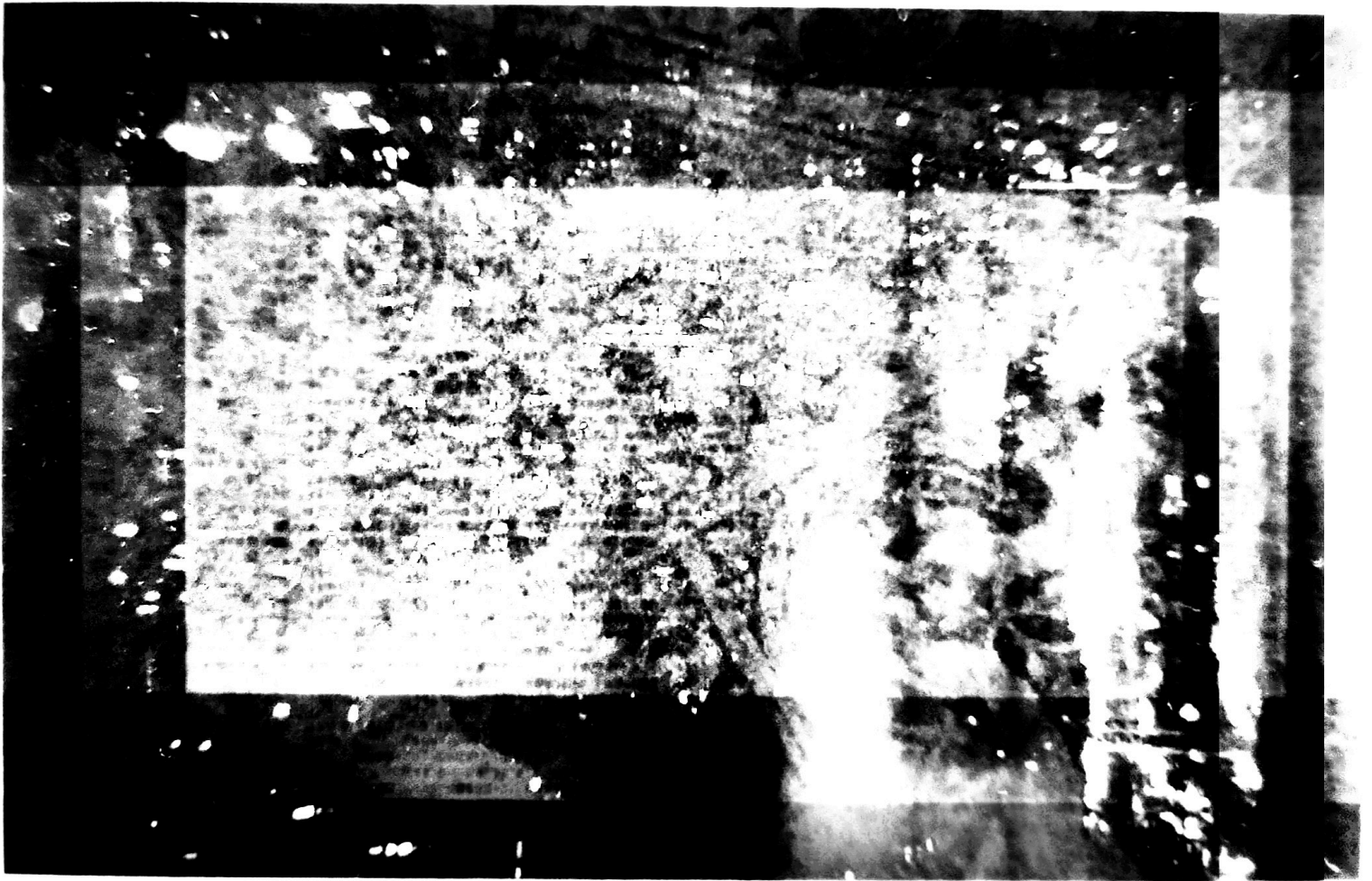




october



Oct. 17

2:23

you will be relaxed
a soft piece of silver
lapping the inner corners
of your mouth

you will watch the
flames of non-specific passion
wear themselves out

you will think to yourself

“all is caressed in the sphere of symbols
all is covered in light
all destruction to the real
all destruction to real
all destruction is real”



