

James Loop

In
the
Apartment
of
Divine
Love





Along the way edged purple ends are glistening and hunt in
other rooms rub other hands you under not inside this case in
me this dangerous always a hand extending trees uncurling
stripped for us the words bad honey where the dogs that
chase are held in trust I am this way abiding though a window
has appeared by which the sky is seen to turn on these great
evils done daily in my name.

Came to in your crooked atmosphere uncompelled by
stars or rivers as honey fell from upper floors struck pass-
ing dogs and youthful agents wincing all sick sick in the
street

Mothered by rancid July the menace all mouths
already were eaten attacked meetings screwed looks down
into fried flung egg smiles so messy yes familiar

A podcast was heard that medieval bees had politics
ate all the chocolate dressed up in kitten heel porn AmEx
thought this will crack circuits open set us free salsa ISIL
ISIL flaying screen

What had happened was that the jilted sky a few sec-
onds as after a murder or our pockets brimmed with mur-
der or summer's murder gelpens go uncap cap cap uncap

I kiss you goodbye for work with a scope to
your murder or mine the perplexing of their as yet
unaccomplished

We chew our guacamole international mood.

Scrub and oil the lettuce lay it leafmeal in the bed.

We discover the AC's abstract suck has come so far to see us touched.

We go away we come back pleased.

The chickens of the Arctic are losing their spots.

Burgers and lumber head south we read.

No one explains the motorcade at breakfast.

Doctors diagnose a dietary shudder.

Grim news in the long term.

Last night I dreamt a ship of flesh off which the flesh came shredding till the ship of bones solid in teeming flight I made — I saw — it seemed — stationed in the sky

A bridge of steel a hole blown in that I saw dead on — had no business only — pictures were two coins to rub together —

Hoary diffusive war poured out first in literal dreams — the hostage dead that I my dream enabled wouldn't see and — waking — to morning's barbed blue lure



still a human body upright under cold water

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still the laundering of icons

still the melodramatic black and white piano

still a melody falling unbent under water

still the questioning tendril fragile mesh evidence awakens
to water

still the unspent hand and somehow sunlight swear

still the body opens morning like a tin and eats its
vengeance

Here amid shelves of snowlight pinioned the blue tipped-
over suck screen I was a grinning data somersault an
unsaid word a despair of my body

knew beauty a welt obvious and red and drew on the
tyranny of feeling men began on sens-sensation's fringe a
national of sleep

though the requisite tears still fled me in daylight's ousted
hallway though the child we were was holding

If
from a certain angle
the world only
ends —

whether inner
or outer the angle
despite us
is given to know

though I don't
personally
believe the lucent
film

between us despite
its ample evidence

always is —
or if it's

the real (in braver time)
of a sea monster
indisputably just
there

to say there
at the brain's back end, or,
discredited,
a remedy

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that compounded
the ailing. If from
a certain angle
it's you

who inhabits my coat
braces with it
your limbs and dying
trunk against

the Hudson's cutting
wind and
scuttles under it into the heat
where it's not needed —

so am I
the woven deed
in mind of your silence;
scaled

outward-facing wall
undone by vines sewn
first in improvable time
and time disproved.

the geometry
of belief rendered
solider than any
notion it can hold

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by what cheek or green
descent —
 if at a
certain angle a gull

aloft on antithetical
winds is still
you watched it
planted in your closing

In pieces of sleep your face retains its silly luster as a
canopy commissions light I missed you twice in dream-
brimmed fields

Object of costliness scorned by fictive grasses I mean the
ample conjure unseeming crowd I roam on

What could it be worth to you all-stripped a residue of bru-
tal excess justified in light of your unsteady seeming

The field was rich we were there

GRAMMAR

That I am that

The street's blank smear.

The mere mention.

The mind's four casings and stellar

Abridgements. To see each thing and not

To teach. To touch and not to reach.

The irradiated envelope of love.

Crushed beak. An historical

Peristalsis. Bone-glitter, the moon

Unmoored, the word from which all letters

Drop at once. Leave me alone

On the exaggerated staircase. "Stop me
before I say too much."

Hoover the noise. Arraign platelets. Beckon

Scrim for an altitude of morning. To spend

Each. To splice each day's

Hand to wrist and

Chew the bitter gum. To have come. To have

Come so far and not to have believed it.

That the sky could keep its mess.

Gelid nest. Knot of

Begin. To bleed at. To walk on. To in and

In. The heraldic interruption. Antennae

Of fruit myth, atrocious mist.

To have cared at the time and to have said so.

Creeping hulls stagger skins. The radiant

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Array, shawl of minutes, tin list. Prayer

Feed. The basis. Textual rain and flipping

Year. Timelapse explosion of your care.

The seeding trust. To lay away. To lay

Up one for later. The here it is.

The please it is.

The pleasure.