SOGUMI

SALT WEDGE (EXCERPTS)

(UNTITLED)

and — or — did not get along tonight with —
taffeta got shredded into — salad which was rich and full of — or — last remains
stood there face black with the word
the cliff was white with peril when — — — stood on it flashlights which stood for loss shone into — eyes and all was blind

(UNTITLED)

all the fields asunder

in — experience, the mouth was cold and fur the penis was triangle and metal the little finger was wet and chewy the asshole was full of a faint beating and light grit and the pussy was constructed piece by piece with grain matter and acrylic glass

(UNTITLED)

hurry said the hunter — bag full of stones
the routines of parking lot shone around —
to crouch was pathetic, to stand even more so
to lie down was to wink, at no one in particular
to zoom was to marry someone quickly, as a reflex
to be still was to put on a dress with fatigue, hands barely on
the zippers
and throw — know is to be filthy

filthy and teeth bright with summer

(UNTITLED)

— did it for revenge — said — would do it again — said that about cutting it up and also grinding it down the way listening to the sound of the air conditioner whining fluttering off tuesday night when it was hot with the news of another — being cut down — would do it again with the shops and the cars lug away the same shit again would throw down the debris of last night's parade again would do it again but bigger would send the sparks running down the boulevard again would cut it off and watch it dangle and fall into a hole would wreck again would fly the tassels and bells again and weep in ecstasy under the gold logo on fire on fire again would lick the ash and pepper from — hips again would toss the brochures into a pile would pile the canisters into an alley would make a line to the sea to scatter the waves again would mix limes with petrol to write notes in the most invisible places would weave the desperation of days with the air of the hour — did it for revenge, will do it again