Oct. 17

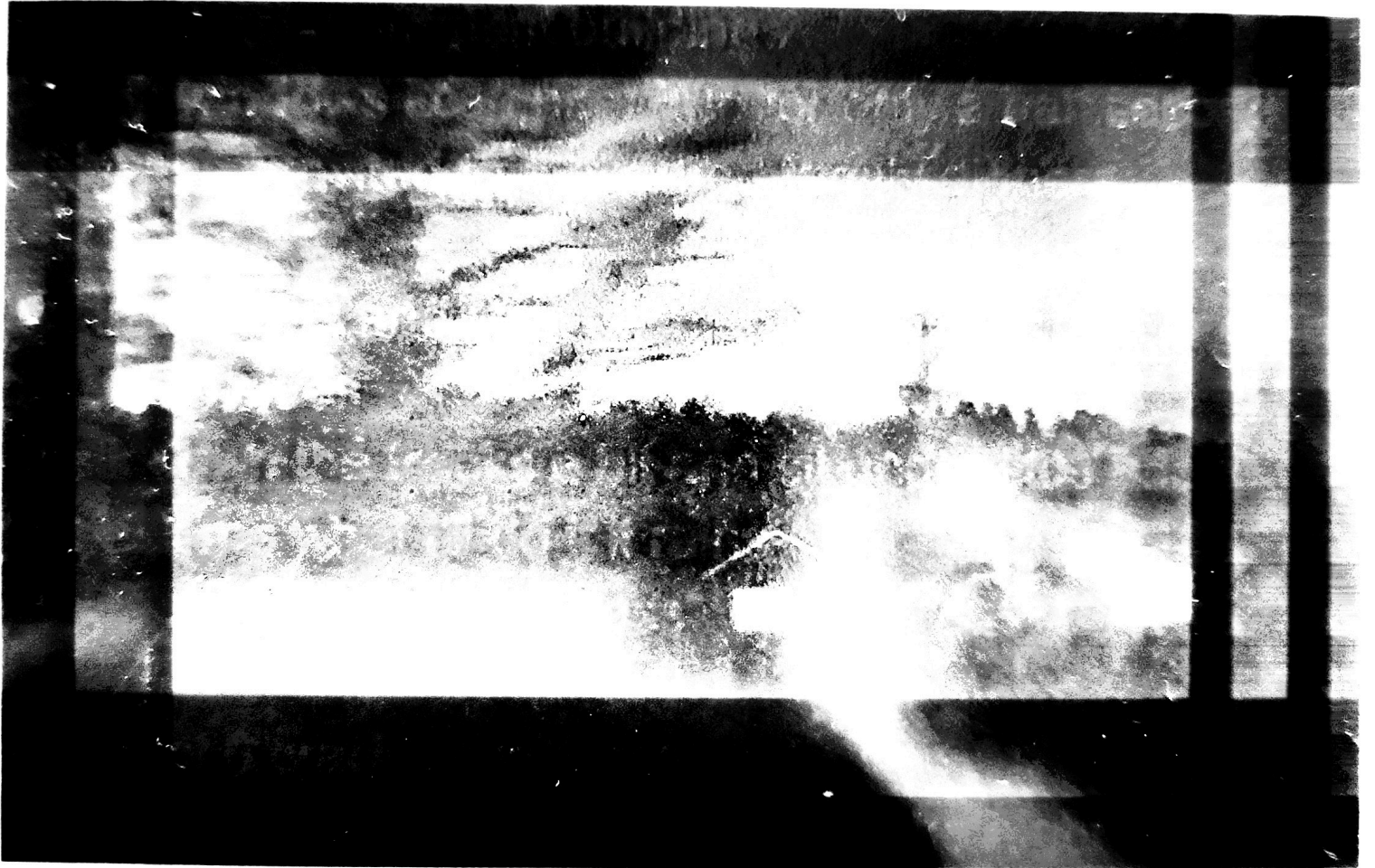
6:30

**you will look in the heart of the
flames of non-specific destruction
for the universal signifier
of equality and forgiveness**

