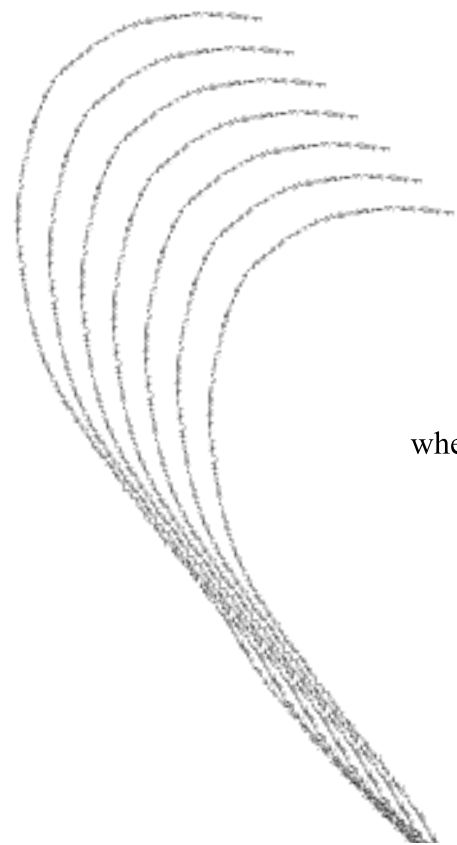
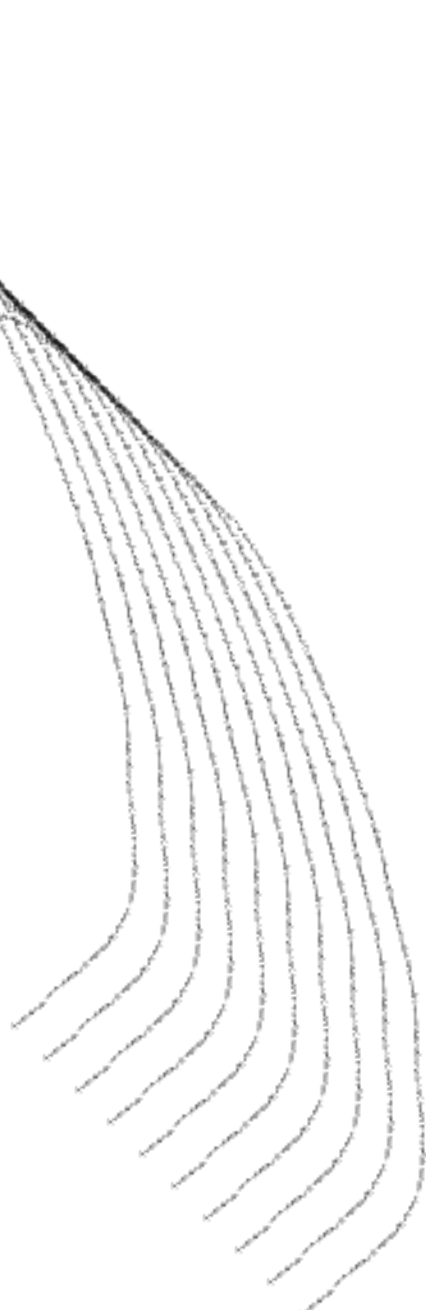



most radical  
n do is return home  
the wound lives  
e it reorganizes  
to my body  
I betray image  
ment its fragment  
I pose a problem  
onfront the present  
mplicit language



maybe the  
thing I can do is  
where the  
where n  
where I  
its figmen  
where I po  
where I confro  
its compl

