of like stuff perched on the curb, the way people navigate the city as if glued to its choreography, that this is our best option considering the crossing and uncrossing and running around



10 really the hallway, its linoleum, scuffed and dully gleaming, that I think of and get sleepy, the satellite dish I mistook for the moon, the truck that guarantees overnight delivery, the orchid garnish from a drink without you that looked like an astonished purple rabbit and I thought of you, the japanese fighter plane with a red moon on each wing, the moment before my lips rise to your lips, one finger one point of pressure, I have included these in your lunchbox

11 the distance that is anywhere, anywhere



12 because wanting resides in the distance between, fluid and make me ancient, because beneath its shimmering typography is a region of the body often overlooked eternally milky, that there are protests there and block parties and a short film about clones, because you are kind of what you do



16 broken sky and the city you heard of the distance there the collision and sticking of dust and ice particles, airplane airplane, moonlets, blueprint
17 you said thin jet-trails across my thighs, trails broken in the water, that we are more buoyant when confused and oscillating



- 13 negotiating the so-called city
situation because there are other
cities coveted and rebuked that
become part of the lexicon and
that after the show there will be
a gathering with wine and
subtext and thoughts of other
names that wander upwards and
float away on fugitive satellites
- 14 that is the autonomy of sky and
the temporary sentence 29
pigeons disclose on an antenna



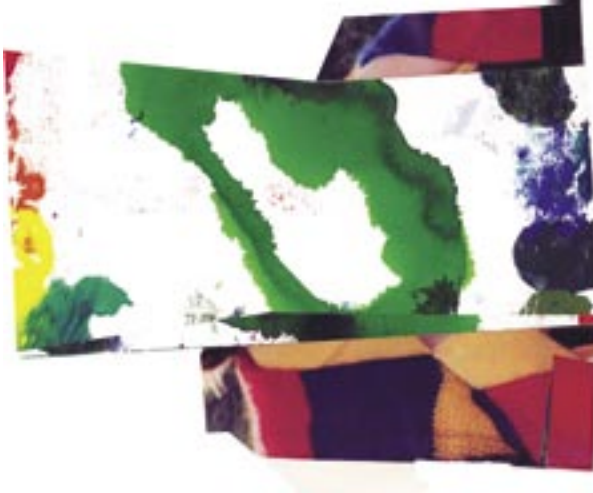
- 18 the heavy temporality of
clothing detailing bumper to
bumper could-be laws,
paratroopers, taxis, that once the
sky was wholly blue until one
day the city paper's front page
photo captured a cloud over the
corniche



15 that's not what you said you said
he said we broke the sky before
she said she was working
against the idea of a coherent
whole, it was the liquid room
and the new buildings that
already resembled ruins she said
ruins the way someone else
might say sleeping-field or act
one



19 when the cloud bleeds ink and
the sky is wholly world-like
there the alien cloud stalks the
scuffed truck the astonished city
and all we ate for breakfast was
purple gossip
20 when I can't be bothered to buy
new shirts and I know the
doorbell is about to ring and you
think purple is sentimental even
when saturating a bruise or slits
or the imagined lips of the dead
seven feet under the city or



21 chintzy decals pinned to the sky
that you come and always leave
your rabbit behind why
sometimes a supermarket is also
an invasion a déjà-vu ligature
when the bridge to your old
neighborhood has lost its sense
of direction



25 so breathing in a thought and
sensing its expanse its reckless
cavorting with no regulatory
authority and no financial
incentives the impulse that is
now and then it is
26 this body world and the
blooming about to play in the
sky water splitting and sending
out will be milk spray and red
garden, be shining in the landing
world on your way to work



22 the spinning sphere that is
wanting, its rupturing the
accretion of new neighborhoods
and new ways of doing laundry
and the only plan that is
obsolescence

23 how multi-storied faces gleam
nightly and cellophane preserves
agendas underpinning our sense
of autonomy if I don't think
about what we have chosen the
city is spared, the cloud
absolutely normal



27 did you hear what you said
when you said it not when but
where or across what distance
that big place over there that
nowhere in particular or the pink
villa with the trees that rattle
when they drop their pods on
our bodies rose hips and
hibiscus that first time of our
bodies in the cutup filled in by
an impulse spanning out, out



24 of a choice lost amongst other
 choices and its condition
 cobbled and nearly not



28 in particular the characters of
 our names that cloud a decision
 with the was continuum and is
 now here a certain sky wholly
 world-like
 29 that there's the skytop the cloud
 that was a city the broken cloud
 that reaches will slide down
 reaching bottom