**you will find the perfect 8 minute long
euro disco track**

your body will move on its own

you will feel love



October 18

4:42

on a train back to eastern canada

zipping past apartment buildings

their lit windows i can peer into for only a half second

this way im invited to a hundred family dinners

the train stops and i get off in some sort of ditch or gutter

tall steep sides

i walk down the tracks a bit and sit under little bridge.

you ask me what i'll do if it rains

"drown i guess"

i brought 6 crackers with me

i was really planning on staying here the night

like you do sometimes

making a little fort to camp.

you ask me what i'll do if it rains

"crackers'll be soggy."

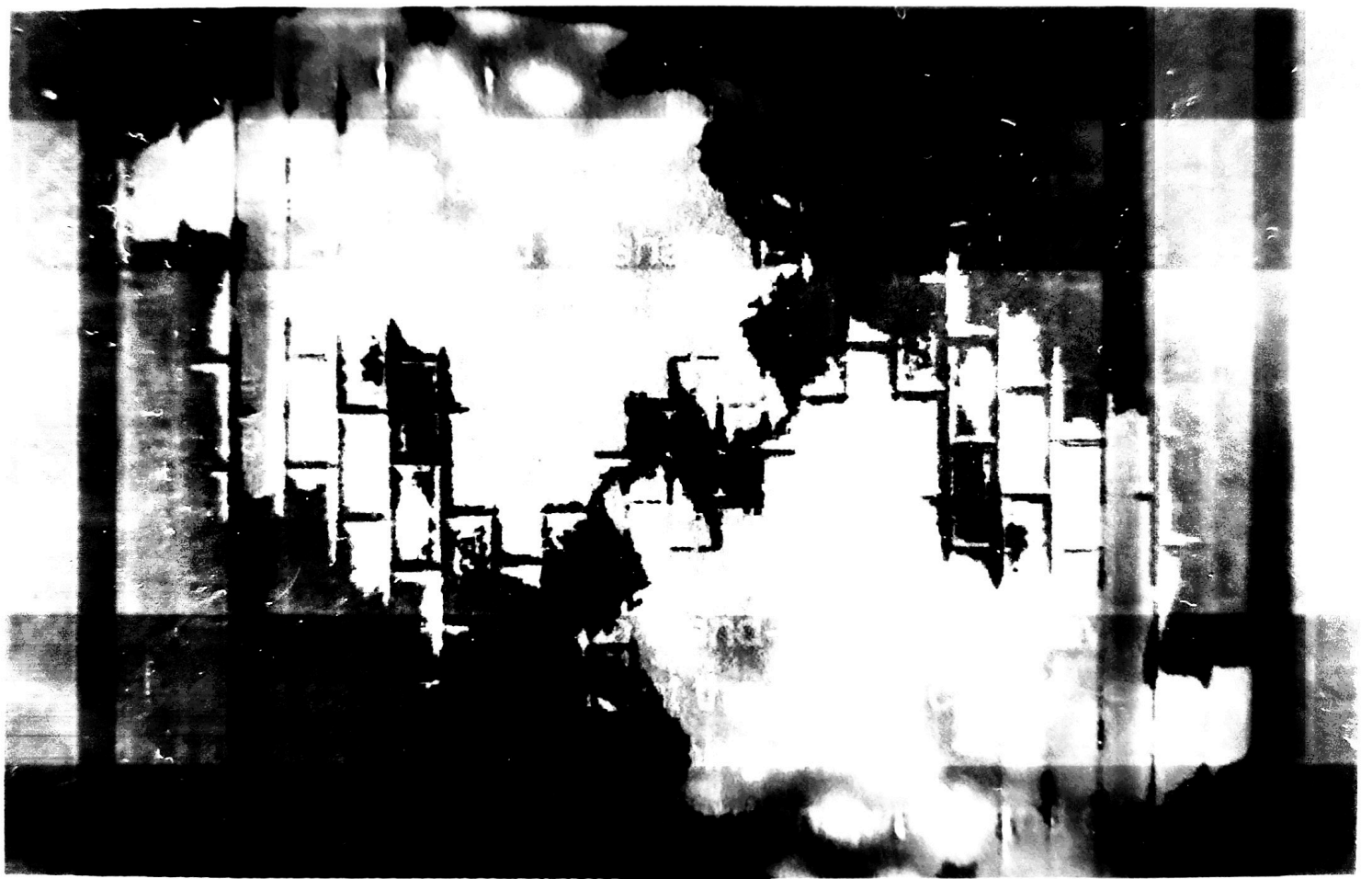
October 18

1:12

when we slept together, your scent entered my dreams
it could only be described as sharp and ripe, but not in a bad way
or maybe like gunpowder

when i woke up in the middle of the night, still half asleep,
i saw you beside me
i thought i was at my grandparents house

i got picked up by you in some friend-of-a-friends suv
you pulled the car over to look at the map because
we didn't know where we were going and
i gave you something that feels hard and warm and oily and
its now an object in your hand.





October 19

10:23

looking over your shoulder while you write

I say

"i think that's the root of the problem there"

no sooner are we running over river miramichi
than we are engulfed by ten thousand spindly white birch

the root of your problem is text that overlaps and overwhelms
leads your eyes astray while you are reading it
you've given it arms and legs.

this text combines erotic esoterica with whatever your current ornithological fixation is
right now the hornbill.



It's you who

are the text that over the world
and the world are the world.