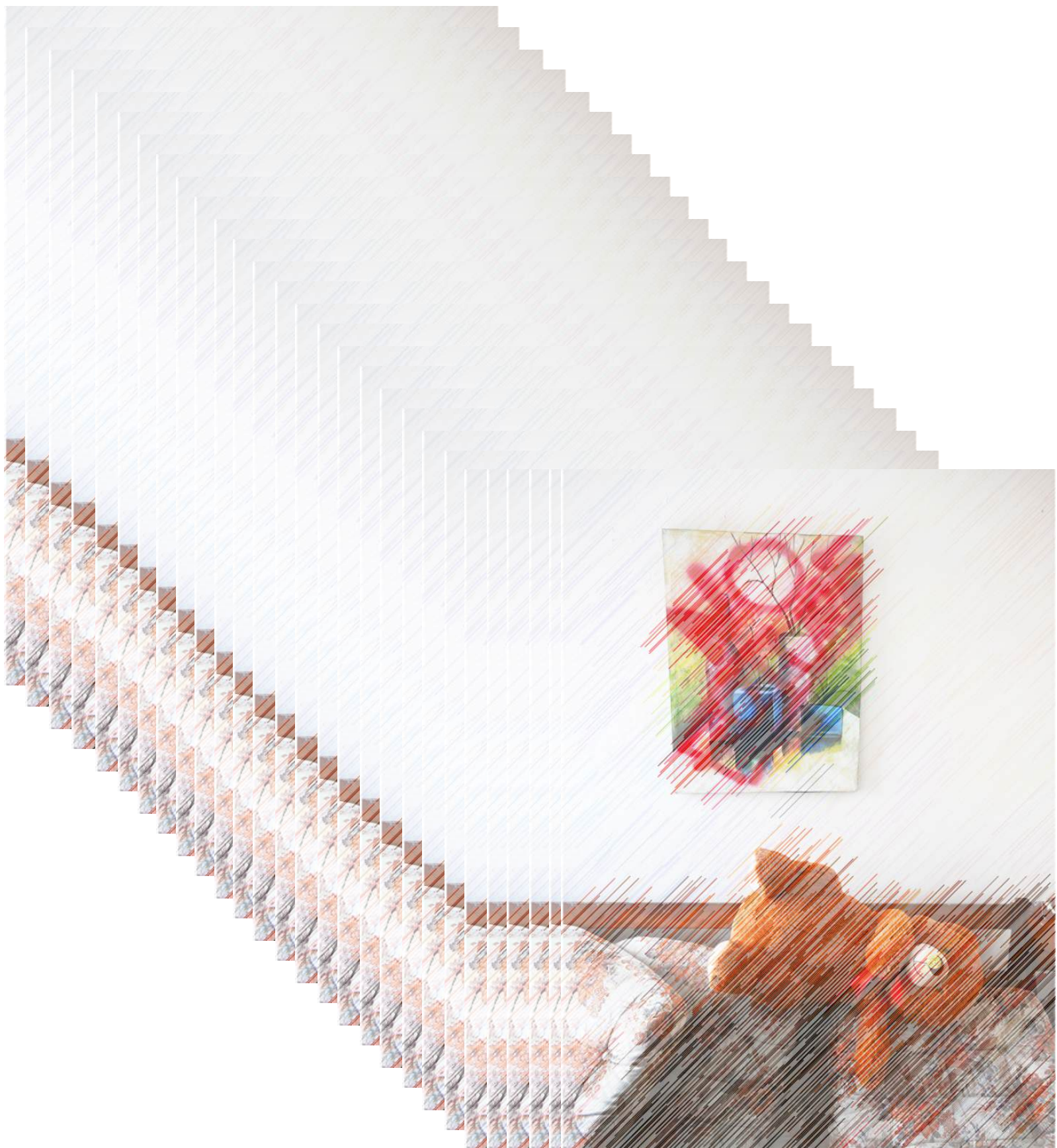




I speak to the future but  
can't understand its response  
yet can feel the warmth  
of its aliveness

I fester in this proximity  
longing into carrion

Undead I crave  
to draw a map  
to where a tooth can bite  
an empire whole



Past I look at.

{

Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Clock.  
Turn. Previous. Dream.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. In, window. In, front door. In, back door.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. My eyelids dream of a soothing image.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Enemies. Turn. Door. Turn. Blind me, Tomorrow.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Teach me how to not let colonizer time reign.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Lesson. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. My enemies start the clock.  
Previous. Window. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. I find grandfather's hand and run.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn.  
Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn. Previous. Turn.

