

OCTOBER IN THE CAPITOL

1.

Seeming again to have opened its doors for the first
and the last times ever, the sparkling museum glazed the published capitol
with its unspeaking sheen of fascination and disuse. So if October
after some time becomes a young man named Robert, then the Ticket

Master too will soon be re-circulated into the lake: our lake, distributing
stillness which conveys neither feeling nor sentiment. This transparency is showcase
to its disbanding touch, walking risks felt only in a form of talk, since
to distill yourself has become your chief interest, hysteria whitening the glasses

as reading through the afternoon and its unfastened petals of news,
what is not known to you now surely will be known
soon enough, just as what's been known so far, shall some day come to fly
up and burst into oblivion, the moment shattered by its selections

centered as if on an annihilating pedestal of war: throne of
the sea. In light of these facts, such is the foreign policy of our time: never
to pin the name to a single place, just as you might pursue the outputs thrown off
the un-individuated stripe, as it flickers within the mounting

powers of indecision and refusal, and swim forever
through pages of snowing unknowingness, counting the votes
as they smear bulletin and display case
with cloud-mass and October fingerprints: the leaves

which are gathering force from their very irrelevance, as remnants of
no consequence, meaning it all, blossom.

They are closed now, but in time with the new

flags surging with no reference out
of a foam and froth of

the desert wall blazing within its nests,
as if in a last flowering of her storage, they will be open once more.

But it is likely the name
for such returns will never
exist. You watch
her grease her smile up
with lipstick as if there were nothing
else in this world, nothing
to it. Each authors the ashcan blank
with an exhaust of stars
and secrets of memory shuffling cards into the deck.
Look, it touches you wherever you least
or most expect it to. Here an Ace
swipes the air with a flash of pink, and every place
the weathervane's brushwork is opening for you
with its flood, surges like first
intelligence of the future,
recalled from within a clouding mirror.

Thus with no intention to be
or feel much like yourself ever again, you
match each invasion that arrives
without comment or complaint, a' slide
forever amidst votes and the other,
petitioning for this love that will one day come to destroy you:
the leveling beam set in motion by an erasure of cross-outs.
And so the liberating snow sweeps in to disguise you,
and hovered for days on end a steady silence
is ripped off the wall. Reflecting your head: this blind and blaze of
cold. Gripping you is the news and its talking pieces
absorbed into a binding gum, to medicate the fragment,
sheltering pelisse of furs subsumes tremors, the declaring body
and scooped out of solitude the public speech breathing you,
coloring air as the enchanted bulletins circle it:
it is the hand placed beside itself, extracting shape
from the clothes for the code, whose species
inhabit each gesture that is flung evaporating outwards
like a parachute, to name by
touch these gasses of vocabulary...

2.

Thus Merlin set about to multiply the King's Headdress, and then subtracted His Highness from our mutual death, to veil the Cloudlands rolling down her face, freezing an updated emptiness into a glamour with which to infect me, I having by that time become an alien for the flowers, to eat up and consume.

From then on I discovered my most affirmed delights were to be found in these results of forgetting, as a happiness will raise its battlements against past and future happiness, and the sky compress the present, teaching

the way of greed to all of my students. The Headdress is a duplicator. and bears the look of, perhaps, several decapitated coat-hooks. So I ever since then have had no place to go, and no place else I'd like to be. And as for you, I think you are my friend in this madness, and I your friend, boozed into the extinction's

the Delicatessen... carousing through the invisibility and its pleasures, my voice sucked away into the upcoming quarters of this past Month, where I was only browsing through the Swan, which in our day has begun strikes with flint and flame an uncanny resemblance...

the modern airport, as it rises, a nothing out of the nothingness. For you see her eyes are just so expensive; my blood feeds that monster, so it can grace these quarantined lives with a touch of flame. I love my job, and would want none other. I am

head to toe devoted to the swish of her skirts: rage of dissolution signing me, licked close off of the Angel of Death. my analyst for two years girl named Azrael, it was my first crush. And autumn was gusting with its pamphlets turned to April,

whose feathers purchase the failure that trails behind the departing sun.

Re-assembling its abuses into an insignia of revolt, you defy the oval echo that dooms us to a portrait of known or unknown things, that the Thief's Cape fling a last silence over the sky, whose beacon flushes the cheek with risk, shattering fate, as you step out for the night.