October 19

12:07

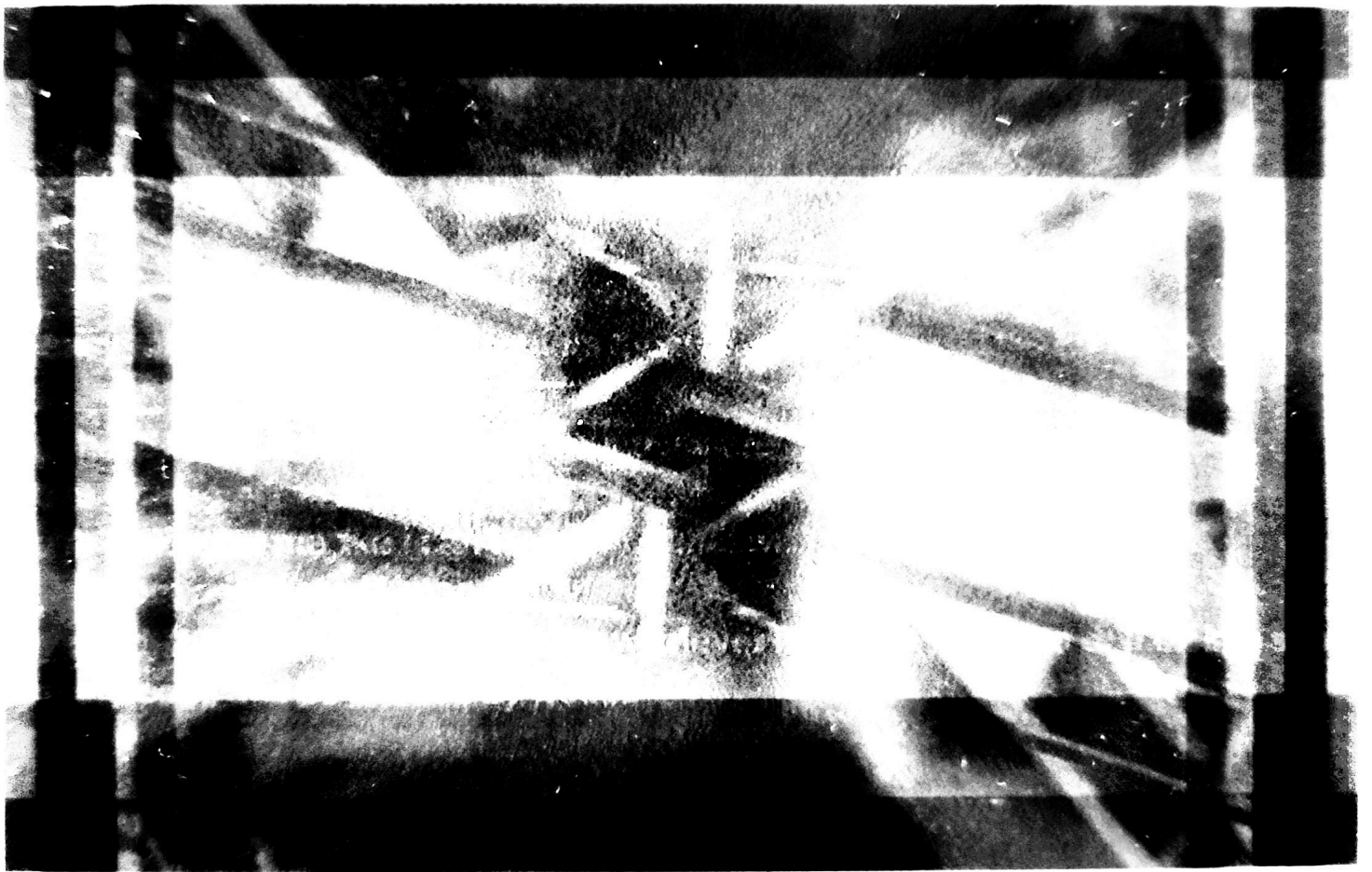
its easy to get confused, when letters themselves make up vines for me to crawl on.
i say.

your head spins around and i see your eyes are windmills.

you're looking at me like i am a fig.

you're looking at me like i can't tell a vine that will hold my weight
from one that will snap.

"my mind, this floating glove, or lily or whatever i called it, wants to drift off into some
obscure pool, and be shaded by weeds."



October 20

7:02

whispering a secret before anything else can get delivered
whispering new words
out the window and into the wind

a figure breathes back against,
with a labyrinth for a belly and stars for breasts
claiming the hearts of better men
through the long tongue of its groin.

