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Personal Life

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PERSONAL LIFE

I sit good in a chair. I sit good in the chair. Not anything
to ferry out across the twelve feet flexed
between my walls. The gods are floorboards
laid flat they don't flinch beneath the matter. I fit good in

this air. I am what space has done. It was very alone and fine
so it made heft of me. When I was
in place the doors were tall and I turned over my coat to be
suspended with my scarf stuffing its sleeve from a rack

six feet above ground, then slipped my number
in my pocket far enough down for if I forgot. I count
the times the feeder knocks the pane. When the waiting was
allotted I chose three rooms end to end, a shotgun

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with a delicate sheen of grease and a couple
side-tables whose moony surfaces
the dust kept vague, the whole space
otherwise empty save for fungibility. A.M.

some threadbare slip of the visible
outfitted my sense in provisional state, such garish
lingerie the atmosphere affords and the Earth puts on
drawn by gauzy netting blade to blade to blade

to the concrete edge. Don't we all want to be
less density. A draft, the solitary
proceeds. Hard to tell
my own back from the one upholstered in blue

twill the landlord zipped a dustcover over
for protection. I lean to it. The line wound back
to Information. Were you closer to the rim
of life on either side you paid less to go in. I listened to somebody

*start in the wing you recognize, then advance
through the centuries you'll see*
then returned to a second-story
view spread evenly, no gaps, no

slots below ill-fitting drawers
like splintered envelopes I used
to send my hand
when it was small.

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I doll the silver pull to tell
the Roman shades: now wait and see
the sure unerring glide of me
through after wards (those sterile cells

appointed behind frosted glass
from which the errant clicks emerge
and moving colors on the verge
of men. Pale chronophobic gas

the sound of someone opening his mouth)
Oh I was fine then. I was just
thinking less. I get somewhere, esophagus
a bike chain working plush skin carpeting the neck.

The ongoing hum
 of mandatory small talk
 while I rifle for a sense
of how to pause. On bookshelves

sliced souls
 shave and file what the matter was.
 To humor gravity, I let my objects fall
though it's only tact, though a statue's muscles

bucking up against stone skin prove
 something fast inside of him is racing chiseled
 cloth, I mean my skirt carves out the contours of
the gesture I will turn to next and show air's not this

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easy covenant we'd thought
 but Lucite into which the grooves were cut
 to fit our deeds, no
intuitive drapery no breathing veil, you sheer blinds: tell me

why up on the floor did I say I was free
 and I walked out easily, I pawned the acts I owned
 for a pendant spirit squandered unto smut,
under yellow loostrife, I was personally

someone else hoping it'd look habitual
 to sub in for the future
 after one.
No, not in time.

I bit down on the isobel. I take
the content in like a museum. *You do something.*
Then you do it again. If I do the same thing
more times will it be more to me? *Well,*

no, not necessarily. It may be less.

What it is to be alone
I wouldn't know, when nobody's around
I'm not also. Can't see out of her

who only picks the dirty ochre
cushion insulation from her seat and pills
the bits into weak regimens
180 the draft takes, she doesn't mind,

has no mind to protest, and so
to keep myself in situation I
whisper that she might not hear
me call her by our name.