

Surface Tension (of ripping),

Ekphrastic

Inside the long chamber room, sits the pit
fall of echoes:

they eat each
other (when no one is watching).

like evaporation.
sucking dry

The ghost stride, in pendulum rapping:
march march march march metal rings
Clank.

The cellophane wrapping isn't plastic, but
a flaky skin, or drying out sand. Tink
tink tiny tt (the pianissimo of the t-sound):
It's resonance is on the top ear, hair follicle crest.
tink tink falling faster: glasses setting next
to

The china and the stainless, because silver
Always needs polishing. Pause Sudden
because now there is
Whooshing. This is a
Tunnel with
Neck,
so long.

Like a boulder, only arms and head.

Inside the doorway an
animal hunches, with its
There is a halo all around, and
a

Tiny fleck. We are never far from
where we are
where we are
going. But never where
but we are never where
We're going:
Inside us balances,
When we balance do our insides balance too?

screen like a window jolt something on my hands
screw string from head wavering weeping waving
, And the way that one just stands on its end and spins
around.
Showing its face.

What is happening under there is
Like stars,
Famished stars. Nothing to eat
time folded in half.
Horizon

and Fold, Corner, Wrinkle.
The white elephant in the room, or
the moment of tipping. I am
teetering but not falling, because
something is pulling—it will—
bouncing off [my] head. And
all that [will be] left left is a white line
box.
And that whooshing.

Hurry hurry. We are fighting now.
What is on either side of
sandwiching: Honey reflection?
I am
outside.
You are. nothing

Phonetic

I

in in in inside side in the side in the side of long that long
in the side in side of the long long the long inside the long
chamber.

fall fall of fall the fall fall of the no the fall the echoes echoes
echo o fall echo es fall the echoes of echoes fall echoes.

they eat each
other

like evaporation.

II

the the ghost go the go the go host host ghost the ghost
stride ghost ride go host ride stride the the host the ghost
clank.

or dry or or or dry drying or drying or dry ing ing dry dry
drying dying or drying dying or drying out dry drying out
sand.

falling faster:

because now there is
This is a
tunnel

III

Like a boulder,
Fold ed, Corner ed, Wrinkle ed.

Onomatopoeia

The idea is that there is a kind of redundancy. It is what it sounds like, in this case: looks like [yes you might need a key that hopefully got taped to the back, and sometimes it will get stuck]. And also, I think we need to all collectively suppose: that sometimes it is not. It is two things at once. Coin-like ¹. Because in this case or condition, there is a jar there are jars. Someones have been instructed requested to put an exhale in that those jar jars. Maybe it was shoved right up and over the chin and nose and suction happened and ears popped. Or maybe the invitation gave a bit more aid and recommended some space be also given to that jar. You see, don't see, to allow for displacement. When you put in your exhale the thing already inside might decide to vacate, to make [a][another] room. Now, all lined up or massed up we don't really know, but maybe we do. What's inside what is in side. Whose. Is whose is whose whose isn't or maybe only glass

¹ or koan [-like]

Furrow

noun

a narrow groove made in the ground, especially by a plow.

a narrow groovelike or trenchlike depression in any surface: the furrows of a wrinkled face.

verb (used with object)

to make a furrow or furrows in.

to make wrinkles in (the face): to furrow one's brow.

verb (used without object)

to become furrowed.

First it will matte finish because of its frost and in other parts it will gleam, like freshly polished teeth. Smooth cracks are actually prisms that catch light and hold onto it deep inside their not-so-secret rooms. They display it long enough so you don't have to be scared anymore and so that you can reimagine the moisture and its reflections. You see, rainbows are actually mirrors, that if you tip them away from you become never-ending horizons. Ones always at your eyelevel.

Iris

anatomy

the contractile, thin, circular diaphragm forming the colored portion of the eye and controlling the diameter and size of the pupil, in its center, and thus the amount of light reaching the retina.

botany

any plant of the genus *Iris*, having showy flowers and sword-shaped leaves.

classical mythology

a messenger of the gods, regarded as the goddess of the rainbow.

Then it's going to swimming pool inflatable ring around the opening. Stuck like a plug but only until the float or the levitation. Now it seeps. Tear duct or lily-of-the-valley bright green leaf dew. By the spider spout kept neatly inside sidewalk squares. I even remember the smell that time of year, 6:52am school bus rides and morning dove coos. Back from the lane, now it's bubbled and is quaking. Sometimes gravity's languidness is there even if it is drooping and faint(s). I can see it hang, but not drop, from the air.

Reverberation

noun

a reechoed sound.

the fact of being reverberated or reflected.

something that is reverberated: Reverberations from the explosion were felt within a six-mile radius.

an act or instance of reverberating.

physics

the persistence of a sound after its source has stopped, caused by multiple reflection of the sound within a closed space.

the act or process of subjecting something to reflected heat, as in a reverberatory furnace.

Now there is a periodic popping. It is difficult to describe that sound, as its sonance isn't from plastic or *pop* metal or glass. What is this porous calcium, with cratered dimples and ridges? *pop* It is muted, like screaming under water or into that sealed mouth jar. Something covered in rich black velvet but minus its plush and *pop* lush. The splatters bead and linger domed on their milky wax. They will disappear but no one will wait long enough to *pop* see and then not see.

Billow

noun

a great wave or surge of the sea.

any surging mass: billows of smoke.

verb (used without object)

to rise or roll in or like billows; surge.

to swell out, puff up, etc., as by the action of wind: flags

billowing in the breeze.

verb (used with object)

to make rise, surge, swell, or the like: A sudden wind

billowing the tent alarmingly.

Finally, we are ready for the speculum bar, traced just inside the crack(le) edge frame. The residue above waits with lull anticipation until swallowing back, in a forward or rewind. Spooling. Frozen, then again: into a chronic state of still we abide in the in between: What is on either side of the only thing we can know that is holding this line in perfect balance? Taut moments all stacked on top one another and then fade, not with sun but with air. Away going away, but in blinking.