it comes through the window and i say

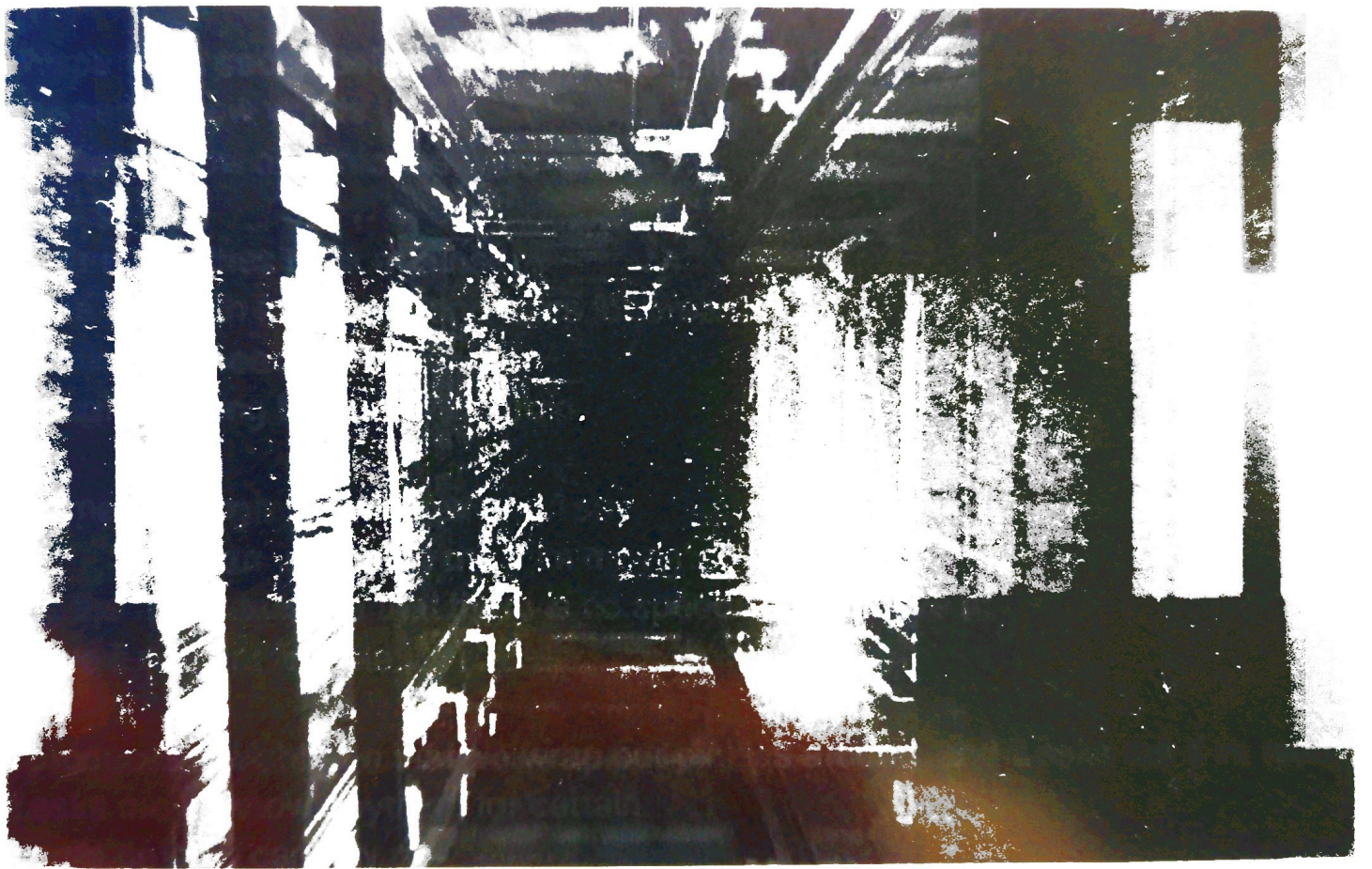
“how can you catch me if im movin’ so fast?”

and the figure tells me that there is no speed i could move at
where it couldnt find me.

it produces a wishbone that we wrap our pinkies around. and it asks me if im ready
it asks me if i know anything for certain.
it pulls before i can say no.

snap

lucks a losing game anyways.



October 20

1:41

acéphale take me to the mud flats

theres lots of cows here.

the mud slides on top of itself to get to the bottom of the estuary faster.

it makes itself look like veins or mountain ridges or something

everythings really damp.

the mud eats itself and then eats the ground above it,

so the whole spot is caving in.

i take a leap out of the way

and both my feet land at the exact same moment

theres a loud crunch of bone

and a wet thud.

i lift my left foot up before looking down

its sticky.

there was a wish bone embedded in the bird i stomped

and it snapped perfectly in half.

a.g.
october 2022

quotes from

variety spott 2017 essay *towards some form not extremity*
virginia woolf's 1930 letter to ethel smyth