

Dear Sir,

The letters arrived linked.

i go home in the eclipse of rationale

Marginal ligature --

intellect snappy & sure on fingertips

How daring

~~xxx~~ bring the house down,

(how close .
(how close do you come to pigment?)
pigment)

Dear Sir, (Selected ~~Poems~~ Letters)

Dear Ancestress,

My lashes queue moments of quick movement caught in generic aura: sightful daughter. Between burning fingers and hedonistic archives the evaporation of a letter arises in ether. Recklessly extravagant, almost,
Dynastic.

Dear _____,

This morning I fired the keyboard, so sweet, so cold. His prissy keys would line only a motley of badly adorned letters pining for corruption, ringbearers pale from mechanic simplicity. Now utterance clutters its innocence down my fingernails, around your name, bending in curves of poisonous lead. Some days, without you, I write: *but her heart was constructed in ravenous,*
Rhymes.

Dear Jenny,

Your fresh skin and silk eyes won't fool the,
Traitors.

Dear Hermine,

Off page nine, a wilted flower pins to your suit. A single wet wing to represent
breakage. Its flashy sadness an immoral incandescence. As Twining scarlet in the,
Rapture.

Dear Cat,

Imagine all passions I leave in return for my robbery. They lay there beside the used

bandages there where scenes cast segways to night. When my lantern pulsed light fr

om shadow you were milking numerology from the virtual dust of win

dows. I said a word. I say I said I heard you behind door one of the petri

fied serenade pausing only for a moment before sighted, pausing only for astericks and hands; the 3 miss

ing Sundays. Singing butter, fly,

Mayhem.

Dear Lettie E.,

At last I left (the squint and outline of an inner elbow pass'd mid-radiant things) to get here & wonder'd through camphor, scented, chamomile. A trail of citrus landmines, no difference between, no face said yours. Only the prickle of appetent mild bowlips, on either side unopened conditions, a warning & scrappy taints of (she had never read this,

Letter).

Dear Verlaine,

You decrypt me into units of illumination: lux. A charade of caresses (hipbone,) a lively surrender a surreptitious alegria. Generalized now diffuse, I enter the alchemical through the wiring of nightmares, leaving. *every kind of witchcraft*. An anaesthetic ecstasy of faces of,

Fishbone.

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