

Distant lover. I write across the lenses of our mutilation. I write in time and must claim a *you* to my *I*. When I was the lake the lake was self entire. But here I hold the water in my leaves and am your *telephium*. What survived selection shaped itself into receiver. When we were water I did not look for you. The ground got wet. Now I wait for the floor to be troubled with your vibrations. I concealed myself in the rock to evade creation. My legs had come unhinged and I needed a forest of kelp to mend them. I left them in disarray, I was ashamed, forgive me. They told me if I claimed you it would end me. Under my skin the lie molted snow. The ground got wet. They consoled me with memory. My leaves burned with the hard swell of estrangement. Beloved the water picture I hold will tremble when yours does. Like a nut I found this stone in my heart and gave it water. There is a punishment for escaping chronologies. From here we drop names and interrogate the limits of motion. Come to hull slipped from seed; seed slipped from hull. Before the sequestration into names we were a field of generous potentials. A scene covers the doorway. *We touch under some wild grape vines. Ecstasy.* With exits everywhere it was easy then. They pacified with time and swaddled us in latex. For years I feared discovery. Identity served only to isolate my longing. *Proud as a wound.* Because the sun ended the day I stuck out from the horizon. I whistled in hope of other bodies. A mouth and ears and lungs and tongue. Translation soars in search of life these corpses left behind. For taut leaves giving off a moist fog. *To whom shall I address the estrangements?* Gather the nectars. Let me taste in the honey some essence of you. *Distant beloved.* She (within the hive) quit (lay a fruit) their games (nourished every bird). [Wanted to take a picture. very suicide, an art perfected. *How much time before the blood runs out? And what about when she wanted to be held?* Abstraction settles into form when we reduce the violence by degrees. I am trying to become the world for myself. I make of sex voices a surrogate. My wants exceed the water globe. To be) Even rows of trees tweezed into place (fucked and unharmed. My equations fail to compensate for conservation of woe. I have in the seeds of her teeth spread out to dry sought compensation. He raked the gravel in yellow overalls with holes cut out for the nipples. There is no (a residue) replacement for (left on) the other (my hunger). Nothing to be made out of clay and a rib. Some comfort in persistence. Contra collective. An aversion to porosity. I leaned into your reverb. *This wish born still.*]