

Practically equivalent to that of quicksand

Pressures in the pores

A point where they exceed

1

The stresses that first
Held them together

To know without needing a picture of it

I used to live here

By the river where we were just
Beginning to repeat ourselves

Hardening and then having to pass through
That very hardness

This speaking platform

Made by heaping up

A notebook

A compass a map

Absence alive

In the heart of all things

This city is a raft
Carrying god knows what

Sat in the service stairwell for a while

Hated having to go get the car

The outside

Multiplied many times by itself

Across the bleating ranges

So many leaves on the bed

The cordon of the city

Where a place of gathering

Happened on a man whose head

Filled with berries

No hunger to speak of

8

But to speak with

Calling out to each other

Every hundred steps or so

The place we're from

No longer on any map

Yet only ever here at all

Distant forms seeking shelter
From the dust

Distance
A confusion

Between returning to a place
And starting over again

Shouldn't have been outside
In the sun for so long

But nice to feel my head

Growing thin

With shapes reaching out

This is the sign

This is the gate

The interlocked cranes

The damp carpet

I am intoxicated by the smell

Ropes running across

Groove the face of the

Shipping containers that prop up

By weighing down

Sewage pipe has been patched

Can stay on for two or three more weeks

Could only see their hands
At the fences

The magical function
Of the eye

Upwelling

Observed to flow
And hold

Like a liquid

Were asked if they had water

Or drinking water

Or something to make water drinkable with

Or something to carry water in

Sitting on the deck

And given a small pebble from the road

Accidentally spraypainted the same

Colour as the sunset

Not what could

And what could not

17

But what does

And what does not

In the evening when no one was around
I danced by the river

Addressing you at random

Just needed to walk to know it

Nothing to worry about

When trying to survive

Is it under a chair

20

Is it covered with moss