}

Look past I.

malignant yearning)  
(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)

(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)  
(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)

(despite my syntax's

malignant yearning)  
(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)

(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)  
(despite my syntax's  
malignant yearning)

(despite my syntax's

My poem is not your mirror.

The glass tells you a story.

You're entertained.

You put the page down.



A poem is for inciting revolution.

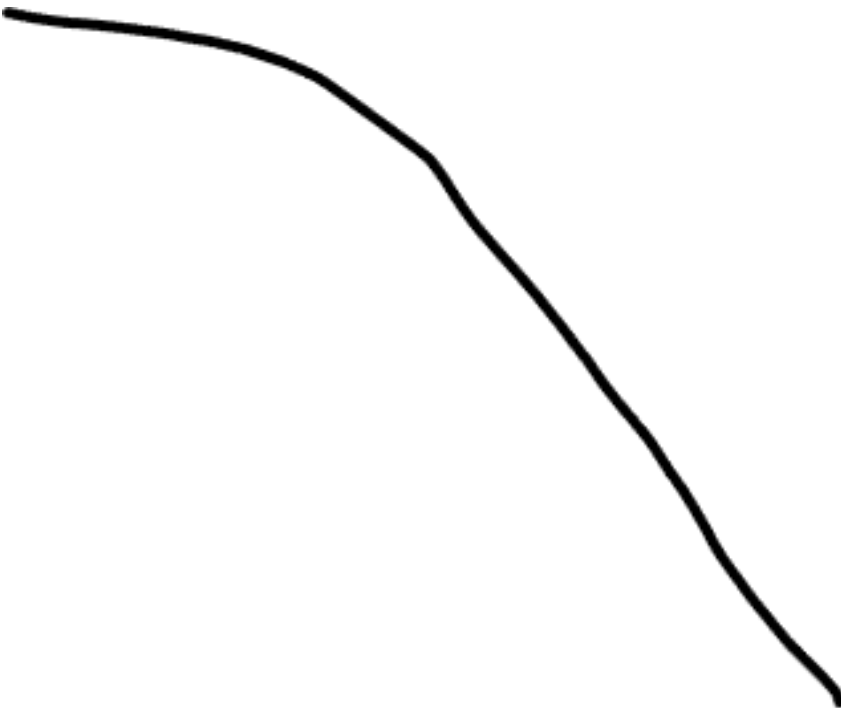
My glass holds onto grime.

You're disgusted.

You put the page down.







you call this a sunken

here I project

my humble desire

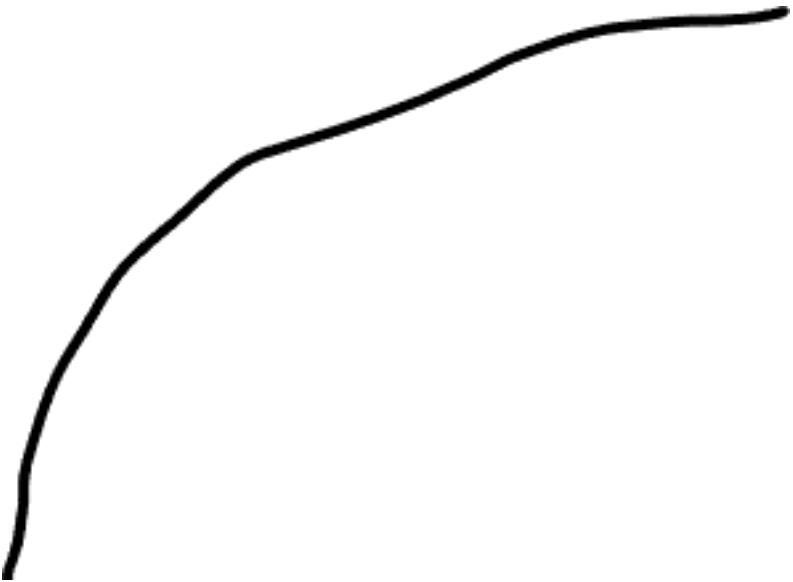
you call this a paradise

here I protect

this hostile house-making

where my rigorous hope

plays with the spring breeze



where i let go of proof

of your approval